

WITNESS

and

Canadian Homestead

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

*make Canada
a land to love*

The Week's Outlook

A Prophet of Peace

"THE word 'peace' will triumph throughout the ages." This is the golden aphorism which inspired the speeches of Mr. Briand at the opening of the annual meeting of the assembly of the League of Nations—speeches that place him in the forefront of the statesmanship of his day, and, from the very nature of the theme, in advance of that of any other day. That assertion was associated with the assurance that the League of Nations is an established fact. The League was building slowly but surely a new and solid future for a troubled world. It would grow and take on new force. Mankind would see to this, for men see that if the League should disappear they would be in danger of new conflicts. He refused to admit that the League preliminary disarmament conference had been a failure. Those "preliminary" negotiations had not succeeded, but very great work had been done in the preparation of material, leaving a foundation for a new effort, which would have better success, for world opinion would force a favorable advance in the disarmament policy. But what was called for was not a conference limited to a few powers. That was destined to non-success. A League of Nations disarmament conference was the only one that could succeed, and he hoped to see the great and noble nation that had called that conference seated among us. All countries, great and small, should participate in this eventful proceeding for the most important act in the history of the League.

Armaments

AS Mr. Lloyd George sums up the report of the League of Nations enquiry into the world's armament, he finds that in the total the immediately available war forces are double what existed before the war, and are fast increasing. To get this result, he reckons largely on the ready war material that survives and is being kept in condition. The figures on which these calculations are based are not likely to be overstated, as they are obtained from the authorities of the countries who are naturally not too anxious to show their hand. Whether regarded as in itself a cause of war, as is now the common belief about available armament, or whether looked on as an indication of the world's subconscious forecast, this is a poor look-out for world peace. From the same source he finds the United States to be in the lead in the increase of armaments and that Britain, whose failure to come to terms with the United States he denounces as stupid, is the only power that has decreased its armament. Germany is presumably excluded from this last comparison, for Mr. Lloyd George, like Mr. Briand, has always held that Germany has honorably carried out her undertaking to disarm. Even under a reactionary government, Britain has preferred to pay her debts, or rather those of others, to spending on armaments, while those nations whose load she is carrying, instead of trying to pay her, continue to borrow for increased armament. Not that any of those nations desires war, of which they have surely had enough, but that they are all afraid of each other. Those of them which at the Peace of Versailles tore territory from helpless nations, are the most afraid. France knows the bitterness she cher-

ished for half a century over the loss of Alsace and Lorraine, and how often she swore to have them back. She naturally feels that wherever such mutilations took place, most of them at her instigation for the sake of weakening Germany, there is an incurable rawness of sentiment toward her, as well as toward the aggrandized powers. As in the case mentioned there is in all these transferred territories a mixed population, a section of which—in some cases, most of which—resents the change. There is thus everywhere a ferment of bitterness.

Jealous for the League

NATURALLY, Mr. Lloyd George is on the warpath to discredit the Baldwin government, and finds a ready text in the "stupidity" which brought about the failure of the three-power naval disarmament conference. No one can deny the serious import of the facts on which he dwells, but there is perhaps a better side to the picture. That failure was between three powers which have no thought at all of using their strength against each other, or of disturbing the equilibrium of the world. Lord Cecil, who resigned his place in the British ministry as a protest against the die-hard domination of that conference, better represents the sentiment of the British people than did those who failed at Geneva. If there is any power in the world determined against provoking war it is Britain, who would, in almost any event, be a chief sufferer. If the United States is enlarging her naval equipment, it is because she has more money than she knows what to do with. Japan is in no such position, and heartily wished a better result. Japan, owing to growing pains and the repression of very expansive visions, is still no doubt in a somewhat explosive condition, but, though occasionally tempted to take advantage of weak conditions across the Yellow Sea, has been remarkably amenable to international remonstrance. She certainly does not mean to come into collision with either of the first-class powers with which she was very proud to be accounted a third. Another interesting view of the failure is the undisguised satisfaction of the smaller nations at Geneva, which resent the settlement of questions

between a few leading powers outside of the League. One might say that in whatever way nations can get together between themselves it is all to the good, so long as the conclusions are not plots against other powers, as that conference certainly was not planning. But the smaller states hailed the League as an institution of justice in which the rights of the small would be as carefully guarded as those of the great; and they see this safeguard fading if the functions of the League are replaced by private negotiations between a few leading powers. One cannot easily see how a question affecting three powers and aiming only at results to be desired by the rest could work better in the hands of the League in general, especially as one of those powers is not a member of the League. The League's natural course will generally be, instead of assuming to dictate, to get people, so far as possible, to settle limited differences between the parties affected. Still it is better that all should be done under its benign auspices. In so far as "Back to the League" is the result of any such miscarriage, it may not be without good result. At all events the door is not shut. Mr. Lloyd George practically undertakes, should the job fall into his hand, to see it through to the wished-for end.

Already Disarmed

SENATOR Dandurand is right in telling the League that no disarmament agreement could lower the armament scale Canada has adopted for herself. It is true that our militia forces are barely sufficient for internal police purposes, such as possible riots or red upheavals. Militant pacifism in Canada, lacking other target, directs its shafts against the voluntary schoolboy cadet organizations. There are those, of course, who are anything but proud of our unarmed condition. They argue that, as long as the British Empire maintains armaments, Canada should bear her just share of the cost, at least on the high seas, where her commerce shares equally the benefit of the common defence. The view which governs Canada is that the Empire is governed not as a unit but as a complex of parts. Each part shapes its own policies

according to its own needs and circumstances. Canada's expenditure on defence is sufficient for her home needs. She occupies as favorable a position in that respect as any country under the sun. But Canada has her own burdens, which bring her taxation close up to that of the mother country. So that if all burdens were pooled she would have little, if anything, more to pay. If it be true that the Motherland and the southern Dominions spend large sums to keep open the sea routes, it can be urged that Canadians are paying as heavily to keep open the rail routes on land. There are other items. But no one is questioning the loyalty of a people who spend half the federal income merely in carrying a ten year old war debt.

The German Colonies

GERMANY has had the sympathy of well-willing folk in her desire to gain her place among the nations as represented by membership in the League of Nations. It is a question whether she will have sympathy in the same quarter in demanding back her "colonies." With such people there are two Germanys—the Germany that was guilty of the war, of the mangled fist, and of the Namaqua massacres, and the hard-working Germany that was the dragooned victim of imperial savagery. It is natural that this latter Germany should not be able to see the facts as outsiders see them, and should tenaciously cling to the fable that Germany was not guilty of the war, that the guilt lay with the nations that were, largely through fear of her, more or less leagued against her bellicose self-assertion. It is natural, too, that the same Germany, schooled in Germany's inherent superiority and right to everything, should consider her claim upon her "colonies" as indefeasible. Yet it rests on almost no moral basis, unless on the rapacity of other powers. Seeing other nations spreading their sway, largely by colonization and commerce and consequent police work, Germany awoke to the fact that if she was to have any of the world she must get busy. These activities brought about over forty years ago a division of Africa between Britain, France, Belgium and Italy, not into possessions but into "spheres of influence," which, with Germany at least, meant the same thing. France was at the time engaged worrying the Queen of Madagascar. That island, Christianized by the London Missionary Society, was under a native Christian government. French liquor traders quarreled with prohibition and French Jesuits were at issue with the Protestant faith. France, backing her wine merchants, made war upon the queen, and took possession. Germany seized upon what she accounted derelict territory, without even the excuse of a liquor commerce, still less of colonization. Room for her redundant people was Germany's plea, but Germans kept pouring into North and South America. The last place they wanted to go to was where they would be ordered about by military martinets who knew nothing but the military right of command. These "colonies" were continuously protested against in the Reichstag, as costing much and serving no purpose. Such are the so-called colonies, against the reasonable but humiliating loss of which Germany is now hotly protesting, the protest being probably largely due to the fact that it involves the question of German war guilt, a question which might better be allowed to sleep. Germany's first seizure was in South West Africa, an arid region inhabited by inferior African tribes and some Dutch ranchers, its only harbor, Walvis Bay, remaining British. Shooting Namaquas who could not be got to understand the right of the soldiers to rule over them was the most notable German industry there. This particular colony is the interesting one at the moment, as it is in connection with it that the League has given forth the important but inevitable judgment that a mandate does not constitute a possession. The Dutch of South Africa drove the Ger-



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mans out during the war, and it will be very difficult to convince the South African Union that Namaqualand is not a part of it.

War Guilt and Reparations

MUCH more than the re-possession of one or more colonies might be expected, by Germans, to follow the successful raising of the war guilt issue. There is the redress of all her boundaries other than that of Alsace and Lorraine, which she has formally resigned. And how could the Allies persist in reparations collections if all nations were more or less guilty of causing the war? Of course, when Germany made France pay up in 1870 for the bad thrashing she had given her, it was not at all a question as to who was guilty of the war, but who won it. At that time it was ostensibly Napoleon Third who started the war, but it was Bismarck who planned it. At all events it was France that was beaten and must pay. But in these League of Nations days Germany looks for a different code of international morals. The question of payments will soon be acute. Germany's payments under the Dawes plan rise sharply in the next two years. This year she paid to the allies \$60 million dollars. Next year the schedule calls for no less than 440 millions, while a year later the figure rises to 625 millions. There are those who believe that Germany cannot possibly meet the payments due. Mr. Keynes, as keen a mind on economic questions as Britain possesses, emphatically states that "the Dawes plan will break down according to schedule." There are others, equally expert, who disagree. Nevertheless, the danger is obvious. If Germany were able to win any considerable support among League members for her plea that she was bearing all the blame for a catastrophe caused by other criminal nations besides herself, she would undoubtedly be in a much stronger position in insisting on a drastic scaling down of the Dawes schedules. It would be suicide to renew the war over that question. Surely all the statesmen realize by now what a tremendous burden would be lifted off each and every nation if all should cry quits. Such has long been Britain's attitude and procedure in as far as she might follow it. She only asks for that part of what is owing to her by other war powers that is needed to pay the debt incurred by her as intermediary for them. The only power that can initiate a general washing of the slate is the over-fed United States. But France would be a real stumbling block in any such move. Having lavishly advanced vast sums to rebuild her devastated regions, counting on making Germany pay, she could not agree to any general cancellation without facing a grave financial situation at home.

Pay Piper, Call Tune

LEON Trotsky, speaking in Moscow last week to a group of Americans, excused the soviet autocracy as being no worse than financial autocracy in democratic countries. Financial interests, he said, could always control democratic governments because of their party fund contributions. As usual there was some truth in this sweeping Bolshevik generalization. People in various countries are awakening to the realization that elections are too often won by the party with the heaviest money bags; and that these money bags are filled by hard-fisted persons who demand full return for their expenditures. Our own liquor interests are all contributors to Canadian party funds. It is largely the same elsewhere. These are the party benefactors whose activities are best known. In the recent investigation of the customs situation one single distillery readily admitted campaign subscriptions to various political parties, amounting to nearly half a million in four years. In the books this outlay was eloquently described as "insurance and protection." The liquor interests, or any other interests, are not given to spending their money for nothing. In the broad sense "the man who pays the piper calls the tune."

"Buy a Tag, Sir!"

THE sale of honors to tuft-hunters has come viciously to the front again, and Mr. Lloyd George is getting roasted for the cynical way in which he took this method of filling the money bags in the strength of which he took the lead of the Liberal party—a far more substantial use of the money than were the gewgaws bestowed for it. Mr. Lloyd George's de-

fence is the old one: "They all do it." To expose this alleged universal abuse Mr. Lloyd George took occasion to demand the terms on which a certain obscure banker had become a lord. Lord Rosebery was able to say that it was done at the behest of Mr. Gladstone, who had promised it, and that the party had not got a dollar for it. There would appear to have been in that case what the notaries call "other valuable considerations." Probably it was in contempt for the whole process that Mr. Lloyd George was so reckless about it, not caring how much it degraded the peerage or the House of Lords, and following General Grant's principle that the readiest way to bring a bad law to an end is to enforce it. The same could conceivably be urged with regard to a custom better honored in the breach. The obtaining of party money in return for trifles light as air, which cost the nation nothing but its dignity, however contemptible, is less seriously treasonable than the prostitution of party policy to such considerations. Mr. Trotsky's ponard has certainly gone to the heart of the system of democracy, whose enemy he is, along with a number of other reactionary despots who have come to power largely upon the shoulders of democratic corruption. Democracy has a lot of old leaven to purge out before it can fairly call itself government by the people for the people.

The Light Cure

MR. MACDONALD has been echoing Lord Rosebery's attack on campaign funds raised by the sale of honors. Mr. MacDonald is doubtless very sensitive on this point at present as bartering principles or favors for party money is not in his line. The Tory trade union bill, by abolishing the "political levy," whereby all trades unionists were forced to contribute to the Labor party funds, has made it much more difficult for his own party to win elections. For, let it be granted at once, certain campaign expenditures and contributions are necessary, and need not be denied. Even the rental of a hall for a single public meeting costs money. It is the lessor's harvest time, and not his only. So the money must come from somewhere. It is extremely difficult to distinguish between the right and wrong in such matters. Even the late Mr. Wayne B. Wheeler, directing genius of the Anti-Saloon League, admitted in a United States Senate investigation surprising expenditures. Not only were there the usual political expenditures for purposes of organization and so forth, but eminent speakers were paid handsomely. Mr. Wheeler would have welcomed a law making compulsory the publication of detailed campaign receipts and expenditures, of course, on both sides of the conflict. As a rule expenditures that can afford to be above board are legitimate. That test is the real measure of the legitimacy of any particular fund. To demand such publication is the part of common sense.

Embers of the Labor War

TWO natural sequels followed the enormously destructive labor war that seized on England last year as an exasperating climax to her war exhaustion, just as plagues seize upon the exhausted animal or plant at the stage when its life energies are most drawn upon otherwise. One natural result was to make the victors truculent, the other was to make the vanquished wise. Labor had undertaken to enforce its rule on Britain by bringing industries to a stop. Remarkable was the unanimity of the country in asserting that it should not be so ruled. The insurgent power realized not only material but moral defeat, and laid down its arms. Some there were, of course, so convinced of the rightness of their cause, and of the destructive method of enforcing it, that they did not concur in this surrender, and have been gnashing their teeth ever since at those who accepted it. Russia, the fountain of their fury, sputtered up most offensively and, for its purpose, fatally. Whatever the Englishman wants in the way of rule, he does not want it under the lambasting of the Russian knout. To keep the embers of Soviet zeal alive in Britain, Moscow blew hotly upon it with its fiercest propaganda. That had its chief effect of exciting Sir William Joynson-Hicks, a devout man and able, but not perhaps over wise, who upset their London bee-hive, but did not find there the particular poison which his raid hoped triumphantly to expose, though no doubt he found something to serve as a warrant for his adventure. Europe saw in

that raid a foolhardy sort of feat, but applauded. Moscow, discouraged by the failure of it to arouse British labor, felt the rebuff, along with a still flatter rebuff from the common-sense of China, after her Nanking exploit against an American mission. British labor had had enough of Russian indoctrination and of its results.

Without criticising the requirements of the Labor Act, which was a direct result of the national strike, it has the great moral disadvantage of appearing to cash in on the winnings of capital over labor, in the recent unpleasant tussle between them, and, for that matter, the victory of die-hard selfishness over political wisdom within the Cabinet. Those who forced this measure on the Baldwin government assumed that they were giving voice to the people who had turned out, as one man, to neutralize the general strike. It is very doubtful if, in view of its appearance of jumping on the conquered and of the reactions naturally to be looked for, the nation would vote for that law.

Industry As a Whole

ON the other hand, in the annual Trades Congress meeting this year in the calm labor atmosphere of Edinburgh, we come upon a scene of reason and conciliation. Opposition politics had been briskly working up public sentiment to use the Labor Act to oust the Baldwin government. Against that act the Labor party was a unit. Mr. George Hicks, president of this Labor Congress—an unhyphenated Hicks—while condemning the act, and referring frankly to the evil reaction of warlike measures on either side, dwelt, in his opening speech, on the need of a better way. "Practically nothing has been done," he said, "to establish an effective machinery for industry as a whole." A most statesmanlike phrase, that: "Industry as a whole": a worthy slogan for a new era. "There are many problems," he went on to say, "in which joint discussion would prove valuable at the present time . . . such a direct exchange of practical views . . . would bring both sides face to face with the hard realities of the present economic situation, and might yield useful results in showing on what terms co-operation is possible." Here is at least a confession of having been on the wrong tack, and a fine aspiration and overture toward getting on the right road, from which there is everything to be hoped.

The Better Way

MEN wrestling on a high scaffolding would loosen their grip of each other if they felt the structure giving way from under them. That is the sobering position to which British industrial interests are awakening. Not that intelligent Labor leaders have been so slow in making this discovery, but that labor generally was slower, and some of it intractable; and political efficiency required it to be kept together. That proved vain. The labor unions were rapidly losing their subscribing members, whose faith was shaken in warlike methods and who were doubtful about enforced union taxation. Mr. Hicks said there was room for much fuller use of the machinery for joint consultation and negotiations between employers and employed looking to peaceful settlement of their difficulties. "Direct exchange of practical views between representatives of the great organized bodies who had responsibility for the conduct of industry, and knew its problems at first hand, would bring both sides face to face with hard realities." Where in a controversy both sides want the same thing they are likely to get it. There has been a sense in past times that the agitators did not want peace, while those representing capital thought only of using their power. Grant that both want now to come to terms, the worst is over. A strange confession lurked behind the statement with which Mr. Clitine, the secretary of the Congress, followed up the remarks of the chairman, that "the unions were not hostile or indifferent to the idea of industrial peace." One asks why he should need to say that. It implies that in days past it has been doubtfully so. It at least gives promise of a different spirit now.

Migration

THE letter of a Tyneside yeoman in this paper goes far to confirm the suspicion that Mr. Brunet, the Montreal delegate to the Trade Congress in Edinburgh, in denouncing Mr. Baldwin's advocacy of Canada as a land of hope, was under the influence of the political feeling that pervades that body. Nothing seems to get the modern British labor man so

much on his ear as to suggest that there are other countries where there is more room for him than on the tight little island. His love of country is admirable, but love of country rather increases by coming to Canada. There is no nation of men on earth so proud of their own country, or so tenderly attached to it, as the Scotch. Yet there is no country on earth which the Scotchman is not helping to thrive. We have noted much the same spirit of thrift and enterprise on the part of the Englishman of Tyneside. There is, no doubt, a certain kind of Englishman who finds everything that is not English "disgusting"—to use our correspondent's word, and that writer's suspicion is not without foundation that that class has a reputation in Canada that does not add to its welcome. Well for Canada that one such should pack up and go home, even if he take his sad tale with him to discourage his like. Well for him that he finds conditions in the old country, including the dole, so much better than those in Canada. There are people who have so grown into the trade-union machine that they are lost when they get outside of it. Mr. Brunet said the emigrant often found that his choice was between the bread line and cutting wood. The bread line is for the most part stocked with those who are not fit to cut wood, or some of them for anything else. It has been said, we do not know with what truth, that men bred to mining, or once inured to it, do not take kindly to above-ground processes. One would think so if cutting trees in the sunshine is a horror as compared with picking coal in the dark or with work in a factory—indeed, as something next worst to the bread line.

Ninety-Nine To One

WHAT are the facts? It is known generally that Canada has broad rich acres untilled; that she is already one of the chief feeders of the world, and that she could keep ten times as many people busy at that task, and at those tasks which depend on it. It is known that Britain is loaded with unemployed who have to be supported by the rest of the British people, while there is abundant room for them in Canada. It is admitted that there is a lack of adaptation which makes the transition from one condition to the other painful. Everything possible should be done to ease the change. Those whose business it is to sell passages sometimes paint conditions in a glowing light, and even official statements naturally look on the bright side. But we say with all confidence that almost every one of our many thousand readers will know of a half-dozen or more British families who have come out to this country, and after perhaps an early struggle, have won for themselves, on farm or in factory or forest, a competence for which they could never have hoped in the old land. What is of vastly more importance is that their children have grown up, and are growing up, to opportunities to which their fathers never aspired. These things are commonplace in Canada. So much are they the rule that they are little discussed and written about. Nevertheless we would welcome letters from our readers everywhere telling what they know of this matter. Too long has the field been left to the grouse and the grumblers—the one who failed, not the ninety-nine who succeeded.

Inevitable

AS expected, the Conservatives won the North Huron by-election. Where the enemies of high protection spend their energies in fighting one another the result is a foregone conclusion. That truth was pretty well appreciated in the last general election. In this case nothing was at stake, and the two anti-conservative factions resorted to the old practices. The chief interest was in the wordy duel between Mr. Drury and Miss Macphail. The former Progressive premier spoke as the champion of co-operation for liberal ends. His statement that the strictly class farm party contains the germs of the soviet system, might naturally be resented by those who cling to Farmers' Union rule, but could not effectively be denied. At any rate it is plain that the multiplicity of parties divided by various principles, however good, can only hand over the rule to those who are united by interests. Parliamentary rule requires co-operation of those agreed on ruling issues. This applies as much to those who could count themselves Liberal stalwarts as to those whom Liberalism has estranged by its lack of backbone and by its unhappy past history in Ontario on the liquor question.

Conservative Leadership

AS the national Conservative convention approaches no prospective candidate seems to have a lead in the race for the leadership. The names most frequently mentioned are those of Messrs. Bennett, Guthrie, Cahan and Rhodes. Mr. Ferguson is definitely out of the contest. Sir Robert Borden and Mr. Meighen will attend, with the rest of the elder statesmen, to lend their blessing to the decisions. But there is no indication of any likelihood of turning back the hands of the clock towards either of these leaders. As regards the others, little can be said that is not already known. Mr. Bennett is dapper and exceptionally clever, but lacks that poise and personality which most people demand in a prospective prime minister. Mr. Rhodes is able, but not quite of national leadership calibre. Mr. Cahan is personable and has as keen a mind as any in parliament. Above all others he is likeliest to find favor in French-Canadian eyes. But he is regarded, not without color, as the spokesman for what are known as the "St. James Street interests"—a serious handicap in many sections. A more serious handicap is that Mr. Cahan, a youngster of sixty-six, is classed as old in a country which usually chooses as leaders men in the forties or fifties. Mr. Guthrie has the advantage of being already in possession of the reins. But as almost a life-long Liberal, the rank and file Tories regard him somewhat as their British brethren regard Mr. Churchill. What the country trusts is that someone will be found who will bring dignity, ability, vision and, above all, integrity to a position which means much to the nation, regardless of which party is in power.

Distorting History

ONE of the most serious charges against the movie industry is that everything, truth, beauty, art, must bow to the dictates of the box office. In addition to the meretricious blandishments which the film-makers parade as their preferred characterization, there is much positive falsification. These purveyors of pungency distort the classics of literature to their private ends. Changes are lightly made in the plots and in the characters which would make a Dickens or a Hugo writhe. The very facts of history are daringly falsified in order to avoid displeasing certain patrons of the movie theatres. Nowhere is this practice more noticeable than when history or classic fiction portrays Roman Catholic figures in unfavorable lights. Thus, instead of prelates sympathizing with and celebrating the massacre of the French Huguenots on St. Bartholomew's Eve, we see the cardinal, in the movie, endangering his own life trying to restrain the hand that signed the infamous order. Victor Hugo's priestly villain is stripped of his clerical robes and presented to the movie fans as the mere beggar of Notre Dame. More amusing is the current portrayal of the notorious Madame de Pompadour. Instead of picturing this character as the scheming and unblushing mistress of the French king, who lost Canada (and celebrated the event with a banquet), the lady, to please whom does not appear, is shown as a model of all the virtues and graces.

Disillusion

IF we may judge from conditions existing at Windsor, disillusionment as to the efficacy of "government control" has already appeared in Ontario. No one would class The Border Cities Star, printed at a focus both of whiskey-making and of bootlegging, horse-racing and attendant ills, as a champion of prohibition. Yet it made, last week, an attack on "government control," as it exists in Windsor, which might have come from the bitterest enemy of the liquor traffic. Government control, says the Star, has failed to drive out the "blind-pigs," and to improve conditions which were used to discredit the prohibition law. The Star inveighs against the growing influx of professional gamblers from Detroit to Windsor. Mr. Raney used to refer to drink, gambling, and prostitution as an inseparable trinity of iniquity. Windsor's experience seems to bear out that description. To quote the Star itself:

"Unfortunately, Government control has not brought the relief that solid opinion in the Border Cities sought. Blind pigs and gambling joints are flourishing, and many persons say that there are more of them now than at any period under the O.T.A. If this is

the case—and there is little reason to doubt that it is—it is no credit to the Ontario Government, to the Provincial Police Department, or to our local police forces.

"If the Government is going to control the sale of alcoholic beverages, let it do so. It promised to, but it is not keeping the promise, and Government control is becoming nothing but a hollow sham."

Actions and Words Clash

FRANCE took a prominent part in the recent economic conferences which urged removal rather than raising of trade barriers. Yet the French government has not felt itself obligated to suit its actions to the attitude of its representatives. At about the time of the Geneva economic conference France was imposing—not even a prohibitive tariff—but a direct embargo against British coal. The effect of the Franco-German trade treaty has even been, not so much to lower tariffs, as to raise them. Duty on Canadian wheat is raised from twenty to twenty-seven cents a bushel. Rates against importations from the United States, for instance, are made prohibitive. There is something almost amusing to the rest of the world in the vehement protests of the injured American business interests and of that great self-contained American, Senator Borah. Washington itself protests to Paris. The incident is eloquent of the muddled thinking that persists regarding the legitimacy of tariff changes. It is only a few years since the Fordney Emergency Tariff brought serious hardship to thousands of Canadian farmers. Washington ignored Canadian protests then as, no doubt, France will ignore American protests today. Up to the present every commercially sovereign nation—none more uncompromisingly, to use a mild phrase, than the United States—has assumed the right to revise its own tariffs, as it chooses, no matter who was hit. China's present struggle is due to the fact that she was refused equality in that right. The United States took the lead in imposing on China the "open door." Another day looms when trade war will be outlawed—when trade, essentially a two-party affair, will not be tampered with without consulting both parties.

The Greater Empire

MR. AMERY, the Secretary for the Dominions, is commonly and justly classed as a die-hard. His speech in South Africa last week shows, therefore, how well the new conception of Empire is appreciated even in reactionary circles in England. Describing the Empire that exists, Mr. Amery strikingly said: "There is no nation outside the British Commonwealth of Nations—not even the mighty United States—whose status, dignity, influence and security would not be enhanced if admitted to the British partnership." We have referred in these columns on various occasions to what is coming to be known as "The Third British Empire"—that company of nations to which members will cling tenaciously, and to which outsiders will request admittance. Is that idle fancy? This week an Irish government appeals to the people for safeguarding the British connection. That government, and its following, is dominated by men who ten years ago were in arms against England. One might hazard the guess that even a de Valera in the premier's office would undergo somewhat the same change as has General Hertzog in South Africa. The latter was, and is, the leader of the old Boer "irreconcilables." Before he became premier he was unyielding in his advocacy of secession. The last Imperial Conference changed all that. Today Mr. Hertzog, prime minister, says: "Never in the history of South Africa has there been a more general and more genuine desire for commonwealth co-operation than there is today."

Public opinion is a powerful force. It alone caused the cancellation of several ocean flights scheduled for the week-end. In spite of all its defects the modern press speedily registers public opinion.

Canada counts on the Customs Commission's report to bring to an end the official abetting of international rum-running. We cannot continue to intrigue with gangs of lawbreakers without injuring ourselves as well as our neighbors.

Canada decreased her national debt by no less than sixty-three millions in five

months. Governments always get the credit of national prosperity and the blame for adversity. So congratulations both to

Mr. Robb, and more especially to Mr. Euler, who has so effectively stopped the leaks in the customs collections.

Episcopal Humor

IT has been remarked that perhaps of all ranks and professions of mankind a bishop most dearly loves a joke. Some bishops have been notable jesters. Of these was Samuel Wilberforce. He was nicknamed "Soapy Sam," and said that it was because he was often in hot water and always emerged with clean hands. It is told of Wilberforce how Lord Palmerston on horseback, meeting him on foot on a London street one very muddy day, drew up and said, in the words of the psalm:

"Blessed is the man who not consents,
By ill advice, to walk."

When the bishop immediately took him up with:

"Nor stands with sinners, nor doth sit
Where men profanely talk."

Bishop Philpotts referred to his contemporary, Bishop Philpott, as his "singular" brother. Forgetfulness of this episcopal proclivity for humor has landed learned scientific men and flippant newsmongers in a rather ridiculous situation. Service was held in the parish church at Leeds, many members of the British Association for the Advancement of Science being present. The speaker was the Rt. Rev. Edward Burroughs, Bishop of Ripon. Instead of lauding physical science to the skies and telling the scientists that in the knowledge of the atom and the electron, in the secrets of "wireless," and of the Einstein beam, the future welfare of humanity was wrapped up, the good humored prelate decided, in the phrase of Mrs. Eddy, to "startle mortal mind," and give his hearers something to think over.

HE said: "With all his new mastery over nature man has not seemed really to be advancing his own cause. The development of his resources has not helped either development or happiness for himself. Until this disproportion is somehow rectified man cannot feel safe, and the very greatness of recent achievements would seem to make his ruin more certain and more complete." Then came the Bishop's joke: "We could get on very much happier if aviation, wireless telegraphy, and the like, were advanced no further than at present. Dare I even suggest, at the risk of being lynched by some of my hearers, that the sum of human happiness, outside of scientific circles, would not necessarily be reduced if for ten years every physical and chemical laboratory were closed, and the patient and resourceful energy displayed in them transferred to recognizing the lost art of getting together and finding a formula for making the ends meet in the scale of human life. . . . We might go meanwhile in tardy quest of that wisdom which is other than and greater than knowledge, and without which knowledge may be a curse." The Montreal Gazette introduces the despatch in the approved

Drums in the Darkness

SUCH is the weird title of a book whose real theme is light in darkest Africa; but the manner of which is to fascinate with all that is vivid in the still little known continent and to inspire the reader with a sense of its great possibilities. The title belongs to the opening scene of a harvest festival by moonlight in a black village at which the ground is shaken by the intensity of the dance and the air rent by the shouting to the rhythm of the drums, and at which the abundant supply of beer being accounted a sort of sacrament, must be all consumed before morning. The mirth is broken by a courier with the alarming story of the arrival of some strange winged craft of gigantic size, operated without paddles by some strange beings—the first advent of the Portuguese. Why was Africa, with its wholesome tablelands and its four vast river basins, so long unknown? The Nile entrance, the only one known, was stopped by a thousand miles of sudd. To navigators the low coastline was deadly. But there was the teeming continent within with its succession of races, first the Pygmies, then the Bushmen, then the Hottentots, then the Negroes, then the Bantus, the intelligent race to which this particular work is devoted; for its writer, Dr. John T. Tucker, a Canadian, is principal of Currie Institute in the heart of Angola, a region in which he has been working for many years in a mission which has become very largely a Canadian enterprise, great pion-

alarmist way with the heading: "Church Urges 10-Year Truce from Science." It would have been just as accurate and just as closely in accord with the ways of modern journalism to have had the heading read: "Bishop Fears he May be Lynched by Scientists."

The World Moves

OF course the Bishop knows as well as Sir Oliver Lodge himself that "It is not possible to call a halt. If we stopped the world would go to pieces." His address was one of good humored banter, similar to that of the late Sir William Osler, who warned his conferees against undue and over-cautious conservatism, by telling them that after passing middle age a man should be painlessly put out of the way. But as in the case of Osler the Bishop embodied some sound sense in his banter. Rush and scramble in these days give little time for thought and culture. The poet Southey was boasting of how systematically he had mapped out his time—so many hours to reading, so many to writing, so many to sleep, so many to social engagements. A Quaker listened to him patiently, and then answered: "Very good, friend Southey, and when dost thou think?" It is an odd feature of the age that the enormous number of time-saving devices by which we surround ourselves do not give us any more leisure. Indeed, the faster we can move the more we resent delay. A motorist obliged by traffic regulation to pause for a few seconds will fret and fume more than his great-grandfather did when his coach was blocked for days together on snowy roads.

Mutable Science

THE speed at which one can travel from point to point is relatively unimportant. What is important is what we do at either point, and what we see of interest or delight in the journey between. It cannot be questioned that exclusive emphasis on the achievements of physical science has the tendency to divert the attention from things which are really more important. "Let knowledge grow to more and more, but more of reverence in us dwell." Let us by no means belittle the glories of physical science. The more we know of God's universe, the more we learn of His gifts, and the more we share them with others the better. Still, the very restlessness of science is proof of its mutability. We need some firm ground unaffected by the whirl of relativity. An increasing number of the leaders of science today are ready to acknowledge that the supreme place must be given to moral and spiritual values. After all we have never got beyond, nor shall we ever get beyond, the words spoken in the morning of the world. . . . "The fear of the Lord, that is wisdom, and to depart from evil is understanding."

eer work having been done by the Rev. Dr. Walter Currie, a Canadian of great organizing enterprise and ability—the beloved Coly of the elder African generation. Angola, called after Ngola, a traditional chieftain of Vulcan's persuasion—Angola, where Livingstone, weary and broken in health by the perils and hardships of foot travel through a land of enmities, first made his debut upon the friendly sea—where he found a ship offering to take him home, but, for the sake of his boys, plunged back again into the toils and dangers of the interior to see them safe home again.

ROMANCE with jealousy, intrigue, treachery and beauty's conquest is just as real among the sable tribes of warring blood as among knights in shining armor, or as in the legends of Troy, and the superstitions are deadly. Yet these blacks are as helpful to each other as were our own pioneers, and what the latter called "a raising bee," is a usage with them when a new family needs a home. The Angola mission seems to have had its origin in the visit to Boston of Major Malan, a British officer familiar to Montreal people in the days after the Trent affair. Malan, a grandson of the noted Cesar Malan of Geneva, the hymnologist of the Swiss Church, had become so warmly interested in a mission of the American Board of Missions in East Africa that he went all the way to Boston to invoke like aid for other tribes. The first hardships of puncturing the wild,

picking up the language, placating black potentates, were borne by adventurous Americans. By degrees the Congregational Missionary Society of Canada took the laboring oar in the extension of the work.

"Why is he here? What does he want? Will he bewitch us if we approach him?" Such was the natural attitude of the natives toward the missionary living among them in his mud hut preparing his own meals of cornmeal porridge and beans. He had to; he could hardly appreciate a cooked mouse or a pot full of fat caterpillars as dainties. A chief, by placing his son Kumba (the lion's roar) in Mr. Currie's hands for training, started the great educational work of which Dr. Tucker, who writes this book, is now the head. Kumba, fierce as was his name, did not like the adventure. He had been told that white men eat boys.

HOW these same blacks now spend their Sunday is indeed a transformation scene. The peoples from surrounding villages answering the early morning bell flock together. There are catechumen classes; there is a group of elders in loin cloths and white shirts met for prayer for a blessing on the services of the day; there are groups of old women. The writer says a new generation of these grannies is much needed; they are too good at handing down tribal superstitions. But there they are upon the ground, listening to Miss Melville seated on a stool in the midst. Then comes the solemn service, in which the audience have their part. Then, in the afternoon meetings for boys and meetings for girls, the elder youth in groups doing evangelistic work in neighboring villages. These reports at evening service in a manner such as this: "We went to Kanuhumpu. The people received us gladly, both men and women. The chief wants a school. Another group could not preach because a beer drink was going on." Out-stations are beginning to blossom with gardens and orange and lime trees, and to develop orderly streets.

WONDERFUL is the history of Kajundu, sought for by a village whose chief had died and brought from a distant village to reign over willing subjects, over whom, having accepted the task with great precaution, and having duly promised to maintain the customs, he never lost his way. Through all sorts of changes and the greatest possible departures from ingrained and despotic usage, he still retained his absolute authority. The ways and potency of a native chief are first vividly set forth, then how he got ill and was prescribed for by witch doctors, whose exactions he devoutly obeyed till, finding their promises vain, he was led by a tribesman to Koly's hut, which he approached with great scepticism. A miracle was wrought. He became a disciple, went to school to Mrs. Currie, made great progress by using the herd boys as tutors—he, a powerful chief, they the humblest of menials. He dismissed his surplus wives, who had cost him much, giving each a dowry. He emancipated his slaves. He sought baptism, kneeling in that ordinance beside one of his former slaves. He built a school-house, shaping the nails on his own anvil—he was the successor of the original Ngola, the fabled blacksmith chief—he compelled old and young to go to school. One-roomed huts became on a new site two or three-roomed cottages surrounded by gardens and divided by regular streets planted with eucalyptus. He organized expeditions into the far interior, taking with him a dozen Christian youths, whose behavior and ability as preachers greatly astonished the tribes visited, and encouraged Mr. Couillard, the French missionary to the Barotsis. Much more is told about this remarkable man, whose humility seems to be in strange contrast to his power.

KAJUNDU got into jail at Benguela at the instance of a white whiskey trader whose custom had failed. Like Joseph and John Bunyan, he was trusted with the keys of the jail. While there he was told how the mission church had been set on fire, and how his own house had also caught. "They can destroy our property," he said, "but cannot take away our faith." Released, he got back to his demonstratively rejoicing people as one in their view raised from the dead. Dr. Tucker tells how, upon his own arrival at the mission from the midst of the crowd that greeted him with palm leaves and salvos of musketry, an unassuming figure stepped forward and said quietly, "We are thankful that you have come; we knew of you in Canada; Dr. Currie told us of you; we followed you in Lisbon; we

prayed that you would readily learn the foreign language. The little chicken expresses our thanks." "Better go out and see the chicken," said a missionary. It was found to be a fine ox. The touching text at Kajundu's funeral was: "Moses, my servant, is dead; now therefore arise."

DR. CURRIE was an explorer. Along with Mrs. Currie he penetrated as far as the eastern lakes, between two and three thousand miles there and back. For such travel, on trails no wider than the sole of one foot, the mission itself invented a monocycle, by which Dr. Currie, who was a heavy man, could be easily and rapidly propelled by a couple of boys, turn about, with his own hand on the steering gear; whereas the tepoia, or native palanquin, would be exhausting to a team of six men. "The old man from Chissamba" was everywhere well received. A man does not need to be very old to be an old man there. Few live to be old. The securing of a wonderfully fit and impressive site, in full view of a splendid waterfall, for an education centre, was due to a previous devastation through the ill-will of a white liquor trader. The trader, whose fortress the place was, had forsaken it, having, by legal proceeding, in the justice of which the natives placed no faith, driven away the tribe who were his customers.

TEMPTATION is strong to demand space for detail of the transformation scenes with which this book holds the interest to the finish—transformation not only in the dramatic life history of such as are now the heralds of the coming King, but in the whole life of communities. Of this evidence is cited from disinterested witnesses. Here, for instance, is the book of the Bishop of Angola, called

"Por Terras d'Angola," in which he recounts an interview with an isolated educated trader, whom he upbraided for living away from civilization. "But here," said the trader, "we have everything. Do you want a carpenter? A carpenter is available. Do you want a mason? One is at hand. Do you want a suit of clothes? Five dollars and you have it. Do you want a blacksmith, just say the word." "How is all this?" said the Bishop. So the trader called in his cook-boy: "Who taught you to cook?" "Alongal or Afulu." The trader explained that there were in the neighborhood out-stations of Protestant missions. This was a sort of result that could appeal to the most materially minded. Perhaps the most practical need of the work is the weaning of the people, by practical demonstration, to scientific cures. When ill—and they are commonly ill—they are willing enough to demand cures at the hand of the foreigners. The missionaries themselves killed sixty-three rats in a hut infested with the bubonic plague. The Philistines of Samuel's day knew better the relation between rats and that horrid disease. Missionaries emptied a kettle of holy water swarming with the larvae of a disease-propagating mosquito. But the women laughed and the chief would, of course, fill it again and breed more. Clearly the only cure for this condition is a generation educated from infancy. In like manner, in spiritual things, hope looks to a generation emancipated from superstition from babyhood.

The work seems hurried but breezy and full of action. It is published by the Missionary Education Committee of the United Church, 299 Queen Street W., Toronto, and is evidently prepared to be used by educative groups.

ably from the use in heraldry of the rose thistle and fleur de lis. At all events, a good reason for abandoning it in flag designing would be that "the may-poi leaf forever" might fall into desuetude

THE SUN ANSWERED

From the Ottawa Citizen

One suspects that the editor of the Farmers' Sun is going just a little bit out of his way to think up all these arguments against the maple leaf, which, while it may not be peculiar to Canada as a botanical specimen, is peculiar as a symbol identified with this country. And all the talk of the difficulty to represent the maple leaf, its lack of simplicity and so on, is beside the mark.

Heraldry, as the Sun itself admits, has simplified the rose, the thistle and the fleur de lis. Everyone of these was in the first place more difficult to represent than the maple leaf. We could just as simply idealize the design of the maple leaf for flag purposes, just as Japan has the sun and Turkey the moon. The Citizen believes the maple leaf as good as any emblem for Canada yet suggested. It is, however, not wedded to the notion that the maple leaf is the only emblem worth considering, and welcomes further discussion.

CLEARING UP THE ISSUE

From the Ottawa Citizen

Recent discussion of the Canadian flag question has had a clarifying influence. It now appears that what is wanted is a substitute not for the Union Jack, but for the Canadian coat of arms, the use of which is already recognized.

Even those who do not always see eye to eye with Mr. John S. Ewart must admit that he has done a real service in recalling the history of the official correspondence on the question. It was a Conservative minister, Sir John Thompson, who wrote to Governor-General Stanley a strong declaration in favor of the Canadian flag. "They are proud of their flag, and their pride, in my opinion, should be encouraged and not dampened," said Sir John . . .

Apparently all Canadians need to do now is to agree upon an appropriate national symbol, and there is little doubt that the practically unanimous voice will be for the maple leaf.

THE FLAG QUESTION

From the London Advertiser

An attempt to throw light upon the controversy in regard to a Canadian flag is made by the Montreal Witness and Canadian Homestead. On one side it is said that there is no Canadian flag, and on the other side that the attempt to supply the deficiency is a disloyal conspiracy to haul down the Union Jack. Both, says the Witness, are wrong. "Canada has a flag," which has been long in use, but the Witness holds that it might be improved. After Confederation the Canadian coat of arms was placed on the Canadian banner. But the coat of arms was changed as often as a new Province was added to Canada. "The result was an amazing conglomeration of birds, beasts, fishes and what not." A truly amazing array of Canadian flags came into existence.

The Witness would simplify the situation by adopting a single maple leaf as the Canadian symbol and letting it replace the hundred and one coats of arms now in use. In other words, substitute a symbol which everybody can realize for a heraldic design which means nothing in particular, and needs as much study as the diagram in one of Euclid's propositions. If the Witness states the case correctly, the air is cleared. It is not a case of substituting something else for the Union Jack, but of providing a substitute for a Canadian flag already recognized but not clearly expressing Canadian national personality. All we have to do is to agree among ourselves as to what we want. The Witness ridicules the notion that there is anything disloyal in the proposal to change the Canadian symbol from a complicated to a simple emblem. The maple leaf is the right one, there is no doubt about that.

The Press and the Flag

Recently the Witness reiterated its generation-old suggestions on the Canadian flag: that Canada has a flag, generally accepted if unofficial; that that banner, chosen by Sir John Macdonald, suitably represents the British connection by the Union Jack, and French Canada by the scarlet body—identical with the old French oriflamme; and that a single golden maple leaf should replace the hundred and one varieties of the Canadian press now in use.

Numerous journals, including some in Britain, republished the essential portions of the Witness articles. Following are some comments thereon:

NO REASONABLE OBJECTION

From the Owen Sound Sun-Times

The Montreal Witness last week made a convincing plea for a distinctively Canadian flag. . . . It is not easy to conceive what reasonable objection could be made to this suggestion. If Canadians cannot agree on the maple leaf as their national emblem, on what emblem can they be more unanimous? If unanimity is insisted on as essential Canada will be long enough without a flag of its own.

CANADIANS WANT A FLAG

From the Winnipeg Free Press

The Weekly Witness of Montreal thinks there is a Canadian flag. . . . A Canadian flag that the Canadian Government refuses to fly on public buildings is not much of a flag. Practically every business block in Winnipeg and a great majority of private residences were decorated with "the Canadian flag" on the occasion of the Diamond Jubilee, but one looked in vain for it on the post office and other federal buildings.

The Witness is, we believe, right in saying that formerly "the Canadian flag" was flown on public buildings. The practice was stopped during the Laurier regime as the result, so the story goes, of a protest by the late Sir Joseph Pope, then Under-Secretary of State, that it was not a flag that could properly be flown on land. In 1923 the Canadian Government decided that it would be necessary to fly the flag of our merchant marine over Canadian buildings outside of Canada because otherwise there was no way by which these buildings could be distinguished as Canadian. This is the reason for the singular anomaly that a flag that the Canadian Government will not fly on land in Canada floats from the flag-staffs over the Canadian offices in London and the Canadian Legation in Washington.

Canadians, we think, want a real flag.

A FIRST IMPRESSION

From The Toronto Globe

The Manitoba Free Press recently concluded an editorial on the subject of a distinctive flag for the Dominion with this sentence:

"Canadians, we think, want a real flag." And what does our Winnipeg contemporary say about the Union Jack? Does it suggest that the flag which for so long has "braved the battle and the breeze" is not "a real flag"? Or is it that the method by which The Free Press expresses itself is vague? While Canadians may very properly, perhaps, desire to have a distinctive flag of their own, they insist that the Union Jack, which has stood for all the high ideals on which Canadian institutions are founded, shall find a place in the design. The Free Press is correct. Canadians want a real flag, and for that reason they are going to "keep both hands on the Union Jack."

SECOND THOUGHTS

From the Toronto Globe

The Manitoba Free Press continues to harp on its pet topic of the need of a distinctive Canadian flag. On Tuesday it devoted two columns of its editorial page to the subject, bolstering up its case by references to The Toronto Star and Mr. John S. Ewart, while the other day it severely castigated The Globe because this newspaper failed to enthuse over its proposals.

Matters of immediate concern to the Dominion The Free Press seems quite ready to ignore in order to air its views on this one subject, on which, it says, "there is practically unanimous agreement." There are so many matters of far greater importance with which the Winnipeg newspaper might well deal in these busy days.

While The Globe has no antipathy to a Canadian flag which retains the Union Jack as its important feature, and willingly gives space to correspondents who have suggestions to make, this newspaper prefers to deal with questions which are more essential to the advancement and prosperity of Canada and the well-being of the Empire. The Globe is quite satisfied with the Union Jack, and having more important problems to discuss, is content to leave the agitation regarding a new Canadian flag to The Manitoba Free Press, The Toronto Star and Mr. John S. Ewart.

DISLIKES MAPLE LEAF

From the Farmers' Sun

The maple leaf is most difficult to represent. In the language of botanists, it is palmately lobed, that is, the shape of the palm of the hand, with radiating lobes or projections irregular in number. It is not peculiar to Canada and so is not distinctive like the Southern Cross. Even the sugar maple is widely distributed in the United States as we know from the fact that the maple sugar makers of that country are now seeking to impose a prohibitive tariff against the sugar d'er-able of Quebec. Varieties of maple are native from Norway to the Himalayas and in China and Japan. The use of this emblem, which suggests no exalted sentiment or picturesque emotion, arose prob-

I CARE

GRENFELL LABRADOR MISSION NORTHERN MESSENGER LAUNCH FUND

Previous contributions acknowledged and paid to official treasurer	\$748.53
Paid to Cot Fund	120.00
Total	\$868.53

FRIENDLY HOME FOR YOUNG WOMEN AND THEIR BABIES

Previous contributions acknowledged and paid to official treasurer	\$471.50
Further Contributions	5.00
Total	\$476.50

Matters of Moment On Tyneside

By "An Old Tyneside Yeoman."

It is difficult to say whether things have advanced for the better in industrial matters on Tyneside—whether on the North or South Side of that river. It may be true that a portion of the unemployed have got some temporary employment, on jobs that are best done in the summer season, on street or road making, and improvements of that kind. And some are being employed on the erection and building of the new High Level Bridge over the Tyne between Gateshead and Newcastle, which is being pushed forward from each side of the river. The making of the approaches to the bridge from each side from a higher level is probably a part of the undertaking that is calling into requisition great engineering skill, a great amount of material and labor, which the ordinary looker-on cannot see the need of, or use for, nor yet estimate the value of, in the erection of such a structure. When completed and ready for use, the bridge will prove a great acquisition, in providing increased facilities for vehicular and pedestrian traffic between the city and town, on each side of the river, and a wide area, outside of each place. It is not necessary for one to enlarge at present upon the possible advantage that may follow from the erection of this bridge across the Tyne, but it gives rise to expectations and hopes for increase in material prosperity on each side of the river.

Coal Mining

We are being told in the daily papers of the increased output of coal in these two counties, and that it is being sold to those outside of this country. But there is a curious hesitancy on the part of the mine-owners about saying what price this coal is being sold at as fuel, or for the purpose of extracting by-products from it. We are told of a much greater output of coal with less men employed in the getting of it out, but little or nothing is said about the prices obtained for it. In many places the wages have been reduced considerably since the wages were settled at the end of October. The miners had no option in the matter, only the alternative of the colliery being closed down, or a number to receive notice of dismissal. Then various collieries have been put on the one-shift system, half of the number employed getting a shift on one day, and the other half getting the shift on next day, and so on alternately, which means for each man only 2 or 3 days per week. Then in other cases where the full time per week is obtained, the timing of the change of shift is still such, that it debars a large percentage of the workers from being able to be present at week-night services or meetings, whether of a religious or social kind. Then if a man—or a number of men—happen to speak out in protest against such a "dog-in-the-manger" arrangement, he or they become marked men, and get their notice, not for that cause, but for some other trifling or accidental infringement of rules, which under other circumstances, would only be given a reprimand or caution. Now these and many other overbearing, and even bullying practices of mine-owners and their officials are calculated to provoke the miners to keep a record of them, and to prepare to have a day and time of retribution. However much one may deprecate such a disposition towards having retribution dealt out now, or at some future day, to those who have thus unjustly and unmercifully exercised the power and authority, which they have got over the workers under their control. Yet it makes one think of what some pagan philosopher has said—"That whom the gods would destroy, they first make man."

Emigration

Now that Mr. Baldwin has returned from his short tour in Canada, he is using all the "exuberance of his great verbosity" to start a boom of emigration to Canada to get rid of the unemployed in this country. Supposing that these unemployed should believe what he says and also the shipping and emigration companies who are out to get passengers booked, and workers to do work cheaply for certain classes of farmers or settlers out there, who are on the make for themselves, at the cost of anyone who is credulous enough to believe their stories? Then is Mr. Baldwin going to provide these unemployed who may wish to go out to Canada, with the necessary capital to make a start on their own account, as settlers or otherwise, guarantee them employment at a living wage, and provide for those who may need it, the necessary training for working on Canadian farms or beginning as settlers on their own account? Then it may be asked, do the Canadian farmers and settlers want such newcomers, either as settlers or

fellow workers? Will the welcome be at all cordial, sympathetic or helpful to those who go out under these auspices and conditions?

There have appeared in various daily and weekly papers letters from a great many who have gone from Tyneside to Canada in recent years, and have found out that the conditions there were anything but what had been represented to them by those who suggested or induced them to go out. Some have been so deceived and disgusted with the conditions of things in the districts to which they have gone that they took the first opportunity they had and returned to this country again. On the other hand, there are a good many who have gone out under similar conditions to the above, and they write letters to their friends and local papers saying that although they have found the conditions of work and living not to be so rosy as they were painted to them, yet they have succeeded very well in their efforts either as working for others, or as settlers on their own account; they have become acclimatized to the heat of summer and cold of winter, they have found good neighbors and fellow workers, and they intend to remain where they are at present. But in the minds of many—workers without capital and those who have some capital, and would like to invest it in land in Canada and make a home there—there lurks a suspicion that "things are not what they are made out to be" (a local way of expressing their doubt). So they stick on here and "bear the ills they have, rather than fly to others that they know not of."

So if the "Witness" is out to "Make Canada a Land to Love" here is a mission for it, in clearing up these doubts and fears of possible and would-be emigrants from this country. This is not a very hopeful or cheerful statement of "Matters of Moment on Tyneside," but it is intended to be a "facing of the facts" as they appear to be at present, with the sincere hope that these clouds of trouble will pass away, and that prosperity, such as a wise Providence may see to be for our good, may again visit us in our industrial, commercial, social and religious affairs of this district, this country and the world at large.

The total quantity of timber cut for sale on Indian reserves in Canada in the fiscal year 1926, was approximately ninety million feet board measure and in addition to this the Indians cut for their own use about seven million feet of timber for building and fencing purposes and twenty thousand cords of wood for fuel, besides an unreported quantity of ash, maple, hickory, etc., for the native manufacture of snow-shoes, baskets, axe handles, and similar products.

The Department of the Interior maintains several forest experiment stations, such as that at Petawawa on the Ottawa river. Here the different species of trees are studied just as are farm crops at agricultural experiment stations. The object is to ascertain under what conditions of cutting, thinning, etc., the different species of trees reproduce most readily and grow most rapidly.

Over 50,000,000 whitefish fry were distributed from Gull Harbor hatchery, Lake Winnipeg, over a wide area extending as far as Berens river about 100 miles from the hatchery. This long transfer was made possible by virtue of a miniature hatchery set up on the Canadian Government steamer Bradbury. With the exception of last year when 51,000,000 fry were planted out, this is the largest distribution since 1920 from Gull Harbor hatchery.

An auxiliary schooner, 95 feet long, is being built for the Royal Canadian Mounted Police for patrol work in the western Arctic. This ship will also facilitate the changing of personnel in, and the transport of supplies to, the police detachments along the Arctic coast of Canada from Herschel Island eastward to Coronation gulf.

ADVICE

If you would rest your weary heart
And heal your soul of woe,
Go walk among the cabbages,
Or watch the green beans grow.
Go learn of courage from the corn
That's standing row on row.

If you would find the heart of hope
You left on childhood's way,
Go let the rain beat on your face,
And watch the lightning play.
Go feel the wind upon the back
You've turned on yesterday!

If you would have your boyhood faith
Come surging back again,
Go out upon the river's breast,
And learn there if you can
The truth that Nature plainly tells:
The way to be a man!

—Anne Campbell, in Women's Weekly.

SOVIET POLICY

To the Editor of the Witness.

Sir,—From the Free Press and Prairie Farmer, July 6, 1927:

"Saskatoon, Sask., July 3.

"Proposing to the wheat pool members in Saskatchewan that they ask the Saskatchewan government for legislation whereby, with two-third sign up of farmers, or of acreage in the province, all producers should be 'forced' to sell their grain through the pool.—Aaron Saplo . . . addressed at Harris, &c."

One question—it is this: "Where are we going to drift?"—Yours, etc.,

JUSTICE.

Saskatchewan, Sep. 7, 1927.

CANADIAN WOMEN'S MEMORIAL BUILDING

Contributions Asked

By an Order-in-Council passed December 21st, 1925, a parcel of land at Ottawa was set aside as the site for a Canadian Women's Memorial Building. The selection made by the Government as the most suitable location for the proposed building is situated between Sussex Street and Lady Grey Drive, south of the Archives Building and overlooking to the north west Nepean Point and the Laurentian Mountains across the Ottawa. This area comprises about 51,076 square feet.

The Minister of Public Works has now approved the design of the proposed building and the committee has accepted the same tentatively realizing that the building constructed finally will depend ultimately on the requirements and desires of the women of Canada themselves.

The proposed structure will cost approximately \$250,000, which amount will require to be raised by the women. This sum is not large when it is considered there are over 2,000,000 women voters, and women's organizations alone throughout the country comprise upwards of one million.

The project should have a broad appeal to all women primarily because of its memorial aspect and its worthy ideal of preserving and centralizing tangible tributes to the history-making achievements of Canadian womanhood. To each woman or group of women the undertaking will have its subjective appeal, but a broad outline of its objects as promulgated by a number of representative women in Ottawa, is sketched here.

National Headquarters

It is intended that the building contain an auditorium capable of seating 2,000 people; a banquet hall, secretarial offices for national organizations of women, an archives and museum, a historical section and Hall of Fame. It should be large enough to accommodate national conventions when held in Ottawa, and to permit of all women's organizations having a central bureau for the distribution of literature.

Organizations now without adequate headquarters will readily visualize the importance of the building to their activities, and those with headquarters already established in other cities will be able to utilize an office in the Capital to supplement the work carried on at their national headquarters elsewhere.

The proposed memorials are designed with a twofold object: First, as tangible records, and second, as revenue producers. The simplest will be the Book of Remembrance in which will be embossed the names of women who contribute one dollar to the building fund. In this way it is expected to raise a large portion of the amount required by reaching every woman in Canada and giving her an opportunity of contributing. There is also to be a Children's Book of Remembrance for girls under sixteen years of age who contribute fifty cents.

The Golden Scroll will consist of tablets placed on the walls of the building on which will be inscribed the names of women selected for this honor by their various organizations who contribute twenty-five dollars. If an organization contributes fifty dollars two names may be selected, and so on.

Larger contributions will be productive of more pretentious memorials which will ultimately cover all forms of commemorative memorials yet devised by humanity. Donors of one thousand dollars and upwards will be named on the founders' tablet.

It is proposed first to endeavor to reach every woman through the co-operation of a society in each city, town and village. When an organization approves of the scheme it will, upon request, be furnished with receipt books to be used in connection with the Book of Remembrance. If desired a speaker from the main committee will be sent to further explain the project and to outline ways and means of co-operation.

Receipt books for the Books of Remembrance are now ready, and may be had upon application. The Honorary treasurers are Mrs. E. W. Gilbert, 14 Wilton Crescent, Ottawa, and Mr. Charles C. Gray, Manager of the Royal Bank, Ottawa. All communications should be addressed to the Honorary Secretary, Miss Edna L. Inglis, 200 Elgin Street, Ottawa.

A Veteran Padre Muses

LITTLE FRED REID

He lived alone on the banks of the Grand River a mile from my boyhood home, working his garden and tending his bees and doing odd jobs for others that might come his way. Little of stature, he was big of heart and soul and kindly deeds. A yarner was Fred. Often he would tell of heroic exploits, as when in the American war he gave retreat to a body of the enemy by firing his carefully laid trains of gun-powder. Readily he would discuss matters of which we knew but little, and he perhaps less. He was the weather prophet of the community, and his answer was always ready for the oft-repeated question, "Well, Fred, what about the weather?" He was the voluntary unpaid mail and newspaper carrier for eight or ten of the farm homes, and because of prolonged stays the route had often to be finished in the morning. No one complained, for all were glad to see the little man and get their weekly allotment, which otherwise might not have been forthcoming.

The last time I remember seeing Fred was in that boyhood home from which had been taken the same day what was mortal of the best of God-given mothers. He sat until late in the night. Little had been spoken, and when he rose to go tears broke upon his face. Often that one no longer there had slipped into his hand a loaf of bread, a print of butter, a bit of meat, or perhaps a pair of socks. And more than all this was her kindly word a thousand times spoken. Back at the open grave but a few hours before we had heard a stalwart, drink-fighting neighbor say with a sob in his voice, "My best friend is gone." And I am musing, musing if all over this great land of ours more might not be done to brighten the pathway of the lonely Little Fred Reid, and to help that other man in his sore but earnest fight to be a better man?

—J. P. G.



DEVELOPING NEW WHEAT

Herman Trelle, the Canadian wheat king, is developing a new variety of wheat which can be sown later and ripens eighteen days earlier than any present variety.

BLACKIE'S COMPLETE CONCISE DICTIONARY

The Large Type Concise English Dictionary.—Charles Annandale, Blackie & Sons, Toronto. \$2.50.

Besides being, as its name implies, an accurate up-to-date dictionary of the English language, this latest edition contains a wealth of additional useful information.

There is an excellent key to noted names in English fiction and mythology. There is a list of English and American writers, past and present. There is a pronouncing vocabulary of Greek and Latin and ancient names. Words, phrases and noteworthy sayings met with in current literature and in the classical languages are also given. Other valuable information is included. An excellent volume.

Probably the only two self-sustaining air transport routes operated during 1926 in the Empire were in Canada—those from Halleybury to the Rouyn and from Sioux Lookout to the Red Lake mining fields. These are on an absolutely commercial basis and have had no Government subsidies.

Briand Pleads for World Peace

French Foreign Minister Moves the League Assembly in Impassioned Speech.

For the second time within twenty-four hours Aristide Briand, the French Foreign Minister, on September 10, delivered an impassioned peace oration which moved his hearers to a depth of emotion rarely seen in public assemblages.

Friday men cheered and women bombarded M. Briand with flowers when he declared at a luncheon that "the word 'peace' will triumph throughout the ages." Saturday his auditors wept as, speaking before the Assembly of the League of Nations, he proclaimed France's passionate desire to be freed from the horrors of war.

The famous French statesman himself was on the verge of tears as he leaned forward in the rostrum of the Assembly and swept the heartstrings of his great audience with the declaration that France "had been nailed to the bloody cross of a war that she had no desire to see repeated."

His address was not only a plea for peace and a defence of the League of Nations, but it extended the hand of friendship to Germany. As M. Briand spoke, the minds of his hearers went back a few brief years to the days when the powerful nations of France and Germany were entrenched against each other in the most terrible war the world has known.

M. Briand's two speeches are declared in League circles to be among the greatest contributions to world peace in history.

The French Foreign Minister paid tribute to the speech delivered Friday by Gustav Stresemann, the German Foreign Minister, in which the latter declared that his country wanted to be a pioneer in the movement for peace. M. Briand said that this "noble discourse came as a ray of light to dissipate the mist" and pledged France to "dedicate her every energy to perpetuate the Franco-German friendship and world peace."

M. Briand asserted that the League of Nations was building slowly but surely, a new and solid future for a troubled land. He sought to banish the apprehensions of some delegates that the League has been neglecting recently to fulfil a high political mission.

The speaker voiced unlimited confidence in the League's future, saying that the League, which is a great family with a constitution unique in the world, will grow greater and take on new force.

"The world people," he cried, bringing his clenched hand down upon the table, "will see to this, for if the League disappeared they would see that they were in danger of new and bloody conflicts; hence trace for us our duty."

M. Briand referred to the fruitful results of the International Economic Conference and asserted that economic conflicts lead fatally to war. He urged that unremitting attention be given to economic questions with a determined will to find acceptable solutions.

Declaring that it is the duty of all members of the League loyally to observe the covenant engagement to limit armaments, M. Briand said he differed from those who insisted that nothing had been achieved in the direction of disarmament. It was true, he continued, that the preliminary negotiations at Geneva had not succeeded, but he said he was impressed with the amount of work done and with the tremendous technical preparation. He voiced the conviction that world opinion would force a favorable advance of the disarmament policy.

M. Briand predicted that the next Geneva disarmament conference would achieve a great step toward a solution of the problem. He referred to the recent tripartite naval conference, which he said he believed had not ended in failure, "for such efforts leave a foundation for a new effort which will have a better chance of success."

He said he regretted that as Foreign Minister he had been unable to participate.

"It pained me," he added, "to reply in this manner to the President of a great and noble country which one day I am hopeful of seeing seated among us in this assembly. It pained me, but I am profoundly convinced that such a conference, limited to a few powers and held outside the League of Nations, was destined not for collapse, but for non-success, and I deemed it my duty to say this."

The speaker emphasized his conviction that a League of Nations disarmament conference is the only one that can really succeed. He insisted that all countries, great and small, should participate in this eventful League conference, which he deemed would probably be the most important act in the life of the League.

"Don't forget," he said, "that war has its victims not only among those who are dragged in; others do not escape from this terrible calamity and participate despite themselves or feel the effects like the others. The great law of human solidarity hovers over battlefields and enshrouds, even afterward, those who are not actually participating in the conflict."

M. Briand said that as all nations were attached to the same chain he called upon all to co-operate in the strife against war. He said he believed that any nation that resorted to war, in violation of solemn agreement outlawing war, would destroy its future, for a great war proved the fallacy of the phrase that on one side is victory and on the other there is suffering and woe.

"Interdependence of peoples is now a certainty, affecting even those who desire to separate from the others and engage in war," he said.

The Foreign Minister referred to the recent decision of the World Court of Justice against France in the so-called Lotus affair. This revolved about the collision between a French merchantman and a Turkish boat in Greek waters, the master of the French boat having been arrested by the Turkish authorities when the ship put into Constantinople. M. Briand affirmed that this affair caused a dispute between France and Turkey. He added that France intended to follow the precedent established in the Lotus case and submit future conflicts to judicial settlement.

The Foreign Minister received an ovation lasting several minutes when he closed his address by proclaiming as the future motto of the League of Nations and of all the countries of the earth:

"Peace—peace by and through arbitration."

An attack on the Council of the League of Nations for its failure to intervene in the differences which broke out among the Powers during the last year, which was made by Foreign Minister Lofgren of Sweden, caused a sensation at the meeting of the assembly of the League of Nations on September 7.

The criticism was interpreted by most delegates as an allusion to the fact that the Council did not take up the controversy between Italy and Jugo-Slavia. Mr. Lofgren said that the Locarno accord and the entry of Germany into the League had inspired the world-wide hope that the League had increased in strength and prestige.

However, the League's recent attitude continued the Foreign Minister, had caused disappointment, impatience, and the conviction that the great powers were settling political problems outside the League. He said he believed that if this policy were persisted in, the Council and the League could be exposed to the danger of losing their high mission of safeguarding world peace.

Referring to the failure of the move for the reduction of armaments, the Foreign Minister declared that these were due to the divergencies between the great military powers, who should immediately find a basis for agreement.

He demanded that the Assembly impressively manifest its will that disarmament must be achieved. An outstanding development today was Poland's informal publication of a proposal for a general declaration, branding war as an international crime.

What was said in League circles to be the first step towards the eventual restoration of one or more of Germany's colonies, which were lost to her as a result of the war, was taken Thursday when Germany was assured a seat on the League of Nations mandate commission, supervising her former colonies.

This came as the result of a decision of the Council to increase the membership of the commission from nine to ten. The German member will be appointed shortly.

The Council likewise made the important ruling that a mandatory power does not possess sovereignty over the territory entrusted to its direction. The Council did not attempt definitely to fix the political relationship, merely remarking that it is outlined by the League Covenant, by the mandates themselves, and by previous decisions of the Council. The question arose because the Union of South Africa recently claimed sovereignty over what was formerly German South West Africa.

The Empress of Japan gave birth to a baby daughter on September 10.

There will be regret throughout Japan that the Empress' second child was not a son, who would have been heir apparent to the throne.

Her first child also was a daughter. Prayers have been said throughout the country for weeks, in hope that the second child would be a son.

Stanley Bruce, the premier of Australia, has entered the ranks of private airplane owners, using a plane for business as well as pleasure.

QUEENSLAND STRIKE ENDS

The railway strike, which has crippled transportation in Queensland for the past week, concluded at midnight Saturday.

Decision to this effect was reached at a conference between representatives of the Railwaymen's Union and Premier McCormack. The terms of the settlement are: Reinstatement of all men dismissed by Government orders; no discrimination against them; modification of the railway commission's regulations regarding re-employment. Partial service was started today.

The railwaymen were summarily dismissed at noon September 3 because they refused to aid in the transportation of sugar from a mill which they had put on the "black list."

Break with Russia

British Trades Union Congress Has Decided to Sever All Connection With the Soviet.

The recent rupture of relations between the governments of Great Britain and Russia has now been followed by a complete break between British and Soviet Labor organizations.

The British Trades Union Congress decided at Edinburgh on September 8, by a majority of nearly two millions to carry out the recommendation of its executive council to break off relations with Soviet unions.

"Two years of patient striving to bring about an understanding between the Russian and British movements and to secure enrolment of the Russians in the Amsterdam Internationals," said Walter Citrine, secretary of the congress, "have now convinced the general council that it is impossible to go on under present conditions. The Russian idea is that the labor movement is played on the Moscow stage, and that all other labor organizations are merely spectators in the auditorium."

J. R. Clynes, M.P., said that the only element of surprise about the decision was that it had come so late. "Some of us have expressed our horror at the shooting of twenty Russians as an act of inexcusable murder," he declared. "I cannot understand the mentality of those who denounce acts committed in one country, and gloss them over when committed in another country. Murder is murder the whole world over."

There were a few dissentients among the delegates. C. T. Cramp, secretary of the National Union of Railwaymen, said he feared that a break with the Soviet unions would be a gesture of support of Premier Baldwin's policy. But J. H. Thomas, M.P., denounced the Russians for "publishing to the world a lying statement that Ramsay MacDonald, M.P., shammed illness and went to America to escape participating in the discussion of the trades union bill."

The decision follows a long campaign of calumny by Moscow of British Labor leaders, and has been directly provoked by a telegram to the Conference from the All-Russia Council of Trades Unions, the phraseology of which was revealed by publication to be of an extraordinarily insulting nature.

It talks of "betrayal" of the British general strike, and "continued sabotage" by the labor party of the British miners' struggle of last year, and describes J. H. Thomas, Hicks and Purcell—well known British Labor leaders—as traitors. It accuses the general council of producing groundless accusations against the Soviet trades unions as a pretext for breaking off relations.

FIND WRECKAGE OF OLD GLORY

The wreckage of Old Glory, the monoplane in which Lloyd Bertaud, James D. Hill and Philip A. Payne started for Rome from Old Orchard, Maine, last Tuesday, has been found in the North Atlantic about 100 miles from the position at which she sent out her SOS for help.

The wreckage of the plane was found by steamer Kyle, chartered by the Daily Mirror to make the search. Word of sighting the wreckage was sent by Douglas Muir, a newspaper man, of St. John's, Nfld., who went on the Kyle.

No trace of any other plane which has come down in the ocean during the recent flights over the Atlantic and Pacific has ever been located, but word has come from England, according to the Associated Press, that the rudder and part of a wing had been washed ashore at New Quay, Cornwall. So at last the sea is apparently giving up some of the mysteries which it has hidden so long, and the wing on the English coast may be that of Nungesser's plane, or even that of the St. Raphael, in which the Princess Lowenstein-Wertheim was a passenger.

New French Duty

American Exporters Fear They Will Be Hard Hit by Clauses of New Tariff.

Acting upon instructions from Washington, American officials have protested to the French Government against provisions of the new French tariff, which recently became effective. Representations against the harshness of the tariff in relation to American imports followed disclosures that, contrary to expectations absolute maximum duties have been applied to nearly eighty million dollars' worth of manufactured products sold by America to France every year.

American business men in France received a severe shock when they examined detailed copies of the new French tariff, which became effective on September 6. Aside from the serious blow which the tariff deals to nearly ninety million dollars' worth of American manufactured goods sold in France every year, Americans were greatly surprised to learn that an absolute maximum of duties has been applied to these manufactured articles, instead of an average rate, which they were led to believe would be accorded American products. In many instances duties will be prohibitive, and unless modifications are obtained, companies involved will be forced to suspend operations in France.

American business men in Paris are convinced that the last-minute decision to apply the highest tariffs to American products was done with an eye to the approaching trade negotiations with the United States Government. There is no denying that the situation as it stands today leaves France with the best cards in her hands when the time comes for American and French delegates to sit down and frame the trade accord.

Plans for such a treaty were rather abruptly announced at Washington on September 2nd, just sixteen days after the signing of the Franco-German commercial treaty. In the latter agreement France accords to her former enemy most-favored-nation treatment, including many items which the United States has been competing with Germany in the French market. Among these are electrical equipment, machinery of all kinds, textiles, chemicals and numerous specialties, such as fountain pens and magnetos.

Now with such a tremendous advantage over American business—American products are being taxed four times as much as German—Americans assert that it will not be long before Germany will have captured 20 to 30 per cent. of American trade with France. What this means to United States traders can be realized when it is considered that this would involve a loss of between sixty and ninety million dollars a year. It was apparently the sudden realization of this unpleasant fact which prompted the initiation of conversations between Washington and the Quai d'Orsay, which will develop into full-fledged trade negotiations. October 15 has been tentatively considered as the opening date for negotiations, but it is possible they will not get under way until later in the month.

France has increased the tariff on Canadian wheat from 20 cents to 27 cents approximately per bushel, according to official advices received today from the Canadian trade commissioner in Paris. The higher rate comes into effect immediately.

While Canada's export of wheat to France has fluctuated from year to year, the present change, on the basis of last year's export of 4,155,867 bushels, will mean an increase in the total French duty collected on Canadian wheat of nearly \$280,000.

Canada, under the 1922 treaty between the two countries, enjoys a minimum tariff and most-favored-nation treatment on exports to France, and the increase now put into effect is due to the raising of the minimum tariff rate to all countries by France.

Since 1922, the French tariff on Canadian wheat has undergone several changes. At the time the treaty came into operation, the duty was 28½ cents per bushel, placing the franc at an external value of 7½ cents. A year ago the tariff was 20 cents per bushel, giving the franc a valuation of 4 cents; while during the past twelve months two suspensions on some of the duties on Canadian wheat were put into effect by France owing to poor wheat crops in that country.

The Bible does not ban slot machines, Mrs. May Collins Feddern told Magistrate S. King White, of Salisbury, M. D., in refusing to pay a \$25 fine for operating one in her store. The municipal laws do, however, the judge replied, as he sentenced her to 30 days in jail.

In Costa Rica a devastating fungus disease has ruined the banana crop over many hundreds of acres.

Customs Probe Discloses Frauds

Breweries Ship Beer Camouflaged as Groceries—Many Companies Named.

Arrears of Canadian breweries for sales tax were estimated at more than \$2,300,000 before the Royal Customs Commission on Monday afternoon. Estimated arrears of Canadian distilleries are from one and three-quarter to two million dollars, according to the estimate.

A. E. Nash, auditor of the Royal Customs Commission, gave these figures under examination by Hon. N. W. Rowell. Another arresting figure which he placed before the Commission was that of \$10,626,658, the total amount of bonds issued by guarantee corporations to cover liquor shipments from Canada. The auditor furnished a list of places in Mexico, Central America and the West Indies for which liquor shipments ostensibly cleared, with the amounts of bonds issued to these alleged destinations.

The Royal Customs Commission listened on Thursday to evidence given by four brothers. They were Harry, Sam, Abe, and Alan Bronfman, all of whom have been connected with the liquor traffic in Canada. From one or the other of them, Hon. N. W. Rowell, K.C., commission counsel, gathered many details of the operation of liquor export houses in Saskatchewan, Alberta, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia by the Bronfman interests. The facts gleaned nearly all had to do with ancient history. The operation of liquor export houses in Saskatchewan, along the United States border, the "mixing" of liquor at Yorkton, Sask., and at Regina, and the sale of whiskey from eastern Atlantic ports for shipment to Havana, were activities of Bronfman interests which progressed some years ago.

Harry Bronfman told the Commission that he is now concentrating his efforts on the creation of a distillery near Montreal, and there is a company called the Brintcan Investment Ltd., also in Montreal, in which some of the brothers are interested. A profit and loss statement of this company was filed with the Commission on Thursday.

Sam Bronfman was a member of the family who gave the commissioners the major part of the information brought out about the business formerly run in the Province of Saskatchewan. At Yorkton, he said, "mixing" of liquor was carried on. Constituents were alcohol, distilled water, whiskey, sherry, and some claret to bring up the color. Mr. Rowell was interested in the labelling of these mixed and bottled liquors. He produced some labels for Scotch whisky, which this witness said had been printed in Winnipeg. The names of the Scottish firms he thought were fictitious, but he justified the use of Scotch labels by saying that this name merely indicated a certain kind of liquor. As for fictitious names of Scotch firms, he said that such labels were printed in Scotland, as well as in Canada. The labels produced by Mr. Rowell which, counsel said, had been found on the premises of the Yorkton Distributors, at Yorkton, Sask., were printed by the firm of Bulman and Company, Winnipeg, the witness said.

Recommendation that action be entered against Quebec breweries in arrears on gallonage and sales taxes, and that prosecutions be entered against any individuals appearing to have committed criminal offences in connection with the camouflaging of liquor shipments from the province, was made to the Royal Commission of Customs.

The submission, presented by R. L. Calder, K.C., Commission Counsel, further recommended that evidence relating to the conduct of several breweries investigated, be submitted to the Minister of National Revenue "for such action in reference to cancellation or withholding of licenses of the breweries as the findings and evidence demand."

Submission by Commission counsel made reference to the Frontenac Breweries Limited, Sterling Brewing Co. Ltd., and Silver Springs Brewing Co., Limited. An earlier submission has been made, said Mr. Calder, in respect of La Brasserie Champlain Ltee, the National Breweries Ltd., and Molsons Brewery Ltd. Allegations regarding Frontenac Breweries Ltd., and Silver Springs Brewing Co. Ltd., were denied in detail by J. A. Lamarche, Montreal, counsel for these companies. A statement on behalf of the Sterling Brewing Co. Ltd., will be made on Thursday.

"The evidence," stated Mr. Calder in his submission, "discloses arrears of sales and gallonage taxes on the part of the Frontenac Breweries Ltd., Sterling Brewing Company Limited and Silver Spring Brewing Co. Ltd., in the amounts shown in the reports filed by the auditors of the Commission as at the respective dates reported on in each case.

Mr. Calder further declared that "the evidence establishes that large quantities of beer were shipped by rail from Frontenac Breweries, Limited, into the United States, camouflaged as some commodity, the importation of which was not prohibited in the United States, the method adopted being to forward the car on ship-

ping as from one point in the United States to another point in the United States."

Continuing, he said: "The evidence further discloses that shipments of beer were made from Silver Spring Brewery Co., Ltd., premises, and from the premises of the Frontenac Breweries, Ltd., to Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, camouflaged as groceries, and shipped in the names of licensed grocers in the province of Quebec."

CONSERVATIVE WINS NORTH HURON

North Huron returned to the Conservative fold in the by-election held on Monday by giving George Spotton (Conservative) a majority of 200 votes over the Liberal candidate, Archie Hislop, his nearest opponent. The Progressive, Sheldon Bricker, was left far behind in the three-cornered battle. Following are the final figures for the 77 polls:

George Spotton (Cons.)	4,531
Archie Hislop (Lib.)	4,333
Sheldon Bricker (Prog.)	2,725

Plurality for Spotton, 198.

The election was rendered necessary by the death nine months ago of the member, John W. King, Progressive, who had held the seat since the general election of 1921. In the general elections immediately preceding, the constituency had gone Conservative, James Bowman being elected by a majority of nearly 2,000 in 1917 when he ran as a Government (Unionist) candidate. King's Progressive majority was 1,396 in the election of 1921, but his vote dropped to a majority of 245 in the general election of last year.

One of the surprises of Monday's election was the turnover in the town of Goderich, where Hislop, the Liberal, was given a lead of 240 votes over Spotton. The Conservative candidate had a majority of 688 there in the last election.

MAGAZINES MUST PAY DUTY

Forty-nine American periodicals have been declared by the Canadian Department of National Revenue to be dutiable at 25 per cent. Hitherto they have been entering Canada free of customs duty as magazines. The periodicals run the whole gamut of thrill, romance and adventure, from stories of the underworld to stories of the screen. They tell tales of the dream world and unravel the mysteries of crime.

The decision in its formal language holds that "periodical publications consisting almost wholly of fiction and not containing a reasonable amount of critical and descriptive articles, news items or articles relative thereto, or to current topics, are declared to be not entitled to entry under tariff item 184 as magazines."

Tariff item 184 provides for free entry of magazines. Periodicals held not to be so classified will come under dutiable items. The forty-nine specified under the Department's ruling will probably all now be classified as unbound novels and be dutiable under the general tariff—which is applicable to the United States—at 25 per cent.

PRIZE TO BE DIVIDED

Charles Burns, for the sponsors of the trans-atlantic flight attempted by Captain Terrence Tully and Lieut. Medcalf for a prize of \$25,000, intimated Sunday that there would be some division of this money to Mrs. Tully and Mrs. Medcalf, but said he could not discuss the matter in detail while hope remained that the fliers might still be alive. He added that he would not abandon all hope for some days yet.

In addition to the division of the \$25,000 prize money, the two wives of the missing aviators will receive \$10,000 insurance from Lloyds', British insurance agency, less the \$1,150 premiums paid on each policy, or \$8,500 each.

DISASTER ATTENDS AIR MAIL

Canada's first attempt to inaugurate an air mail service ended in failure Friday, the misfortune that has followed most of the recent air ventures, both national and international, adding another victim in the Montreal-made seaplane that went out to rush Empress of France mails from Father Point to Montreal.

With thirty-five bags of mail on board, the Vickers seaplane, piloted by Major Tudhope, turned its nose to Montreal and was about to take off from Father Point when the accident occurred. The plane rose from the water but failed to clear the long Rimouski wharf, against which one of the pontoons crashed. Major Tudhope and his machine fell into the St. Lawrence. The pilot and all the mail were rescued, but the airplane was wrecked.

PRINCE LEAVES FOR HOME

In the wonderful weather of early September, the Prince of Wales and Prince George sailed for home on September 7 aboard the Empress of Scotland. Their last day on Canadian soil was free from ceremony and display. After bidding good-bye to each of the railwaymen who had accompanied them on their 7,000-mile trip across Canada, the two Princes played a round of golf, had lunch at the golf club, and then said good-bye to the Lieutenant-Governor and their many friends. The Empress of Scotland and the vessels in the harbor were gay with bunting. President Beatty, of the C.P.R., was down himself to look over final arrangements.

Salvo after salvo of cheers from the dock greeted the appearance of Edward, Prince of Wales, and his brother George, who had mounted to the bridge, and these continued until long after the ship had pulled out into midstream, and had pointed her nose homeward.

Condemns U. F. O.

Hon. E. C. Drury, Former Ontario Premier, Enters Election Campaign on Behalf of Liberal.

Depicting the United Farmers of Ontario and Miss Agnes MacPhail, spokesman for the United Farmer candidate in the North Huron by-election, as chasing "the will of the wisp of group government into a morass that will make the farmers of the province ridiculous, futile and lead to their destruction as a political force," Ernest Charles Drury, former premier of Ontario, entered the North Huron campaign on behalf of Archie Hislop, Liberal candidate, at a public meeting last Wednesday.

"Miss MacPhail says that all she wants is to change the system of government and to introduce the group government system," Mr. Drury observed, "but I would like to tell you that such a fine spun sovietized theory because it is borrowed from the materialistic theory of history sponsored by Marx, has been tried only in Soviet Russia, and there to the distress of the people. Group government, which could not help but develop into government by bureaucracy, cannot come in Canada until Miss MacPhail's following get power, and obviously that is far off.

"The peculiar idea of group government is just buying at the unobtainable moon, and it is liable to make the farmers ridiculous and futile as a force in politics for all time to come."

Mr. Drury's participation in the North Huron campaign on Mr. Hislop's behalf, Mr. Elliott (Minister of Public Works) said, was a compliment not only to the King Government and to Mr. Hislop, but to the people of North Huron as well.

Naval vessels used 3,032,550 gallons of fuel in excess of their regular allotment and navigated 112,655 miles above scheduled operations, Admiral Jackson, commander-in-chief of the battle fleet, advised the Navy Department, in an unsuccessful search of approximately 350,000 square miles of the Pacific Ocean for the missing Dole fliers. He added that in addition planes flew 9,000 miles and consumed 3,100 gallons of gasoline. Search operations by district craft carried under the supervision of the various naval district commandants was in addition to these figures.

Samuel Lys Kydd, editor of The Gazette, and attached to that organization for 53 years, died on Tuesday morning at his home, 3525 University Street. He had been ill nine months. He was 74 years old.

INFANTILE PARALYSIS EPIDEMIC

While report from other parts of Canada tell of new outbreaks of infantile paralysis, Dr. H. E. Young, medical health officer for British Columbia, believes the worst of the danger is over in this province. Twenty-five cases have been reported in Trail and Rossland of which five proved fatal. As far as reports received by Dr. Young show, there have been no cases originating in Nelson, the one death reported there being that of a child who contracted the disease outside the city.

Faced with the report of one more case of infantile paralysis, bringing the September total to 17, the city Board of Health has extended its order which prevents the opening of public, separate and private schools for one week, until Sept. 19.

Eleven persons ranging in age from a few months to 20 years have succumbed to the dread scourge in Edmonton to date, while more than fifty cases are at present in quarantine.

Public schools remained closed in every community where the outbreak has occurred and many other towns have closed schools temporarily as a precautionary measure.

About \$25,000 worth of gold is mined each month in New South Wales.

Ordered to Return

Windsor-to-Windsor Fliers are Instructed to Abandon Attempt to Cross Atlantic.

C. A. "Duke" Schiller and Phil Wood pilots of the Royal Windsor, were definitely notified by the Windsor flight committee on Friday to return home and abandon their proposed flight to Windsor, England. It was also decided to enter the 'plane in the National Air Derby, the 2,400-mile non-stop race from New York to Spokane, Washington, which starts on September 21. Schiller will be the pilot.

So far as is known, the "Royal Windsor" will be the only Canadian 'plane in the big race. In a telephone conversation with Justus Miller, secretary of the flight committee, Eddie Stinson, builder and designer of the Royal Windsor, expressed enthusiasm over the idea of entering Schiller in the race. He has rated the Canadian flier as "one of the five best pilots in the world," and he told Miller he would be delighted to have him as an opponent in the contest.

The fliers were advised to abandon their plans to search for the Old Glory, as such a search is considered useless. They were asked to return home at once, and will probably attempt a non-stop flight from Newfoundland to Windsor.

The cancellation of the trip was decided on in deference to a wave of local public opinion, which demanded that the two men be halted in their attempt to fly the Atlantic. This feeling has resulted from the apparent loss of Old Glory and the Sir John Carling, of London, Ont.

C. A. "Duke" Schiller and Phil Wood do not want to leave themselves open to a charge of quitting in their venture.

The attitude of Windsor citizens in general toward the flight is summed up in the common plea made to the committee and Mayor Jackson to "bring those boys back."

Strong feeling in opposition to the flight caused the committee to hold a special session as a result of which the telegram ordering the abandonment was sent.

Here is a list of the year's 46 trans-oceanic fliers, who succeeded, failed or were lost at sea:

De Pinedo, assistant pilot and mechanic, succeeded; Nungesser and Coli, lost; Lindbergh, succeeded; Chamberlain and Levine, succeeded; Mattland and Hegenberger, succeeded; Byrd, Acosta, Balchen and Noville, succeeded; Smith and Bronte, succeeded; Risticz, Edzard and Knickerbocker, failed; Loose, Koehl and Von Huenfeld, failed; Jensen and Schluter, succeeded; Goebel and Davis, succeeded; Frost and Scott, lost; Pedlar, Knope and Miss Mildred Doran, lost; Erwin and Eichwaldt, lost; Hamilton, Minchin and Princess Anne, lost; Redfern, lost; Bertaud, Hill and Payne, lost; Tully and Medcalf, lost; Saint Roman and Mouneyres, lost; Brock and Schlee, succeeded so far.

The score for the attempts: Success nine planes; failure, two planes; lost nine planes.

The whole world is aroused over the many lives that have been lost in attempts to set new trans-oceanic flight records. The loss of the Sir John Carling, London-to-London 'plane and of the Old Glory, American trans-Atlantic 'plane both of which disappeared last week has resulted in demands from many quarters that future flights of this nature be banned.

The Windsor-to-Windsor fliers, C. A. "Duke" Schiller and Phil Wood, have been ordered by their backers to return to Windsor, Ontario at once.

The Detroit Board of Commerce has cabled Edward F. Schlee and William S. Brock, round-the-world fliers, urging them not to attempt the difficult flight across the Pacific. The fliers are now in Japan.

Charles Levine has announced that unless weather conditions improve he will abandon his proposed western trans-Atlantic flight.

If the Atlantic flight is abandoned, he added, he and Captain Walter Hinchcliffe, pilot of the proposed flight, intend to start eastward "early next week in an attempt to break the world's endurance and long distance record."

Captain Robert McIntosh, pilot of the aeroplane Princess Xenia, declared Saturday that he had no intention of abandoning his projected flight to America. He said that he would start on the transatlantic journey as soon as favorable conditions were reported.

Air services for passengers, mail and express, which will link Montreal with United States points, is the project which brought to Montreal Major-General John F. O'Ryan, of New York, president of the Colonial Air Transport Company which operates airplanes between Boston and New York, president also of the newly-formed Colonial Western Airways, which will operate between Boston and Chicago next year.

The Heart of Manitoba Against Liquor

By W. R. WOOD.

The most significant number in Manitoba is not the '400'; nor is it the 'upper 10'; nor even the 'perfect 7'. It is the 'solid 21'. If you are of them then there is reason for very real and worthy pride, and assurance that one belongs to no insignificant fragment, but to a fine strong, united company with a record of which no one has need to be ashamed, a record that ought to nerve and inspire every man of them to worthy courses in days to come. But who are they? They are the twenty-one constituencies in the province that have consistently stood together and for many years past have succeeded in maintaining their record against the repeated attacks of the pro-liquor forces, as opposed to any sale of intoxicating beverages among their people.

The province outside of Winnipeg is divided into forty-five constituencies. Twenty-one of these is no inconsiderable proportion, and both their location and agricultural significance and the character of their population constitute them the 'heart' of the province. Within their boundaries lies Manitoba's widest unbroken grain growing area. Stretching east a hundred and thirty miles from the Saskatchewan boundary and north a hundred miles from the international line they constitute a great central rectangle of over 50,000 quarter sections of land. To those who know the province geographically the names of these twenty-one permanently 'dry' constituencies indicate the validity of the claim that they are the 'heart' of the province. They are: Arthur, Beautiful Plains, Birtle, Cypress, Deloraine, Dufferin, Gladstone, Greenwood, Hamlot, Killarney, Lakeside, Lansdowne, Manitou, Minnedosa, Mountain Norfolk, Portage la Prairie, Russell, Swan River, Turtle Mountain and Virden. It is the simple truth to say that if Manitoba by some catastrophe were to lose these areas the province agriculturally would be reduced to a thing of shreds and patches, divided by the various lakes and water systems into a series of irregular and fragmentary strips.

And it should not be overlooked that in these twenty-one constituencies there are a considerable number of towns which in themselves also stand on the temperance side including Portage la Prairie, Neepawa, Deloraine, Carberry, Boisvein, Gladstone, Oak Lake, Reston, Melita and many others of smaller size. With these in the reckoning it cannot be said that it is a case of urban against rural. Brandon, the second city of the province stood dry on the first two questions of the recent ballot.

The population of the 'Rectangle' is in general typically Canadian. A large proportion of them came in the later 'seventies' and in the two following decades from the older province of Ontario; and of the others very many came in the same period from one or other of the three home countries of the British Isles. Twenty to fifty years on the prairie has blended them into a western Canadian type, industrious, well-principled, practical, conserving well the older Canadian ideals of neighborliness and co-operation, of paying a hundred cents on the dollar and retaining their personal powers fully up to the limit of three score and ten years. But they have added to them a capacity for organization, a genius for business, and a power of democratic advance that is proving a rich contribution to the vital resources of Canada's life.

It is worth while taking a moment to consider the nature of the achievement which unites these twenty-one constituencies. In the first place it must be said that over a considerable part of this area the sale of liquor never was for any length of time legally established, action having been taken almost with the earliest beginnings of municipal organization to exclude it by use of the Local Option principle. But beginning with 1916 we have the whole area, and it was at this time supported by many other rural areas, taking its stand on the Manitoba Temperance Act referendum and giving in every constituency a substantial majority against the beverage sale of liquor. Then in 1920 the province voted on the amendments to the Canada Temperance Act by which importation of liquor into the province might be prohibited. The 'twenty-one' stood solidly against liquor being imported. In 1923 the Moderation League after a long and hard-fought campaign had their proposed bill voted on. By this time many people had accepted the Moderationist philosophy, many constituencies forfeited their 'dry' status, the provincial vote as a whole was in favor of the bill, but the twenty-one did not falter. With the single urban exception of the city of Brandon they stood unitedly for the maintenance of prohibition as established under the Manitoba Temperance Act. By 1927 conditions had become still worse. The brewers were now confidently seeking the second step, the re-opening of places for public drinking. Again the province as a whole granted

the liquor plea, but the 'Rectangle', the twenty-one constituencies, the 'heart' of Manitoba was not a party to the deal. On every question they piled up 'dry' majorities totalling in the aggregate over ten thousand. Four times tempted—four times tested as to their loyalty to temperance—the twenty-one constituencies have stood the test. Today they stand in unbroken phalanx solid against any invasion of the liquor trade.

Are they, then, safe and secure? Ah, no. This year Liquordom will do its utmost—its underlings are now at work on the task—to impose beer shops even where the fourfold vote has clearly recorded the people's fixed opposition to every such policy. This must not be permitted to occur. That a people who have struggled and won as these have in four hard-fought battles should have liquor sale at this stage forced upon them would be one of the foulest blots that ever fell upon the fair name of Canadian democracy. It must be prevented. The people of these constituencies must once more before the forthcoming session of the Legislature say to the province in specific terms "It is our will to be free of this traffic." To say that effectively there must be careful and complete organization. Every committee that served during the petition campaign against the Beer Bill, every group that worked during the recent campaign ought to be called together at the earliest moment to face the question "How can we best express our will?" Every church and every society that is in favor of freedom from liquor bondage ought to be consulting and planning its share of the task. If there is to be concerted action then it must begin very soon. The splendid record of the 'Rectangle' must not be sacrificed, it must be conserved to be the nucleus of the new and regenerated Manitoba that shall yet realize itself in final victory over the evils of alcoholism.

PNEUMONIA AND ALCOHOL

The treatment of acute lobular pneumonia was dealt with in a paper read by Professor John Hay, Professor of Medicine, University of Liverpool, at a scientific convention in London last July. Pneumonia had killed 36,990 persons in England and Wales in 1926, he said, and if they accepted a mortality of 20 per cent. there was a case incidence of 185,000. It was a remarkable thing that even to-day there was no unanimity as to the actual nature of the disease.

Pneumonia had been aptly termed an "acute medical emergency," and from the onset (however mild in its earlier manifestations) it must be treated as a serious disease. While much more easily treated in hospital than in private, the essentials were the same. In private they would be surrounded by anxious relatives, and friends. The suddenness of the onset, the daily variations in the condition of the patient, gave rise to fluctuations between hope and despair, and there was a general atmosphere of apprehension and dread. All this made it difficult for the doctor to maintain a cool and balanced judgment. The tendency in such circumstances was to do too much, for the doctor was badgered and harassed by the relatives, many of whom well deserved the title of "Gawd-sakers," a term for which they were indebted to H. G. Wells, and with which he dubbed those whose refrain in any emergency was "For Gawd's sake let us do something"; and perhaps, overpersuaded, the doctor "does things" which he had far better have left undone. Alertness, self-confidence, and calmness were essential on the part of the doctor—the man responsible for piloting his patient.

For treatment the main essentials were fresh air and complete physical and mental rest. After dealing at length with medical requirements of the treatment, Professor Hay said the general public still had implicit faith in alcohol as the cardiac stimulant, and it was evident that there were some members of their profession who even now believed that alcohol in some peculiar way—in its specific action—increased the efficiency of the heart.

So far no scientific evidence had been advanced in favor of the view that alcohol, in its specific action, was a direct cardiac stimulant, and he was convinced that the prognosis in any particular patient was rendered graver by repeated doses of alcohol administered to prevent or counteract cardiac failure. Like most other medical men of his age, he was trained to prescribe alcohol freely at the first indication of cardiac weakness, and it was not for some years that, as the result of clinical observation, he began to question the value of this line of treatment.

There was no doubt in his mind now that alcohol, given to fortify and strengthen the heart, failed to its purpose, and,

instead of helping the patient to fight his infection, materially diminished his chances of recovery. Further experience had convinced him that alcohol was only of use to pneumonic patients under certain well-defined conditions, and that it was not only futile but detrimental when administered in repeated doses to help a failing heart. It might be of service, either alone or in combination with other sedatives, in procuring rest and sleep during the acute stage of the disease. It might be comforting, given in a hot drink during the initial rigor, and no objection could be taken on therapeutic grounds if alcohol in some palatable form were ordered during convalescence. But to give alcohol in the belief that it was a cardiac tonic or stimulant was opposed to scientific teaching and clinical experience.

Be Honest

Pithy Arguments by Rev. George H. Feltus, of Waterford, New York.

Be Honest in Logic: Prohibition is no more the cause of bootlegging than the seal on a banknote is the cause of counterfeiting.

Be Honest in Theory: Light wines and beer will no more cause observance of law than permission to sell all liquors caused obedience to former laws.

Be Honest in Facts: You have seen less drunkenness in public during the past five years than you saw during any equal previous period.

Be Honest in Judgment: Prohibition no more interferes with proper medicinal use of alcohol than the prohibition of narcotics interferes with their medicinal use.

Be Honest in Observation: For each adverse effect of prohibition you see, you can find manifold benefits if you will look for them.

Be Honest in Opinion: Personal expressions against the law does as much to encourage lawlessness as personal approval of Germany encouraged disloyalty.

Be Honest in Humor: Jokes that hold prohibition up for ridicule do more to breed contempt than the wild arguments of the wets.

Be Honest in Mind: To believe only reports against prohibition and to reject all reports which are favorable manifests a bias of mind incapable of seeing the facts.

N.B. LIQUOR STORES OPEN

More than 1,128 customers were served in the three Government retail liquor stores which were opened to the public in St. John, at 9.30 a.m., and closed at 5.30 p.m. on September 6. The managers of the stores announced that they were not confronted with any legal difficulties during their selling. Two men who wished to purchase clear alcohol were the only ones refused. Many women were among the purchasers. Whiskies and gins were in greatest demand, it was announced by the store managers. Beer in half-dozen and dozen packages was also much in demand, along with medicinal liquors and wines.

THIS HAPPENED IN MONTREAL

A finding of accidental death was reached by Deputy Coronor Prince on Tuesday morning in connection with the death of Ferdinand Archambeault, aged 52, who was found unconscious from drinking wood alcohol in his room at 163c Rose de Lima street yesterday noon. He died while on the way to St. Mary's Memorial Hospital.

The boarding house keeper found the man unconscious in his bed, with three small empty bottles smelling of wood alcohol lying nearby. Dr. Joseph Benoit of 1563 Notre Dame street west was called. The man recovered consciousness long enough to tell the doctor that he had drunk the alcohol in the night. The doctor ordered him removed to the hospital immediately.—Montreal Star.

WOOD ALCOHOL POISONING

Ferdinand Archambeault, who was found unconscious on his bed in Montreal at 11 o'clock on Thursday morning, admitted drinking wood alcohol when a doctor restored him to consciousness. He was rushed to St. Mary's Hospital, but death came while he was on the way. Mr. Archambeault was a widower residing at 163 Rose de Lima St. Police Sergeant of the St. Henry Station found three empty bottles in his room which had contained wood alcohol.

Yet government control is said to abolish wood alcohol deaths.

ONE SALOON EQUALS HORDE OF BOOTLEGGERS

"Even though prohibition means bootleggers, one corner saloon in former times, in any city, sold more intoxicating liquor than all the bootleggers put together."—U. S. Senator Robinson of Indiana, before W.C.T.U. at Minneapolis.

Dr. Hart Reports

Head of Quebec League Against Alcoholism Reports on World Congress at Winona Lake, Indiana.

That the Province of Quebec, since the adoption of Government control of liquor, has proved a thorn in the flesh of every dry province and state in North America, and that through its influence, together with the "clever" propaganda and the money of the liquor forces of the world, five provinces of the Dominion have had fastened upon them its much vaunted policy of liquor control, is the statement made by the Rev. Dr. E. I. Hart, B.A.

Mr. Hart, who is the general secretary of the Quebec League Against Alcoholism, has just returned from the Congress of the World League Against Alcoholism held at Winona Lake, Indiana, from Aug. 17 to 23.

"The movement for the suppression of alcoholism throughout the world is an unparalleled appeal to the spirit of adventure," stated Mr. Hart, who was quoting a speech made by Ernest H. Cherrington, general secretary of the World League Against Alcoholism, at the League's recent congress. "The adoption of national constitutional prohibition in the United States may appear to the casual observer to have been merely the placing of a police regulation in the basic law of the nation. But it is more far-reaching than that. It marks a new milestone in the road of constitutional government," he observed.

"The constitution of the United States almost in its entirety, and those amendments to that constitution, not having to do with taxation or the regulation of government machinery, primarily aimed at the protection of individual rights," he continued. "The Eighteenth Amendment is the only exception. It places above individual rights the rights of society to be protected from anti-social minorities. The amendment therefore in a peculiar sense is in harmony with the highest function of government, namely—to make it easy for men to do right, and difficult for men to do wrong.

"The object of the World League Against Alcoholism," stated Mr. Hart, "is to attain by means of education and legislation the total suppression throughout the world of alcoholism, which is the poisoning of the body, germ-plasm, mind, conduct and society, produced by the consumption of alcoholic beverages. This league pledges itself to avoid affiliation with any political party as such, and to maintain an attitude of strict neutrality on all questions of public policy, not directly concerned with the traffic in alcoholic beverages.

"The league's first congress, which, by the way, is held every five years, was held in Toronto in 1922. At that first congress 1,111 registered delegates were in attendance. This year we held our congress at Winona Lake, Indiana, and 1,100 registered delegates were present. Over 60 nationalities were represented at the congress, all either directly or indirectly associated with the World League. Prominent amongst those present at the congress was the Rev. W. A. Sunday, better known as 'Billy' Sunday. All meetings of the congress were held in the Sunday Tabernacle, dedicated to 'Billy' Sunday, which seats 8,000."

Mr. Hart stated that the Government control of liquor had led to the return of "hard" sprits, the practical removal of all restrictions regarding the alcoholic contents of liquors, the return of the saloon, extended hours of sale of liquor, the return of the Treating System which had made the Anti-Treating Law of 1916 a dead letter, infringements on the rights of petitioners, the loss of private prosecution, increased drinking facilities, increased liquor sales, increased liquor consumption, increased number of "wet" municipalities, increased drunkenness, increased bootlegging, increased home and social drinking, increased taxation, fatal partnerships and compromises, and the gradual ruination of the country's youth.

"Quebec is a bad neighbor to Ontario," stated Mr. Hart. "It was impossible for Ontario with wet foes within and hordes of wet foes without to maintain the partial prohibition which it had enjoyed for 10 years. And to the United States, Quebec has through its strategically situated commission stores, its bootlegging army and navy, its purchased press, has done its best to discredit prohibition, and undermine the loyalty of a friendly nation. This is a page in Quebec's history and in international comity that is dark with almost unparalleled cupidity. It is bound to bring a retributive and bitter measure," he concluded.

Drunkenness cannot be measured by any definite standard, according to the finding of a committee appointed by the British Medical Association, which has been at work on the problem for over 12 months.

As Others See Us

What a Famous French Writer Has to Say About English Failings.

To a request by the Daily Express for an article on faults in the English character M. André Maurois, the famous French novelist and critic, replies:

Is there another nation in the world that would have the modesty to propose such a subject to a foreign writer? I do not think so. It is a mark of your admirable sense of humor.

But you ask me to speak to you of your failings, and here I am speaking to you of your virtues. Forgive me. The two are so intimately mingled that it is not easy to separate them. Thus you appear modest, because you are proud. . . . See, I am on the right track. Let us begin the list.

(a) **Pride.** You are certainly the proudest people in the world. Lord Curzon dedicated a book: "To all persons of both sexes who believe that the British Empire is, after Providence, the greatest force for the good of humanity that exists in the world."

You all of you, at bottom share this sentiment. You consider that on the earth there are, on the one side, the English, who represent civilization, and, on the other, the "Natives," strange and comic people whom you consent to divide into nations, as it is customary to do so, but whom at the bottom of your heart you judge en masse as "foreigners." "Foreigners are a dirty nation," said a character in a recent English novel. "All foreigners are mostly fools," growled Dr. Johnson.

When in an hotel, or in a packet boat, there are one Englishman and ninety-nine foreigners, you consider it quite natural that English habits should prevail. If an Englishman is too hot and one hundred Continentals too cold, the window must be opened. If an English nurse enters a French family, the latter must immediately subscribe to an English newspaper, transform their morning "café au lait" into breakfast, and sacrifice their drawing room to make a "day nursery."

In Shaw's "Joan of Arc" there is a chaplain who refuses to believe in Jeanne's voices because they do not speak English. That is scarcely an exaggeration. You think that the world was created by an English god for the benefit of the English.

But this pride gives you an insuperable strength. It is owing to it that in ill-fortune you never acknowledge yourselves beaten that, you are certain, whatever happens, of "pulling through somehow," and, finally, that you end by emerging successfully out of situations which seem quite hopeless.

(b) **Lack of seriousness and optimism.** You do not like realities. You want the world to be an earthly paradise, life to be a game, war a sport. When the truth is too cruel, you deny it by making it the subject of a joke.

Only the other day I was reading your accounts of events in China. You were delighted because a Cockney sergeant had said to a Chinese agitator "Op it." The article gave more prominence to this diverting little incident than to the immense danger of this Chinese adventure.

In the same way, during the war you had need of Bruce Bairnsfather and his "Better 'Ole" to transform, according to your custom that hell into a comedy.

But this lack of seriousness gives you a strength to endure what would perhaps destroy the courage of many other races. A general strike in Russia becomes a revolution. With you it is a pretext for good humor and humorous inscriptions. There is plenty of courage in your lack of seriousness.

(c) If you ask the man in the street in France, in Germany, in Italy, to name the English national failing, he will undoubtedly answer hypocrisy. This is not true. Hypocrisy consists in feigning sentiments one does not feel.

But it is not what happens with you. It is true that often you defend ideas, principles which seem in complete contradiction of your actions. But it is done unconsciously. You are sincere. Only you have a wonderful faculty for not perceiving contradictions when they are embarrassing for you. For foreigners the "nuance" is sometimes difficult to seize.

All that is not serious, but it has the result that, despite so many amiable qualities, you are sometimes judged with severity abroad.

You would be wrong to be upset at this. A character is a whole. If you had not your failings, you would not have your good qualities. At most one might ask you to think with indulgence, on your side, of the failings of others, and to admit that if a certain number of men are born Italians, Poles, or Czechoslovaks, it is not a voluntary crime.

It is true that the day on which you begin to understand others you would cease to be English. And that would be a pity.

IONA CROSSES

Prof. R. A. Stewart MacAllister, the leading authority on Celtic antiquaries, has recently been devoting his attention to the fragments of sculptured crosses on Iona, and all interested in the sacred isle and in early Gaelic culture will be glad that his efforts have borne fruit. Prof. MacAllister has discovered that seven fragments which were previously found to fit together to form a very fine cross head, really form the head of the "Cross of St. John"—the broken shaft of which stands beside the Cathedral door. These pieces are being fitted together by Messrs. Holmes and Jackson, of Glasgow, and the cross is to be restored to its original form. It has also been discovered by Prof. MacAllister that the most beautiful form of the Iona crosses—the Cross of St. Martin—is inscribed. When an inscription was first suspected an examination of the apparently blank surface revealed nothing, owing to the thick growth and lichen. At Prof. MacAllister's request, Mr. Ritchie, custodian of the ruins, had the surface in question buried in peat mould for a fortnight. This killed the lichen, and it was easy to rub off with a scrubbing brush. It was then found that there was an inscription in the Irish character, which Prof. MacAllister constructed as follows:—"Oroit do Ghilla-Crist Doringne T (in) Ohros sa (a prayer for Gilla-Crist who made this cross)."

Prof. MacAllister, who is a brother-in-law of Principal Sir Donald MacAllister, has won distinction for his excavation work in Palestine some years ago, and a volume embodying his researches there has recently been published. He has also published several works on early Gaelic life. He is Professor of Archaeology in Trinity College, Dublin.—Inverness Courier.

ENJOY YOURSELF

(By Erwin Greer President Greer School of Electrical & Automotive Trades, Chicago, Ill.)

After eleven months of work and worry comes the auto tour which is to put us back on our physical and mental hoofs as good as new. It should do it because there is nothing else under the sun that gives a person such a complete change. The air, water, sky, scenery, people and food—all are different. Any change so radical must have an immediate effect.

However, if the tourist continues to lug along his worries, a large part of the benefit of touring is nullified. Worry is harder to stop than work. Some people worry naturally. They worry if they find themselves not worrying up to their usual standard. Such people should take extra precautions to eliminate causes of worry.

The most common worries that keep a tourist's face as long as a pump handle relate to his home property. Will the house burn down? Will burglars work it over? Will the water pipes break or the gas get loose? Did I leave the phonograph wound up too tight? Did I leave the garbage in the kitchen?

Of course, by leaving the wife at home such worries could be eliminated, but the worry of wondering what she might be doing would counterbalance it.

There is only one line of action to take: Fully insure the house, garage and furniture and see that Vacancy Permits are attached to all fire policies. Cut the water off at the house-sill, shut the gas off at the meter, open the main switch of the electric circuit. Put all valuable papers in a lockbox in a bank vault. Bulkier valuable objects should be boxed and left with a bank for general storage. Pay up current bills, stop the daily papers, mow the lawn and hide the lawnmower under the house.

Having done these things leap into the car and hie away. If anything happens you are not to blame. This is about all a man can do unless he hires a policeman to watch the premises and a detective to watch the policeman.

Leave unnecessary items at home. You don't need a crowbar, an arm-chair, a radio, or a piano. All you need is a tent, cots, blankets, stove and dishes. A three-gallon preserving kettle is a fine thing to take. It can be used to carry water, to wash dishes in or to put up fruit.

Road worries can be avoided in a large part by proper ante-mortem horse sense.

Watch the other fellow—remember it's all in a lifetime—and bye and bye you will forget to worry on your trips. What's the use anyway?

Every man should keep a fair-sized cemetery in which to bury the faults of his friends.—Henry Ward Beecher.

Farming is done on novel lines in the island of Malta. The soil has to be imported from Sicily, but it is possible to grow three or four crops a year.

After all, the fool who is soon parted from his money isn't half as big a fool as the fellow who never parts from it.—Los Angeles Times.

IS THERE A SEA SERPENT?

"What has become of the sea serpent?" someone asks in a weekly journal. True, one does not often see the beast mentioned now, though in the Victorian times it always raised its head and invited discussion in the later days of summer and provided an annual and never failing subject of entertainment for the seashore in the dog days. And, if it never appeared actually in the flesh, it rarely failed to put in an appearance in the comic journals.

Now and then the Press reports stories of queer marine creatures round our coasts or abroad. Only the other day a monster of the deep frightened some fishermen in Sicily, "fought like a shark"—which it probably was—and destroyed some nets.

But, is there really a sea-serpent? Is often asked; and if any reliance is to be placed on the accounts many times brought home by truthful and observant travellers it seems evident that there are still queer monsters of the deep unlisted by science. These stories, taken with the mysterious fragments that have been at times washed ashore after storms or caught in nets tend to prove that there are some sorts of "sea-serpents" extant and not by any means yet quite extinct.

Years ago an expedition set out to seek the plesiosaurus in Patagonia, a sea-lizard that was plentiful in the mesozoic age when it disported itself in the lagoons, and must have been rather a terror to any of the human tribe wandering about in those early times, for it ran to 40 feet or more. Strange tales of something resembling the creature had more than once reached civilization; but no trace of the animal was found. Yet in 1884 what appeared to be its cousin, the ichthyosaur, was met with off the coast of Alaska, where it gave a party of fishers the nearest shave obtainable this side paradise, and took so violent a dislike to the boat and its occupants that it smashed the former to matchwood with its tail. This creature had a head like an alligator, enormous plate-like eyes, some flippers, and a terrific tail.

In 1848 a sea monster estimated at quite 80 ft. in length was sighted from a warship, and from the description given by over a hundred witnesses it was probably the mesosaurus gigantea or maximus. One of these beasts was found stranded off the coast of Florida not many years ago and its head, 15 ft. by 7 ft. and weighing 7 tons, was towed into Miami. Some of its relatives may yet survive in the tropic waters for all we can say.

Again in 1894 a "sea-serpent" was sighted off Cape Verde by the officers and men of a warship, and its length estimated at quite 150 ft.

Science is not so cocksure to-day and is less scornful than it used to be about those things outside the Museum and the laboratory. There may be many strange things in the ocean depths as yet unknown to man and mariner. Many of the stories that have been brought to land of visions of and encounters with strange reptiles or fishes of the ocean have tallied so closely with the careful estimates the scientists have built up of the probable forms of the prehistoric animals, many of them of monstrous size, that it is impossible to doubt that there may quite well be living in the sea to-day modern survivals of these strange creatures.—Frederick Graves.

TIPPING AS A FINE ART

Scotland is supposed to be pre-eminently the land for tipping; says the Inverness (Scotland) Courier, and however much truth may be in the old tradition, it has given rise to a crop of stories that, wherever the incidents occurred, are conveniently related as having been witnessed in Scotland.

In the House of Commons recently certain Labour members complained of a picture of the Union of 1707 being permanently painted upon the walls of St. Stephen's Hall. That Union, they said, was brought about by an elaborate process of tipping. Like Pooh Bah, most people are prepared to "pocket an insult" if it is sufficiently loaded, and there are instances where even Royalty itself has not been above accepting a tip if it was worth negotiating! "He may well travel on foot who leads his horse by the hand," runs an old proverb, and a great man can act in a way a smaller man would find injurious to his reputation. Anthony Trollope once told of his experience of showing two great German princes over the G. P. O. in London, and being rewarded by a gratuity of half a crown!

After the peace treaty of Tilsit, Louis XVIII. took refuge in England, and when arriving at Yarmouth, left 15 guineas for a crew of 15 members of H. M. S. Majestic who had towed him ashore. The Admiralty, however, has an order prohibiting the acceptance of tips, and so the fifteen members of the crew put their heads together and, we imagine, with infinite pains, concocted a letter which they addressed to the Admiral. In this letter they said that they had "holded a talk."



REV. D. M. SOLANDT, M.A., D.D.

Associate Book Steward of the United Church of Canada, who has been re-elected chairman of the adult education section of the World Federation of Education Associations.

and that they meant no offence in not liking to take it "as how, we know fast snuff, that it was the true King of France as gave it . . . so we all, one and all, begs not to take it at all, at all. So no more at present from your honors' dutiful servants," and then followed the fifteen signatures.

The Englishman says that August in Scotland is "The Kingdom of the Tip." Yet among hotel porters in London there was once an unofficial union with an unwritten series of laws and some substantial signs by which a tourist who tipped meagrely or not at all had his bag marked to warn brother hotel porters to hold back, turn deaf ears, or be engaged elsewhere! That sounds like the rudiments of a good scenario!

The Duke of Fife disapproved very actively of tipping, and when his august father-in-law, King Edward, was shooting over his estate, the Duke had to keep a wary eye on the King, who always liked to reward any beater who had pleased him—and, needless to say, every beater did! The King worried for a time over the matter, and did not cease thinking on the problem until he had discovered a way out. On the return walk after a day's sport, therefore, the King contracted the habit of asking a gillie for his pipe and, knocking out the ashes, would commence to fill it with his own mixture, adroitly wedging a sovereign into the bowl. Then he would endeavor to light up, and failing, pass the pipe back with the remark that it would not draw. The Duke ultimately found out the King's little game, and when he heard the request being made, "hand me your pipe, man," would turn away with a smile.

FATAL RUSSIAN EMERALD

A very interesting and sad story is told of the famous Romanoff emerald of death, which disappeared with Empress Alexandra, who was wearing it when she set out on her fatal journey to Siberia. The emerald is said to have been cursed by a witch and was given to Nikita Romanoff by a bitter enemy. Shortly after receiving this stone Nikita was seized and carried off to Siberia, where his body and the baleful jewel were found some time after. The stone then passed into the keeping of Peter the Great's sister, whom he threw into a convent prison to die. It then passed to the hands of his wife, whom he banished, and later to his son, whom he tortured to death. Peter himself refused to touch the jewel, Peter the Third, who subsequently wore it, was deposed and strangled by his own soldiers, and the Empress Catherine, whose prudence was overcome by her love of precious stones, died of apoplexy shortly after putting the fatal emerald on. Paul I. had it set in a sword handle, which broke at a critical moment, so that he was mortally wounded, and Alexander II. was blown to pieces by a Nihilist bomb when carrying it in his pocket.

Montreal proper falls only about ten thousand souls short of the million population mark, according to the latest estimates of the census taken by John Lovell & Son, Limited, for the compilation of the 85th annual city directory which is now ready. The directory will show that the growth of the city has been going on at a rapid rate, and that at the time of the census-taking this summer, Greater Montreal contained 1,129,783 persons.

MARRIAGE

PENGELLEY—WINTON—On Aug. 31st, 1927, at St. John's Church, Peterborough, by the Rev. G. Bousfield, Mabel Audrey, only daughter of John Thomas Winton, Ramsgate, England, to James Stanley, son of late Theodore Robert Pengelley, "Brockland," Balleborough, Ont.

QUESTIONS and ANSWERS

TO CORRESPONDENTS

Anastasia, B.C.—The word "high" in the phrase "high noon" merely means full or at the acme. High noon is merely noon or full noon. It has the same meaning as high tide.

Rita M., Que.—The expression "a bee line" is derived from the fact that a honey bee, having finished its job of collecting all the honey possible, mounts a little into the air and then settles down to take the shortest way home.

A. B. C., Manitoba.—Only one attempt has been made to rebuild Herod's Temple at Jerusalem, burned in A.D. 70. The work was begun in the year 363 at the command of the Emperor Julian, but his sudden death stopped it.

Ruth S., Que., and Miss D. A., Sask.—"McLeod's Wife" is the sequel to the story called "A Maid of the Isles" by Annie S. Swan.

M. E. M., Quebec, writes: "In the issue of your interesting paper you published some stanzas of a hymn beginning 'Since thy Father's arm sustains thee, peaceful be,' and under it 'Author unknown.' If you will look in the Presbyterian Book of Praise of 1902, at hymn 500, you will find a better version with the author's name C. R. Hagenbach, tr. H. A. P."

Julia A. S., Manitoba: Letter containing poem asked for received and forwarded to party asking for it

Miss R. S., Quebec: "The letter edged in black" appeared in last week's Witness.

THE WHITE PINE IN CANADA

Enquirer, N.B.—The botanical range of the white pine in Canada extends from the Atlantic ocean to the province of Manitoba. It is confined to the region lying south of a line running approximately from the south-east corner of Lake Winnipeg through Lake Nipigon, along the height of land north of Lake Timiskaming, through Lake St. John to Point de Monts on the St. Lawrence and Cape Breton Island.

A COLLISION

Subscriber, Ontario, asks:—"A" owns a livery, and has "B" a licensed driver, hired to drive one of his cars. One night "B" going down a hill, with a bad curve in it, ran into "C" and "D", also going down the hill with a horse and buggy. C and D were both thrown from the buggy. C was not hurt at all and D received only a slight cut on her head which did not cause her any loss of time at all. She was able to proceed home. C and D had no light on the buggy. B put on the brakes and tried to avoid accident as much as possible but owing to the curve could not see the buggy until very close.

(1) Can C and D collect any damages? (2) If so, to what extent? (3) Who should pay damages—if any—the owner of the car, or the driver?

Ans.—(1) We very much doubt it. Assuming that there was negligence on the part of B—although it is not at all clear that there was, C and D would seem to have been guilty of contributory negligence in not having lights on their buggy. (2) The damages recoverable, if any, would be the actual expense incurred for medical service, and for repairs to the buggy with possibly something added for shock and pain caused D. (3) Both—if either, would be liable to C and D.

"STERLING"

May MacP., Peterboro:—The term "sterling," which sets the seal of quality upon anything made of silver, is an example of that process of evolution in our language which is as interesting as it is strange.

Because their countries were east of England, the inhabitants of Central Europe were at one time in England called Easterlings. And in the reign of King Richard the most skillful workers with silver were those "Easterlings," money coined in the Teutonic countries being in great demand.

Soon these skilled workers in minting were imported into England and the coins they produced there were called, after them, "Easterlings." With the tendency to abbreviate that we find in all language, "Easterlings" soon became "sterling," which survives to this day as the stamp of quality in silver.

SCHOOLS IN QUEBEC

Ray T. M., Sask.:—Schools in Quebec governed by the Public Instruction Act are either Roman Catholic or Protestant and French and English are taught in them.

The former's primary schools are divided into two categories; the elementary schools formerly known as elementary and model schools, and the complementary schools formerly known as academies. The Protestant primary schools consist of elementary, intermediate and high schools. Classical colleges provide for secondary education and four universities for superior education.

The other educational institutions comprise normal schools, schools of arts and manufactures, domestic science, dairy agricultural and forestry schools, commercial high schools, technical and trade schools, and two schools of fine arts.

WORDS SUPPLIED

The following is for A. R., Quebec, and was sent in by Mrs. J. A. McConnell, L. P. and Mr. Hugh Wake. It is from the pen of Bernard Barton, an English author who died in 1849 at the age of sixty.

THE OCEAN

Beautiful, sublime, and glorious;
Mild, majestic, foaming, free—
Over time itself victorious,
Image of eternity.
Sun and moon and stars shine o'er thee,
See thy surface ebb and flow,
Yet attempt not to explore thee
In thy soundless depths below.

Whether morning's splendors steep thee
With the rainbow's glowing grace,
Tempests rouse or navies sweep thee,
'Tis but for a moment's space.

Earth,—her valleys and her mountains
Mortal man's behests obey;
The unfathomable fountains
Scoff his search and scorn his sway.

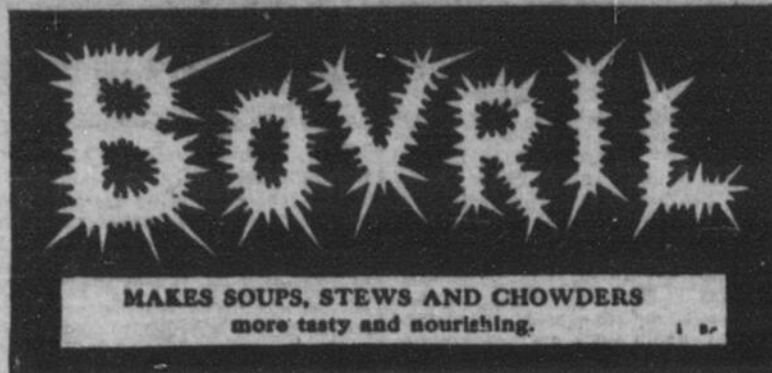
Such art thou, stupendous Ocean!
But, if overwhelmed by thee,
Can we think, without emotion,
What must thy Creator be?

Mrs. Mary Rogers has been kind enough to forward this poem asked for a short time since.

THE GRAVE OF NAPOLEON

On a lone barren isle, where the wild,
roaring billow
Assails the stern rock, and the loud
tempests rave,
The hero lies still while the dew drooping
willow,
Like fond weeping mourners, lean'd
over the grave.
The lightnings may flash and the loud
thunders rattle
He heeds not, he hears not, he's free
from pain.
He sleeps his last sleep, he has fought
his last battle,
No sound can awake him to glory again
No sound can awake him to glory again.

Oh shade of the mighty, where now are
the legions
That rush'd but to conquer, when thou
led'st them on?
Alas, they have perished in far hilly re-
gions
And all save the fame of their triumph
is gone.



The trumpet may sound and the loud
cannon rattle,
They heed not, they hear not; they're
free from all pain.
They sleep their last sleep, they have
fought their last battle.
No sound can awake them to glory again,
No sound can awake them to glory again.
Yet spirit immortal, the tomb cannot bind
thee,
For like thine own eagle that soar'd to
the sun,
Thou springest from bondage, and leavest
behind thee
A name, which before thee, no mortal
had won.
Tho' nations may combat, and war's thun-
ders rattle,
No more on the steed wilt thou sweep
o'er the plain,
Thou sleep'st thy last sleep, thou hast
fought thy last battle—
No sound can awake thee to glory again,
No sound can awake thee to glory again.

This hymn, No. 945 in Sacred Songs and Solos, 1200 Piece Collection, by Ira D. Sankey, is for Mrs. F. McD., Bright, Ontario:

WHEN THE MISTS HAVE ROLLED AWAY

When the mist have rolled in splendor
From the beauty of the hills,
And the sunlight falls in gladness
On the river and the rills,
We recall our Father's promise
In the rainbow of the spray:
We shall know each other better
When the mists have rolled away.
Chorus:—
We shall know . . . as we are known . . .
Never more . . . to walk alone,
In the dawning of the morning
Of that bright and happy day;
We shall know each other better
When the mists have rolled away.

Lettie P., Ontario, sends in this poem asked for by Grace "Mac," Calgary, Sask. The words are by R. Craig-Dixon.

THE DREAM SHOP

Each night, when the stars are beginning
to peep,
And you're told that it's time to be going
to sleep,

Then—just for a twinkling, and all on
your own,
You visit the funniest shop that is known.
It doesn't sell sweets and it doesn't sell
toys,
But its wares are beloved by both girls
and by boys;
It doesn't sell apples or cakes or ice-
creams,
But the wonderful things that it sells
are just—dreams!

There are some so exciting you want
them each night,
Though some are so horrid you wake in
a fright;
Some are just lovely—like trips to the
moon;
And some are the sort where you wake
just too soon.

For those who will pay with a smile and
kiss,
There are beautiful dreams for a night-
time of bliss;
But if it's with frowns and with sighs
that you pay,
What your dreams will be like I'd rather
not say.

So get your smiles ready when going to
bed;
Don't pout and be fretful as upstairs
you're led;
For each time you smile, though an effort
it seems,
Will be well worth your while—it will
buy you sweet dreams!

These two hymns, numbers 210 and 44 respectively in Alexander's No. 3 Hymn Book are for Master F. M., Ontario:

NO BURDENS YONDER

(Words by Ada R. Habershon, music by Robert Harkness.)

No burdens yonder, not a single care,
When home is entered not a load to bear,
No burdens yonder, all will be laid down,
Before we share His glory and His throne.
Chorus:—
No burdens yonder, all sorrow past;
No burdens yonder, home at last.
No trials yonder, all the testing done,
The school-days over and the prizes won.
No much-tried faith like gold in furnace
heat;
The purifying will be all complete.

No tolling yonder, and no weariness,
No disappointments and no more distress.
The future bright, the past all understood,
We'll see that all the way He led was
good.

No parting yonder, and no sad good-byes,
No pain, no sickness, and no weeping eyes,
But, best of all, my Saviour I shall see,
No clouds will come between my Lord
and me.

HIS EYE IS ON THE SPARROW

(Words by Mrs. C. D. Martin, music by Chas. H. Gabriel.)

Why should I feel discouraged,
Why should the shadows come,
Why should my heart be lonely
And long for Heaven and home
When Jesus is my portion?
My constant friend is He;
His Eye is on the sparrow
And I know He watches me.

Let not your heart be troubled,
His tender words I hear,
And resting on His goodness
I lose my doubts and fears;
Tho' by the path He leadeth,
But one step I may see;
His eye is on the sparrow
And I know He watcheth me.

Whenever I am tempted,
Whenever clouds arise,
When songs give place to sighing,
When hope within me dies,
I draw the closer to Him,
From care He sets me free;
His eye is on the sparrow
And I know He cares for me.

WORDS WANTED

Miss Ruth S., Que., wants a poem entitled "The Lightning Express."

Master F. Mayhew would be grateful for the words of "Jesus, Thou Art Everything to Me," and the poem, "Brave John Maynard."



LOST OVER ATLANTIC

Captain Tully (left) and Lieutenant Medcalf (right.) Canadian London-to-London fliers, who left Harbor Grace, Newfoundland, in their plane Sir John Carling at 7:25 A. M. last Wednesday in an attempt to reach the British Capital and have not been heard from since.

MIND
BODY

BOYS' PAGE

SOUL
SERVICE

Red Hot Tracks

By a Bald-Headed Boy.

What does fun amount to unless there is some risk? This no doubt explains why we got such keen pleasure, (and it was often keen in more ways than one), from our conflicts with bumble-bees, hornets, and other stinging hordes that inhabit the hills. It was a regular pastime to seek out the nests of such insects and do battle with them.

One such fray lingers in memory with great distinctness. We had located a hornets' nest in the orchard. It hung suspended from a sumac branch, large and gray and forbidding, with several extremely short-tempered and suspicious sentinels always on guard at various strategic points on the cone.

We, my two brothers and I, heaped up a goodly supply of stones behind the friendly screen of some black-berry briars, then began our attack. We would grasp a stone in each hand and at a given signal all rise up from our place of ambush, deliver two shots in quick succession, and again sink down into concealment. Our bombardment was proceeding with much fervor and no little damage to the fortress of the enemy. Excitement was at fever heat among them, and we could hear the roar of hundreds of angry wings. Occasionally a keen zoom would pass close by as some questing warrior sought the hidden foe. We would wait a little while the roar began to subside in volume, then fire upon them again.

The signal had been given, we arose as one man—but did not fire! A black swordsman, coming at high speed, passed my guard and stabbed me in the middle of the forehead. Talk about your skilled fencers! There are none other to compare with the bald-faced hornets. Ow! what agony, what excruciating white-hot misery! I suspended hostilities immediately and, with a loose suspender flying out behind like a tarnished flag of truce, departed with speed and directness for the box of baking soda in the kitchen cupboard. For several days my bulging frontal dome proclaimed to the world that there reposed a mighty intellect. One thing I know, for several hours it was certainly the seat of a mighty pain.

Another stinging "critter" residing in great numbers in the hills is the yellow-jacket. It, like the hornet, builds its nest of wood-pulp manufactured by the insect papermaker. But its nest is usually under an old log or in some sort of rubbish.

The yellow-jacket is a dare-devil. It fears nothing upon the face of the earth, and it is a remarkably persevering warrior. In fact, the word surrender is absolutely unknown to it. Its motto is "Conquer or die." Its mode of attack is direct and disconcerting, quite unlike the bumble-bee, which rockets about with great bluster and bravado in an attempt to frighten the intruder away. The yellow-jacket selects some exposed portion of a boy's anatomy, alights thereon without delay, sits down very forcibly and painfully, walks a step or two, sits down again, and so on until the boy sweeps it off a crushed and battered wreck, or dislodges it by a mad flight through the leafy bushes.

I had an uncle who, next to my father, was my favorite companion. Although he was of middle age and had a family of his own, he managed to find time for an occasional adventure with us. He knew, it seemed, the location of every yellow-jacket and bumble-bee nest in the neighborhood, and it was he who taught us the val-

ue of mud as a soothing application for stings when soda was not at hand.

One morning we saw him coming, and gleefully surrounded him upon his arrival. He sat on the edge of the porch and chatted awhile, dropping no hint of any impending excitement. But that was his custom, and we waited with what patience we could until he should see fit to outline the program for the day. At last he turned with a twinkle in his eyes.

"Well, boys, do you feel pretty brave this fine large day?"

We hastened to assure him we did.

"That's good. I just found about the biggest yellow-jacket nest in the world down the hill a ways. If you feel like it, we might try them a round or so."

"Nuff said. We grabbed our hats and away we went, on the lookout along the way for tough leafy bushes of convenient size and weight, for such were our weapons of offense. Arrived at the scene of the impending conflict, we distributed ourselves in a circle around the nest. When all were ready, uncle brought his brush down with a resounding whack upon the door to Yellow-Jacket Castle. Then the rest of us struck in turn, like circus men driving tent pins. In that way we kept up a constant rain of blows and the yellow warriors, rushing doughtily forth to defend their home, were beaten down under the ceaseless flailing. We sustained but one casualty during the skirmish. A lone scout returning from abroad found us busily engaged in the work of slaughter and proceeded to lay a line of red-hot tracks along the edge of uncle's hair.

But we probably derived most excitement from our encounters with bumble-bees. Now that I am older and, I hope, wiser, I feel that we should have spared them, for they are a most valuable aid to the farmer. They are active agents in the fertilization of red clover blooms, and when they become extinct, as they promise to do shortly, red clover may follow in the wake of the vanished pollen distributors. But this scientific phase of the question was unknown to us in that day.

One of the most hazardous exploits I performed was to approach a bumble-bee busily at work upon a blossom, grasp his wings firmly and quickly between thumb and fore-finger, and hold him thus an impotent prisoner while I dispatched him and removed the honey-bag from his body so that I could drain it of its alluring sweetness. The honey was all the sweeter, I think, because the experiment often failed and a blazing stab from the ever ready stinger was my reward instead of the hoped-for nectar.

Once, in August, some distant cousins visited us. They were a husky lot of boys and nothing we could propose seemed to daunt them in the least, although they were city born and bred. We knew the location of a populous bumble-bee nest and suggested that we make a foray upon it. The cousins gave enthusiastic assent. So we found some light boards and from them fashioned handy paddles, for we deemed it cowardly and beneath our dignity to entrap the bees in a jug of water placed near the nest. For it is a well known fact that an open jug partially filled with water is a veritable death-trap to aroused bumble-bees.

Having arrived at the nest, we lost no time. One of us stirred them up and the fun began. We stood alert and ready and when one of the humming warriors approached we endeavored to smite him with the paddle. Sometimes we succeed-

ed, but often they parried our strokes and inflicted painful stabs upon us. At times, when the whole army charged at once we were forced to beat a temporary retreat. The struggle was long and bitter, each side suffering numerous casualties. Finally we deemed it prudent to withdraw and leave them in triumphant possession of the home they had so valiantly defended, though at the cost of many a dusky fighter. I am sure that mother had to open another package of soda by the time we had finished minlstering to all the spots so throbbingly clamoring for attention.

Wasps, red, black, and striped, we frequently encountered. But they were comparatively slow in flight and it was an easy matter to strike them down with paddle or brush. So, the hazard being less, the pleasure was correspondingly less, and we did not enjoy our battles with them to the same extent we did with the other stinging opponents.—Ozark Life.

ANOTHER DOG WITH BRAINS

Fido, our family dog, says a contributor to the American Magazine, came to us as a stray puppy on our old Minnesota farm. As I was chief chore boy, I had to be his sole trainer and companion. For me he would travel clear across the farm to bring the cattle and would unerringly separate the steers and the heifers from the milk cows.

Once I sent him nearly a mile away for the cattle, which were feeding in the cornstalks. I was astonished to see him hesitate after he had started the herd home and then cross the road into a neighbor's pasture and start that herd also. He seemed to be trying to cut out some animal from among them, and pretty soon he succeeded. When the cattle came up I scanned the bunch to discover the stray member, and to my surprise I found that the wanderer was our own bull, which had jumped into the neighbor's pasture. Fido had noticed his absence and had found him among some forty odd cattle.

Another time, when I was milking in the shed, Fido came to the door barking excitedly. I heard a thud and a sound as if the breath had been knocked from some one's body. With a bound I reached the door and was horrified to see my father prostrate on the ground and our bull—fortunately he had no horns—manoeuvring so as to throw his weight upon the helpless man. With his remaining strength father wiggled now this way, now that way, to escape the impact.

For a second I stood motionless, but Fido flashed out into the yard, made a leap and grabbed the infuriated animal's tail close up to his body. The unexpected attack surprised the bull, diverted his attention and gave father a chance to crawl into the shed.

WHY MARK TWAIN READ THE ENCYCLOPAEDIA

At an early age Mark Twain was solemnly warned against the dangers of reading. As a boy—so we learn from the diary of Mrs. James T. Fields, which the Atlantic Monthly prints—one of the first stories that he acquired after he had begun his apprenticeship on a Mississippi River steamboat was the "Fortunes of Nigel."

He hid himself with it behind a barrel, where the master of the boat found him and read him a lecture on the ruinous effects of his act. "I've seen it over and over 'agin," he declared. "You needn't tell me anythin' about it; if ye're going to be a pilot on this river yer needn't ever think of reading, for it just spiles all. Yer can't remember how high the tides were in Can's Gut three trips before the last now, I'll wager."

"Why, no," replied Mark, "that was six months ago."



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JUICY FRUIT has the flavor of fresh, ripe fruits. It is beneficial too, cleansing mouth and teeth, soothing the throat and helping digestion.

WRIGLEY'S JUICY FRUIT CHEWING GUM
THE FLAVOR OF FRESH FRUITS

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1000 STAMPS, as we import them from foreign countries, for only 30c. Good Hinges, 1000 for 10c. H. RISSMILLER, 620 N. 12th St., Reading, Pa., U.S.A.

STAMPS

Free Set Stamps to Approval Applicants sending postage and reference. 25c packets as follows: 25 Diff. airpost stamps, 100 Austria, 50 Bavaria, 50 Belgium, 25 Bosnia, 50 Bulgaria, 25 Cuba, 50 Danzig, 25 Egypt, 150 Germany, 25 Greece, 100 Hungary, 25 Indian States, 25 Jugoslavia, 25 Luxemburg, 25 Persia, 100 Poland, 25 Soviet Russia, 10 Triangle Stamps, 25 Turkey, 25 Wurtemberg.

J. MAXFIELD,

Box 315, Amsterdam, N.Y., U.S.A.

Will our young readers look through the advertisements in the Witness and think which would be most interesting to "Mother" just now, and draw her attention to it. Also show "Father" the advertisement you think would most interest him. Very often people work hard and have no time to notice the very things that would make life easier if they had them. And many things pay for themselves in a very short time.

"I don't care if 'twas," said the man. "If you hadn't been spiling yer mind by readin', ye'd have remembered."

So the boy was never permitted to read after that. "And," Mark once observed, "not being able to have it when I was hungry for it, I can only read the encyclopaedia nowadays."

But, adds Mrs. Fields, that is not true; he reads everything!

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS

"Push," said the button.
"Never be led," said the pencil.
"Take pains," said the window.
"Always keep cool," said the ice.
"Be up to date," said the calendar.
"Never lose your head," said the barrel.
"Make light of everything," said the fire.
"Do a driving business," said the hammer.
"Aspire to greater things," said the nutmeg.
"Be sharp in all your dealings," said the knife.
"Do the work you are suited for," said the chimney.
"Find a good thing and stick to it," said the glue.—Presbyterian Banner.

The bee and silkworm are the only insects put to work on a factory basis by man.

This Canada of Ours

By J. S. Morrison and Maud Morrison Stone (Copyright).

WOLFE—HERO OF QUEBEC



GENERAL JAMES WOLFE, THE HERO OF QUEBEC, WAS BORN JAN. 2ND, 1727, AT WESTERHAM, IN THE COUNTY OF KENT, ENGLAND. THE QUAIN OLD HOUSE HAS STOOD THERE FOR MORE THAN 300 YEARS AND WAS BOUGHT BY MR. J.B. LEARMONT OF MONTREAL, TO BE A SHRINE FOR CANADIANS.



WOLFE CAME OF A RACE OF SOLDIERS. HIS FATHER LIEUTENANT-COLONEL WOLFE, HAD SERVED WITH MARLBOROUGH AND PRINCE EUGENE, BUT THOUGH YOUNG JAMES DREAMED OF MILITARY GLORY, HIS TALL, THIN, DELICATE BODY AND VERY HOMELY FACE, DID NOT LOOK SOLDIERLY, IN SPITE OF THESE HANDICAPS HIS TALENTS WON HIM A COMMISSION. AT 16 HE DISTINGUISHED HIMSELF ON ACTIVE SERVICE, ON THE RHINE. AT THE BATTLE OF COLLODEN IN SCOTLAND, THE STORY IS TOLD THAT THE DUKE OF CUMBERLAND, ANGERED AT A WOUNDED HIGHLANDER, SAID, "KILL ME THAT INSOLENT FELLOW," WOLFE REPLIED, "MY COMMISSION IS IN YOUR HANDS, I WILL NEVER BECOME AN EXECUTIONER."



WOLFE WAS ALWAYS SICKLY AND AFTER THE CAPTURE OF LOUISBOURG, RETURNED TO ENGLAND TO RECRUIT HIS SHATTERED HEALTH. IT WAS AT BATH HE MET MISS LOWTHER AND THEY BECAME ENGAGED. GEORGE III OVERHEARING SOMEONE SAY WOLFE WAS MAD, SAID, "THEN I HOPE HE WILL BITE SOME OF MY GENERALS."



The Grain Trade

W. Sanford Evans, of Winnipeg, Outlines the Operation of Canada's Grain Marketing System.

Dealing in futures, or "hedging" as it is called in the language of the stock market, is a necessity on the Winnipeg Grain Exchange, and far from being an evil, it performs a useful service, according to Mr. W. Sanford Evans of Winnipeg, who lectured last week before the Canadian Society of Cost Accountants at their annual convention in Montreal. Hedging is the grain merchant's method of protecting himself against loss, in other words, his insurance. The legitimate dealer is seldom a speculator, and yet dealing in wheat is a gamble and can never be otherwise. The dealer may buy a thousand bushels of wheat at a country elevator for which he pays \$1.25 per bushel, only to find that by the time he has delivered it at the head of the lakes, where he sells it, that the price has dropped to \$1.20 a bushel, which means a loss of five cents a bushel on the deal. However, at the same time the dealer bought this thousand bushels he also sold exactly the same amount short, that is, he sold wheat which he did not have but which he promised to deliver some time in the future. Then when he sells his thousand bushels at the head of the lakes he also buys a thousand bushels to cover what he sold short, and since he is able to buy for five cents a bushel less than he sold for, he makes exactly enough on his short sale to cover his loss on the other deal, thus breaking even insofar as the buying and selling is concerned and just making his legitimate commission as a middleman. It is true that many speculators use the future market for gambling, but, because futures are sometimes misused is not sufficient reason for condemning them altogether. The Pool seldom hedges because it has always such a vast quantity of grain on hand, for which it has paid only a part of the price, that protection of this nature is seldom necessary, though there are times when the Pool has found it necessary to hedge.

Before describing the operation of the Winnipeg Grain Exchange, Mr. Evans dealt briefly with the position occupied by Canada among the world wheat producers. Though Canada exports more wheat than any other country, she is only fourth among the producers being exceeded by the United States, Russia and China, though statistics from the latter country are so meagre that it is impossible to say with any degree of exactitude just how much she does produce. Of the 4,400,000,000 bushels of wheat grown in the world every year, fully 90 per cent comes from the northern hemisphere, and approximately 75 per cent of this crop is gathered within a period of three months. Europe takes between 75 and 80 per cent of this crop though she produces less than one-quarter herself. Wheat, Mr. Evans said, is a peculiar commodity in that the world always appears to have enough though never too much. No country in the world which wants wheat is ever obliged to do without, and on the other hand nothing is ever heard of uncomfortable surpluses being left over.

Canada's crop is garnered all within a month or so, and during the harvest period an immense strain is placed upon the grain handling facilities. During certain periods in the fall wheat is moving toward Winnipeg at an almost unbelievable rate. It is to cope with this situation that the most efficient grain handling system in the world has been developed in this country.

The western farmer has a choice of a number of ways of disposing of his grain, Mr. Evans pointed out. At every town there are a number of elevators, and at every place where there are elevators there is a loading platform, as well as at a number of other places where there are no elevators. The farmer has the same right to secure cars as the elevator companies have. Every farmer is offered choices as to the method of disposing of his grain and among other alternatives the following: the sale outright for cash at the elevator door, at a price based on open market quotations; or storage of any quantity, with the right of the farmer to order sale at any time thereafter when he chooses. If a farmer desires payment in full, he can, under the open trading system, sell his grain on any day, in the wagon, at the elevator, on track, in transit, or at the terminals, and be paid spot cash. If a farmer does not choose

to sell on the street, and yet desires money for immediate use Mr. Evans declared the Grain Trade will advance him, against his storage tickets, a certain percentage of the market price. The system of grading is fair and, as operated by the government, has proved satisfactory.

In dealing with the Winnipeg Grain Exchange Mr. Evans made it quite clear that it cannot justly be held responsible for the many abuses which are laid at its door. The Grain Exchange is a voluntary association of men who are engaged in the grain business. The Exchange itself neither buys nor sells, it simply provides a room wherein its members can come together to trade. It is a market place pure and simple. The association does not know the business of the individual members as a rule, nor does it compete with any of the members for it is not in the grain business itself. The exchange places in its room every mechanical device that makes for dispatch as well as certain information for the use of its members. This information, for the most part, consists of price quotations from other markets as well as grain trade statistics from every country in the world. The Exchange provides certain rules for the government of trading in its room, and provides a means of arbitration among its members.

Another organization which makes for the expeditious handling of wheat is the Lake Clearance Association. The way this Association operates is as follows: a certain grain exporter may have a cargo of No. 2 Northern in elevator No. A which he sells. However, the docks at elevator A are filled to capacity and there is no room for a boat to load. Away over in Elevator C or D however another man has a quantity of No. 2 Northern and the Association accordingly instructs the vessel to load No. 2 Northern at elevator C, and the two men, the one who has grain in A and the one who has grain in C trade. In this way there is never an empty dock and a vessel seldom has to wait long before she can load. This is the most efficient system in use anywhere in the world. When one realizes that during the threshing season a train of forty cars of wheat leaves Winnipeg every 25 minutes he appreciates the necessity of efficient methods.

Regarding the Pool Mr. Evans was evidently not very favorably impressed. He pointed out that the cooperative pool which had been established had not changed anything in the handling of wheat, the pool itself being simply an exporter on a large scale, and dealing in wheat as does any other exporter. The only difference was in the form of distribution to the farmers, and Mr. Evans said that the results achieved had not secured for the farmers as high a price as the basis of the primary price at Fort William though the average price which Mr. Evans used as an illustration was the average daily closing quotations, and no consideration was taken of the fact that 60 per cent of the crop was marketed when wheat was at its lowest price. He admitted that this in itself did not prove that the pool had not been successful, but the fact was there for consideration. What the pool had set out to do was to give the farmer the European price less the cost. He did not think the pool could change the present system, owing to the effectiveness of the system and the highly-organized manner of its operations. There was no system in the world of commodity trading which could compare with the handling of Canadian wheat, and the tendency for other commodities was in the same direction. Mr. Evans said that there was at times too much speculation in wheat, due to the mob rushing in. He wished the mob would keep out, for it would always mean that they would get hurt, and they were a disturbing factor. A certain amount of speculation was not harmful, he held, since it made the prices sensitive to conditions.

A good field of alfalfa should never be over-pastured.

Cottage cheese is an attractive all-year food, and is a good means of utilizing the sour milk that is so abundant in the hot weather.

Protection from heat and flies and plenty of pure, fresh water are summer necessities for a profitable herd.

Close observations of sows and pigs have many times indicated that animals on self-feeders look better and are more thrifty than those that are hand fed.

AFTER HARVEST CULTIVATION

After harvest cultivation is one of the most effective methods of eradicating weeds. The value depends largely, however, upon the thoroughness with which the various operations are performed. This is true whether the object is to eradicate a creeping perennial, as couch grass, or to free the land from some of the annual weeds.

To be effective this after harvest cultivation should include the removal of all ripe and partly ripe weeds before they scatter seed, the ploughing under of immature weeds, before they ripen, putting the land in a state of tilth that will promote the germination of the greatest possible number of weed seeds so that they may be destroyed by harrowing or by cultivating or by late fall ploughing, and the destruction by smothering and by frequent cultivation of the root systems of creeping perennials.

In Eastern Canada most hoed crops as corn, roots and potatoes, are harvested when the growing season is practically over. There are, however, a number of weeds on the land when the crop has been removed that have developed since the last cultivation. Some of these are nearly mature and should be removed at once. These immature weeds can usually be destroyed by ploughing. When there is considerable couch grass present, better results may be obtained by using either a spring tooth harrow or a cultivator. The land should be gone over thoroughly so that all the couch in the first three or four inches of soil is loosened from the soil. If there are so many roots present that it is impossible to cultivate thoroughly, they should be raked into windrows and either burned or removed from the field. The land should then be harrowed each week so that any couch roots left in the soil will not have a chance to get rooted before the winter sets in. In the spring it will be found that a large part of the loose couch roots has been destroyed by the action of alternate freezing and thawing during the winter.

CARE OF THE BREEDING FLOCK

(By S. A. Hilton.)

The quantity and quality of the product which the sheep-breeder will have to market the following year are largely determined by the care which the flock received during the fall months, September to November, and the spring months from March until June. While most breeders realize the influence which proper care at lambing time will have on the number of good lambs raised, few consider the breeding season and the period just preceding it as worthy of any special attention; and yet the old slogan of live stock breeders, "Breed, Feed and Weed," can be applied at this time to as good or better advantage than at any other period in the year. At this time the breeder should select the sire of his next year's crop of lambs. Nothing but a good pure-bred should be used; one that has been inspected and passed as a good representative of the breed. Strict selection of the ewes should also be practised, and all those of poor mutton and wool type should be culled; also those that have shown

themselves poor breeders. Any ewe which is a shy or non-breeder is a distinct loss to the owner and should not be retained in the flock.

At the Experimental Farm, Nappan, Nova Scotia, figures have been collected on the average cost of keeping a ewe for a year, also on the profits which may be expected when the flock is carefully selected and culling practised. The average yearly feed of a ewe, over a period of six years, is \$8.72. The profit over feed cost is \$8.46. A non-breeding ewe returns only her wool to pay for her keep. The average value of this is \$2.40, so the loss to her owner is \$14.78 per year. The ewe which is a poor milker, and rears only a small lamb, returns on the average \$7.20, which is not enough to pay for her feed.

All lambs should have been weaned about the last of August. The ewes are flushed for three weeks or more in September on clover aftermath or rape supplemented with a small amount of grain, such as oats and bran. Ewes which are in good condition and gaining in flesh at breeding time, will drop and raise a larger percentage of lambs than ewes in poor condition. At the Nappan Farm twenty ewes which were not flushed dropped twenty-four lambs and raised twenty-three of them. Twenty-four ewes pastured on clover aftermath dropped forty lambs and raised thirty-three. Allow the ewes to remain on the clover or rape for only a few hours a day when first put on this feed, or bloating will result. After breeding, the ewes may be wintered on good clover hay and turnips with little or no grain until shortly before lambing time.

Sheep can find good pasture in a stubble field after threeeving. Rape sown with small grain in the spring furnishes the best pasture until the late hard freezes in the fall.

You can lead a horse to water, but—

Using the telephone to find the best market before you take a load to town, seems like good sense.

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FLOWERS FOR CHRISTMAS

It is such a simple matter to have Roman hyacinths and paper-white narcissi in bloom at Christmas and during January that everyone should grow them. An early start is of the first importance, so that the bulbs become well rooted before top growth begins. Tarry soil with sand intermixed forms a suitable mixture, and pots five inches wide are a suitable size; each of these will accommodate three or four bulbs. Care should be taken not to make the compost too firm, or the roots, being unable to descend freely, may force the bulbs out of the soil. They need watering well before being placed out of doors beneath a covering of old ashes. If ashes fresh from the fire are used there is considerable risk of injury to the plants. In six or eight weeks roots will have formed freely, and the bulbs may be removed, a few at a time, to the house. It is wise to shade them for a few days, for full exposure to light is liable to cause the tender leaf tips to turn brown. To follow the Roman hyacinths and early narcissi a few of the Italian and French hyacinths should be obtained. They are similar to the Roman varieties, though giving several shades of color, pale yellow, blue, and rose. The miniature hyacinths are delightful little plants, especially well adapted for filling shallow flower pans or bowls. There are named varieties in several colors, e.g., Fire King, crimson; Canary Bird, yellow; Queen of May, pink; Water Nymph, white. All the bulbs mentioned may be grown in moss fibre in fancy bowls in a room or greenhouse; thus treated they form most attractive objects when in bloom. The bulbs need not be wholly covered, whether grown in ordinary flower pots or in bowls of fibre. If in the latter they are not placed out of doors under ashes, but in a cool, shaded frame or in some room where similar conditions obtain.

PREPARE ROSE BEDS

If you are going to plant roses next Spring get busy now and prepare the bed to receive them. Trench deeply eighteen inches at least and the old country gardeners say thirty at least. Put old bricks, stone, or broken bottles and crockery in the bottom for drainage, then a goodly quantity of well-rotted manure, cow manure for preference. Cover this with ten or twelve inches of good garden soil mixed with well rotted turf. Put in mulch of strong manure to keep the frost out, this latter to be removed before roses are set in.

SWEET BRIERS

The most delightful, perhaps, of all scents is that of the sweet brier; and it is even more welcome for the association it brings with it. And yet, somehow, this sweetest of all sweet plants is generally conspicuous by its absence from small gardens. The sweet brier will grow almost anywhere if proper soil is provided for it. It dislikes strong clays and wet places. But give the plant a dry sandy knoll or bank, and it is at home at once.

The most glorious of all sweet-brier hedges would be one five feet high, and almost as much thick where room could be found for it. Such hedges are seldom found, but when once seen are remembered as things of grace and beauty. The odor is so different from anything else, and so altogether pleasing, that one marvels that any garden should be without it. The florists ought to keep sweet briars in quantities in pots for transplanting into the garden at any season, and for furnishing window gardens and rooms all the summer through.

OIL SPRAY FOR PEACH SCALE

Methods for controlling the cottony scale on peach trees are given in a recent publication by the New York station at Geneva. A brief description of the insect and the nature of the injury it inflicts on peach trees is included in the account.

"The peach cottony scale has become a very destructive pest in peach orchards in western New York during the past two years. To no class of sprays has this insect proved so susceptible as oil mixtures, and these are therefore recommended for the treatment of orchards where experience has demonstrated that the usual lime-sulphur spray is not giving efficient protection. There is reason for believing that the cottony scale will not prove to be a permanent pest of primary importance. Hence, the use of oil sprays should be regarded as an emergency measure with a return to lime-sulphur as soon as it is evident that the insect is no longer a menace to the peach industry."

BY WAY OF REMINDER

Many of us let the nasturtium flowers and seeds in our gardens dry and go to waste. Why not utilize them, either for giving a spicy flavor to some relish or pickle mixture or in flavoring a vinegar that will make a commonplace salad an exceptionally tasty one when an unusually tempting one is wanted some time next winter.

To make nasturtium vinegar, gather

fresh nasturtium blossoms and put them into a jar with vinegar to cover. Season with a finely chopped clove or garlic or a small onion and half a red pepper. Fresh blossoms may be added from day to day. At the end of two months add salt to taste, then strain and filter the vinegar, and bottle.

To pickle nasturtium seeds, drop them as gathered into vinegar. Add half a teaspoonful of salt to each pint of vinegar. When the season is ended strain off the vinegar and put the pickled seeds into a fresh mixture made in the same manner as the first. The second mixture should be poured scalding hot over the seeds. See that the vinegar covers the seeds.

TOMATOES FOR EARLY WINTER

When there is a liberal supply of green tomatoes on the vines in early autumn it is a good plan to ripen them slowly indoors for later use. Before they are injured by frost the vines should be pulled up by the roots, but they must be handled with care to avoid breaking the stems or the fruit stalks. If you lay the plants on paper spread upon the floor of an unheated attic room, the tomatoes will ripen gradually through a long period, and will be surprisingly good. If an attic room is not available, the plants can be kept in the cellar, and the larger ones brought into a warmer place to mature first. All the good-sized tomatoes will ripen.

GARDEN NOTES

Rows should run north and south, and, if possible, across rather than up and down a slope.

Perennial plants should be kept together at one end or side of the garden.

The rows should be as long and as continuous as possible to effect ease and simplicity of cultivation.

Plant the tallest crops at the north end of the garden.

So arrange the crops as to keep all the ground busy all season.

Do not let two crops of similar nature follow one another on the same ground.

Keep the plants requiring the same distances between rows together, gradually increasing this distance as you cross the garden.

Arrange to raise quick growing crops between the rows of more slowly maturing ones.

In the small garden sow a little seed often rather than a large amount at one time.

Try to get one planting in just about when the previous sowing is appearing above the ground.

Garden Questions and Answers

Fall or Spring Planting

O. D. J.—Past experience of those who have planted tree fruits of all kinds, indicates that fall planting is safe where the winters are relatively mild, where temperature changes are not acute and severe, and where those cold dry winds are not a characteristic feature of the winter season. For people who live in localities favoring fall planting, there are several advantages. They are compelled to order their trees early so they are sure of getting the varieties they desire. Usually the work can be done when there is less of a rush than there is in the spring. Generally speaking, in such localities the roots of the trees become very well established and when spring comes, the trees burst into vigorous growth which is almost sure to continue throughout the following season.

Perennial Phlox

S. P.—Yes, you can leave perennial Phlox in the same place for many years and it will grow and the clumps increase in size, but if you want good trusses of flowers you will have to divide the clumps at least every third year. Early in Spring subdivide, taking three healthy shoots from the outside for each new clump you wish to make. An entirely new location, well fertilized, will keep them free from red spider and give you beautiful flowers.

Geraniums Cut Back

O. S.—The geraniums you cut back to get cuttings are in the best possible condition for taking up now that they have started new shoots. Pot up in pots just as small as you can crowd the roots into, and give any room for soil. When they have filled the pots with their roots they will be checked in growth, and this will induce blooming. Such plants bloom constantly all winter, and by feeding the foliage and flowers will be very large and beautiful. They will stand very heavy feeding when healthy, and you can bring them up gradually. If you see that there is a tendency to run to wood, then keep a little dryer and cut down the feeding some.

The geranium likes a fairly rich soil, but if it is made too rich with stable manure the plants will grow too much to wood and will not bloom so freely. Or-

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inary garden soil will give good success with them, and if bonemeal is added rotted manure may be used quite freely and yet flowers will be plentiful.

NEW FRUIT REGULATIONS

New fruit export regulations established by a recent order-in-council are announced by the Dominion fruit branch. The new regulations make it illegal for any per-

son to export from Canada any fresh fruit unless it has been officially inspected and passed. Anyone about to export fruit must notify the authorized inspector at or nearest the place where the inspection is required at least forty-eight hours previous to the time of packing or repacking. This notice may be given in any form, but if given orally must be confirmed in writing or by telegram.



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SPROUTED GRAIN FOR POULTRY

Sprouted grains provide a valuable and inexpensive feed for poultry, promoting rapid growth in young stock, healthy fecundity in breeding stock, and a good egg-production, especially where the hens are kept in close confinement.

Sprouting occurs most quickly, and is best undertaken, in the case of oats and wheat, but barley and maize can also be sprouted with advantage at times. For sprouting, half a gallon of the grain, preferably a good sample of the best seed oats, should be taken and soaked in a bucket of water, a sack being placed over the bucket to ensure darkness. The seeds should occasionally be gently stirred with the hand, and in about two days it will be found that they have "chitted," when the water should be poured off and the seeds put into a sprouting box (obtainable from makers of poultry appliances). The seeds should be spread evenly in the box and watered three times daily, the box being covered with sack- ing; where several boxes are used they may be placed one above the other in order to save space. In a few days it will be observed that short, succulent shoots will have sprouted all over the surface of the seeds, while the roots will have so intertwined as to form a strong matted turf. The sprouts may now be given to laying hens, but if it is wished to use the sprouted grain chiefly as a green food the seed turf should not be utilized until the green covering is about 2 in. long.

In feeding, broken pieces of the turf should be placed in a water-trough. Chickens will be found to eat it, including the roots, with avidity.

A sprouting box of the usual pattern takes half a gallon of seed, and this quantity provides sufficient green food for one meal for about 50 hens or 100 chicks.

MORTALITY AMONG CHICKS

There are two principal causes of mortality among chicks, both of which can generally be prevented—they are diarrhoea and lice. The latter can be prevented easily by a little attention to the chicks about once a week. It does not matter what attention is paid to the hen when sitting, after the chicks are a few days old, if you look on their heads you will find, more often than not, a number of lice, and if not attended to at once, the owner will be wondering why his chicks, which were so strong and lively when newly-hatched, should be so listless and dying off.

It stands to reason that a chick cannot survive while it is being preyed upon by swarms of vermin. The best cure for lice I have found to be ordinary paraffin oil. Just dip the tip of your finger in the oil and rub on the head of the affected chick—do not saturate, just moistening, so that the oil reaches the lice, is sufficient.

Diarrhoea is sometimes caused by wrong feeding. For instance, all soft food, or food in a too wet condition, will cause it, or water in a dirty condition, or which has been exposed to the rays of the sun.

Although I have reared a great many chicks the last few years, I have not had the complaint in my birds, and have managed to rear more than 99 per cent., barring deaths from accidents. These good results I put down largely to the use of permanganate of potash in the drinking water and judicious feeding.

The drinking water should be changed at least twice daily, and made just a visible pink color with the potash, then if the feeding is alternated with one feed of dry chick feed and one of soft food there will be no danger of diarrhoea.

It should be noted that the water must only be made just pink, as the permanganate of potash, being an astringent, if given too strong, will cause constipation.

INTESTINAL PARASITES

Don't forget the parasites that are working unseen in the intestines of your birds, they rob you of any chance of profit. Better clear the parasites out by the following method:

Cook slowly one gallon of feed wheat, to which has been added a teaspoonful of concentrated lye, for two hours. Allow to cool. Feed as follows: The birds are given their ordinary feed one morning and then nothing else until the next morning, when they are given as much of the lye mixture as they will eat, with plenty of water. Repeat this treatment twice during the season at an interval of one month.—Dept. of Extension, Ontario Agricultural College



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September Poultry Work

By Caric Harding.

This is the month when poultrymen are fed, and it is quite often necessary to feed really busy. There is enough to do if the work in the houses and yards has been well kept up to date, but in practice a number of chores that might have been done in August or before are crowded into September.

The growing pullets that have been on range should be brought in to the winter laying house by the end of the month, and all repairing, cleaning, painting with carbolic or other disinfectant paint and white-washing must be done beforehand. It is when the pullets are placed in the laying house that the most important culling is done. No pullets should be retained unless they are of fair type, sprightly in carriage and bright eyed.

We are sometimes inclined to allow the pullets to remain on range a little longer if the weather is fine, figuring that they will do better and will forage for some of their food, but it is as well to remember that if the pullets start laying before being moved into the permanent winter house they will most probably stop as soon as their quarters are changed, and may not resume laying for a month. It is much better to get them to lay their first eggs in their permanent house to avoid the setback that moving them generally entails.

It sometimes happens that when the birds are moved after they have begun to lay, the moving causes them not only to stop laying, but may induce them to start moulting, and if it is only a partial moult the loss of eggs will be serious, and especially during late fall when prices are generally the highest.

On range the birds have been used to plenty of green feed, and this must, of course, be continued, and it is a good plan to give them lawn cuttings at the same time that they have their lettuce and cabbage. They will soon learn to appreciate the more succulent cabbage and lettuce, but it is just as well not to make any change in feeding too sudden. When handling the pullets for removal to the laying house you have a fine opportunity to take note of any that have made particularly good development. These may be banded so they may be recognized when selecting birds to be retained for the breeding pens, as quick-developing birds are the best to breed from, provided production is satisfactory and other characteristics are in evidence.

Look for body lice when handling your birds, for you are inviting disaster if you place them in the laying house with any of these pests about them. Blue ointment and vaseline should be rubbed around the vent. This handling for culling and general inspection should be made a leisurely chore—it must not be hurried. If the birds are roughly handled and frightened you may have a serious setback in the flock which will prevent them beginning to lay as soon as they ought. If possible it is good business to arrange a temporary run for the first few weeks in front of or in the rear of the laying house, so that the change from the open range to the confinement of the winter laying house is not so pronounced.

An important thing to watch with the new layers is the mash consumption. Birds, of course, must be in good physical condition and have proper weight. This is regulated largely by the grain that is

rather heavily of grain at the beginning of the pullet year before they are pushed for egg production.

However, after the pullets are in the houses and have started laying, it is quite necessary that mash consumption be encouraged.

Mash hopper space is an important item here, as lack of it is usually the cause of poor mash consumption. Hoppers that permit birds to eat from both sides are the ideal kind to provide. One foot of feeding space at the hopper should be allowed for each four birds, that is, two six-foot hoppers permitting feeding from both sides for a pen of 100 birds. Three such hoppers would be better yet.

An epidemic of rather heavy colds among pullets a week or two after they are placed in their permanent winter quarters is a fall-time danger to be guarded against. The pullets up to this time have had the full advantage of fresh air conditions. Changing them into poorly ventilated, overcrowded laying houses will almost always result in an epidemic of colds, which are certain to postpone production and if not broken up immediately are apt to become chronic and develop into roup and canker.

Three factors contribute very materially to overcoming the danger. Early housing is the first in importance. Do not leave the pullets on the range until the weather gets bad. They had better be housed a week or two earlier than absolutely necessary. The second step is to be sure that the laying houses in which they are placed are fully ventilated, by leaving all windows and openings wide open, and by not putting too many birds into any one house or pen. The third step is to give considerable laxative feed to the birds early in their laying career.

When put on the laying ration the amount of protein, especially from meat scrap, is much higher than the birds have been used to consuming. The digestion of this protein throws off certain poisonous by-products which, if the system does not get rid of them through the alimentary canal, causes the birds to lose their normal health resistance and contract colds easily. Feeding Epsom salts, at the rate of one pound to one hundred birds, in their drinking water every two or three weeks is an excellent precaution.

CONDITIONING PULLETS

Experienced poultrymen have observed for years that if pullets go into the laying quarters well fleshed they will stand up during the winter under forced production much better. Such pullets also show a pronounced resistance to disease and maintain production without too many pauses and without the early cessation of production and early molt in the following summer. The question is, what is the best way to attain this heavily fleshed condition, good weight and heavy yellow pigmentation?

Experience has proved that the birds must be brought into this condition when they are budding comb and just before they start heavy production and are placed in their permanent winter laying houses. The time to start is when they have begun to get the first egg or two on the range. The pullets are swelling comb

rapidly and developing their egg-laying organs speedily. A slight check in the development of all productive functions right now by feeding a fattening mash, which will put on weight and yellow up the birds' shanks and skin, is a necessary procedure.

Probably the simplest and best way to accomplish this is to cut down on the amount of meat scrap and feed the birds a moist crumbly fattening mash once a day in open troughs. An excellent ration for this purpose, suitable for home mixing, is one composed of equal parts of freshly ground yellow corn meal, ground hulled oats and flour middlings, which mixture should be fed moistened with skim milk, buttermilk or diluted semi-solid buttermilk. This should be mixed to a crumbly consistency and fed to the extent that the birds will clean it up in about an hour. When feeding this special fattening mash the birds will eat less of the ordinary dry mash and possibly somewhat less grain.

The continuing of this ration once a day to the laying pullets through the winter months has been found very desirable. The plan was developed last year at the Vineland Egg-Laying Contest and is still in use at the New Jersey contests this year with very marked improvement noted in the health and productivity of the layers.

The whole question hinges around that of maintaining body weight and body fat through periods of heavy production.

TURKEY BREEDING IN ALBERTA

Turkey breeding in Northern Alberta has undergone pronounced advancement in recent years according to Mr. G. M. Cormie, Dominion Live Stock Branch, Poultry Promoter for Alberta. For some time the best breeders of the province have been interested in organizing themselves into what they would be pleased to call the "Alberta Mammoth Bronze Turkey Breeders Association." With this in view a survey of the turkey breeders of the province is being carried on at the present time and it is hoped that before winter organization can be effected and some system of inspection arranged for which will make it possible for the breeders to dispose of some of the excellent breeding stock which they are breeding, not only within the province but to Eastern Canada and to the other Prairie Provinces. Alberta has always enjoyed considerable business in turkey breeding stock with Saskatchewan, Manitoba and Ontario. Last fall a considerable quantity of Alberta turkeys were shipped to Manitoulin Island, where they were used for breeding purposes.

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Rich in Vitamins
INCREASES EGG PRODUCTION

Keeps poultry healthy and active
Ask your Poultry Supply Dealer
E.W. GILLETT CO. LTD.
TORONTO, CANADA.

ILLUSTRATION STATIONS

The illustration stations operated by the Experimental Farms System have steadily increased during the past seven years. To the 149 Stations operated last year two new ones commenced operation, during the past spring. The Stations are distributed over Canada, with eight in Nova Scotia, sixteen in New Brunswick, forty in Quebec, nine in Ontario, eleven in Manitoba, twenty in Saskatchewan, eight in Alberta, and thirteen in British Columbia. The annual reports of these Stations are issued in two volumes, one for Ontario and east and the other for Manitoba and west. The reports for 1926, prepared by the Chief Supervisor, the late John Fixter, give the relative cost of production and the results of the various projects carried on at the Stations.

These Stations perform a useful function as seed distributing centres for new and improved varieties of crops which experiments on the nearest Experimental Farms have proven to be most suitable for the district, are grown and distributed from these little farms. Last year seed of this improved character was purchased by 634 farmers. The distribution thus made amounted to 27,370 bushels of seed grain, 7,513 bushels of seed potatoes, and 9,188 pounds of grass and clover seed. The Stations were also used for multiplying and distributing improved quality stock and in demonstrating proper methods of housing and feeding. Not only are the farmers operating the Stations receiving much personal benefit in the securing of high producing strains of poultry, but the neighborhoods of the Stations are benefited in a similar way by the sales of hatching eggs and breeding stock from year to year. During the past year there were distributed from the Stations 379 pullets, 637 cockerels and 1,345 settings of eggs.

The live stock work of the Stations is equally important, many of the operators carrying highly bred accredited herds. Some with grade herds are keeping milk records and building up their stock by the use of pure bred sires. During the year under review in the latest report, which is available for distribution at the Publication Branch of the Department of Agriculture at Ottawa, 711 head of pure bred cattle, 96 sheep, and 93 swine were sold by the operators of the farms in their respective districts for breeding purposes.

IS YOUR KITCHEN EFFICIENT?

Often in farm homes the kitchen is used as a dining room and living room, a laundry room and a milk room, as well as for many other uses. Where there is such a variety of work done in the kitchen, it must, from necessity, be larger and less convenient than a room that is used only for preparation and cleaning up of meals.

The modern way is to build separate rooms to take care of part of the activities that used to be carried on in the kitchen; yet, even so, a big old-fashioned kitchen is not hopeless. Partitions can be put in, making a kitchen and dining room, or a kitchen and a laundry room with a place to store outside wraps and a wash room for the men. If your kitchen cannot be partitioned, then you can still have a convenient kitchen by using a part of your kitchen and arranging it for convenience for the work you do most often.

The working unit must follow the order of arrangement of work to be done. The cooler, cellar, or refrigerator should be close to the work table. The range, quick fuel stove, and woodbox are used together and should be within a few steps of the preparation group. To make serving easy, the dish cupboard, serving table, and dining table should be grouped together and since the food will be brought from the work table and stoves, this group should be close to others. The cleaning-up group should provide an easy way of collecting the dishes, a stack surface to the right of the sink and a drainage board to the left with a dish cupboard that is convenient to store the dishes near the sink, dining table, and stove.—The American Thresherman.

WHAT IS YOUR WIFE WORTH?

(The Farmer's Guide)

A good way to spend some of your leisure hours this hot weather, if you have any leisure, is to take a pencil and paper and figure out how much your wife earns by her work. A speaker at the recent rural life conference estimates that if she were

paid in cash for the things she does in the home and farm, her salary, on an average, would be \$1,500 a year. How much do you say it is?

In your computations, however, there are some things you can not measure in dollars and cents, don't forget that. We'll leave it to you to figure out what they are. If, after you have gone over this whole matter and considered your wife's work at its real value, you do not have a greater appreciation for her efforts and feel just a little more like trying to ease her labors, then you are a poor computer is all we have to say.

APPROVAL

Into the staid farmhouse he brought his bride;
She made its old floors dance beneath her feet,
And walls to call to one another merry jests,
And hearts to beat.

"She'll find that keeping house for Tom's no joke,"
The neighbors said. "A farmer's wife must work,
And Tom's the man to see she does. He'll never stand
To see her shirk."

The neighbors saw and grudgingly admired
The way she learned to sweep, to iron,
to bake.
And one year at a country fair she took
a prize
For layer cake.

"Tom's knocked the nonsense out of her, I'll vow;
She acts and dresses sensible," they said.
They did not know her heart, that once had danced,
Was long since dead.
—May Peery Hutchinson, in the Husk.

Approximately 165,000,000 acres of forest land in the provinces of Ontario, Manitoba, and Alberta were under a system of aerial protection during 1926.

Canada has 300,000,000 acres of fertile land, but is cultivating only 50,000,000 acres, from which she produces 400,000,000 bushels of wheat.

The word electricity was used in the 17th century because the phenomena of attraction were first observed in rubbed amber, the Greek word for which is elektron.

MACHINERY

25 Light Generators 32 Volts. New. Regular price \$89.00. Special offer \$85.00 each. P.O.B. Montreal. ELECTRIC MOTOR & MACHINERY CO., LIMITED, 417 St. James St. Montreal. t.f.

A-1 Rubber Belting, like new, 3" 4 ply 18c ft. 4" 4 ply 24c ft., 5" 4 ply 30c ft., 6" 4 ply 36c ft., 8" 4 ply 48c ft., 10" 4 ply 60c ft. Larger sizes in proportion, also largest stock in Canada of new and used rubber and leather belting, motors, pulleys, hangers, shafting, machinery, etc. TARSHIS & SONS, LIMITED, 450 W. McGill street, Montreal. 35-6

Delco Plant with 1-4 H.P. Portable Motor nearly new, also one Delco Plant, less Batteries. DOERR ELECTRIC CO., Kitchener, Ont. 37-6

AUTOMOBILES

Easy Starting and High Mileage. New Air Frictions will give you one-half higher mileage than your present carburetor, and far higher speed, also slow idle speed. Agents wanted. All motors fitted accurately. THE NEW AIR FRICTION CO., 21 Israel Bldg., Dayton, Ohio. 35-6

POULTRY

POULTRY AND EGGS WANTED

We Will Pay You 25 Cents a Pound for Live Hens weighing 6 pounds. LEWIS & REILLY, 788 Notre Dame West, Montreal. 34-6

DUCKS

For Sale: Pure Indian Runner Drakes, \$2.50 each; three or more \$2.25 from grand laying stock. Also a few S. C. White Leghorn cockerels, Spruceleigh stock, direct \$2.25 each, three or more \$2.00 each. Satisfaction guaranteed. W. BENNETT, R. R. No. 2, Wheatley, Ont. 36-6

LEGHORNS

Exhibition S. C. White Leghorn Cockerels, February hatch, ready for Fall Pairs, \$3.00 to \$12.00. One of Dr. Sisson's \$25.00 cocks at half price. DR. SMITH, Bracebridge, Ont.

LIVESTOCK

CATTLE WANTED

Registered Dairy Cattle, Holsteins, Ayrshires, Jersey and Guernseys, all ages; T B Tested. J. C. REAGAN, Tully, N.Y. 33-6

DOGS

Registered Female Airedale—Good watch dog, kind disposition; also five nice pups ready for delivery. R. C. McFAUL, Owen Sound, Ont. 32-6

For Sale—Scotch collie pups, 4 months old, sable and white, bred from good cattle dogs. Males \$5.00, Females \$3.00. FRED COWLING, Burketon, Ont. 35-6

Female Pups, can't beat 'em; ready to hunt; \$10 delivered for quick sale. JAS. CULLEN, Orangeville, Ont. 36-3

Collies, Two Months, True Heelers, Excellent cattle and watch dogs. Males \$6. HENRY McDONALD, Lakeside, Quebec. 37-6

FOXES

Foxes For Sale—A few pairs Alaska Blue Fox pups. REID BROS., Bothwell, Ont. t.f.

Registered Silver Black Fox Pups for Fall Delivery. Write for prices, etc. BAYSHORE FUR FARM, Hamilton, P.E.I. 30-4

For Sale at Reasonable Prices: Registered pedigree quality silver black foxes. DR. CROFT, Middleville, Ontario. 34-4

FARMERS' WANTS & SALES

ADVERTISING RATES.—Under this heading advertisements will be inserted without display at a cash-with-order rate of two cents per word per insertion (minimum charge 40c per insertion). SIX consecutive insertions will be given for the price of FOUR (minimum rate for six insertions one dollar). A number or a single letter is counted as one word. When replies are to be addressed in care of the "Witness" Office, an additional charge of twenty-five cents is made. Copy for insertion in these columns should be in the "Witness" Office not later than Friday morning to secure proper classification in following Weekly Edition.

FOXES

Alaska Blue Foxes For Sale—Good Producers of good fur; young stock just weaned. REID BROS., Bothwell, Ont. 35-6

High Grade Standard Bred, Fully Registered Old Original P. E. Island Strains, Silver Black Breeding Foxes; well furred, well colored, healthy productive animals. Reasonably priced on fur pelt values basis. Deferred payments and ranching facilities afforded customers, with 100 per cent. increase in fox pups guaranteed. Full instructions with inside information how to feed, breed and care for your foxes. MACINTYRE'S RANCH, Bathurst, New Brunswick, Canada.

GOATS

For Sale—3 Young Toggenburg Does, Good milking strain; cheap, \$10 each. ED. SAMPTON, Mountain Chutes, P.O., Ont. 37-2

MISCELLANEOUS

Registered Aberdeen-Angus, Durocs and Shropshires at farmers' prices. CEDAR CLIFF FARM, Levanna, N.Y., U.S.A.

WILD ANIMALS

QUEBEC MINK. One and two year unrelated, pen-born and raised, \$50.00 per pair, three pairs \$425.00. Immediate shipment. Best mink in Canada. A. TALBOT, Robertsville, Megantic Co., Que. 32-6

Catch from 45 to 60 foxes in from 4 to 6 weeks' time. Can teach any reader of this newspaper how to get them. Write for particulars. W. A. HADLEY, Stanstead, Que. 48-26

RABBITS

Angora and Chinchilla Rabbits—All From imported registered stock. Write for prices. J. H. BURT, Mindemoya, Ont. 34-6

Everything in Rabbit Breeders' Supplies. Catalogue free. BREEDERS' SUPPLY HOUSE, Altona, Man. 34-6

Chinchilla Rabbits — Guaranteed Pure-bred Pedigreed stock, all ages. Write for prices. C. KENT, New Hamburg, Ont. 35-12

Chinchilla Rabbits.—Beautiful individuals, from imported registered stock, breeding age. T. A. JACOBS, Alexander Fox Farm, Wellington, Ont. 36-3

We Have a Few Choice Chinchilla Rabbits for sale. Pedigree stock. Address HANS ANDERSEN, Joseph Farm, Post O., Prov. Que. 36-6

MISCELLANEOUS

FOR SALE

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

Real Harris Tweed—Direct from makers. \$2.00 per yd. Patterns free. Suit-lengths by post. Carriage paid. NEWALL, 380 Stornorway, Scotland. 31-20

For Sale—Ten Stained Glass Windows. Suitable for a medium-sized church. For particulars apply to ROBERT FURSEY, Cornwall, Ont. 33-6

Peach's Amazing Offers, New Export Guide Free. 500 Illustrations. Curtains All Makes. Sunfast Nets, Muslins, Casements, Cretonnes, Linens, Underwear, Laces, Rugs, Carpets. Direct Reduced Prices. S. PEACH & SONS, LTD., 670, The Looms, Nottingham, England. 34-6

Fanning Mills, Repairs, Screens, Wire Cloth, Zinc, for Chatham or any make of mill. Anything for grain cleaning. MANSON CAMPBELL, Chatham, Ont. 34-6

HONEY

Clover Honey in 5 or 10 lb. Pails Crated 11 cents a lb. and amber 9c. WM. HARTLEY, Beamsville, Ont. 36-20

From The Clover Fields, That Same Thick delicious honey. Sixty lb. boxes, in 10lb. "Bee-kist" tins only 11 1-2 cents per lb. D. McCULLOCH, Chesley, Ont. 34-6

Choice Clover, 5 & 10-lb. Litho Pails, 60-lb. Crates here \$7.25. Light amber, \$6.00; Dark amber, \$5.00. GEO. A. PICKETT, Uxbridge, Ont., R. 4. 36-6

STAMPS AND COINS

200 Finely Mixed Foreign 10c. WALTER ALLENDORF, 20 Cedar South, Kitchener, Ontario. 37-4

AGENTS WANTED

Agents Either Sex, Take Orders for Christmas Cards in spare time. Highest Commission. No experience necessary. Sample book free. Write "MANUFACTURER," P.O. Box 921, Montreal. 28-18

You Can Make Real Money Selling Personal Xmas greeting cards. Positively best assortment and catalogue on market. METROPOLITAN SUPPLY REGD., 758 Victoria Square, Montreal, Que. 35-6

Agents Sell Gas 3 Cents a Gallon. Unusual High Commission. Your address on cans. No fake. Guaranteed product. Free particulars and proof. LEFEBVRE COMPANY, Alexandria, Ont., Canada.

Agents—Either Sex—\$75 Weekly Easy Selling PALCO CLEANERS, WASHO, POLISHRITE. Cleans everything right. Removes Road Tar without injury to paint. Sells on demonstration. Samples free. P. A. LEFEBVRE & CO., Alexandria, Ont.

Wanted.—Persons to Grow Mushrooms for Us all winter. Earn upwards of \$25 weekly, using waste cellar spaces. Illustrated booklet sent for stamp. DOMINION MUSHROOM CO., Toronto 3.

SITUATIONS VACANT

Agents—If You Like Trees and Shrubs, Why not sell them? Make a business of it. Part time or full time. 900 varieties of proven Red Tag Nursery Products. Cash every week. Equipment and instructions free. Write DOMINION NURSERIES, Montreal. eow

MISSING RELATIVES

Cox—Percy R., last heard of in January, 1923, at MacLeod, Alta. Any information welcomed by his mother, MRS. SPURGEON COX, Odell River, N.B. 35-8

FARMS FOR SALE

\$3,500 Buys 200-Acre Farm; 100 Acres Good timber; 75 acres cultivated; sugar bush; fenced; large house; bank barn; other buildings. ALEX KENNEDY, R. R. No. 2, Burk's Falls, Ont. 34-6

FARMS FOR SALE

Good Land, Orchards and Buildings. Near schools and village. J. S. ROWSOME, R.R. 4, Athens, Ont. 35-7

Productive Farm, Adjoining New York State village. About 130 acres. Beautiful colonial home, improvements. Farm buildings; commercial poultry plant; bearing orchard; spring water system. Priced right. Photo, details on request. Box 502, Greene, N.Y. 34-6

Farmers Attention! Why pay \$12,000 to \$18,000 for a hundred acres of land in Scarborough Township when you can buy 150 acres 30 miles from Toronto for \$7,000; good buildings, abundance of water; windmill; some bush; fences, wire and rail. Possession April 1st, 1928. No sand. Apply ROBT. J. MANN, Owner, Clarendon, Ont. 37-3

200 Acres; Stock; Furniture; \$10,000. Cash \$5,900. MISS GAUTHIER, Moose Creek, Ont. 37-2

Farms Partly Improved; Dirt Cheap. Going up. Buy now. HENRY STOLLE, Tripoli, Wis., U.S.A. 37-4

I Have a Tract of Land Close to the City of Danbury with a 10-acre basin across the front; dam this at one end and the property would sell quickly for more than \$50,000; would consider a partner or accept a reasonable offer. Address Box 53, Route 1, Danbury, Conn.

480 Acre Farm, 250 Acres Summerfallow, ready for next year's crop. Fair buildings. Situated in French Canadian district. One mile from town. Heavy wheat land. Good water, 320 acres fenced. This is a real wheat producer. Price \$28.00 per acre. Cash payment \$3500.00. Balance half crop payments. 7 per cent. interest.

640 Acre Farm, 270 Acres in Summerfallow, heavy wheat land, fair buildings, good water. Situated in French Canadian district, six miles from town, one mile from school. This farm is fully equipped with Stock and implements and feed for next year, also household furniture. Good water. Price \$29.50 per acre. Cash payment \$4400.00. Balance payments half crop with 7 per cent. interest. A real wheat producer and everything you need is on the place to start farming with. BINKLEY BROS., Real Estate Agents, Shaunavon, Sask. 35-6

PROPERTY FOR SALE

Good business stand in Mayetta, Ocean County, New Jersey—on the New York and Atlantic City Boulevard. Fine seven-room house, three more large rooms may be added on third floor. Lot 65 ft front and 346 ft deep; fruits, grapes, large poultry wired runs, poultry houses, garage for two cars, other outbuildings—\$5,000. "PHASO," P.O. Box 48, Mayetta, Ocean Co., N.J., U.S.A. 32-6

For Sale—7-Room House, Electric, Running water, furnace; large lot, in village of South Dayton, N. Y. CARL OTT, 3919 South St., Wesleyville, Pa. 33-6

Tourist's Hotel, Three Miles From Sorel, on National route, brick house with large galleries; shed, dairy, barn, pluggery and stable 85 x 40, garage. 30 arpents good land, of which four in wood; corner of four routes, situated four arpents from a river. \$3,500. DR. E. A. LEFERRIERE, Sorel, Que.

Country Store and Farm For Sale. Near Fredrickton. Excellent business opportunities. All conveniences. Would consider good farm in exchange. Apply Box 9, Montreal Witness and Canadian Homestead.

FARMS WANTED

Want to Hear From Owner Having Farm for Sale; give particulars and lowest price. JOHN J. BLACK, Box 57, Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin. 35-6

BUSINESS CARDS

ARTISTS' SUPPLIES

Artists' Brushes, Colors, Paper, Pastels and Canvas, also everything that an artist would require. Send for catalogue. ART EMPORIUM, LIMITED, 23 McGill College Ave., Montreal. 48-52

Dentistry

Faise Teeth—We Repair Broken Plates, and by our simple method make new sets by mail, work guaranteed. Write for instructions. WARD'S DENTAL LABORATORY, Box 27, Station 'A', Montreal. 37-6

INVESTMENTS

First Mortgage—Funds Desired for Investment in first mortgages upon improved farm and city property; minimum fund placed \$200. Interest eight and nine per cent. Correspondence invited. NELLE V. BUCHANAN, Barrister, Edmonton, Alta. 23-26

EDUCATIONAL

The De Brisay Method is the Royal Road to Latin, French, German, Spanish. Thorough mail courses, ACADEMIE DE BRISAY, Ottawa. 9-52

Barber Trade, Expert Tuition On Most Modern system. Success assured. "Earn while you learn." MOLER BARBER COLLEGE. Established 44 years. 914 St. Lawrence, Montreal. 30-52

STOP, LOOK! Learn Barber trade, All the latest methods taught. Only few weeks required, Success assured, Position guaranteed, Special Summer course \$15.00, Information, Vaughn Barber School, 930 St. Lawrence, Montreal. 29-12

"From The Kingdom of The Stars." The latest Canadian production, now in its thirty-fourth edition. The United India and Indian States Press says: "This book abounds in visions of the supernatural." Price \$2.00 postpaid. B. BRODERICK, 413 St. James Street, Montreal.

TEACHERS WANTED

Two Protestant teachers for S.S. No. 1 & 2 Mulgrave & Derry, with elementary diploma. Apply, stating qualifications and salary expected to N. A. BIEHLER, Sec Treas., Inlet, P.Q., Papineau Co. 36-6

NURSING

JEWETT TRAINING SCHOOL FOR NURSES Bushwick Hospital, Brooklyn, N.Y. Registered with New York State. 30-month course to young women having one year high school or equivalent. \$15-25 allowance made after preliminary period. Write for catalogue. 34-6

Private Nurses Frequently Earn \$30 a Week. Learn by personal correspondence. Catalogue No. 14 free. ROYAL COLLEGE OF SCIENCE, Toronto 4, Canada. t.f.

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YOU CAN KNOW HOW

Why not let us show you the easy way? Our fine Home Study Course—simple, yet scientific and most effective—will help you to win big results. Free particulars. Write: SHAW SCHOOLS, Dept. W. W., Bay & Charles Sts., Toronto.



A MAGAZINE PAGE FOR HOME WORKERS

BEING A LADY

It was Myra Cochran's duty to answer any call from Mr. Porter's private office; the newest girl always did that. Myra was gone hardly two minutes, but when she returned her cheeks were flaming and her lips set. Lella Nevins gave her a sharp glance, she said nothing then, but at half past five, when the office closed, she joined Myra on the street.

"Did Mr. Porter call you in to turn on his light?" she asked, without any preface.

Myra's eyes blazed. "How did you know? There he was, sitting with his feet up on the desk, and the electric button within reach of his hand if he simply swung round in his chair. And he called me across two rooms to do it. It is degrading—I won't stand it! The next time he does it I'm just going to show him that a lady isn't to be treated like a slave!"

The other girl looked down at her with eyes full of dismay.

"You wouldn't throw up the job because the boss made you switch on the lights?" she exclaimed.

"Of course I sha'n't throw up the job," Myra replied. "Didn't I work hard enough to get it? But I'll show Mr. Porter that I must be treated like a lady."

"Do you know what would happen? You'd be walking out of the office with your little pay-envelope next Saturday, and one of the five hundred or so girls looking for a place would be walking in Monday morning. Why, child, you can't run things that way in business. The Porters are square with their people, but you can't make them gentlemen, and it isn't in the bargain."

"But I can't stand it!" Myra cried, passionately. "To have a man sit with his hat on when I go into the room, and treat me as if I was his servant—"

"Well, aren't you?" Lella asked, bluntly. The color in Myra's face went out as if she had been struck a blow. For a moment the silence was tense. Then Lella spoke again:

"I didn't want to hurt you, but I had to. I know it's hard on your sort. I've been watching you, and it's made me mad lots of times when I saw how things hurt you. I've felt as if I wanted to pick you up and put you in some nice quiet place, away from it all. But I suppose you've got to do it, else you wouldn't be here."

"And, look here—I don't know how to say it, but isn't being a lady what you do, and not what the other fellow does? We haven't had many of your kind, but we had one once. You felt as if nothing she had to do changed or lowered her. Oh, I'm making a mess of it—I never could talk about that sort of thing. Only I haven't ever forgotten her."

The color had come back to Myra's face. Silently she held out her hand to her fellow worker; the quick, warm grip that they exchanged needed no words to interpret it.—The Youth's Companion.

PET "ECONOMIES"?

"There, I will not untie one more string!" I was only a child when I heard a beautiful woman say it, and the intense feeling with which she continued, "I've untied knots for twenty-five years, and I won't do it once more," made such an impression on me that the writing of it has brought her as vividly before me as if it was but a moment ago, and the snip of her scissors still sounded. She was very beautiful and very imperative, but this was the pet economy of an "in-law," and in haste or not, well or ill, not a parcel could she open without carefully untying the knots in the string and folding it up.

Use MAGIC BAKING POWDER



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Other experiences I have had since that make me sympathize with the writer in an American periodical, who says: "I heard a woman say recently that her mother-in-law was the most extravagantly economical woman that she had ever known, and her remark set me to thinking how I had been persecuted all my life by just such persons—people who spent dollars, in energy if not in cents, to save pennies—penny wise and pound foolish."

"One member of my family had a mania for saving broken dishes which some day she was going to mend. Another member of my family never gave away or destroyed a magazine, and the burden of caring for files and files of magazines, especially at house-cleaning time, tried my soul to the limit."

"I have known other women who spent hours and hours mending old, tattered garments that actually were not worth the thread they used; still others who could not spare the money to buy a little lace to trim a child's dress and who bought thread and tatted or crocheted trimming and squandered energy and time that might have been spent getting closer up to the child, who cared not a bit whether the dress had or had not lace on it."

"I had a neighbor who saved stale bread by making it into a pudding, and by the time she had hired that pudding to be good by sugaring, spicing and creaming it she would have been decidedly better off had she thrown that bread to the neighbor's chickens. Then there are those who consider it very extravagant to furnish the family with enough butter and milk because both happen to be high priced, and yet they will pay a high-priced specialist to tell them why little John and Sue are underweight or too pale."

"A woman told me once that for years and years she had spent her precious strength and had worn out clothes by rubbing them to pieces in order to save soap—common, everyday soap! What is soap as compared with a woman's strength and happiness?"

"Another woman I knew would not consult a physician because she hated to spend the money, and when finally her physical comfort became so great that she had to, she was advised that she came too late and she paid the price of her foolish economy with her life. Now, what is your pet economy that costs more than it is worth?"

PRIVACY NECESSARY

"Living without privacy," said an observant city woman the other day, "as one must in an apartment or boarding house, leads us to nervous shipwreck. We feel the strain of too close contact with the other members of our family and with our neighbors. But we do not know what the trouble is. We feel that something is wrong with the place we are living in and we move. We simply move from one box to another. What we need is more room—room enough for privacy—room enough to be alone."

WAXED FLOORS

Interior decorators agree that the beauty of a room depends largely on the beauty of its floor. For the floor is the natural background for rugs and furnishings. The finish of your floors then becomes a matter of prime importance.

And your linoleum will look more beautiful, clean much easier and last years longer if you polish it occasionally with a liquid wax. It brings out the pattern—protects linoleum from wear—and imparts a beautiful, dry, dirt-repellent surface which washes off like glass.

Waxed floors, besides being beautiful and distinctive, have many practical advantages. They do not show heel-prints—are not slippery—and "traffic spots" can easily be re-waxed as they show wear, without going over the entire floor. Then, too, waxed floors are economical.

The waxed finish in the beautiful castles and palaces of Europe has perfectly preserved the wood, which mellows and glows with the years.

THAT WICKED WORD!

I don't mean the sort of word the police could arrest you for using—though I wish they would! I mean the word "Don't."

I never hear the Ten Commandments read in church without wishing there could have been some way of teaching the Law without all those "thou shalt nots." Perhaps they were needed for an uneducated people just emerging from slavery. But to-day, in training children particularly, we should say "Do," not "Don't." Many children will tell you they had never thought of doing something naughty until it was forbidden! Then they simply had to—just to see what would happen.

You see, most of the things forbidden to children, when tried, seem so exciting

and pleasant that everything forbidden takes shape in their minds as something pleasant. It is a law of human nature. I never want to walk on the grass till I read a notice to the effect that I must keep off it, and last Sunday, in Kew Gardens, I saw two little girls pluck a flower and then throw it away, immediately after reading a notice that flowers must not be plucked.

If you say "Don't do that" to a child, it gives him a negative idea. He goes about with a vague sense of prohibition. If you tell him definitely what to do and not what to "don't," he knows where he is. "You must not come to the table with dirty hands" does not carry him very far. But "You must wash your hands before you come to the table," gives him a definite idea of what he is to do. If your child has got into a lot of bad habits, and is wearing you out because you constantly have to say "Don't," just try for a week saying "Do," and see the difference. You will be surprised.

A CUPBOARD WHERE "UNDIES" GO

Are the shelves of your cupboards dainty? asks M.M., in the Dublin Daily Herald.

Years ago no heroine of romance but had the daintiest possible bedroom; her shelves being things of beauty and delight, though, indeed, her garments, if finely sewn, were plain.

Now it is the typist or factory girl who is the heroine of romance; a girl with many daintier garments, garments of crepe and silk and nylon, than the maiden of older romances. But no novelist peers into her little room to see how she cares for her "pretties."

Yet the weariness of mending undergarments, of running in the adorning ribbons, or sorting and tidying, is a pleasure when the cupboard in which they are kept is daintily trimmed.

I have in mind a rather sunless bedroom, with a very ordinary cupboard in the recess by the tiny fireplace, but, oh! how gay the room seems when the doors are opened.

Every shelf is lined and covered with a rosebud wallpaper of old-world design. And every shelf has a tiny frill of rosy chintz falling from it. On the front edge is pasted a prettily-written label! "Camisoles," "Stockings," "Chemises," "Comblies," and over each is the pile of garments named, covered with a flap of chintz bound in rose-braid. The flap is attached to the back of the shelf, and when a garment is taken out it covers the pile again, and keeps off dust and back smoke. Sewn into the flap is lavender and rosemary.

Below go her shoes, hidden by a frilly chintz curtain. On the back of the door inside go several rails. These hold stockings, ribbons, corset laces, and all the other long oddments so difficult to deal with.

And to arrange and mend her "undies".



CHILD'S COAT

In planning the wardrobe for school days, the first requisite is simplicity, and the second, durable fabrics that will stand the strain of youth activity.

There is nothing that wears better than tweed, and children's coats made of it are as smart as the coats of their elders.

The model shown here has straight lines and patch pockets. It is of a warm shade of red and the narrow fur banding is of grey caracul. It is serviceable and smart for the schoolgirl.

is a pleasure to the girl who owns that pretty cupboard.

No more "Dishpan" hands



Just a spoonful of Lux is plenty to do all the dishes—and oh! how grateful your hands will be, how white and soft your skin

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HOME COOKING

Plums, Marrows and Melons

Janning:—Whether you use the yellow, red or purple variety, try to get the richest colored of that kind, and of just the right degree of ripeness. After washing carefully blanch one to two minutes. Remove the stones or not, as you choose. Pack in the jars and add a thin boiling syrup for sweet plums, for sour ones a medium thick syrup. Process.

	Minutes
Hot water bath	16
Water seal	12
Steam pressure (5 pounds)	10
Pressure cooker (15 pounds)	5

The hard fruits require longer processing, and differ in their preparation from the soft fruits, but take the same syrups.

Sweet Pickle of Plums:—6 lb. of hard Orleans plums, and cover them with vinegar; then drain off the vinegar, and boil it with an equal measure of sugar, 1 stick of cinnamon, 1 oz. of cloves, 1-4 oz. mace, 1 grated nutmeg, and a little allspice. Boil all for 20 minutes, and, while boiling, pour it over the plums. Leave, covered with fine muslin, for three days, then simmer all together very gently for eight minutes. Turn out carefully so as not to break the fruit, then cool, covered with muslin. Afterwards put into jars, and cover securely.

Pear and Plum Conserve:—Six cups pears, three cups plums, one cup raisins, 3 1-2 cups sugar. Pare, quarter and core pears; skin, halve and pit plums. Place fruit, raisins and sugar in preserving kettle and cook until thick, stirring frequently to blend ingredients and prevent sticking to kettle. Seal in sterilized jars with paraffin same as jelly.

Plum Butter:—Cut any kind of plums in half, not removing pits. Put them in a preserving kettle with barely enough water to cover and cook until soft. Then rub this pulp through a sieve to eliminate skins and pits. Measure the strained pulp and to each quart of it add one pint of sugar, one tablespoon ground cinnamon and one-half tablespoon ground cloves. Return to fire, simmer 'till thick, and turn into hot, sterilized glasses. Cover when cool with melted paraffin.

Plum Catsup:—(Fine for cold meats). Cut one gallon of any kind of plums in half, not removing pits, and put over the fire with only enough water to keep from sticking to the bottom of the kettle. Boil in this way till soft, then rub them through a sieve, return this strained pulp to the preserving kettle, add to it two cups of vinegar, eight cups of granulated sugar, one teaspoon each of ground cinnamon, cloves and mace, and one-half teaspoon of ground ginger, then let the mixture boil slowly for fifteen minutes; turn into hot, sterilized jars and seal at once.

Plum Jam Sauce:—Three lbs. plums, 3 lbs. sugar, 1 lb. raisins, 1 lb. English walnuts, and 2 oranges. Put all through grinder except the nuts, which are cut in small pieces. Cook 45 minutes.

Damson Jelly:—Wipe damson plums with a damp cloth, cut them in half, and put them in the preserving kettle with just enough cold water to cover, let boil for one-half hour, or till soft, then turn into a jelly bag. Measure this strained juice and for each cup of it allow one cup of sugar. Put juice and sugar back into the kettle, boil for fifteen minutes more (or until a little will "sheet off" a spoon) and turn into hot, sterilized jelly glasses. Cool, then cover with melted paraffin. Equal quantities of damsons and apples make a good jelly; if you wish to make this, simply use one pound of apples for every pound of plums, cutting the apples small (not removing seeds) and letting the two fruits cook together in the preserving kettle.

Pickled Damsons:—6 lb. damsons, 1 pint vinegar, 8 lb. sugar, 1 oz. cloves, 1 oz. stick cinnamon. Put the damsons into an enamelled pan after wiping them and removing any stalks. Add the spices tied in muslin, the sugar, and vinegar. Boil altogether until the damsons are quite tender but not broken; then strain off the juice, and reboil this until it is a rich syrup. Pack the damsons into jars, and pour the hot syrup over them, and tie down securely. A smaller quantity could be made, keeping to the above proportions.

Damson Jelly:—Use the fruit when barely ripe. Wipe and prick the damsons, and place in preserving pan with barely enough water to cover, and stew very slowly until tender. Strain without pressing through a jelly bag. Measure the juice and boil it up again, and add 1 lb. of warmed sugar to each pint. Then boil until it will set, about 15 minutes.

Damson Cheese:—For this the fruit should be quite ripe and very sound. Wipe the damsons and place 6 lb. in pan with 1 pint water, and stew until tender. They should cook very slowly and gently. Rub fruit through sieve with a large wooden spoon. Allow 1 lb. sugar to each pint of pulp. Put both in pan and stir continuously until boiling. Then simmer for 20 minutes. Turn into jars and cover when cold.

Plum Chutney:—An excellent chutney resembling the Indian mango variety may be made from plums. Those that are not quite ripe, or only just ripe, are the best. Take one and a half pounds of these, and cut them in halves, removing the stones. Take also half a pound of tomatoes that are only just ripe, and peel them. Chop up half a pound of onions, and stew all together in an enamelled saucepan for a couple of hours. Then add a teaspoonful of cayenne pepper, half a pound of brown sugar, a dessertspoon of salt, and some red chillies, if procurable. Continue to cook gently for another three-quarters of an hour, with one and a half pints of vinegar. When cool, place in well-stoppered bottles, and keep for a month, or longer, before use. It is best to cover the corks with melted wax.

Apple and Plum Chutney:—The same reader asks for this recipe also:—4 lb. of apples, 2 lb. of plums, 12 ounces of brown sugar, 1 lb. onions, 1-2 lb. sultanas, 1-4 lb. salt, 3 ounces mustard, 1 ounce ground ginger, 1-2 ounce of cayenne, perhaps less; 2 quarts brown vinegar. Peel, core, and mince the apples, stone and chop the plums finely, with the sultanas; peel and mince the onions. Mix all well with the seasoning and sugar, and simmer slowly in the vinegar for four hours.

Vegetable Marrow Soup:—Select a marrow which is fully grown, and not too young. It must be quite fresh, and to test it tap it with the fingers; if it rings clear and is firm to the touch it is fresh; a soft flabby marrow is unfit for food, and may be downright dangerous to eat. Cut this fresh marrow in slices, and remove seeds and rind. Put it into a deep stewpan with two sliced onions, a breakfast cup of celery (the white part) cut small, about 2 ounces of butter or dripping, and (tied in muslin) 2 or 3 peppercorns, a piece of thin lemon rind, and a sprig of parsley. Simmer for 10 minutes; add 1 1-2 pint of stock, made from bones, and a seasoning of salt. Boil all slowly until the vegetables are tender, remove the muslin bag, and press all through a

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sieve. Return to the pan, to heat up, for two or three minutes.

Vegetable Marrow au Gratin:—Thoroughly wash two medium sized marrows, and par-boil them; quarter them, lengthways, drain them, and place them on a buttered dish, previously rubbed with shallot or garlic. Sprinkle some grated Parmesan cheese over, and season with salt, pepper, and a little grated nutmeg. Place small dots of butter on the top, and then dust plentifully with fine, browned bread crumbs. Bake twenty minutes, and serve hot.

Vegetable Marrow Fritters:—One young marrow, some butter, some frying batter. Peel the marrow, remove the seeds, and cut it into slices, lengthways. Make a nice batter in the usual way; dip each slice into it, and fry in boiling hot butter, dripping, or lard. Drain, and sprinkle

over them a little salt, pepper, and lemon juice.

Melon Slices:—Take a quart of water, put in it three good-sized pieces of ginger, let it boil for a quarter of an hour, then add a pound of sugar and boil and skim well. Peel and cut an under-ripe melon in slices or half-slices, put it in the syrup and let it boil gently for ten or fifteen minutes.

Then put it in a jar, cover it up and let it stand for two days. Boil up the syrup with a little more sugar, and when cold pour over the melon. Continue this for three consecutive days, then put into glass jars, and cover.

Vegetable Marrow Salad:—Select a small young marrow, wash it and remove the rind. Boil it whole in enough salted water to well cover it. Drain as much water as possible. (Continued on page 19.)

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FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

The Right Owner

Story for Little Folk by Faye Pratt Small.

Harry Oliver suddenly stopped whistling. What was that lying just outside the hedge?

The boy stepped quickly to the side of the road and bent over his discovery. A turkey's egg, as sure as anything! He took it in his hand, wonderingly. Then he remembered. It was Mr. White's turkey that had laid that egg there. That turkey was crazy anyhow—never would keep her nest where she ought to. He started to put the egg back, but picked it up quickly again. Why, that egg was right in the road, not on Mr. White's farm at all. It was anybody's egg that wanted it. It was his egg.

So Harry slipped the egg carefully in his pocket and started towards home, whistling merrily again. He went directly to the barn and carefully slipped the egg under the old gray hen. Then he went unconcernedly in to supper.

The weeks went by, and Harry forgot all about the egg. But one morning he went to the barnyard, and there was the old gray hen with fourteen little chicks and one tiny turkey! Harry stared in amazement, then he frowned and walked away, only to turn back and look at the baby bird once more. That was his little turkey—of course it was. Hadn't he found the egg right out in the road, where any one could have picked it up and taken it home, just as he had done? But somehow the longer Harry looked at the little thing the less he felt like calling it his own.

He turned and ran into the house. "Mother," he panted, as he rushed into the room where his mother sat mending, "if I found that egg in the road, that is my little turkey, isn't it?"

"What are you talking about, dear? What egg? What turkey?"

The boy's face grew red. "Haven't you seen Biddy's little chickens, Mother?"

"No, I haven't been out yet, Harry."

"Well, there is a baby turkey there, and I say it's mine 'cause I found the egg right in the big road to town, and I brought it home and put it under our Biddy and—now there's a little turkey."

His mother looked at him closely. "Where did you say you found the egg?"

"On the road—outside a hedge."

"Whose hedge?"

"Why, Mr. White's hedge."

"Oh! Mrs. Oliver know the habits of Mr. White's turkey. Then it was Mr. White's turkey's egg?"

"Yes, but don't you see, Mother, it was right out in the road where any one could have found it?"

"Well, if Biddy had made her nest out in the road, dear, would you think just any one could take the eggs home and pretty soon have all Biddy's pretty little chicks?"

"No, but"—then Harry stopped. "Then it is Mr. White's."

His mother smiled a little. "You had thought, then, that it might be?"

"Yes—yes—I did. I never thought about it when I brought the egg home, Mother—honest, I didn't—but when I saw that little turkey this morning, why, somehow it didn't seem the same."

His mother waited.

"So I s'pose it is Mr. White's, and—and?"

His mother smiled encouragement. "Well, dear?"

"Well, then, he ought to have it."

"I think so," she said quietly.

"But, Mother"—Harry scraped his foot back and forth on the carpet—"I don't know Mr. White, and anyhow—well, you know how mean he was when the boys broke his window with their ball—everybody knows they didn't mean to—and then he wouldn't let us swim in the pond in his pasture. O Mother, they say he is an awful man—just as mean!"

"I wouldn't call Mr. White mean, dear. Your father says he is a hard man, but a very just neighbor, so I think when you explain to him as you have done to me, he will understand."

Harry's face puckered, and he winked hard to keep back two big tears.

"Mother, please don't make me go over there. Can't Mike take it over? He can tell Mr. White—he knows him."

"Harry, did Mike find that egg and bring it home?"

"No, Mother, but I don't see why I have to go. He ought to keep his old turkey at home."

While Harry and his mother had been talking, his brother Dick had come unnoticed into the room. At this moment he piped out: "Fraidy-cat Harry! I'm not afraid of Mr. White, no, nor anybody else."

"Richard, what are you doing here?" his mother said sternly. "Go outdoors at once."

Ordinarily Harry would have been angry with his brother for listening, but now a new idea seized him, and he turned eagerly. "Say, Dick, if you aren't afraid of Mr. White, why, you take that turkey over. I'm not 'actly 'fraid of him, but I don't like him."

"What'll you give me if I do?" bargained

Dick, shrewdly, not heeding his mother's protest.

"I've only got seven cents. You can have my new kite—it's a dandy."

But now Mrs. Oliver made herself heard. "Richard, I wish you to leave the room."

Dick slowly went out.

"Now, Harry, I am ashamed of you," his mother resumed. "Go and get that turkey and take it to Mr. White."

Harry knew when his mother spoke like that it was useless to argue further.

The dreaded person was sitting on his porch, reading his paper, when he saw a forlorn little boy come up the walk. Mr. White did not like little boys very well—maybe because he had none of his own—so as Harry reached the steps he called out in a big voice that was enough to frighten one. "Well, what do you want?"

Harry was too scared to speak, so he stumbled up the steps and silently held out the little turkey.

"What is that, boy? Haven't you a tongue in your head?"

"It's—It's yours," gasped Harry.

"Mine?" said the farmer in a quieter tone. "How's that?"

By degrees Harry managed to tell his story, Mr. White watching him closely all the while.

"And I'm sorry, Mr. White, that I took the egg, but—but—you ought to keep your turkey at home!" And frightened at what he had just said Harry put the little turkey in Mr. White's hand, and backed hastily away.

But he stopped suddenly and stared. Why, Mr. White was laughing, truly laughing.

"So you think I should keep that turkey at home? Maybe I should. Do you think if you had this little one you could keep it at home?"

"Yes, sir!"

"All right, then, you take it home and see. I like boys with spunk enough to tell the truth, Harry. It's when you boys do something wrong and then run away that I don't like it."

Harry held the turkey tight again. "Yes, sir, that's not right. Oh, Mr. White, thank you so much!"

Mr. White held out his hand, and Harry gravely shook hands with him.

"Come again, Harry. I like you."

"I will, Mr. White." And Harry ran all the way home to tell his mother the strange news.

"And now, dear, see how much better it was for you to do right," she said, as she kissed him.—The Boston Congregationalist.

HAIL TO THEE

Here's to thee, old apple-tree
Whence thou may'st bud, and whence thou
may'st blow
And whence thou may'st bear apples enow!
Hats full! Caps full!
Bushel—bushel—sacks full,
Old parson's breeches full,
And my pockets full, too!
Huzza!
—Devonshire "Apple Tree Song."

THE WITNESS PATTERN SERVICE



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5925. Twill, serge, wool rep or wool crepe may be used for this design.
The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. A 10 year size will require 2 1/4 yards of 36-inch material together

THE SECRET

One day in huckleberry time, when little Johnny Flaits
And half a dozen other boys were starting
with their pails
To gather berries, Johnny's pa in talking
with him said
That he could tell him how to pick so
he'd come out ahead.
"First, find your bush," said Johnny's pa,
"and then stick to it till
You've picked it clean. Let those go chas-
ing all about who will
In search of better bushes; but it's pick-
ing tells, my son.
To look at fifty bushes doesn't count like
picking one."
And Johnny did as he was told, and sure
enough, he found
By sticking to his bush while all the
others chased around
In search of better picking, 'twas as his
father said;
For while the others looked, he worked,
and so came out ahead.
And Johnny recollected this when he be-
came a man.
And first of all he laid him out a well-de-
termined plan.
So while the brilliant triflers failed with
all their brains and push,
Wise, steadygoing Johnny won by "stick-
ing to his bush."

A QUEER LITTLE INSECT

One of the strangest little creatures in the insect world is the ant-lion, or, as it is often called, and by a much prettier name, the lacewing. It likes best a soft and sandy soil, a quiet, secret place. With its strong, but slender feelers it hollows out a funnel-shaped little cavern, and with its lacy wings pats and fans and smooths it into a most attractive place—a regular decoy for ants who are working busily in the neighborhood.
Right in the middle of the hollow cave a single ant-lion will sit, and, half-hidden by the sand, wait patiently for his prey. After a while a plain little ant comes trudging along, heavy laden with food, on its way to its home and children.
With a push and a pull it climbs the sand hill, when suddenly, and without warning, the sand gives way and over rolls the ant. It tumbles about in every direction, and is blinded by the dirt. Its feet get tangled, and its feelers broken. And just then, when the poor thing is helpless and frightened out of its wits, down flies the ant-lion and all is over with the victim.
The ant-lion is lovely, with its shining wings and jewel-like eyes that make one think of black diamonds; what a pity it is so cruel and crafty!—Selected.

THE HUMMINGBIRD

By Louise Gambert.

Oh, hummingbird, hummingbird, brilliant
and gay,
You dart amongst the flowers this bright
summer's day,
All dressed in a coat like Joseph's of old,
With flashings of ruby and emerald and
gold!
A handsome marauder,—you steal from
the bees
The blossoms' sweet nectar,—then away
to the trees!
What is your mission, what good do you do,
Idling and humming the whole day
through?"

"What good do I do? An idler you say?
Nay, do not misjudge me, but hear me,
I pray!
God in His wisdom has given to me
The right to be cheerful and happy and
free!
He gave me this coat of glorious hue
To help brighten the world for humans
like you.
And He gave me this bill with its thread-
like tongue,
To help the work of the bees along.
"For roaming and humming through blo-
soming bowers,
And sipping the honey from deep-throat-
ed flowers,
Is not all I do through each golden hour,—
I carry the pollen from flower to flower.
And the nectar you say I steal from the
bees,
I take to my babes in their nest in the
trees.
Thus I do God's will in my own tiny way
From earliest dawn till close of the day!"

A GOOD GAME

Honeymoon.

"We played this game at a C. E. social meeting at our home, says L. R. D. in the Rural New Yorker, and it brought forth more laughter than any other game I have ever played. Have a suitcase packed with costumes for the bride and groom. The more ridiculous the costumes the more fun. The temperature of the weather must be considered, as you wouldn't want to send your guests out in Summer attire if the thermometer registered around zero. For the bride I put in an old coat with numerous bright-colored patches basted on it, an old scarf, a funny little hat and an old handbag. For the groom I put in an old overcoat, also displaying plenty of gay-colored patches, and an old felt hat. Make two sets of numbers for the number of couples present, fold them and put each set in a separate box, and pass one box to the ladies and one to the gentlemen; then the numbers are matched and the couples are ready to start on their honeymoon. Appoint a timekeeper. Now bring out the suitcase and give it to the first couple who open it, don the clothes, fasten up the suitcase, take it with them and go out the front door, around the house and come in the same door, put the clothes in the case again, fasten it up ready for the next couple. A prize is given the couple doing it in the least time. There really seems to be no end to the laughter with this game, for just picture a 44 figure in a 34 coat or vice versa. Be sure to have all clotheslines, wheelbarrows, etc., out of the honeymooners' path around the house for remember your friends aren't so well acquainted with your back yard and garden as you are.

Our Puzzle Corner

AMPUTATIONS

1. Behead and curtail vapour, and leave a favorite beverage.
2. Behead and curtail values and leave a common article of food.
3. Behead and curtail luscious fruit and leave a fireplace.

Answer to Last Week's Puzzle
Arithmetical Puzzle—5280 times.

Transpositions

1. A city in France—Abbeville.
2. A town in Scotland—Aberdeen.
3. A town in Spain—Albuquerque.
4. A town in Italy—Alessandria.
5. A cape on the coast of Kent—Dungeness.
6. A river in North America—Mississippi.
7. A town of France—Philkville.
8. A large town of South America—Paraguay.

A PERFECT MEDICINE FOR LITTLE ONES

Baby's Own Tablets Should be in Every Home Where There Are Children.

The perfect medicine for little ones is found in Baby's Own Tablets. They are a gentle but thorough laxative which regulate the bowels, sweeten the stomach; drive out constipation and indigestion; break up colds and simple fevers and promote healthful refreshing sleep. It is impossible for Baby's Own Tablets to harm even the newborn babe, as they are absolutely guaranteed free from opiates or any other injurious drug.

Concerning the Tablets, Mrs. Alex. J. Perry, Atlantic, N.S., writes:—"I always keep Baby's Own Tablets in the house for the children, as I have found them perfect medicine for little ones."

Baby's Own Tablets are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

with 1/4 yard of contrasting material 18 inches wide for facing on collar and sleeves.
Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

FROCK FOR YOUTHFUL FIGURES

5910. Voile, georgette or printed chiffon would be good for this design. The plastron-collar may be omitted.
The Pattern is cut in 3 Sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. An 18 year size will require 1 1/2 yard of 36 inch lining and 4 1/2 yards of 32 inch material if made with the plastron collar. If made without the collar 3 1/2 yards will be required. The width of the Dress at the lower edge is 1 1/2 yard, with plaits extended.
Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

JOHN DOUGALL & SO^{NS}
Publishers, Montreal.

COUPON PATTERN

Please send me PATTERN NOS.) No. No.
At the rate of fifteen cents each.
Amount enclosedCents.
Name
Address
..... Prov.
For Blouses, etc., give BUST)
MEASURE in inches.)
For Misses and Children)
give age only in years)

Our Needlework Corner



A MORNING COSTUME

Flannel has been added to the list of smart materials and is used in many gay colors, both plain and striped. In this dress the materials are combined.

The jumper, which is so fashionable, is of the striped material, and has a belt of leather.

The plain flannel frock is with long sleeves and an unpleated skirt, which has around the hem a band of the striped material. The jacket is without a collar and has a low V neck, which permits the dress to show through as a vestee.

PRAM COVER

This little cover will prove a great comfort to baby, and is also a very pretty piece of work. It is made in two portions, which are afterwards joined; the top part is worked in fancy treble stitch, and the under part in a plain stitch, in a different color. It may be worked in blue, and white, and sometimes by way of change the cover can be reversed—blue on top, and the under part white, or white on top and blue underneath. Required are 8 ounces of each 4-ply Lady Betty Fleecy, a crochet hook to correspond, 1 skein of blue silk, and 1 skein of white, and 4 1-2 yards of blue ribbon, 6 inches wide, for binding the upper part. Commence the top portion by working 225 stitches with the white wool.

FIRST ROW.—1 group of 2 treble, 1 chain, 2 treble in every fifth stitch along the chain; 3 chain, and turn. The treble stitches should measure 3-4 inch in height.

SECOND ROW.—1 group of 2 treble, 1 chain, 2 treble into the centre of each group of previous row; 3 chain and turn. Repeat the second row until the work measures 42 inches, or the required length. Fasten off, and now commence the under portion.

Work 180 chain in the blue wool, and for the first row, and then 3 chain to turn, and 1 treble into each of the 180 stitches; 3 chain, and turn.

SECOND ROW OF UNDER PART.—1 treble into each stitch, taking up both threads; 3 chain, and turn. Repeat the second row, until the under portion is the same size as the top.

Tack the two parts together. Pin the ribbon round to form the binding, and feather stitch or chain-stitch through all.

The term "fancy stitch" may, perhaps, puzzle you, but the "long treble" is meant—putting the wool twice round the hook, and drawing a loop through the next stitch, drawing a loop through the first two loops on the hook, drawing a loop through the next two loops and another through the last two loops.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS

If kerosene and water be put into a sprinkling pot, and all outhouses, dustbins, etc., places where flies breed and increase in thousands, be sprinkled carefully with the mixture occasionally during the summer months, the eggs will be destroyed, and the household be spared an intolerable nuisance of a real danger.

Water spot rings made by flower pots, vases, etc., on wood can be removed with a couple of drops of ammonia applied on a cloth.

Cloths treated with furniture polish are inflammable and if not to be further used should be soaked in washing soda or soap powder and water, or they should be

burned. When not in use cloths like this should be kept tightly covered in a tin box in a cool place.

To clean a white straw hat brush all the dust off it, then go all over it with damp corn-meal, rubbing it in well. Next apply dry-meal, work thoroughly into the straw and leave it on for some hours. Brush out the meal and wash freely with peroxide of hydrogen. Let it dry in the shade.

A moistened rubber sponge is an excellent thing to use in cleaning lint, fuzz or hair from woolen clothing.

Are your front room windows the long old fashioned variety? A good way to make them appear shorter is to have plain curtains of some variety and use with them a colored valance of voile. Use a black fringe on the valance and you will find the result charming and the apparent height of the windows shortened.

Don't ever use too hot an iron. Apart from the danger of scorching a hot iron may ruin the color of any garment. Too much heat affects the dye as no amount of wear or exposure to the sun ever will.

Don't damp articles in spots. Wet them evenly and roll up tightly till the moisture is evenly distributed.

A little bicarbonate of soda, mixed to a paste with cold water, will remove scorch marks, perspiration, and other stains from white silk.

PLUMS, MARROWS AND MELONS

(Continued from page 17.)

ter as possible from it, and be sure that it is not over-cooked; it must be firm enough to cut; when cold cut it again in small pieces, and if there are any seeds they must be taken away. Put a layer of marrow in your salad bowl; sprinkle with lemon juice and pepper; add a layer of lettuce leaves, only the fine crisp inner ones, and a finely minced green onion or two. More marrow, lettuce, &c., until all are used, and pour over a good salad dressing.

Marrow and Fig Jam:—About 4 lb. of vegetable marrow, 2 lb. of figs, 4 lb. of sugar, the juice and rind of two lemons, one tablespoonful of ground ginger, one teacupful of water. Peel the marrow and remove the seeds; cut it in one-inch pieces, and put them into a large basin with the sugar, ginger, lemon rind and juice, and leave for twenty-four hours. The figs must be washed and left in a basin with the teacupful of water for twenty-four hours. At the end of that time cut the figs small, and put them, the water, and the marrow, &c., into your preserving pan, and simmer until the marrow is clear; then boil up quickly, and skim. When the jam is thick as jelly when tested on a plate it is ready to put into pots.

Vegetable Marrow Ginger:—Rather small young marrows are the best for the purpose, and these must be thinly peeled, and the seeds removed. Cut into strips about an inch thick and two inches wide.

To every pound of marrow allow 1 lb. of loaf sugar. Leave the marrow and sugar in a pan, covered, for twelve hours. To every 2 1-2 lbs. of marrow, allow 1 ounce of root ginger, cut small the grated rind and juice of 1 1-2 lemon, and boil slowly for four hours. Stir frequently, and watch constantly to see that it does not boil too quickly, or catch at the bottom of the preserving pan.

Candied Citron For Fruit Cakes:—Peel small citron and slice into small pieces. Let soak in weak salt water over night. In the morning drain and cover with fresh water; add a tiny pinch of alum and simmer until the citron is clear. Drain and cool. When cold, add two cupfuls of sugar to every two cupfuls of melon, and sufficient water to moisten the sugar thoroughly. Return to the fire and simmer two hours. Place the citron on platters and let dry in the sunshine. When thoroughly dry, pack in boxes between layers of sugar.

Muskmelon Sweet Pickle:—Select hard melons just ripe enough to be of good flavor. Cut in slices and remove rind and seed. To each quart of cold water add 1-4 cup salt. Pour this over the prepared melon to cover well and let it stand over night. Drain and set to cook in boiling water. Cook only a few pieces at a time and remove each the instant it is tender. For 7 lbs. melon make a syrup of 4 lbs. sugar, 3 cups vinegar, 1-2 cup cloves and a full cup of cinnamon bark in small pieces. Pour the syrup over the melon and let it stand over night, then drain off the syrup and pack the melon in jars. Reduce the syrup by boiling and fill the jars.

"And then I Discovered What a Modern Singer Will Do"



"I USED to think a sewing machine was just a sewing machine—to sew seams and make ordinary dresses. And then I discovered what a modern Singer will do.

"For years I had been getting along with the machine mother had, but this fall we were all agreed that I should have a new one. It was to be a Singer. I guess that is the fondest wish of every woman who sews. And my husband says, when you buy any machine, make sure it's one that has a service shop nearby.

"So just three weeks ago we stopped at the Singer Shop in town and selected one—and from that day sewing has been an entirely different experience for me. The machine runs so easily, so smoothly, so quietly that it is a positive delight to sew. I find myself planning new clothes for myself and the children because of the joy of making them.

"But more important still, I can do with it all the sewing that I used to think must be done by hand—apply bindings, finish hems, make ruffles, plaits, shirrings, with simple Singer attachments.

"Yesterday I planned these pretty new

curtains for the windows and had them all made and hung in three hours. I bound the edges of a little dress for Marian and made ruffles for another, all in a few minutes. And now I am making three lovely dresses for myself. I wouldn't have dared to attempt it before, but it's such fun to sew since the Singer Company has published its new book that shows step by step just how to make them. Now that I have my new machine and this simple guide to dressmaking, I'm going to have more clothes than I've ever had. And at such savings, too. I do believe this Singer is as paid for itself already."

There is an easy way to prove to yourself what a modern Singer will do. The nearest Singer Shop will gladly send a machine to your home to use for a few days on your own sewing. You may have your choice of the widest variety of models—electric, treadle and hand machines. And any one of them may be yours on a convenient plan by which you will receive a generous allowance for your present machine and your new Singer will pay for itself as you save.

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 - Pt. William, 115 1/2 N. May St.
 - Hamilton, 199 King St., E.
 - Kingston, 269 Princess St.
 - Kitchener, 12-14 Young St.
 - Lindsay, 9 Kent St.
 - London, 122 Dundas St.
 - North Bay, 43 Main St., E.
 - Ottawa, 106 Bank St.
 - Oshawa, 46 King St.
 - Owen Sound, 753 Second Ave., E.
 - Peterboro, 174 Hunter St.
 - Renfrew, 361 Raglan St., Haynes Block
 - Sault Ste. Marie, 355 Queen St.
 - Stratford, Ontario St.
 - St. Catharines, 269 St. Paul St.
 - St. Thomas, 624 Talbot St.
 - Toronto, 252 Yonge St.
 - Windsor, 18 Pitt St., W.

- Quebec**
- Chicoutimi, 108 Barrie St.
 - Hull, 202 Main St.
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 - Halifax, N. S., 138 Granville St.
 - Moncton, N. B., 822 Main St.
 - New Glasgow, N. S., 26 George St.
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 - Sydney, N. S., 265 Charlotte St.
 - Yarmouth, N. S., Main St.
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For address of nearest shop in Western Canada write Singer Sewing Machine Co. 368 Portage Ave., Winnipeg, Man. 869 Granville St., Vancouver, B. C.

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SUNDAY HOME READING

FEAR NOT

(By Clyde Edwin Tuck)

"Fear not; for I am with thee."—Is. 51:10.

We need not fear if we have done our best
To take a little sadness from some heart,
Or courage to a broken soul impart,
Or bring hope back to some cheerless breast.

But each of us his own reward must earn;
By what we give our lives are measured here—
To some a smile, perhaps to some, a tear;
Bread cast upon the waters will return.

Although our worldly wealth may meagre be,

We all can drop, while passing in the throng,
A thought of health, a word of cheer, a song
For troubled hearts that struggle to be free.

Our only mission is to love and serve,
To overcome, and selfishness destroy,
Change weakness into strength and grief to joy,
And from the path of duty never swerve.

So what the future holds we need not fear,
If we for others' weal have given all,
When long cool shadows in life's evening fall
To warn us that the journey's end is near.
—Jefferson City, Mo.

The Joy of Worship

Notes of Sermon Preached by Rev. John A. Hutton, D.D., in Liverpool Cathedral.

"I was glad when they said unto me: Let us go into the House of the Lord."—Ps. 122:1.

It is obvious that the man who said that meant what he said. But you may say: Oh, that is only the cry of the Jewish soul. So it is: but the Jewish soul is just the true human soul under the more direct and conscious discipline of God. The Hebrew soul in all its deep longings and insights, in its tears and agonies and cries, is the human soul whenever the human soul comes within sight of God. And this cry is a truly human cry, the cry of every human being who has any real knowledge of himself, of the heights and the abysses of his own nature, and who has felt his own frailty face to face with an implacable universe. For the meaning of the cry is just this—that we are made and meant for and must have God, and we are glad of any occasion which satisfies that elementary hunger and thirst.

If you choose, you can make nothing of man, nothing of his wonderful and tragical history, but you can only do so by disregarding those depths of which he at times is conscious, and out of which he cries. "As the heart panteth after the water-brooks, so panteth my soul after Thee, O God." So long as a man can feel his own solitude, standing in the midst of his own moral history, with his own thoughts about himself, so long will he feel after God. The ancient questions cannot for more than a season be eluded by anyone who has outgrown childhood. Deep things lie in wait for each one of us, and their inevitable hour draws on. At any moment one of a thousand things may befall us, which would put out all our lights, were it not that the Lord was on our side.

Today indeed, and for reasons which may be given, the deeper things may not be occupying that place in our life which is due to them. But this mood will pass. I seem to see signs that it is almost past, and that the soul of man is becoming impatient of its long absence from God; that a kind of homesickness is overtaking the exiled spirit of man. For, to use a mysterious phrase of Holy Scripture, God has planted eternity in the heart of man. Moments come in the experience of every one of us when the whole world is cleft for us and scattered as clouds may be cleft and scattered in a haggard sky, leaving a space of naked night, for the moon to sail into, or for some lost star to show itself. Moments of such a kind come even to the simplest of us, when we know that our one business in this world is with God.

It was His confidence concerning these ultimate things which was the foundation of Our Lord's perfect serenity. He never, for one moment, thought anything else than this, that man's enduring and final business and preoccupation are with God, and that a day is coming to every human soul when the only voice it will listen to will be a Voice from Heaven.

When all is said, the public worship of God is for those who are glad to take part in it. The Church is for those who are glad to come, glad for certain deep and unquenchable reasons. It is not a thing to be argued about. Like religion itself the practice of public worship rests upon reasons, upon feelings, upon experiences, upon particular events, and all of these are private and incommunicable. But there is one reason why we should all of us cherish this, to me, beautiful and holy practice, apart from the fact that it has come down to us with the sanction of our history, and that is that we are trustees who must not squander the original deposit which we received from our fathers. Modern life is producing a new form of individual loneliness, the loneliness of a great city, the loneliness

of a crowd, and in protest against this insufferable isolation, the eclipse of the individual by the hurrying crowd, I see men and women today dabbling even in dark and dubious things, haunting the nether chambers, the crypts and vaults of the human soul.

Well, it is to meet this loneliness, to assuage it, to enable us, one by one, to take God into our solitude, it is to bring a holy control over those regions of our life, which the modern world can no more satisfy than could the ancient world, it is for such holy ends that, first and last, the Church of Christ remains in our midst; and I am confident that, just in the measure that we understand ourselves, and look round about us upon the present scene, we also shall be glad.—The British Weekly.

NEVER ALONE

Christ does not send His disciples out alone on any mission. In the "great commission" He presented this assurance in two significant expressions, "I am with you all the days." That means ceaselessly, not simply in sickness, danger, persecution, in time of great discouragement or great need, but constantly, "all the days." Many a messenger of Christ has travelled over paths and into corners of the earth where no other Christian messenger or white man had ever been. In every case, if

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and truth came by Jesus Christ." Is the Christian church in danger of being lulled into a comfortable belief that the age of grace will endure forever? What assurance have we that the age of grace will be co-extensive and coterminous with the existence of human life upon the earth? In the Epistle to the Hebrews (10:12-13) we read of Christ that He, when He had offered one sacrifice for sins forever, sat down on the right hand of God, henceforth expecting, until His enemies be made the footstool of His feet. Sin, in all its forms, wherever found, is the enemy of Christ. The throne upon which He sits is the throne of mercy, of grace, but what is that which He is expecting? One thing only. He is expecting the church to fulfil the great commission, to disciple the nations. As long as He can possibly expect His church to fulfil the one and only purpose of its existence, the disciplining of the nations, we may expect that mercy to be extended and that grace to endure. His expectation will either be realized or disappointed. The issue hangs on the faithfulness or unfaithfulness of the church. If that throne of mercy is to become the throne of judgment, in that day the age of grace which was ushered in by Christ will be by Him forever ended. That would be the "consummation of the age." May He see of the travail of His soul and be satisfied.

THE BELIEVER'S RICHES

Who has not played with the fascinating thought of sudden and unexpected wealth? "If some one would leave me a fortune," we say, and proceed to tell what we would do should such a thing come to pass. What pleasant thoughts fill our minds, what delightful possibilities open up before us of travel, culture, freedom from financial cares, opportunities to lighten the hard lot of others—where does the happy galaxy end?

But you have been left a fortune! The believer and child of God is heir to all the unsearchable riches of Christ. Think of

can take the place of the touch of your living hand on the hand of someone who is going down in despair? Could all the actual money in the world speak comfort to a breaking heart, like the living voice from a heart filled with Christ's love?

Let us reckon up our riches in Him, let us draw freely on them, and let us give of them to the needy. As we give out, our own riches will multiply and increase. —Jessie Findlay Brown.

MY LORD AND I

"I worked for men," my Lord will say,
When we meet at the end of the King's Highway.

"I walked with the beggar along the road;
I kissed the bondsman stung by the goad,
I bore my half of the porter's load.

And what did you?" my Lord will say,
say,

"As you traveled along the King's Highway?"

"I made life sweet," my Lord will say,
When we meet at the end of the King's Highway.

"I smoothed the path where the thorns annoy,

I gave the mother back her boy,
I mended the children's broken toy.

And what did you?" my Lord will say,
As I traveled along the King's Highway.

"I showed men God," my Lord will say,
"As I traveled along the King's Highway.

I eased the sister's troubled mind,
I helped the blighted to be resigned,
I showed the sky to the souls grown blind.

And what did you?" my Lord will say,
When we meet at the end of the King's Highway.

—Robert Davis, in Outlook.

UNCHANGING LOVE

Thou shalt remember all the way which the Lord thy God led thee.—Deut. 8:2.

He was better to me than all my hopes,
He was better than all my fears;
He made a bridge of my broken works,
And a rainbow of my tears.
The billows that guarded my sea-girt path
But carried my Lord on their crest;
When I dwell on the days of my wilderness march

I can lean on His love for the rest,
There is light for me on the trackless wild,

As the wonders of old I trace,
When the God of the whole earth went before

To search me a resting place.
Has He changed for me? Nay! He changes not.

He will bring me by some new way,
Through fire and blood and each crafty foe,
As safely as yesterday.

THE INDWELLING GOD

Go not, my soul, in search of Him;
Thou wilt not find Him there;
Or in the depths of shadow dim,
Or heights of upper air.

For not in far-off realm of space
The Spirit hath His throne;
In every heart He findeth place,
And waiteth to be known.

Thought answereth alone to thought,
And soul with soul hath kin;
For outward God he findeth not,
Who finds not God within.

And if the vision come to thee,
Revealed by inward sign,
Earth will be full of Deity,
And with His glory shine.

Thou shalt not want for company,
Nor pitch thy tent alone;
The indwelling God will go with thee,
And show thee of His own.

O gift of gifts, O grace of grace,
That God should condescend
To make thy heart His dwelling-place,
And be thy daily Friend!

Then go not thou in search of Him,
But to thyself repair;
Wait thou within the silence dim,
And thou shalt find Him there.
—Frederick Lucian Hosmer.

Prayer

Heavenly Father, Giver of light and life,
help us as recipients of Thy manifold mercies to serve Thee acceptably and with godly fear, remembering the unspeakable Gift of thy love; and may Thy peace, which passeth all understanding, keep our hearts and minds, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

these messengers were truly going in the name of Christ. He had been there before them and had prepared the way. It is ever His pierced beckoning hand and His resistless appealing eye that lures them on.

"All the days," the first expression, indicates the promise of His unflinching presence at all times and under all conditions. The second expression indicates the duration of His blessed, helpful presence. It is difficult to know why translators so persistently cast this assuring promise of the Saviour into the form in which we find it in our Testament, "I am with you always, even unto the end of the world." True, this translation is justified by a certain approach called the "historic method," but a stricter exegesis will scarcely bear it. As it stands in the Greek it is literally, "I am with you all the days, until the consummation of the age." This seems to imply that there is an age to be consummated, and we begin to wonder to what age it refers. Could it be any other than the age of grace which dawned upon this earth when the mysterious star hung over Bethlehem, and the Babe lay in the manger? "The law was given by Moses; grace

the future, eternally assured, of the inheritance incorruptible and undefiled and that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven for you! If that were all, is it not a fortune in itself? But there are all the riches of the Creator of the universe, upon which His children may draw at will during this earthly life.

How many of us realize our wealth in Christ? How many of us live as spiritual paupers, when we might live like millionaires! We are not half aware of our great possessions. The peace of God alone, which the world cannot give nor take away, is a gift of inestimable worth. Then there is the joy that He gives freely for the taking—a joy so pure, so shot through with the white light of heaven that earthly joy beside it seems a counterfeit. And faith, and courage—and many, many more.

What true believer does not know the wealth that is his, even though he may not always rise to the higher ground where he lays hold of it? And, like all else that the Christian has, these heavenly riches are ours in trust. They are ours to be expended wisely, for others. ~~Why~~

How God Keeps His Promises

THOUGHTS FOR THINKERS FOR SUNDAY, SEP. 25

"Ye know in all your hearts and in all your souls, that not one good thing hath failed of all the good things which the Lord your God spoke concerning you; all are come to pass unto you." (Josh. 23:14.) Joshua was 110 years old. He had seen the plagues of Egypt, he had seen the miracles in the wilderness, he had crossed the Red Sea and the Jordan on dry ground, he had lived on manna for 40 years, he had seen the walls of Jericho fall down, and he had conquered six powerful nations. He was about to die, and he wished to make the people whom he had led feel the necessity of being loyal to God. So he reminded them of the wonderful ways in which God had fulfilled His old promise to Abraham by delivering his descendants from bondage and giving them the land of Canaan. (Gen. 15:13, 14.)

And to rivet the lesson on their minds, Joshua assured them that God would be as true to His promise in punishing them when they rebelled against Him as He was in rewarding them when they obeyed. "Therefore it shall come to pass, that, as all good things are come upon you which the Lord your God promised you, so shall the Lord bring upon you all evil things—when ye have transgressed the covenant of the Lord your God." (Josh. 23:15, 16.)

Both in his psalms and in talking to his people, David praised God repeatedly for His faithfulness in keeping His promises. God had promised Abraham to give to his descendants all the lands from the river of Egypt unto the great river, the river Euphrates, and He had repeated that promise through Moses. (see Gen. 15:18 and Ex. 23:31.) And that was the Empire which David was able to leave to Solomon. (See 1 Kings 4:21.)

Centuries had come and gone between the time when God gave His promise to Abraham and the time when He fulfilled it to David. Many generations had lived and died without having seen any evidence of God's intention to do what He had promised to do. The generations who spent their whole lives in cruel bondage in Egypt must have had strong faith if they were able to believe God's promise. But at last Moses came, and God began to show His hand. He began to prove that He had not forgotten, and the first part of His promise was fulfilled to the letter. The land to which He had sent Abraham as a stranger became the property of Abraham's descendants.

But, as already stated, the possession of Palestine was not all that God had promised. His promise reached all the way from Egypt to the Euphrates, but the people were not in a condition to occupy so much territory yet, even as overlords of the inhabitants. (Ex. 23:27-31.)

Besides, the Israelites still needed a great deal of training and discipline. The years in which Judges ruled, or in which they were under subjection to other peoples, or in which "there was no King (no authority in Israel, and every man did that which was right in his own eyes," Judges 21:25.)—these were years when the loyalty of Israel was being tested, and they were enabled to see something of the deceitfulness of their own hearts, and of their helplessness without God's protection.

Under Saul, they learned that a king who seemed at first to be just the man for the job might turn out in the end to be a source of weakness and of defeat. But when God's man became King, they found that with God on their side they were invincible. They gained victory after victory in a long succession of wars until they had conquered all surrounding nations, and the promise of God to Abraham had been fulfilled to the letter in as far as it related to the extent of the Kingdom.

God takes a deep, fatherly interest in everything that concerns His children on earth. He rejoices over them to do them good. (Deut. 28:63.) There is nothing that helps or hinders one of His children that escapes His knowledge. But while God likes to see His children happy, and to make them happy, He knows that this life is nothing but a period of preparation, and that their outward condition and circumstances are of no consequence at all as compared with their spiritual development and their eternal well-being. Therefore, the aim of all God's dealing with His people in this world is to develop in them a great love for Him and for all that He loves. And God's great promise to Abraham pointed far beyond the outward glories of

the reigns of David and Solomon, which lasted for so short a time, to the spiritual and eternal glory of the reign of David's greater Son. And in that higher sense the promise has only been fulfilled in part so far.

It is being fulfilled more and more, however. In spite of all the evil that is in the world the Kingdom of Christ is growing, and it is destined to go on growing until "the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the glory of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea." (Heb. 2:14.) For, "of the increase of His government and peace there shall be no end, upon the throne of David, and upon His Kingdom, even for ever." (Isa. 9:6, 7.)

If we read God's promises of good to His people and of the final triumph of Christ over Satan as having to do primarily with conditions in the present life, we shall be disappointed so often that we shall find it impossible to believe with an assured faith. But if we read the promises in the light of the teaching of Jesus, that trial and suffering and defeat are means of grace and stepping stones to glory, then we shall never have cause to question God's faithfulness in fulfilling His promises to the utmost extent of their meaning. "If we suffer with Him"—if we endure all suffering patiently, submitting ourselves trustfully to the will of God—"we shall also reign with Him." (Rom. 8:17; 2 Tim. 2:12.)

Golden Text:—Jehovah hath established His throne in the heavens; and His Kingdom ruleth over all.—Psalm 103:19.

SCRIPTURE READINGS

Monday, Sep. 19—1 Sam. 10:17-25; Tuesday—1 Sam. 12:1-5; Wednesday—1 Sam. 16:4-13; Thursday—2 Sam. 6:12-19; Friday—1 Chron. 17:1-12; Saturday—1 Kings 3:4-15; Sunday—Psalm 105:1-8.

WHEN TO READ THE BIBLE

If you have the blues, read the twenty-seventh Psalm.

If your pocket-book is empty, read the thirty-seventh Psalm.

If you are losing confidence in men, read the thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians.

If people seem unkind, read the fifteenth chapter of John.

If you are discouraged about your work, read the one hundred and twenty-sixth Psalm.

If you find the world growing small and yourself great, read the nineteenth Psalm.

If you can't have your own way in everything, keep silent and read the third chapter of James.

If you are all out of sorts, read the twelfth chapter of Hebrews.

If you want to enjoy a beautiful, simple story of quiet happiness and devotion, read the Book of Ruth.

UNAFRAID

To one who believes in our eternal and almighty God there is no reason for dismay, whatever may be the terror of the storms that burst upon him or the shame of the failures that wither him. He knows that the way of progress is very long and the days of effort are unnumbered. His eye is not on the thorns that pierce his feet, but upon the goal of his hopes, the summit of his aims. He knows that many a weary traveler has passed his way, and none have fainted who kept faith with the Lord, that only those break down who doubt or rebel. The eternal years belong to him, for he sees the invisible and will make no surrender to difficulty. He has learned that selfishness and vanity are the most troublesome springs of unhappiness, and that sacrificial love has always enough to engage a zealous heart.—Nashville Christian Advocate.

THE CARPENTER

I wonder what He charged for chairs At Nazareth, And did men try to beat Him down, And boast about it in the town, "I bought it cheap for half-a-crown From that mad Carpenter?" And did they promise and not pay, Put it off to another day, Or did they break His heart that way, My Lord the Carpenter? I wonder did He have bad debts, And did He know my fears and frets? The Gospel writer here forgets To tell about the Carpenter, But that's just what I want to know. Ah! Christ in glory, here below, Men cheat and lie to one another so, It's hard to be a carpenter.

—G. A. Studdert-Kennedy.



LITTLE KINDNESSES

You gave on the way a pleasant smile,
And thought no more about it;
It cheered a life that was sad the while
That might have been wrecked without it;
And so for the smile and its fruitage fair
You'll reap a crown sometime—somewhere.

You spoke one day a cheering word,
And passed to other duties;
It warmed a heart, new promise stirred,
And painted a life with beauties.
And so for the word and its silent prayer
You'll reap a palm some time—somewhere.

You lent a hand to a fallen one,
A lift in kindness given;
It saved a soul when help was none,
And won a heart for Heaven;
And so for the help you proffered there
You'll reap a joy some time—somewhere.

—D. G. BICKERS.

HOW TO READ MANKIND

(By L. Ella Miller.)

Would you learn to read men as you learn to read books?

Some read them by bumps, and others by looks.

Of rules made by men, the best sometimes fail;

But here is a rule that will always avail;

"As a man thinketh so is he," 'tis said
In the Book of all books, the first to be read;

"As you judge of another, the same things do you."

This we cannot dispute; what the Book says is true.

The most of men carry, stored up in the soul,

A meter to measure humanity whole.

One carries a bushel to measure them up,

While another has only a little pint cup.

He that carries the bushel is generous and broad,

And he thinks others so, as we find in the Word;

While the man of the little pint cup is so small

That he cannot compute a great soul at all.

So find what a man thinks of others and you

Can read his own life by a rule that is true.

But stop! Let's consider, lest judgment we pass.

'Tis unsafe to "throw stones" from "houses of glass."

The rule works both ways, as one may well see:

While I read another, some other reads me.

As I measure, to me will be measured again;

Of the seed that I sow I shall reap the same grain.

"Know thyself" is far better than others to read;

And this is in truth what most we all need.

Mankind is a mirror, myself to reflect;
And the lessons thus taught I dare not reject.

As you react to the advertisers in the Witness and Homestead they will react favorably toward your paper—yielding it larger revenues on which to increase its efficiency in your service and that of your country. And always, in writing or talking to any of these advertisers, mention that you saw the advertisement in the WITNESS AND HOMESTEAD. It will help you, help them, and help your paper.

And when all my heart is a fount of pure love,
No wrong will I wish in another to prove;
No wrong will I think, no evil will see,
But will wrap all mankind in sweet charity.

So, instead of seeking our brother to read,
Let's seek for the measure of love which we need.

And of this I am sure—the few faults I see
In others are naught to what might be in me.

SEPTEMBER

There are twelve months throughout the year,

From January to December,

And the primest month of all the twelve
Is the merry month of September!

Then apples so red
Hang overhead

And nuts ripe-brown
Come showering down

In the beautiful month of September!
—By Mary Howitt.

There's never a rose in all the world
But makes some green spray sweeter;
There's never a wind in all the sky,
But makes some bird wing fleetier;
There's never a star but brings to Heaven
Some silver radiance tender;
And never a rosy cloud but helps
To crown the sunset splendor;
No robin but may thrill some heart,
His dawn-light gladness voicing;
God gives us all some small, sweet way
To set the world rejoicing.

Under the GREY OLIVES

BY MARIAN KEITH.

Not every one is privileged to make a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, but our minds and spirits may journey there, without the ordinary discomforts and delays incidental to Eastern travel. Bethany, Nazareth and Jerusalem—names which stir the most reverent memories—these are the places told of in this charming new book by the well-beloved Canadian authoress, Marian Keith.

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Things To Come

Rev. W. M. Christie, D.D., The Scots Kirk Tiberian (United Free Church of Scotland), an authority on Biblical topography, and a distinguished Hebrew scholar, writes thus of Mrs. Ghosn-el-Howle's booklet "Things to Come". (Cov. Pub. Co., 2s.8d.)—

"I have already dipped into it deeply with great satisfaction. You take care to have it thoroughly Scriptural. I used to kick very badly at some kind of Proof Texts torn from their context, but I find no one of this kind given by you, and it is well to stand by the written Word. You have put into your work a great deal of careful thought. I have no doubt you will make others think also."

THE COVENANT PUBLISHING CO.

6 Buckingham Gate,

London, S.W.1, England.

The Bride of Qu'Appelle

A TALE OF LEGENDS AND BATTLES OF THE CREE
AND SIOUX INDIANS OF THE WESTERN PLAINS

By JOHN MACLEAN

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CHAPTER VIII. (Continued.)

Four days after the native council was held the young men who had meanwhile been holding personal conferences with the medicine men, to prepare them for their respective journeys, were sitting in their lodges as if nothing had happened. Without any concern, Piwases, one of the four victors, quietly slipped away and turned his face toward the north, and was soon lost to view. Hardly had he gone than Watani shook the dust of his father's lodge from his feet, and walked slowly but with a firm step toward the south. Before an hour had passed Wusko had left the camp, and when out of the sight of the lodges was running eastward, as if his life depended on his swiftness of foot. Iska, with a smile on his face, glanced a moment at Piskwa's lodge, and the fair countenance of Kesik looked out of the door, and he thought that he heard the voice of Kesik-wo singing a song of hope, as he walked rapidly toward the west. Unknown to each other the young men had started on their mission, and so quiet was their departure that no one save Kesik and Kesik-wo knew that they had gone, until they were missed from the camp, and then the people remembered the message of Piskwa at the council as the chiefs had told them. Around the lodge fires the evenings were spent in predicting the success of the young men, and those who were formerly embittered became reconciled through the influence of Piskwa, and the anxiety which arose through the long absence of their sons. As the days wore on and there was no report of their return, the relatives expressed their fears that some calamity had befallen them. Had they gone out on a buffalo hunt and been absent for such a length of time they would have sent runners out in search of them, but this was no common journey, for they had gone in quest of the gods, and the folks in the camp were afraid to interfere, lest they might again be stricken by some mysterious disease. A month passed by, and the relatives became alarmed about their safety. There were many visitors at Piskwa's lodge who sought his advice, to each of whom he had a simple answer:

"Do not be afraid, the gods will take care of them."

Every day found some watchers on the outskirts of the camp, looking for signs of the return of the young men, but every evening brought disappointment. Fear kept them from invoking the aid of the medicine men, and they could not resort to the spell of their own medicine drums. Not a song was heard in the lodges, the gloom of despair settled upon every heart, and dark clouds hung over the trails. The race was forgotten, and even Kesik was no longer the topic of conversation. They were paying a heavy price for the hand of the chief's daughter, and they were quite willing to give up the contest and allow anyone to gain possession of the maid of the sky. The loss of the four bravest and best of the young men, and all of them sons of chiefs, was too great a sacrifice to make for any benefits which they might receive, and this feeling was expressed in quiet mutterings around the lodge fires, though every one was careful about saying anything in the open camp.

On one of the low hills just beyond the valley, which commanded a good view of the country, a warrior was seen making signs, and as some of the people were passing from one lodge to another they stopped to read his message. Soon a deep murmur arose, as the sound of many voices speaking low, and conveyed the intelligence that a stranger was seen in the distance. So eager were the people to get any news about their absent friends, that with the hope that the traveller might be one of them they gathered in groups, and waited for the message of the scout on the hill. He raised his hands and spoke to them in the sign language, which is an elaborate and expressive system of native telegraphy, and he informed them that there was a man coming from the north, and making his way toward the camp. All eyes were turned in that direction with the hope of discovering who the traveller might be. When he came in sight, and before they were able to distinguish him, the watcher on the hill raised his hands and said:

"I see a figure which resembles a man coming from the south."

The people became excited, and some ran off to get a glimpse of the stranger. While they waited a cry of surprise called the people together, for the man on the hill was again talking with his hands.

"Look toward the east," he said. "There is a man coming from the east, and he is running as fast as he can."

Again the groups scattered, some running one way and some another, but before they could see him they were called back by a great shout which rent the air. The watcher was speaking. His hands were raised in the air, the people stood breathless and waited for the message.

"I see a man coming from the west," he said.

So soon as he had finished speaking in this fashion, he ran off at his utmost speed across the valley, and the people shouted:

"Our sons have come! The lost is found!"

Here and there the people ran, and upon every face there was a glow of joy mingled with excitement, for they had not yet seen the forms of their friends. A shout of gladness from hearts long pent with grief came from the northern extremity of the camp as Piwases was greeted by his relatives. At the same instant there came shouts from the south, and east and west, as Watani, Wusko, and Iska appeared, and all the voices were blended in one, as the four young men met in the centre of the camp. Mothers and sisters, and fathers and brothers crowded together, and threw their arms around their necks and kissed them. Before they separated Piskwa entered the circle, and shook hands with each of the young men, expressing his joy that they had returned in safety. When he had spoken, the people went to their lodges, and the young men sought the quiet of their homes.

The crier went through the camp on the following day, announcing that an assembly would be held that evening to receive the reports of the travellers. So great was the excitement that Piskwa and his council deemed it advisable to hold the meeting at once, as this would relieve the strain and overcome the temptation of the contestants to tell their story to a small circle of their own relations. A huge fire was kindled in the centre of the camp, allowing sufficient space for all the people to sit in a wide circle, row behind row, and hear perfectly every word that was spoken. After sunset the people began to gather, and when they found their places the chiefs arrived and sought a reserved position within the circle, and the young men were beckoned to sit together on the opposite side of the fire from where the chiefs sat. The flames shot into the air, lighting up the whole camp and revealing the questioning eyes of those who were nearest of kin to the four contestants, and the slumbering factions were aroused on behalf of their respective favorites. Piwases was called upon to tell his story of what he saw and heard and what he had done.

Piwases arose and stood a moment, a faint smile passing over his features, and he hesitated as if he were afraid to speak, and there was no wonder, as he had never addressed any company before, and to be confronted with such an audience was more trying than any event of his life. He raised his eyes toward the chiefs, and then glancing around the circle, began slowly to relate his experiences.

"As I sat in my father's lodge," said he, "wondering what trail I should take to fulfil the demands of the gods, I felt the hand of a spirit laid on my shoulder, and I was carried out of the lodge and driven toward the north. When I had turned my back upon the lodges, I ran for several days as fast as I could, only stopping to gather some berries and to sleep at night. I looked for signs by the way that I might discover the purpose of my journey, but there were none, and I became afraid that I was mistaken, still I dared not turn back. In my travels I came to a camp of people who were strangers to me, but they spoke our language, and when I heard my own tongue I went to one of the lodges and was there entertained. The chief told me that they were Cree Indians, and claimed relationship with my people, and I became bold enough to tell him why I had travelled toward the north. He became so deeply interested that he advised me as a son, and told me that if I could slay the king of the moose I should prove myself a hero, and he would send me home as a great chief with a number of young men to escort me to my own camp. 'Longer,' said he, 'than any of the oldest men can remember, a great moose with a massive body and the horns of a giant has roamed through the forests of the north. He is so swift that our best hunters have failed to intercept him. His tracks have

been discovered in the snow near our lodges, and he has been seen several times, but all attempts to kill him have failed. We have sent out several expeditions to slay him, but he has always managed to evade his pursuers, though they have often been very close to him."

"As I listened night after night to the story of the chief, a great desire sprang up in my heart to go on a hunt after him, especially as the chief said that whoever would kill the moose king would become possessed of his strength and swiftness, and would become a hero among the Crees of the north. I became anxious for the glory of our tribe, and determined to show them what one of the Crees of Qu'Appelle could do. The chief gave me one of his young men, who was a splendid hunter to act as guide, and to help me in hunting, and while we were getting ready to start on our journey a runner entered the chief's lodge and informed him that the tracks of the great moose were all around the camp. We started off with such good news to comfort us, and followed the tracks into the depth of the forest, and there lay in wait. We remained in our hiding place nearly a whole day, when we were overjoyed at seeing the great moose accompanied by his mate approach a swamp near by, and sport about. We were so taken by surprise at his magnificent proportions, for he stood as high, and nearly as broad and heavy as a buffalo, and his massive horns made him a grand looking animal, that we spent some time admiring him."

The natives bent forward as the young man related his story, and they listened without showing any signs of approval, distrust or surprise, save that they expressed their deep interest by fastening their eyes on the speaker and stretching their necks, lest they might lose a single word. Piwases was no longer timid, indeed he had forgotten the presence of his audience in the telling of his story. Sometimes he closed his eyes, which helped him in his narration, as he seemed to see as in a vision, the episodes of the days in the north. He continued:

"My guide and comrade laid his hand on my shoulder, and pointing toward the animals, motioned me to shoot. Taking good aim and praying to the gods to help me, I stretched my bow and let the arrow fly swiftly, and we both shouted as we saw the animal fall. When we ran toward the swamp to secure the prize we were chagrined to find that it was the cow moose that was killed, and the giant had escaped. 'Let us wait here,' said my comrade, 'the giant will return to find his mate.' We waited day after day, but he did not come back, and we had decided to give up the chase, when on the fourth day, as we were leaving, there came a loud call through the forest which made our hearts jump. Peering through the brushwood, we beheld the giant moose standing alone and calling for his dead comrade. My companion shook his head as a sign for silence and patience, and I waited to see what would follow. On came the moose, until he was within easy shooting distance, and he halted as if afraid to proceed further, and again my companion shook his head. With fresh courage he advanced till he reached the spot where his mate had been slain, and while he stood calling I stretched my bow for a final shot. That was all I knew, for I became unconscious, and when I awoke from my stupor I was lying in a lodge with my head bound. My friend informed me that my bow-string broke, and in my excitement I must have been holding it in a

careless fashion, for it rebounded and made a deep gash in my forehead. The giant moose escaped unhurt, and is still free, so that I failed on my mission and must acknowledge defeat."

During the recital of Piwases' adventure there were sudden gusts of wind which shook the lodges, and strange sounds resembling the howling of a wolf, and the groans of a man in pain came from the outside of the camp, and the chiefs glanced at one another, and then at the young man, but no one spoke a word, as they were too intent on listening to the young man's tale. When he had finished, the cry of a child in distress caused some of the men to start, but native courtesy prevented them leaving the place. Amid the silence which prevailed Piskwa beckoned to Watani, and said that the people were ready to listen to the account of the journey, and what the spirits had revealed to him.

The young man arose somewhat diffident, and looking around for some sign of encouragement, his eyes fell upon some of the members of his own band who nodded their heads.

"Proceed, the chiefs are waiting," said Piskwa.

"My story is so singular that I do not understand it, and I am almost afraid to relate it, but I must tell what I saw, lest the gods will be displeased." Having said this, Watani gathered courage and proceeded with his tale:

"I was alone in my father's lodge when I felt a sudden impulse to go outside, and no sooner did I stand on the prairie than I was compelled to run, as if I were pushed by some one behind me. My face was toward the south, and I ran in that direction, not knowing why I should go there, or for what purpose I was going except that it was my duty to obey the gods. I ran because I could not help it, and when I was fatigued I spent the time that I was resting in prayer. There was a herd of buffalo on the way, but I did not dare touch any of them, though I was hungry, as I felt that I was on a sacred mission, and must fast until I had learned something of the object of my journey. For several days I kept on with my face toward the south, and I became so much exhausted that I sought a clump of trees, and in a secluded spot I threw myself down, and went to sleep. How long I slept I do not know, but it must have been for several nights, as I arose much refreshed, and seeing an antelope close by, I killed it, and broke my long fast. Again I started in quest of something which remained unknown to me, and when I had gone some distance I descried a camp, which I was afraid to enter until I had learned to what tribe the lodges belonged.

"Approaching the camp as closely as I dared, I watched for signs of the people, but there were none to be seen. There were no lodge fires burning at night, and not a wreath of smoke was to be seen during the day. After keeping the outskirts of the camp for two days, and observing no signs of life, I ventured to enter one of the lodges, and found everything in good order, as if the people had just gone out, and would be back in a short time. From one lodge to another I went, and found them all in a similar condition. There was an abundance of dried meat and pemmican, and bags of dried berries, and I feasted on the good things, still I felt uneasy. In one lodge there were a number of stone pipes half finished, which the pipe-maker had left with the intention of returning to complete his work, and in another there lay some bows and arrows, also unfinished. Outside of a large lodge there were several buffalo hides which the women had been dressing, and their tools were on the ground, as they had put them down. A pile of dressed buffalo hides was in one lodge, and heaps of brushwood lay outside the lodges, just as the women had placed them ready for use. All the trails were grown over with grass, and there was not a living thing to be seen anywhere. For several days I wandered through the camp, going from one lodge to another, but I

(Continued on page 24)

A DOCTOR'S PRAISE

A Noted Doctor Strongly Endorses Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

The test of any remedy lies in its acceptance and employment by the qualified medical practitioner. No less an authority than Dr. Andrea Amici, physician to the Papal household, writing on the subject of anaemia, impoverishment of the nervous system and disorders attributable thereto, strongly endorses Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, recommending them as superior to other tonics.

Dr. Amici's testimony reads as follows:—"For several years I have made use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in my work and I have always found them efficacious in the treatment of disorders due to impoverishment of the nervous system, anaemia and neurasthenia, stomach

weakness, retarded development in young women, and irregularities. There is no lack of tonic remedies, but in my experience no one of them manifests a superior efficacy to that of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

No more conclusive evidence of the value of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills could be asked for or given, than is found in the above endorsement of this noted European physician. Besides this, however, this medicine has enjoyed a worldwide public confidence for more than a third of a century and has brought relief to thousands and thousands of weak and suffering people.

Try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for anaemia, rheumatism, neuralgia, nervousness and stomach trouble. 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 through any medicine dealer or by mail at 50 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

LIVE STOCK PRICES

LIVE STOCK MARKETS FOR WEEK ENDED SEPTEMBER 8, 1927.

Montreal.—Car lots of medium good average quality cattle \$7.25, just medium steers \$6.50, common light steers \$5.00 up. Cows up to \$5.50, canners \$1.75 to \$2.25. Common bulls \$3.00 to \$3.50. Top veals \$12.00 and small lots were sold for \$11.00 and \$11.50. Very common suckers \$10.00. Quebec grassers \$4.00 to \$5.50. Heavier calves \$6.00 to \$9.00. Good quality hogs \$10.75 to \$10.90, \$10.85 fed and watered. Sows \$7.00 to \$7.50 with a few light trim ones \$8.00. Good lambs \$10.75 to \$11.25, common kinds \$9.00 to \$10.25. Culls \$8.00 or less.

Toronto.—Heavy beef steers \$8.00 to \$9.00, best handyweights \$8.00 to \$8.50. Fair to good butchers \$7.00 to \$7.75, thin light killers downward to \$5.50. Good to choice heifers \$7.50 to \$8.25. Butcher cows \$4.00 to \$6.25, canners and cutters \$2.50 to \$3.50. Good butcher bulls \$5.00 to \$5.50, bolognas \$3.75 to \$4.25. Baby beefs \$9.50 to \$12.00. Stockers \$5.00 to \$6.50, feeders \$6.00 to \$7.15. Milkers and springers \$90.00 to \$110.00 for the best. Good to choice vealers \$12.00 to \$14.00, plain kinds downward to \$7.00. Grassers \$4.50 to \$5.50. Hog prices \$11.65 off cars for selects or \$10.75 F.O.B. Good ewes and wethers, \$12.50 to \$12.75. Culls \$10.00, bucks \$2.00 discount. Sheep \$6.00 to \$7.00 for good light ewes, culls and heavies \$2.50 to \$6.00.

Winnipeg.—Best handyweight steers \$7.00 to \$7.50, good \$6.00 to \$6.75. Good heifers \$6.00 to \$7.50, common around \$5.50. Good cows \$5.00 to \$5.50, medium \$3.50 to \$4.75, cutters \$2.75 to \$3.25. Bulls \$3.00 to \$3.75. Good feeders \$5.00 to \$6.00, stockers \$4.50 to \$5.50. Top calves \$8.00 to \$9.00, plainer \$5.00 to \$7.00. Select hogs closed at \$11.50, thick smooths at \$11.00. Top lambs \$11.25. Sheep \$4.00 to \$6.00.

Prince Albert.—Top steers \$6.00, good heifers \$5.00 to \$5.50, top cows \$4.75, good \$4.00 to \$4.50, fair \$3.00 to \$3.75. Good bulls \$3.25 to \$3.50, canners \$2.25 to \$2.50. Top stockers and feeders \$5.50, good \$4.25 to \$5.25. Choice calves \$7.00, good \$5.00

to \$7.00. Hogs closed at \$10.50 for thick smooths, fed and watered, top selects \$11.25. Top lambs \$10.25, good \$10.00, good sheep, \$6.00.

Moose Jaw.—Top steers \$7.25 to \$7.50 heifers \$7.00, choice steers \$5.50 to \$6.50, good \$5.00 to \$5.50. Top cows \$4.50 to \$5.25, good \$4.00 to \$4.50, fair \$3.50 to \$4.00. Good bulls \$3.25 to \$3.50. Feeder steers \$5.50 to \$6.25, good stockers \$5.25 to \$5.75, fair \$4.50 to \$5.50. Calves \$7.50 to \$8.00. Hogs opened with thick smooths at \$11.15, closing \$10.90. Selects opened at \$11.65 and closed at \$11.15. Top butcher lambs \$9.50, yearlings \$7.00, fair to good ewes \$5.00 to \$7.00.

Calgary.—Choice light steers \$6.00 to \$6.50, heavy dehorned steers \$6.75 to \$7.15, medium \$5.50 to \$5.75, common \$4.00 to \$5.25. Good to choice heifers \$5.50 to \$6.25 common to medium \$4.00 to \$5.25. Good to choice cows \$4.00 to \$5.00, common to medium \$3.00 to \$3.75. Canners and cutters \$2.00 to \$3.00. Bulls \$3.00 to \$4.25. Choice light calves \$8.00 to \$9.00, heavies \$7.00 to \$7.75, common to medium \$4.00 to \$6.50. Best dehorned feeders \$6.25 to \$6.50, good \$5.75 to \$6.00, medium \$5.00 to \$5.50. Best stockers \$5.50 to \$5.75, a few tops \$6.00. Medium \$4.75 to \$5.25, common \$3.50 to \$4.50. Stocker heifers \$4.00 to \$5.00, stocker cows \$3.50 to \$4.50. Thick smooth hogs opened at \$11.25 and closed at \$12.00. Select bacon sold 50c above thick smooths. Good to choice lambs \$11.00 to \$12.00, medium \$9.00 to \$10.00, good yearlings \$10.00, medium \$8.00 to \$9.00, good ewes \$6.00 and medium \$5.00.

Edmonton.—Best steers \$7.00, good to choice \$6.25 to \$6.75, plain \$5.75 down. Good heifers \$5.00 to \$5.50 and higher, medium \$4.00 to \$4.50, plain \$4.00 down. Best cows \$4.75, good \$4.25 to \$4.50, plain \$3.50 down. Canners and cutters \$2.00 to \$2.50. Good bulls \$3.25 to \$3.50. Good store \$5.00 to \$5.75, medium \$4.75 down. A few fancy veals \$11.00, good to choice \$9.00 to \$10.00, plain \$7.00 down. Select hogs \$12.75 thick smooths \$12.25. Good lambs \$10.00 to \$10.50, good ewes \$6.00 to \$6.50.

solemn oath, what did you get the gun for?"

"By virtue of my solemn oath," said the countryman, "I got it for ten dollars!"

Prof. (in physics):—"How would you define a transparent object?"

Student:—"Any object that you can look through."

Prof.:—"Name an example."

Student:—"A doughnut."—Penn Punch Bowl.

The manager of an electric railway company complained to his superintendent that the latter's reports of accidents on the line were too long.

"Cut them short," said the busy man.

"Cut them short, Finnegan."

The superintendent's next report of a car off the rails satisfied all readers. It ran as follows:—

"Off again;
On again;
Away again.—
Finnegan."

During the calendar year 1926 hydro-electric installations in Canada amounted to 266,000 horse-power, bringing the total installation to date in the Dominion to 4,556,000 horse-power.

Almost every known method of survey has been made use of in the work of surveying the International Boundary between Canada and the United States. In its length of 5,500 miles, the boundary passes through country greatly varying in nature—through arms of the sea, through the great lakes, through rivers,



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The pododyne solvent treatment is a boon to those whose bunion joints cause constant foot trouble and an ugly bulge to the shoes. Pain stops almost instantly; actual reduction of enlarged parts begins within a few days. Your next pair of shoes can be a size smaller—often two sizes smaller. Prove it free. Send coupon today and the full treatment guaranteed to bring complete results may be yours to try.

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Please arrange for me to try your pododyne process, which is guaranteed to dissolve bunion formation and restore ease to affected joints.

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Address.....
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THOROUGH IN THEIR WORK
MILLER'S WORM POWDERS
CONTAIN NO NARCOTICS
EFFICIENT AND PROMPT TO ACT

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION FACTS

The Montreal Witness and Canadian Homestead—\$2.00 per Year.

Since 1845 the Witness has been recognized throughout Canada, as the leading national weekly. Edited by JOHN REDPATH DOUGALL "The Week's Outlook," a regular feature is a clear and complete commentary on world and national affairs. Also a regular weekly department in the interest of Prohibition and Social Reforms. Besides its splendid News Features it has Special Departments, edited by experts, of interest to all members of the family, and to all walks of life. Its Market and Stock Reports are fair and trustworthy. Its splendid Short and Serial Stories, Home Department, Young People's Departments—cover a wide range of human interest. Its Queries and Answers on all subjects, including Agriculture, Veterinary, Poultry, etc., and its Farm and Garden Departments are greatly prized for their practical and timely hints and information.

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Canada's Leading Weekly Review. All the best things in the world's greatest journals and reviews, reflecting the current thought of both hemispheres. The busy man's paper. Nothing like it anywhere at the price. It is literally "a feast of reason and a flow of soul." Almost every article you want to mark and send to a friend, or put away among your treasures. \$2.50 a year.

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Witness or World Wide..... \$2.00 extra
Northern Messenger \$1.00 extra

lakes, and forests, and over plains, snow-fields, glaciers, and mountains.

Oftentimes a housewife buys a low priced tea or coffee under the impression that she is being economical. But if it has deteriorated with being exposed to the air, enough more must be used to brew a cup of tea of pleasing strength to more than make up for the lower price. A pound of package tea costing around \$1 will make 300 cups, thus costing a trifle more than 1.3 of a cent a cup. With this as a guide it is easy to determine whether cheaper tea is really economical.

The Montreal "Witness and Canadian Homestead" is printed and published at No. 222 Craig St. W., in the City of Montreal, by John Redpath Dougall and Frederick Eugene Dougall, both of the City of Montreal. Subscription rate \$2.00 a year.



The Doctor Knows

Doctors who know Minard's by the work it does are unhesitating in their praise of its healing and soothing qualities.

Dr. Jos. Aug. Sirols, of St. Idore, Que., writes:—"I have frequently used Minard's Liniment and also prescribe it for my patients always with the most gratifying results, and I consider it the best all-round Liniment".
C. A. King, M.D. also recommends Minard's in the following words:—"I have used Minard's Liniment myself as well as prescribed it in my practice when a liniment was required, and have never failed to get the desired effect".



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.

LEWIS E. RODNEY,
Box 250-B, Yarmouth, Nova Scotia.

FOR LEISURE MOMENTS

Mrs. Blunt: "Man's a tyrant, isn't he, John?"
Blunt: "Really, my dear, I hardly—" "Is he or is he not?" "He is."

The Bore: "When I took up golf the doctors gave me only two years to live!"
The Other (hopefully): "How long ago was that?"



Peter: "Look, mama, this horse has lost its collar stud."
—The Passing Show.

Teacher: "What is an island, Tommy?"
Tommy: "A place where the bottom of the sea sticks up through the water."

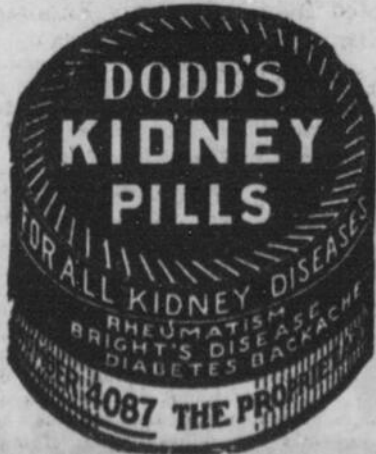
Brown: "Do you know, I'm losing my memory—it's worrying me to death!"
Jones (sympathetically): "Never mind, old man. Forget all about it!"

A certain Welshman was the proud possessor of a very fine bass voice. Meeting a friend one day, he confided that he had had a remarkable dream.
"Dreamt I was in a mighty choir," he explained. "Oh, but it was splendid! There was such a choir as you've never seen. Five thousand sopranos, five thousand altos, five thousand tenors—all singing at once double forte. Oh, magnificent!"

His friend gasped with amazement.
"But suddenly," continued the singer, "the conductor stopped the lot, and, turning to me, he said: 'Not quite so loud in the bass, John Jones!'"

Counsel was cross-examining a rather innocent-looking countryman.
"So you had a gun?" he asked the witness.

"I had, sir."
"Whom did you intend to shoot with it?"
"I wasn't intending to shoot anyone."
"Then was it for nothing that you got it?"
"No, it wasn't."
"Come, come, sir! By virtue of your



FARMERS MARKETS

AVERAGE CASH PRICES FOR WEEK ENDING SEPTEMBER 10, 1927.

THE GRAIN MARKET

Winnipeg	Open	High	Low	Close
Wheat No. 1	\$1.53 1/4	\$1.52 1/2	\$1.44 1/2	\$1.44 1/2
No. 2	1.46 1/4	1.45 1/2	1.40 1/2	1.40 1/2
No. 3	1.36 1/4	1.36 1/2	1.29 1/2	1.29 1/2
No. 4	1.31 1/4	1.30 1/2	1.21 1/2	1.21 1/2
Track	1.45 1/4	1.44 1/2	1.39 1/2	1.39 1/2
Oats				
2 C.W.	.61 1/4	.63 1/2	.61 1/2	.63
3 C.W.	.57 1/4	.58 1/2	.57 1/2	.57 1/2
Feed	.57 1/4	.58 1/2	.57 1/2	.53
Track	.58 1/4	.59 1/2	.58 1/2	.53
Barley				
3 C.W.	.80 1/4	.80 1/2	.79 1/2	.79 1/2
4 C.W.	.76 1/4	.76 1/2	.74 1/2	.74 1/2
Feed	.69 1/4	.69 1/2	.67 1/2	.67 1/2
Track	.78 1/4	.78 1/2	.76 1/2	.76 1/2
Flax, No. 1	1.94	1.94 1/2	1.92 1/2	1.92 1/2
Rye, 2 C.W.	.95	.96 1/2	.93 1/2	.95

FARM PRODUCE

Vegetables selling at wholesale houses at Toronto are quoted as follows: Ontario potatoes, new, bags, \$1.35 to \$1.50; do bushel, 75c. Cucumbers, outdoor, 11-qt. basket, 25c to 40c. Beans, wax, 11-qt. 40c to 65c. Green peas 11-qt 40c to 75c. Spinach, bushel, 50c to 75c. Cabbage, dozen, 40c to 50c. Tomatoes, 11-qts., No. 1, 25c to 35c; do No. 2, 15c to 20c. Head lettuce, box, 75c to \$1.00. Hubbard squash, dozen, \$1.75 to \$2.00. Pumpkins, dozen, \$1.50 to \$2.00. Carrots, dozen bunches, 15c to 25c. Cauliflower, dozen, 75c to \$1.25. Celery, dozen, 50c to 75c. Beets, dozen, 20c to 25c. Marrow, basket, 25c to 30c. Corn, white, dozen, 10c to 15c; do yellow hantam, 12 1/2c to 30c. Onions, bag, \$2.00 to \$2.25; do Silverskin, 11-qts., \$1.50 to \$2.00.

Fruits on sale at Toronto wholesale houses are quoted as follows: Apples, Dom. Tran., 6 quarts, 25c to 40c. Blueberries, 11-qt, \$1.40 to \$2.25. Canteloupes, case, 75c to \$1.50; do 16-qt baskets, 35c to 90c. Plums, 6's, 35c to 65c. Peaches, 11-qts, 50c to \$1.00. Lawtonberries, pints, 08c to 12c. Canteloupes, salmon, bkt, 50c to 75c. Pears, box, 40c to 60c.

Eggs: Fresh, extras, 47c to 48c; do firsts, 43c to 44c; do seconds, 34c to 35c. Poultry: Spring broilers, over 4 1/2 lbs.

each, 25c; do 4 to 4 1/2 lbs. each, 24c; do 3 1/2 to 4 lbs each, 23c; do 1 1/2 to 2 1/2 lbs., 18c. Hens over 5 lbs. each, 23c; do 4 to 5 lbs. each, 21c to 23c; do 3 1/2 to 4 lbs., 17c to 20c; do under 3 1/2 lbs., 13c to 14c. Old roosters over 5 lbs., 12c to 16c. Spring ducklings white over 5 lbs., 20c; do 4 to 5 lbs., 18c. Colored ducklings 3c less than above prices.

Above quotations nominal on eggs and poultry on delivered basis.

Prices in Montreal are: Eggs, storage extras, 44c; do storage firsts, 42c; do storage seconds, 38c; do fresh extras, 52c; do fresh firsts, 49c. Potatoes, per bag; carlots \$1 to \$1.05.

In Montreal selected turkeys weighing 6 to 13 lbs. each are selling at 37c to 49c per lb.; green ducklings weighing 5 to 6 lbs. at 31c to 34c per lb.; domestic ducklings weighing 5 to 6 lbs. at 28c to 31c per lb.; selected ducks weighing 5 to 6 lbs at 26c to 29c per lb; pen-fed geese weighing 9 to 12 lbs. at 27c to 30c per lb.; selected geese weighing 8 to 12 lbs. at 25c to 28c per lb.; squab broilers at 36c to 41c per lb.; selected broilers at 32c to 37c per lb.; selected chickens at 30c to 37c per lb., and selected fowl at 22c to 32c per lb.

THE DAIRY MARKET

The following prices are quoted to shippers by the Toronto merchants: Butter—Creamery, pasteurized, No. 1, 38 1/2c to 38 3/4c; do unpasteurized, No. 1, 37c to 37 1/2c; do seconds, 36c to 36 1/2c. Above prices for goods delivered Toronto.

Churning Cream—Approximate quotations on churning cream, f.o.b. shipping points, are: Special, 37c to 38c; No. 1, 36c to 37c; No. 2, 33c to 34c per lb. fat. Butter and cream prices nominal, owing to the unsettled conditions of the market.

Quotations in Montreal are: Cheese, finest Westerns, 20 1/2c to 20 3/4c; do finest Easterns, 20 1/4c to 20 1/2c. Butter, No. 1, pasteurized, 38 1/2c to 38 3/4c; do No. 1, creamery, 37 1/2c to 37 3/4c; do seconds, 37c to 37 1/2c.

THE BRIDE OF QU'APPELLE

(Continued from page 22)

could not find anything which would give me a clue as to whom it belonged. It seemed as if the people who had inhabited the lodges were Cree Indians, but I had never heard any of my own people speak of their existence, and why they had gone elsewhere, or where they had emigrated to was a mystery which I was unable to solve. As I turned the matter over in my mind, and was at a loss to explain the mystery of the deserted camp, a sudden fear took possession of me, lest it might be the abode of departed spirits, who would haunt the place at night, and just as quickly as I had gone from home, I rushed out of the camp, and without choosing any course I fled toward the north. Fortunately, I had with me a good supply of pemmican which kept me from starving, and the same power which drove me from home hurried me back to my own camp, and kept me from perishing by the way. I hope that the wise men of my own people will understand the mystery, but I am unable to explain its meaning. That is all I have to say."

When the last word had fallen from the lips of Watani, a dark cloud passed over the heads of the people, followed by sharp flashes of lightning and a loud clap of thunder. Piskwa waved his hand and said: "It is enough. We shall meet again on another day!"

The people arose and hurried to their respective lodges, as the rain began to fall heavily, while the chiefs walked slowly, as became their station and dignity, and there was much to talk over in the stories of Piwases and Watani during the nights which followed the memorable meeting by the camp.

(To be continued)

DEVELOPMENT OF ESTEVAN

The Mercury, published in Estevan, Saskatchewan, by Donald C. Dunbar, has recently got out a "District Development Number" which is one of the most complete and instructive special editions that we have yet seen published in a town of that size. Estevan, in the Southern part of the province, has a population of 3,300. It is on both great railway systems, but its premier advantage is the position which it occupies in the centre of the soft coal and refractory clay district.

The "District Development Number" traces the history of the town of Estevan and the district surrounding it since the townsite was first thrown open for sale by the Manitoba and Southwestern Railway Company thirty-five years ago. The romantic story of the coal fields, of the rich clay beds and of the valuable fossil

finds of the Souris River valley comes as a revelation to an easterner whose conception of Saskatchewan has embraced nothing but fields of waving grain.

3,000 A WEEK IN CANADA

More Than 47,000 Immigrants Have Landed In Canada Since April 1.

Foreigners are pouring into Canada at the rate of three thousand a week. Since the beginning of the present fiscal year, April 1, more than 47,000 have landed on Canadian shores. This is nearly 20,000 more than were reported in the corresponding four months of April, May, June and July last year. More than 20,000 settled in Ontario and 31,460 in Manitoba. So far this year only 9,237 Scottish, 5,959 Irish, 1,152 Welsh and 16,167 English immigrants were acquired by the Dominion.

In the first four months of 1926 there were almost as many Britishers as foreigners but during April, May, June and July this year 47,443 immigrants have been admitted from all parts of Europe and Asia, while only 32,515 have come to Canada from the British Isles.

The statement of immigration to Canada by origins for the four months ended July 31 is interesting. It shows the arrival in this country of 2,574 Finns, 6,695 Germans, 1,521 Jewish, 5,167 Polish (many of whom no doubt are Jews), 644 Russians, 2,953 Slovaks, 424 Austrians, 102 Bulgarians, 643 Croatians, 450 Czechs, 1,140 Jugoslavs, 3,898 Magyars, 6,702 Ruthenians, 7,000 Scandinavians.

Occupations of the immigrants arriving in Canada since April 1 this year are given as follows: Farming class, 58,000; laboring class, 4,500; mechanics, 4,800; trading class, 2,700; mining class, 456; female domestic servants, 7,798; other classes, 10,992.

Their destinations were as follows: Nova Scotia, 1,180; New Brunswick, 1,019; Prince Edward Island, 158; Quebec, 9,102; Ontario, 23,930; Manitoba 31,934; Saskatchewan, 8,793; Alberta, 8,531; British Columbia, 5,046.

The walls of the fortress of the once great city of Teotihuacan in Mexico are of laid stone more than 200 feet thick.

There are only nineteen persons to the square mile in Texas. In England there are between 660 and 700.

The ancient city of Ani, capital of the kings of Armenia a thousand years ago, is now inhabited and guarded by a single monk.

Pompeii was destroyed by an earthquake in A.D. 63, and after being rebuilt was overwhelmed by the eruption of Mount Vesuvius on the night of August 24, 79.

Building a JOINT ESTATE

DURING the war governments found they could meet their obligations to the families of their soldiers only by life insurance.

Conscientious men who marry and raise families recognize the same responsibility.

Wise wives co-operate to help their husbands accumulate an estate that later they can enjoy together.

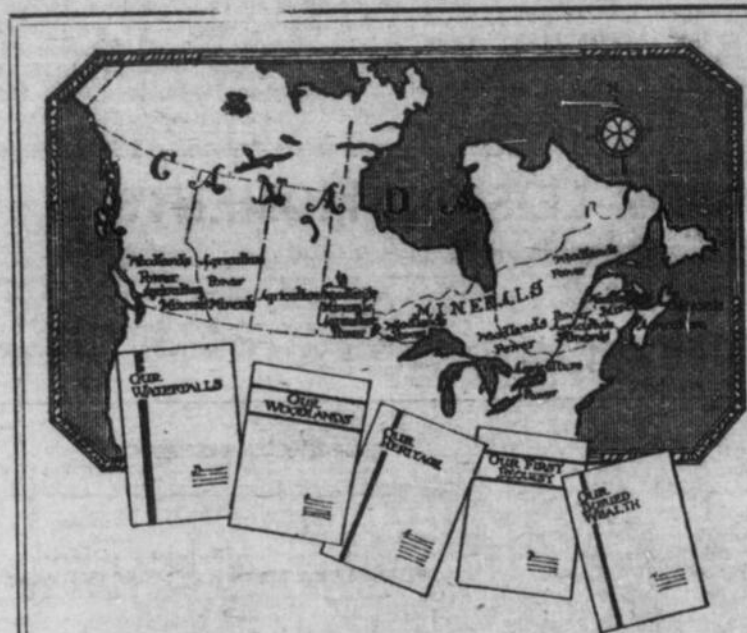
Life insurance is often the only estate of the husband and father; it is the guarantee of his children's education, and of his wife's comfort.

Lack of life insurance often means calico for the widow who was accustomed as a wife to silk.

Help your husband - Help your Children - Help yourself
INSURE!

SUN LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY OF CANADA

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DOMINION TEXTILE COMPANY, LIMITED NOTICE OF DIVIDEND

A Dividend of One and Three-Quarter per cent. (13.4%) on the Preferred Stock of DOMINION TEXTILE COMPANY, Limited, has been declared for the quarter ending September 30th, 1927, payable October 15th to shareholders of record September 30th.

By order of the Board,
JAS. H. WEBB,
Secretary-Treasurer.
Montreal, August 30th, 1927.

DOMINION TEXTILE COMPANY LIMITED NOTICE OF DIVIDEND

A Dividend of One Dollar and Twenty-Five Cents (\$1.25) per share on the Common Stock of DOMINION TEXTILE COMPANY, Limited, has been declared for the quarter ending September 30th, 1927, payable 1st October, to shareholders of record September 15th.

By order of the Board,
JAS. H. WEBB,
Secretary-Treasurer.
Montreal, August 30th, 1927.

A double wedding in the air was celebrated in Berlin recently. Two employees of an airplane company, with their brides, entered a flower-bedecked airplane, and with a phonograph playing the wedding march, were married while the machine hovered above a church.

London will have the finest air station in the world when the new hotel at Croydon is completed. From balconies and terraces the hotel guests will be able to watch giant three-motored passenger planes ascending for Paris, Berlin, Moscow and Constantinople.