

RUSH

DRIVE

WITNESS Thanksgiving - Week MOVEMENT

WITNESS THANKSGIVING WEEK.

We have much to be thankful for!

We have each in our private lives cause for gratitude to the Giver of all good gifts, and for these things let us give thanks. And as a company—the Goodly Company of Witness Readers—we invite you to join in a

“Witness Thanksgiving Service.”

We are thankful that the Witness stands as it does to-day supported by such loyal and devoted readers—championing the cause of righteousness.

We are thankful that, throughout the land, there is abundant evidence that a spirit of progress, of truly liberal thought is awaking and spreading.

The much discussed Liberal-Progressive coalition is most significant. Pro or con—through discussion, the fundamental principles implied by the words progress and liberal will be illuminated.

The Need and the Opportunity.

The national mind is now more than ever open and impressionable.

The turmoil of events, national and universal, has shaken us from our lethargy. Conscious aspiration is taking the place of indifference. A spirit of hope breathes over the land.

The war years with their sacrifice and sorrow, and the reconstruction period, with its disillusion, its new relation between men and between races have made for a broader national outlook and a deeper searching for truth. The need, therefore, for unselfish, independent thought is unquestionable and its possibilities are unlimited.

The Duty.

It must be our earnest endeavor to realize these possibilities. That is our plain duty—a duty demanded of us alike by conscience and patriotism.

We have decided that NOW, while we may, we will seek to enlist with us on the side of truth and righteousness all those who have felt that stirring of hope, that call to higher citizenship, and the sense of individual and collective responsibility in upholding, in community and nation, the principles that make for the common weal.

In every community there are people who at heart endorse these principles, in whose minds is

stirring dissatisfaction with things as they are, and who are seeking guidance and expression for their ideas. Are we going to leave them alone and ineffective, or are we going to bring them in with us to add to our strength and theirs?

We are going to bring them in!

The Way?—through your door and phone.

With that end in view, we have decided to take Thanksgiving Week as Witness Week, and make it a week of supreme endeavor in the furtherance of our principles and the strengthening of their support. Every available resource and energy of your publishers and staff is being put into this DRIVE, but these alone would be inadequate to the task without the whole-hearted co-operation of the devoted readers. It is to YOU we must leave the extending of the invitation to those in your environment. For various reasons we must leave this field work to YOU. For one thing, in a broad-minded way, you appreciate the fact that you, we, and your friends, are all aiming for the one goal. There may be differences in the path we take, but, presumably, we are agreed that our common objective is so worthy and so essential that we are not going to allow superficial differences to divide our strength or weaken our effectiveness. We must unitedly as well as individually, promote righteousness in the nation. The enemies of righteousness join forces and fight as one. Fundamentally interdenominational and interorganizational, the good forces of Canada can be linked up through and behind the Witness to great purpose and efficiency of service.

Another reason for leaving it to YOU is, that you know the possible new Witness readers in your district. We don't. Therefore they and we are dependent on you for the introduction. To make the introduction effective—and being independent of any organization, we must depend on YOUR VOLUNTEER co-operation.

We are sending to each reader by special mail several pamphlets which will help to introduce the Witness to your friends, and, at the same time, provide you with material to justify the faith that is in you. In this and other ways your publishers are exerting every effort which their resources and knowledge open to them in order that nothing shall be left undone which will help you to add to our number those friends who have at heart the political, social and moral uplifting of the nation.

A Telling Influence.

The Witness and its readers are now, out of all proportion to their numbers, a guiding and directing force in the country. We must increase the power and effectiveness of that force. We must go forward to greater strength and greater service. That must be our answer to the call of conscience and patriotism. Will you take this to yourself as a peculiarly personal matter?

It is only by the UTMOST EFFORT of EACH that we shall attain our objective. Will you, during Witness Thanksgiving Week, find amongst your neighbors those who might and ought to be with us. Give them one of the leaflets we are sending you by early post; and tell them what you know about the Witness and what you think of it—and offer to send in their subscriptions?

Overflowing Measure.

In order to make your co-operation effective and easier, besides supplying you with the pamphlets, we are making a special reduced rate of \$1.35 for NEW subscriptions sent in during Witness Thanksgiving Week. But if the NEW SUBSCRIPTION is sent through you we will include the rest of the year free of charge. In other words the \$1.35 will pay to the end of next year.

This we have done—and will continue to do everything in our power to make this THANKSGIVING WEEK DRIVE an unparalleled success.

In the last instance, however, the result lies with YOU. You who read these words. To double a paper's circulation in a week looks like an impossible task. To most papers it would be impossible, but it is not impossible to the loyal Witness readers. To use a phrase which we coined and used very effectively in a previous doubling up campaign:

If each gets ONE the thing is done!

Some of our readers, however, through infirmity or other disability will not be able to get their “ONE,” therefore it falls to those readers who are specially equipped and favorably situated to get that less fortunate reader's “ONE” also.

Thus each will render

A THANKSGIVING SERVICE

The utmost is the whole duty and the only limit.

Men must either be the slaves of duty or the slaves of force.—Joseph Joubert.

We are announcing this great DRIVE a week ahead so that every friend in Canada will get it in time.

If You Are Thankful for the Continuance of the Witness SHOW IT --- --- BOOST IT

The Week's Outlook

The Crerar Topic

WHAT seems to be considerably disturbing the Liberal party atmosphere which at present prevails at the Capital is whether Mr. Crerar will accept a portfolio in the Liberal government, as it is assumed and alleged he would like to do. And if Mr. Crerar does not see his way clear to accept such a seat, the best thing he can do is to devote himself to the vast business interest he is so capable of managing. Either solution would, we gather from our correspondent, be welcome to the Liberal party mind, as tending to the dilapidation of the Farmers' movement. Those who so discuss Mr. Crerar are certainly right in regarding his course as being of first-class importance to the country. It is, one might say, of pivotal importance. But it could surely not enter into any political mind

that Mr. Crerar would enter into relations with the Government on any terms that would divorce him from the aims and purposes of the United Farmers. Sir Wilfrid Laurier was denounced for not joining the war coalition when, all too late, he was invited so to do. To do so would have been political suicide for himself, as it would have wiped him out as leader, and a fraud upon the country, as he could have brought nothing with him. It would be the same with Mr. Crerar. He could not join a government professing protectionism—positively, in the persons of some of its members, negatively, in the person of its prudent Finance Minister—and count for anything but a Judas in the section of country which he now leads. The only terms on which he could join would be on the acceptance by the Government of such a policy as would exclude Sir Lomer Gouin, and perhaps others, from it. Such an offer to Mr. Crerar, if there had been one, would imply a readiness completely to reconstruct the Government on true Liberal lines. That would be history indeed. There may be

much or little in the legend that agreement with Mr. Crerar is in the air. The Government has given it out definitely that neither the Government, nor anyone on behalf of the Government, has done anything in the matter. The whole story may be hot air. But if it means anything, it means a great deal. Mr. Crerar for his part does not answer questions, seeing that the crisis involves matters very personal to himself as revealed in the announcement that he finds it impossible to remain both President (that is, manager) of the United Grain Growers, Limited, and leader of the party. This, we take it, is a matter for the Farmers to decide. They can either replace him or give him a managing lieutenant at the business end. They cannot spare him in Parliament. Nor can the country at such a time spare the leader who sees in this question the life or death of the country. Call it fusion, call it co-operation, what you like; but well-willing citizens must get together to make life in Canada possible. A splendid harvest this year, say the tourists; it will set the country on its feet. Yes, the

farmer will pay off some of his indebtedness no doubt. But who, for the most part, will get the sucking of this splendid return? How much of the lowered prices will the farmer get?

A Question of Duty

IT seems to be a matter of common consent that the Progressives will support Liberal measures put forth by the Mackenzie King Government. What is interesting them, and necessarily interesting the whole country acutely, is on what terms and to what extent this co-operation can be counted on, whether firstly by fusion, that is by accepting seats in the cabinet, or, secondly, by some working agreement. This would be something rather new to the constitution; but why not? Or lastly in entire freedom for each group to act in each case according to its own counsels. The difficulty about the first of these is that the Progressive party regards itself as the guardian of a system that will emancipate our country from the purchase of elections as is now

done by a capitalistic group. There are those who think this deliverance can only be accomplished by another form of group control. That would not be ideal, but it would at least have the great advantage of being carried on in the light of day, and not in club parlors and lawyer's back offices, unknown to the nation; not with funds that are the parings of big corrupt deals, paid over and administered in secret. The difficulty about the second kind of cooperation is to devise any binding form of working agreement, other than the acceptance of seats in the cabinet with an agreed policy. It is quite plain that the Progressives cannot follow the Liberals where Sir Lomer Gouin and his group would lead them, namely, into fellowship with the Conservatives in matters of protection. It is just as well to be plain about it. The Farmers' movement is needed not only to protect the country against surrenders of that sort, but to act strongly in an opposite direction. Those who are of this mind, whatever their present affiliations, will naturally want to get together in some way to this end. The difficulty about the third or go-as-you-please way is that it seems to leave the country indefinitely where it is, just when it needs to turn over a new leaf.

A Sacred Deposit

IT is impossible to overrate the value to the country of the Farmers' brave effort to deliver our elections from money control. It is nonsense to imagine that we govern ourselves when we are governed by money. We know the limitations of any such effort. Legal safeguards serve where they are backed by an honest community. Falling that, they can always be got round. It is this honest democracy that we consider the sacred possession of the Progressive party, to be guarded with jealousy as its precious treasure. There has been one case in which the electoral purity even of a Progressive has been impugned. The election of Mr. R. M. Johnson for Moose Jaw has been declared void on the ground of false returns of election expenditure. Progressives may rely upon it that however free the regular party sinners may go by the panacea of saw-off, or in other words honor amongst thieves, any lapse that can possibly be attributed to them will be brought to book. This conviction, which strikes at the very ark of the covenant, is to be appealed to the Supreme Court, and we plead to an anxious desire that the accused may there be vindicated. That process will, however, keep the matter in cold storage till forgotten. It is easy to imagine such wrong-doing being a fault of form rather than a default of honesty. On the other hand, correct returns are of the essence of the only safeguard the law can demand. Of its very nature the case, like that of Ananias, demands drastic severity. It is this white garment that a separatist party cannot afford to sully.

Our Heritage

OUR great bankers and men of big business who are being forced to study the conditions of the country, and those who have been recently junketing across it, keep on one after another making the remarkable discovery that what the country needs is immigration. To be sure it must be selected immigration. There must be only the kind of people who will build up our country. They do not take note of the fact that those are just the people who do not stay upon the land. Not one in seven of those who had been brought upon the land is on the land today. This is a careful official computation. Judging from a known instance, about one in a dozen of the first settlers on good land has a son to his name on the land today, and that one is working new land. Our readers can tell us if this would hold elsewhere. Most of those who are on their own land are paying rent in the shape of high interest. Interest is always high where values are precarious. Farmers' balance sheets seemed all right when the increase of the nominal value redressed the defective returns from operation. Many years ago we asked our farming readers to tell us how their farms were paying, and found that with most of those who epiled this unearned

increment was the consoling factor. We stated then that unless operation was profitable the bottom must fall out of that. Then think of the tragedy of having in high hope given the strength of one's life to a farm and finding oneself at the end no further forward. One may have paid for his buildings, but taken the value of them out of the land. Indeed, there are many who, in taking up land, deliberately intend to skim the cream off it, and then leave it, calculating that every year it is farmed will make it less profitable to farm. We are speaking of the rich virgin prairie soil; but what of those who were planted in the dry region of Southern Saskatchewan and Alberta? That was, of course, done in governmental ignorance. These people have at the cost of their very life-blood demonstrated the blunder. We read that they are to be given new land in better regions. And is the privilege of deserting their painfully acquired homes and beginning life's agony over again all that the government that misplaced them can now do for them?

We Must

WHAT then is the prospect for that country of high hope and great potential wealth? While these selected immigrants are fairly certain to leave or pass on, those who can go on living from hand to mouth on the land by their own labor, as they did in Eastern Europe, are likely to stick and multiply, and the result will be that by our very principle of democracy we are going to be governed by strangers, who will be herded politically by Tammany methods. We must go beneath this theory of selected immigration, and find out how, not only our selected immigrants, but our own born Canadians, will stick to the soil. To this end there are some obvious things that must be done. We must take from eastern manufacturers who presumably share big profits with party managers the power not only to tax, but to persecute farmers who seek by cooperation to reduce killing expenses and make ends meet. The implement manufacturers banded together not to sell to farmers' organizations. They will have their own side to this story. But if that was the essence of it, it was a crime against our country worthy of condign punishment. Then they proceeded to persecute their importations. In addition to egregious taxation, amounting to as high as seventy percent on dumping prices, they held up so essential and pressing an importation as a year's supply of binder twine, by fictitious legal proceedings, carried on through government machinery. Are we speaking of times now past? Have we then a different spirit today? Or does the profiteering war against our national prospects still continue? What then is the incentive to this demand for a government selling agency if not to eliminate what is looked upon, not without unforgotten evidence, as organized plunder? Obviously also we must relieve our transport of all fictitious burdens. It now costs three times what it did, wiping out the farmers' returns. We cannot make the farmers go on paying interest on hopelessly lost money and on rails sold in Canada for thirty-nine dollars and in the Punjab for twenty-four. The Canadian Pacific pays big dividends—too big, besides what it hides away. The national lines must be put on an equal footing of efficiency and economy. These farmers are half round the world from their market. If we admitted Asiatic labor, not only could they produce much more cheaply, but manufactures would spring up that would develop near markets for some products. Excluding these, with whom we may some day even have to compete in many ways, we should all the more seek to make our country cheap to live in, and so to produce in. As it is, New Zealand butter undersells our own. Why? But the present need is to reduce transport to a minimum. We simply must stop making it impossible to farm in a country that lives by farming. By, as we are doing, stripping the farmer. In short we MUST make farming pay.

The Progressive—Liberal Problem

MR. Mackenzie King would, we presume, give us a revenue tariff and national prohibition if he had his own way. At

least, without knowing, we are fain to credit him with such forward sentiments. He has said that the principles of the Progressives are those of true Liberalism. But here is the problem. Suppose that, giving every guarantee the Progressives would demand, he should add the sixty-five Progressive votes to his strength. He cannot count on that, as there are always some of uncompromising views. Over against these, there are just sixty-five votes in the province of Quebec. How many of these, if any, could be held on such a program? Indeed, would the old party Liberals of the English provinces enlist solid? Would he find himself stronger or weaker than before? Would he divide or intensify the undesirable racial bloc? A more difficult position for a true hearted and patriotic leader it would be difficult to invent. Still, setting country altogether before party, we should rather see, whether in power or in opposition, a combination of all true patriots with heart and purpose set directly and wholeheartedly on reform.

Demanding Favors

IT is getting to look like a pity that anyone ever proposed a British Empire exhibition in London, to come off at a time when everyone's national nerves are on edge. The idea of it presumably was to celebrate and promote by kindly intercourse and interchange the solidarity of the great commonwealth of nations which has so recently and, we should hope, so happily evolved into being. But the scribes of some newspapers seem to be aiming at a provincial popularity by arousing nasty feelings between the countries of the empire over petty details. The Star's correspondent makes a grievance of the fact that one of the British Exhibition commissioners, who is a specialist in catering, is a free-trader, as though that was a crime in the representative of a free trade country. This commissioner is apparently not devoted to the interests of some dominion suttlers who wanted to share among them the profits of the lunching supply. This correspondent broadcasts a petulant and therefore meaningless remark of a New Zealander, such as we have all made to get off our momentary feelings and never meant to be repeated seriously. As adopted and trumpeted by telegraph it becomes as incendiary as it is notoriously false. "Exactly what we might expect," says this testy Antipodean, perhaps after lunch, "Great Britain never did, and never will care a — about the dominions." On the contrary, no sentiment is more marked on the part of the British as a nation, than an exaggerated and painful solicitude about retaining the good-will of the dominions—an anxiety which we would fain regard as being as needless as it is uncomplimentary; but which some of us seem anxious to practise upon by asking the mother country to shape her trade policy in our interest and not in her own, a kindness which we have no thought of reciprocating. True, we have an imperial preference, and there is a sentiment about it. But it was a somewhat niggardly sop to those of our own people who were in revolt against such duties as make for privilege and not for revenue. It leaves us still excluding British goods almost as effectively as ever under heavy fines, while, excepting the cattle embargo, which we make bold to resent, Britain has at all times admitted our products free. The Bonar Law government may be willing to wreck Britain's prosperity, or else itself, on a reversion to protectionism, whether national or imperial; but the country in general, if it regarded this imperial exhibition as a stand and deliver demand on the part of the dominions to be put on the charity list, they would be tempted to take the New Zealand gentleman's attitude toward it. Like all governments, dazed by political tempests and bled by leeches, Britain manages many things, both in war and peace, clumsily enough. But she is keenly—indeed maternally—conscious of the blood relationship that called her sons to arms with her in a common crusade, not really more hers than theirs, and to please them will deny herself much.

Tory Straight

AT one fell stroke the Tories, at the Carlton Club meeting of Coalition

Unionists called by Mr. Chamberlain for the saving of the Coalition, wiped out all forms of coalition, new and old, and came out Tory straight. Not only was the Lloyd George—Bonar Law coalition of recent years ended, but so was the old Chamberlain—Salisbury coalition against Gladstone's Home Rule measure, which has for a generation given the Conservative party the name of "Unionists" a name which, now that Ireland has home rule, has no longer any meaning, and for which the party has no longer any use. The motion moved by a "Unionist" member which had this large effect resolved "that this meeting of 'Conservative' members declares its opinion that the 'Conservative' party, while willing to cooperate with the Coalition Liberals, should fight the election as an independent party, with its own leader and its own program." So the name "Unionist" disappears entirely. If Mr. Bonar Law told the King when bid to form a ministry that he must first be elected leader of the "Unionist" party he made a mistake, possibly a prudent one. We must now look for a break for cover on the part of those who have been thus summarily dismissed. Some Liberal Unionists may consider which way to turn. But most of them, after spending their whole political lives in the Conservative camp, will know no other home. Indeed, consisting largely of those Liberals who had in the ordinary process of rising in the world become natural advocates of privilege, most of them will desire no other home. Mr. Chamberlain, their hereditary leader, and in their name, has with great demur and rebuking shortness of vision enlisted under what he calls the Unionist party, as a dissatisfied outsider. But Lord Balfour—that fine scion of hereditary Conservatism—evoked applause from the minority as he scathingly denounced the dethronement of an entirely loyal national hero for no other cause than party. It was not only disloyalty but political insanity. He declared himself, like Mr. Lloyd George, "a cooperator." Lord Birkenhead, the one time chum of the impossible Carson, ranged himself unreservedly with Lord Balfour. As for the new discards—the war Coalitionists, against whom the big machine-gun was more directly aimed, and who are flatly kicked out for defiling the Conservative Holy of holies by their presence, they have now no friends. Between them and the straight Liberals who clung to Mr. Asquith there is little love; witness the painful spat between Lord Gladstone and Mr. Lloyd George. For these Lord Crewe has declared that they will maintain their distinct party allegiance apart from him. Of the Coalition Liberals a great number especially the new rich of the present parliament will also become Tories. It looks as though while the Tories and Labor are both in the highest degree of equipment for the battle and in high fettle for the spring, a war-shattered Liberalism would have to hobble crippled through the election which must soon come off. Where will Mr. Lloyd George be in this mix up? To all appearance he means to be abundantly in it. One of the Tory arguments for revolting against him was that he had exploded the Liberal party and that his dynamic force would do the same for any party that adopted him. That was indeed just being illustrated; but no one will question that whoever has Mr. Lloyd George will have a tremendous electoral asset.

Chequers to Criccieth

HAD Mr. Lloyd George planned by what stair he could with least damage to his own standing with the nation or to his place in history step down from the throne of practically absolute power which he has occupied so long and in such unparalleled glory, he could not have planned an easier exit than the Die-Hard Conservatives afforded him by deserting the Coalition. The fact that he had held such discordant elements together so long at least insures his record as a balancer on the slack rope. It is a unique tribute to his personal magnetism and to his elasticity. Shall we say elasticity of principle? Well, how else can men be ruled than by discovering among their various demands, passions and convictions the path of least resistance? It that statesmanship? Ever since rulers ceased to be autocratic it has

had to be part of it. A natural leader may be able to impose on all consciences about him his own convictions. Or he may be of such sympathetic temperament that he will become himself the resultant and the common measure of the convictions about him. In choosing between political forces he may have the gift of allowing the minor matter to bow to that which, in the public interest, is the more urgent, or he may simply have the cunning to know which course will keep himself in the lead. Each of these descriptions has by one and another been applied to Mr. Lloyd George. There is probably no difference of judgment now, and there will be none in history as to his political career having vied with any before it—Gladstone's, Disraeli's, Pitt's—in brilliancy. As to the value of his service rendered, judgments differ widely now, owing to difference of political attitude, and 't will be long before the judgments of history will cease to be contradictory.

Struck Down Not Cast Down

HAVE we been writing an obituary? Very far from it. We look for a sequel to the very brilliant volume here closed with possibly equally brilliant chapters. Did we think we were greeting the adventurer's return from a tempestuous voyage to the quiet of his own fireside for at least a kindly period of rest? Contrarywise he is only starting out. He is off like a long caged lion who finds himself at large to rampage at will. He has had abundant evidence that wherever he goes he will meet the plaudits of the crowd. Human nature is generally alleged to desert a man when he is down. Timon's friends who thronged about his prosperity knew him no more when his wealth was exhausted. Think of a just fallen Liberal statesman being unable to speak at a stately function in the usually jingo atmosphere of the Guildhall owing to the irrepressible applause called forth by his mere presence, and of his being sumilarly greeted at every stage of his pilgrimage! His appeal at Leeds failed entirely to respond to the world's high expectancy for a statement of his plans, but was none the less an unparalleled ovation. "One of the unemployed"—"a transient but disarranged phantasm"—he found that the fame of his being disliked at the Carlton Club brought him enthusiastic greetings wherever he was expected to pass. Yes, but what can he do? The Tories have turned him out, and jumped on him, and all his following. The two Canadians who set him up have knocked him down. The Labor men will have none of him. He made a promise to the Welsh miners of a kind very dear to all Labor, which, with his versatile genius, he did not fulfil. The promise had perhaps meant rather what he would have liked to do for Labor than what he could do. The Liberals are left—the stalwart Asquith Liberals, the Lloyd George Coalition Liberals and, if there are any, the Chamberlain Unionist Liberals. If he is going to get these together, bitterly rent as they are,—and some say that is largely his doing—he will have to begin anew from the bottom up. That will not be done today nor tomorrow. Still he has some shots in his locker.

What Will he do Next?

THE popular hero could not gratify the eager wish of the world to know what he would do next. He wants to know himself before he tells, but his first cry very naturally—one might say necessarily—was war upon partyism. The war election of four years ago was won on a non-party basis, and the spirit of party had risen up and slain the government that was in that way the free choice of the people. He accepted the challenge, he "picked up the gauntlet" and "unsheathed the sword" for progressive national interests. His motto was—country before party. "When the country gets through its troubles we will have the dog-fight. Till then let us stand by the old country." Such is the prelude with which he opens his campaign. The exultation of the French—that is, of the Paris Poincaré press—over his fall will be a big asset for him with the masses. The discouragement of the Germans and the further fall of the mark which reelected his resig-

nation will speak for him with all sober business men. His withstanding of the Turks when the other powers turned tail would be a fine talking point with many to whom their power is the personification of the reign of evil on earth, if he should be able to keep up in the nation the illusion that he has vanquished them. That is the fly in the ointment. The intolerable sauciness of the Kemalists in Constantinople, the insults and humiliation that they continue to heap on the Allies, particularly the English, and their egregious and threatening new demands, will not strengthen that legend. It is still a question how well he has pulled out there. But, as now a free lance, he can come out squarely for the reforms for which the country has been long panting. He can come out squarely against the protection tendencies of the new government, if these show themselves—possibly against the protection lapses of his own government. That would not be anything like such a change of front as was the about-face of the elder Chamberlain on the Irish question. And then it must be remembered that in a country where church establishment has been a very great grievance—chiefly a social grievance of a sort which people in this country have no idea of—Mr. Lloyd George is a non-conformist, and half of the people are malcontents on this score. The Free Churches are certainly fond of him as being of their own kindred, and he has only to champion those educational and other ideals which they value to get a very attached following. Indeed, what a host of overdue reforms are crying and crying for attention which a leader out of office is much freer to espouse than one who has to implement his professions. The prison system needs to be remodeled on the Christian principle of reformation. The insane asylums are declared by an expert to be too true jails whose heartless methods produce insanity. The schools according to the report of a royal commission, which greatly impressed the reading world, fail even yet to teach English. So we might go on. To become the prophet of these reforms would enforce the adherence of those humanitarian parties that have abhorred him as a war minister.

The Next Prime Minister

THOSE would appear to have been right who said before the crisis that, as it was the defection of Mr. Bonar Law that broke up Mr. Asquith's Coalition government, so it would be the defection of the same leader that would give the death-blow to that of Mr. Lloyd George. It is reported to have been his attitude at the Carlton Club meeting, in direct opposition to Mr. Chamberlain's great effort to perpetuate the Coalition, that carried a meeting, which was charged with being packed for Mr. Chamberlain's purpose, two to one for a straight Tory campaign. The same prophets put Mr. Bonar Law's action on this, as on the former occasion, down to the instigation of his fellow New Brunswicker, Lord Beaverbrook. The stampede at the Carlton Club received a wonderful filip from the news, opportunely arriving, of an unexpected Conservative victory at Newport in Monmouth, where Labor had been fighting with very high hopes. That inspired the Conservatives with the hope that alone they could carry the country. Their chief hope, however, probably lay in the fact that the Liberals appeared to be for the moment hopelessly broken and that Labor did not even hope to get a majority and that the country had got to the point where it would give anything for a quiet life. Mr. Chamberlain told them it was the success of a moment. King Log conditions are what Mr. Bonar Law would count on providing, passing the Irish bill and the Canadian embargo bill and making small changes in any legislation that has been under way. The fear of the Liberals, implied by Sir Alfred Mond and very positively expressed by Sir George Paish, is that Mr. Bonar Law, who is a strong protectionist himself, would be led or forced by some of those who would join him for the purpose to plunge the country still deeper into protection, which, in the view of these financiers would mean utter disaster. Being about to run for a division of Glasgow in which Sir George Paish is going

to oppose him on this issue, he has already announced very clearly that this is no time for tariff reform. It was on the assurance of peace, retrenchment and moderate counsels that that masterly financier, Reginald McKenna, hitherto a Liberal, has given in his adherence to the Conservative cause. By a prudent, unassertive, economical administration and a conciliatory Foreign policy, working out of scrapes the Conservatives might manage to hold office for a good while. But by reactionary finances and bankrupting Germany to please France they would bring about trouble for the country or else for themselves very soon.

The Irish Bill

TO bring about those halycon days of rest after storm which Mr. Bonar Law is promising the weary nation, he has to begin in a very rushing way. But for the upsetting he has brought about, the Irish bill would have gone through without question. The present parliament—or must it be before we go to press the late parliament?—is, or was, a tame one. It would eat out of Mr. Lloyd George's hand. Now that, still following the dismissed Lloyd George, it is scuttling down stairs, the new Prime Minister, if he wants the Irish constitution adopted, as, on his restful administration principle, there is no doubt he does—if he does not want it to die by lapse of time, as it would, in point of form at least, if not adopted by the sixth of December—has to get a new parliament into operation before then. The new parliament will pass it without trouble. The British public will make it plain to whoever it elects that it wants itself rid of the Irish question, and will not have the measure held up in any way. Unfortunately, however, there are frayed edges still to be hemmed. We do not know why Lord Carson's name should have been talked of as a possible one for the new ministry. There is no quiet time about him. There is no limit to what he will do to frustrate Irish home rule. It was he who started the Irish rebellion by raising an army in Ulster, and, as believed, importing arms from Germany to prevent the King's government enforcing an act of parliament. But, like the "one little Indian" in the rhyme, he is now pretty much all alone. His former chum in such zeal, Sir Frederick Smith, now Lord Birkenhead, was one of the negotiators of the treaty, and is a warm defender of it and of Mr. Lloyd George.

The Boundary Question

ACCORDING to the Treaty its acceptance by Southern Ireland carried with it the promise of a readjustment of the Ulster boundary. What this readjustment would amount to, no one knows. In the first weeks of the Free State the border difficulties caused much disturbance and bloodshed, and almost wrecked the peace. The statesmanship of Griffith and Collins staved off the danger for the time being, and the Four Courts rebellion with its subsequent operations gave the Free State government all it could think about. That government fulfilled its side of the bargain most honestly, sacrificing much in doing so. Will the new British government carry through the border adjustment in the letter and spirit of the treaty as squarely? Mr. Bonar Law would be anxious to do so. But will his "die-hard" supporters allow him? Sir James Craig would be willing, but he too has to reckon with a fractious following. Napoleon, referring to the Peninsula, used to say that "it was the Spanish ulcer that destroyed him." The Irish ulcer has crippled and destroyed many British governments. The new government can only escape like fate by handling the difficult and dangerous matter in accord with the highest British principles of honor and integrity.

A Viper To Slay

THERE are still moralists, clergymen, magistrates, who, though not bought like the newspapers, keep telling us that prohibition is having its natural result in an epidemic increase of drug addiction. An assertion needs very little foundation to be spread by the liquor interest, and to be echoed by simpletons who, though well

educated and in eminent position, are unable to observe and think for themselves. It is true that there has been of late years a great spread of the drug habit. It is also said that there has been in the later centuries a considerable aggravation of the drink evil as more virulent drinks have come within the reach of the people, and as they have become more used to animal food. We get our word dope from the pidgin English of the Chinese with whom the drug habit had gone much farther than the drink habit. It is possible that the increasing contact between east and west may have had something to do with popularizing the newer evil. Possibly soothing syrups in infancy and injections in illness may have greatly helped to spread the craving. The universal tension of nerves and laxity of restraint resulting from the war may have had much to do with it. Whatever may have been the cause of the spread of the plague, it certainly is not due to the stoppage of drink. It is the observation of all who are in touch with the evil that the hotbeds of drug poisoning are those of the other vices. These act and react on each other. The magistrates of Montreal who may perhaps have thought, along with those politicians who have knelt to Satan for a full treasury, that the sale of liquors was necessary to save the people from the agonies and vile degradation that follow the use of opium, have evidently been shocked to find that the very city which had got the reputation of being the focus of the liquor business there was at the same time getting notoriety for the prevalence of drug enslavement. They show themselves infinitely distressed at being brought daily into the presence of its horrors. In order to stop the traffic they are imposing jail sentences that startle the culprits, and to save the victims they are sending them for lengthened periods beyond the reach of the drug. It is pathetic at times to note the dismay with which the anguish of this privation is faced. One poor fellow begged frantically for the lash instead. And what wrecks of womanhood! How they rouse the wrath of the magistrate against the agents of this evil. Strange is it not that our rulers should feel so intensely the horrors of this new evil and should be willing parties to one whose bane has hitherto been unspeakably greater, all because those evils are familiar. Certainly if throttling is the right treatment for one viper it is the right one for the other.

Latin Plurals

HERE is another of those pestiferous Latin words to humiliate English-speaking people. It is altogether a good thing that scientific men have Latin and Greek to make names out of for the things they invent, discover or classify. Hydrogen is a much more convenient word than waterstuff, the equivalent of the *Wasser* that German purists have adopted, and oxygen is better than sowerstuff. Indeed, the English language is immensely the more wealthy for having words from the Latin and Greek to express the abstract or spiritual conception which languages without such alternative would have to express by some material analogy. The Latins and Greeks had to use the same word for breath and spirit. In many cases we escape such ambiguity, using the Saxon form to represent the material thing and the Latin or Greek form to represent the spiritual or abstract. In other cases the ambiguity remains, as in our various uses for the word heart. But either let us teach our children the Latin plurals or not force them upon the language that we English people have to use. It would take very little schooling indeed to give children a clear notion of Latin plurals. But seeing that is not done for our news writers and news editors, it would be only decent, little as these might like it, to exclude words with Latin plurals, necessary as some of these are in default of English ones. These either do not know that the singular of strata is stratum, and of data is datum, or they fear to confuse readers by using these plurals as plurals. We might, perhaps, get people to say stratus; but not easily, and data would not be well represented by datums, could we change it. Those, like many more, are very necessary words but till they can be endowed with English form they will be stumbling blocks and make simple ones offend. We have ab-

ready taken to using agenda, which means things to be done, as a singular. Neither agenda nor agendums would do. In the very last number of the Witness we found automata printed automatic, without meaning. Being used as a plural, which it is, it had evidently sounded wrong to somebody. It would have been better to say automata. People used to say asyla for asylums. That is happily past. Let us in English say hippopotamuses, not hippopotami; narcissuses, not narcissi; and so forth. And now for this new word antennae applied to the contrivance for catching radio scores. Here, right at the beginning, we read of "an antennae" being used in a moving railway car. Antennae applied to these sound collectors are excellently named after the feelers of insects. You can no more say "an antennae" than you can say "a feelers." Giving the utmost credit to those who chose the word we pray them for the sake of us poor unlearned newspaper makers and readers to choose an

English word and if it is plural let it have an "s" to it.

From Bob
to Knob

THE fashion of women's hair changes with the years, that of men's with the generations. As for the latter it is the same the world over. Fifty years ago it used to be reported that in China only the old men wore their beards—such stringy things as they had—but it was only that fashion had imposed the razor on the younger generation. In those days illustrated works of travel in Syria and Asia Minor showed every man in a beard and an enormous white turban over a fez, presumed in turn to cover a shaven head, and in a white gown reaching to his feet. Photographs from there today, whether of Kemal, or even of the Sultan himself, reveal winged collars and bobbed moustaches. For a while men the world over have been exposing to full view what na-

turo ordained should be veiled. We are now told that the time of the smooth generation is up, and that we must look for an era of whiskers. No sooner has the moustache flickered down to a dying tuft than the beard begins to reassert itself under the ears, a treatment equally abhorrent to art and nature. Speaking the American language, as Canadians now do, we shall have to speak of these offenders as side-whiskers, as we have adopted the ugly usage of speaking of every part of a man's beard, or of the whole of it, as whiskers. These changes of physiognomy, however grotesque and whimsical, are gradual. Different is it with women whose apparel has to vary four times a year and whose head-dressing once. In obedience to some unseen interest these changes have to be violent, so that to be disobedient to the quick change of fashion is to be "a perfect fright." The cost of women's dressing is due chiefly to this, its offending details entirely so. If, like the trees of the

forest, they were planted with the same set of parts, according to their kind, from generation to generation, these fashions would imperceptibly increase in beauty and fitness. It is the need of forcing on natural beauty, decorations that will greatly differ from those in use—decorations which carry with them their own early condemnation—that causes such a waste of beauty as well as of money. The ladies are at present in the distress of having their hair, lately sacrificed to a passing fashion, neither long enough nor short enough for any treatment, and are actually having to hide it under borrowed plumes. These we can spy—or at least the hair-pins. What these borrowed, or at least severed plumes may cost we do not enquire. The hair is an exquisite ornament; so even said St. Paul—or at least it can, and should be. But the worst enemy to its beauty is the need of every now and then giving it some new sort of swath, devised in Paris, who can say what for?

This is a time to sink superficial differences and magnify our great underlying principles and our great common objectives. Is this publisher or that trying to be on the right side, and will he fight for the right, as he sees it, even to his loss—to the limit? Until the people are also discerning and willing to sacrifice something for principle, they will continue to be the playthings of publishers who will buy them (by size or sensation or what not) and sell them to the highest bidder. This is done so surreptitiously and indirectly that they are rarely caught red-handed in the act. But they are doing it all the time.

SASKATCHEWAN FARMERS OPPOSED TO FUSION

The Position of Hon. T. A. Crerar.

The meeting of the provincial committee of the Progressive party of Saskatchewan held on Saturday, unanimously went on record by resolution as being definitely opposed to any relationship between the Progressive and Liberal parties closer than that which existed during the last session of Parliament.

It was established at the meeting that a definite offer of representation in the Liberal Cabinet had been made to Progressives as inducement to fusion between the two parties.

A statement that this was so was made by R. H. Milliken, secretary of the Progressive party in the province. The exact nature of the proposals was not divulged owing to the presence of the press.

The position of Hon. T. A. Crerar with reference to the leadership of the party will be made clear before November 23, the date of the next meeting of the shareholders of the United Grain Growers, of which he is president. Thomas Teare, retiring vice-president of the Saskatchewan Progressive party, told the committee that Mr. Crerar would before then make up his mind either to resign his position as president of the United Grain Growers or that of party leader.

At the last shareholders' meeting Mr. Teare said there had been an expression of opposition to the president's retention of his political position, and the latter had then promised to make up his mind before the next meeting.

Other members at the committee meeting expressed the opinion that Mr. Crerar could not go on indefinitely holding both positions, and that his salary as private member of the House of Commons could not compensate him for the sacrifices of his larger emoluments as president of the United Grain Growers' Company. Under the circumstance, it was said, the choice for him lay between his business and political activities.

Progressives to Meet.

Progressive members of Parliament will meet at Winnipeg on Friday morning, November 10, in accordance with an understanding reached at the close of the last session of the House, it was announced on Sunday by Hon. T. A. Crerar, leader of the party.

The chief matters to be discussed, according to notices sent to all members of the party, will be the work of the Progressives at the coming session of Parliament, how the principles and general policies of the party can best be furthered in the Dominion, and what changes, if any, should be considered as far as federal matters are concerned in details of the political platform laid down by the Canadian Council of Agriculture in 1916.

India desires self-government and must have it if the agitation and unrest in that country are to be allayed. If it is withheld it means that bitter antagonism towards, and hatred of Great Britain will become more deeply embedded in the hearts of the native population. So said Sir Sivaswamy Aiyer, K.C.S.I., leader of the Nationalist party in the Legislative Assembly in India, speaking at Toronto on Sunday last.

Canada Out of British Market

For the past eight years Canada has been out of the British market, declares Walter Lefroy, who has founded and edited Canadian publications in London, England, for the past twenty-five years. Since 1914, he says, practically no offerings have appeared in the British press of Canadian bonds, stocks, or other investments, no farms, or orchards, mines, timber or real estate. Exchange has been the great obstacle, but, he believes, a little more enterprise on the part of Canadians would have been amply rewarded.

LIQUOR ON FOREIGN SHIPS

New Order by American Government Now In Force

Provisions of the liquor statutes, held by Attorney-General Daugherty to prohibit transportation and sale of alcoholic beverages on American vessels anywhere and on foreign vessels within three miles of the United States coast, became effective on Saturday night at midnight.

The extension of time ordered by President Harding to permit ship lines to arrange their affairs to conform to the ruling expired at midnight, and enforcement officials declared suggestions for a further extension had not been approved.

It was considered probable that several days would elapse before customs and prohibition forces would have at hand specific instructions as to the scope of their authority under the Daugherty opinion, but this, it was declared, would have no effect on the operation of the law.

Injunction Motion Dismissed

Federal Judge Learned Hand on Monday handed down a decision at New York dismissing the motion of a foreign ship companies for a permanent injunction restraining Federal prohibition agents from putting into effect the bone dry ruling of Attorney-General Daugherty.

Will Dispute Ruling

The French Line has decided to fight the Washington ruling against the carrying of liquor by foreign-owned liners within territorial waters in the Supreme Court and, in the event of an adverse decision there, will move to obtain an appeal to the International Court of Justice at The Hague.

MANIAC SETS FIRES IN NEW YORK.

Twenty-one Lives Sacrificed Within a Month.

Fourteen persons are dead and many in hospitals badly burned because of the act of a maniac, who at four o'clock on Sunday morning started a blaze in a baby carriage in the hallway of a five-storey tenement house on the southeast corner of Lexington Avenue and 110th Street, New York.

The fire raged up the stairway so swiftly that all escape by that route was cut off before the sleeping occupants of the building knew their danger.

Many were burned to death on the fourth and fifth floors before they could reach the fire escapes. Most of the men, women and children who first reached the fire escapes clung there, too crowded to move, and were later picked off by firemen with ladders. Others were rescued from windows and from the roof.

With flames surging in the room behind her, one woman jumped from a window on the fifth floor and was killed.

A total of twenty-one lives are believed to have been sacrificed by the same fire maniac within a month. Seven lives were lost at a fire of similar origin on September 27. The earlier fire tragedy occurred in West 109th Street, near Columbus avenue. The hand of a pyromaniac could be clearly traced in the loss of life on that occasion, because two baby carriages were lighted up in different hallways at almost the same minute. One carriage started to burn at 201 West 109th Street, and the other at 245 West 109th Street. Blazes in other parts of the city have been set by the same method of putting paper or oiled rags in baby carriages and touching a match to them.

EMINENT PUBLICIST AND THEOLOGIAN DEAD.

Dr. Lyman Abbott, editor-in-chief of the Outlook, with which he had been associated nearly 40 years; clergyman, lawyer, author and successor to Henry J. Ward Beecher, as pastor of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, died last Saturday. He would have been 87 next December.

The Rev. Lyman Abbott, D.D., was one of the most active leaders in many avenues of religious and civic thought in the United States. As preacher, editor, author and theologian he exhibited a quality of character which impressed itself on all who came in contact with him, a singular poise and serenity of spirit.

His most important volumes are—"The Result of Emancipation in the United States," "Old Testament Shadows of New Testament Truths," "A Layman's Story," "Dictionary of Religious Knowledge," "A Study in Human Nature," "The Theology of an Evolutionist," "The Evolution of Christianity," "Social Problems," and "Problems of Life."

THE SCIENTIFIC FRONT

(The Morning Post.)

One of the results of the war, in which the scientific brains of this country were mobilized to such good purpose, is an appreciable increase of public interest in the achievements of science, whether theoretical or practical. In pre-war days neither the man in the street nor the man at the club window could have been persuaded to read articles about the Einstein v. Newton controversy or the possibility of releasing and utilizing the energy locked up in the atom. Today, having served at the front and observed the new and wondrous facilities afforded by science for saving life or destroying, the two worthies in question have come to the conclusion that spacetime, the "causa causans" of gravitation according to Einstein, may be as worthy of the average citizen's attention as the twist in Lloyd-Georgian mentality—that the disruption of the atom may have as serious consequences as the disintegration of a Coalition. Even our Socialists begin to suspect that there was some truth in the other half of Lassalle's famous epigram: "Science and Socialism will save mankind," and that the Russian Bolshevik's plan of abolishing science by extirpating the scientist does not really make for the greatest welfare of the greatest number.

Scientific research, as Kelvin pointed out long ago, is now chiefly a matter of weighing and measuring with minute accuracy. It is carried on along a front extending from the atom to Aldebaran, and in each of the numerous sectors progress depends on the co-operation of a host of investigators. Yet it should be possible for science to maintain a staff of "eye-witnesses" whose function it should be to explain in plain non-technical language the results of a successful "push" in this or that sector. After all, we do possess writers who can carry out the work of scientific interpretation as brilliantly as it was done in the generation when it could be said: "There is but one Darwin, and Huxley is his prophet." And such magniloquent persons as Mr. H. G. Wells, whose scientific prophecies have so often been fulfilled, would be better occupied in acting as a special correspondent on the scientific front than in furishing up old heresies as new religions. The current notion that science is sheer materialism would be disposed of in passing. There is nothing materialistic in a vast human activity which daily extends the soul's empire over soulless things and has already exorcised many antique bogeys which oppressed plain people.

By a plurality of 3,653 votes, with two polling places still to report, the riding of Southeast Toronto resumed its Conservative allegiance in Monday's election by returning Col. John A. Currie to the seat rendered vacant by the death of John O'Neill (Liberal).

THE YELLOW JOURNALS

The American people in the aggregate probably read more of the newspapers than anything else. To accept the statements of some of our dailies and weeklies, one must conclude that prohibition is a dismal failure, to which most of our national ills are attributable, and for which the only remedy is a liberalizing of the law.

Present-day fiction, some of it bordering upon the pornographic, in many of the "best-sellers," under the guise of truly picturing life, presents the allurements of lax moral conduct and ridicules as obsolete many of the standards of virtue essential to Christian life. The religious press is a constant antidote to this position.—Pittsburg Christian Advocate.

TIMES TO BE UNDER OLD CONTROL

It is understood that after lengthy negotiations conducted by the managing director of the London Times, Sir Campbell Stuart, the Times has been purchased by John Walter, the chairman of the board of directors, from the Northcliffe estate. This is taken to mean that the Times will revert to the traditional Walter policy of supporting the Government of the day, but with complete independence.

PEACE PROSPECTS IN IRELAND

The Dublin Corporation on Monday last unanimously passed a resolution calling upon the Free Staters and the Republicans to compose their differences, and endeavor to arrange a lasting peace. The resolution follows:

"The council learns with satisfaction that proposals for a truce and a conference have been made by both sides in Ireland, and appeals to both parties to consider the proposals very carefully. The council expresses the conviction that an honorable and lasting peace is possible by negotiation."

Important resolutions, among them one asking further federal aid for the provincial highways amounting to \$20,000,000, were adopted, and matters affecting roads in all parts of Canada were discussed at the Inter-Provincial Good Roads Conference which was opened last Thursday at Quebec under the auspices of the Canadian Good Roads Association in the Old Colony Club.

In the most recent instalment of the Kaiser's memoirs he exclaims:—"Never have I had warlike ambitions. In my youth my father had given me terrible descriptions of the battlefields of 1870 and 1871, and I felt no inclination to bring such misery, on a colossal larger scale, upon the German people and the whole of civilized mankind. Old Field Marshal Moltke, whom I respected greatly, had left behind him the prophetic warning: Woe to him who huris the firebrand of war upon Europe!"

The railway labor situation in Canada, which at times during the past summer reached the serious stage, has been practically cleared up through the medium of boards of conciliation and arbitration.

The union miners have posted notices throughout the South Wales mining district that a general strike of the miners will occur a fortnight hence, unless the non-union miners join the federation.

Immigrants to Canada during the fiscal year ended March 31, 1922, numbered just one short of 90,000 persons, a decrease of 39 per cent. as compared with the previous twelve months, when 148,477 persons entered Canada as immigrants.

OBITUARY

The staff of the Witness sympathizes with Mr. Wilfrid Vidal, the foreman of its stereotyping department, in the loss of his mother on Monday, 23rd October, at 80 years of age. His father, a noted yacht-builder, is 82.

WILLIAM PEACEFULLY INCLINED

Finds Cause of War in England's Jealousy and France's Desire for Revenge.

"The general situation of the German Empire in the period before the war," says the ex-Kaiser in his memoirs, "had become continually more brilliant, and for that very reason continually more difficult from the point of view of foreign politics. Unprecedented progress in industry, commerce and world traffic had made Germany prosperous. The curve of our development tended steadily upwards."

"The concomitant of this peaceful penetration of a considerable part of the world's markets, to which German diligence and our achievements justly entitled us, was bound to be disagreeable to older nations of the world, particularly to England."

"Had England been able, by introducing better commercial methods, to overcome or restrict German competition, she would have been quite within her rights in doing so and no objections could have been made. It simply would have been a case of the better man winning. In the life of nations nobody can find it objectionable if two nations contend against each other peacefully by the same methods—i. e., peaceful methods—yet with all their energy, daring and organizing ability, each striving to benefit itself."

"On the other hand, it is quite another matter if one of these nations sees its assets on the world's balance sheet threatened by the industry, achievements and super business methods of the other, and hence, not being able to apply ability like that of its young competitor, resorts to force—i. e., to methods that are not those of peace but of war—in order to call a halt upon the other nation in its peaceful campaign of competition, or to annihilate it."

"Our situation became more serious since we were obliged to build a navy for the protection of our welfare, which, in the last analysis, was not based on the nineteen billions yearly to which German exports and imports amounted. The supposition that we built this navy for the purpose of attacking and destroying the far stronger English fleet is absurd, since it would have been impossible for us to win a victory on the water because of the discrepancy between the two navies. Moreover, we were striding forward in the world market in accordance with our desires and had no cause for complaint. Why, then, should we wish to jeopardize the results of our peaceful labors?"

"In France the idea of revenge had been sedulously cultivated ever since 1870-71; it was fostered, with every possible variation, in literary, political and military writings, in the officer corps, in schools, associations, political circles."

"I can well understand this spirit. Looked at from the healthy national standpoint, it is, after all, more honorable for a nation to desire revenge for a blow received than to endure it without complaint."

"But Alsace-Lorraine had been German soil for many centuries; it was stolen by France and taken back by us in 1871 as our property. Hence, a war of revenge which had as its claim the conquest of thoroughly German territory was unjust and immoral. For us to have yielded on this point would have been a slap in the face to our sentiments of nationality and justice. Since Germany could never voluntarily return Alsace-Lorraine to France, the French dream could be realized only by means of a victorious war which should push forward the French boundary posts to the left bank of the Rhine."

SIR IAN HAMILTON ON WAR

Speaking at the unveiling of the Cambuslang war memorial, General Sir Ian Hamilton said they were there to pay homage to the memories of brave soldiers who fell at Helles and Suvla, as well as on the wider fields of the West. Twenty thousand of their dead were left by their comrades, and they knew from the enemy commander that 60,000 of the pride and backbone of his force had entered into Paradise through the gate of Gallipoli.

"Eighty thousand dead, and that in what was known in the military slang of those days as a side-show," continued Sir Ian. Surely figures like these were excuse enough for telling the people that the world stood on the brink of a calamity. "A year ago I would not have thus raised my voice against war. I was cradled amidst the Gordon Highlanders in their barracks at Corfu, long since given back to the Greeks by Mr. Gladstone. From my childhood upwards I have taken part in all the trouble that was going and have no quarrel with war. The sight of the stricken field may have brought tears to my eyes, the groans of falling comrades may have brought my heart into my mouth, but I have always gone on again next time. Why not, when I thought, and still think, that, so far as the individual goes, there is no braver winding-sheet than khaki? So I warn you now, as one who knows, that if you take the field against war you are out against a tremendous force; Satan, if you will, but superb. By war man—that bold and adventurous piece of Nature—may get out of the rut and escape the ever-

lasting grind of the mill. By war he may live deep and drink his cup of adventure to the lees. A year ago these were my feelings, and I cannot altogether forget them. But during the past twelve months I have unveiled too many memorials. First, the shouting of the captains; next, these silent memorials! Nothing speaks straighter than a memorial to any politician, soldier, or monarch whose conscience tells him he might have prevented war. When we see the little children coming to lay their wreaths we feel something stir within us—we see the other side of the picture; if we are human beings with human hearts we begin to think how best war might be brought to an end."

"The root of the matter is this. We have never made peace. Peace was the last thing the men who made the Treaties of Versailles and Sevres were thinking about—punishment is what they were after. Peace does not need armies of occupation to enforce it. If it does, it is indeed a peace which passeth all understanding, for it is, in fact, no peace at all, but only an armistice. When you seek cash payments for the blood of those you have lost, can you not see for yourselves how, even as you finger the marks, they turn into scraps of dirty paper, stamped with mocking promises, just as fairy gold used to change during the course of a night into a handful of dead leaves. Had we truly aimed at peace and the demilitarism of Europe, instead of at the £24,000,000,000 sterling and the Kaiser's head, held out like glittering baits to the people at the end of 1918, we might have inflicted a mortal wound on war. Even now there is time, though as we hesitate the sands are running out apace. We must see the present crisis through as one man. When we have done so, let us remove our own troops from the Rhine; the fleet is well able to take charge of our interests in Germany. Next make a real League of Nations, instead of a committee of conquerors. Ask them, as their first task, to flood the powder magazine of Europe by revising the Treaty of Versailles."

LORD ROTHERMERE

Lord Rothermere, brother of the late Lord Northcliffe, by purchasing his brother's 400,000 deferred shares in the Associated Newspapers, has become the chief proprietor and absolute controller of the Daily Mail, of the Evening News, the Weekly Dispatch, and the Overseas Daily Mail. He has also purchased the Continental Daily Mail, published in Paris—a very remarkable team of papers which gives to the proprietor an unprecedented power for good or evil. "What will he do with it?" asks Public Opinion.

He is a younger man than his brother Alfred. He has a different mentality and a wider outlook. He has a firmer grip on realities. He is a great Captain of Industry, with a unique knowledge of the industrial and financial worlds. Indeed, it was he who put the solid foundations into all the newspaper enterprises associated with the Harmsworth name. Without his extraordinary business and financial skill those enterprises would never have reached their great dimensions nor have made such great profits.

"It is entirely owing to Lord Rothermere's constructive genius that the Daily Mail and its allied papers are today the best administered newspaper properties in the world. This applies to the paper on which they are printed, the machines which print them, the organization which distributes them, and the whole administrative work behind all this industry. He is a complete master of the whole problem of newspaper production."

"To enable him to take up Lord Northcliffe's 400,000 deferred shares Lord Rothermere formed the 'Daily Mail Trust,' and asked the public to subscribe for £1,600,000 7 per cent. guaranteed 15 year first mortgage debenture stock in this trust. So immense was the demand for this stock that over £50,000,000 were applied for—thirty times as much as wanted. This unprecedented application must be taken as a very definite vote of confidence in Lord Rothermere's financial skill."

OHIO AND THE CONSTITUTION

(Kansas City Star.)

The people of Ohio are to vote in November on a State constitutional amendment legalizing the manufacture and sale of wine and beer. This may be amusing to the Ohio voters. But what will they be celebrating? There is a respectable document known as the Constitution of the United States, which contains this statement:

"This Constitution and the laws of the United States which shall be made in pursuance thereof; and all treaties made, or which shall be made, under the authority of the United States, shall be the supreme law of the land; and the judges in every State shall be bound thereby, anything in the constitution or laws of any State to the contrary notwithstanding."

Maybe the Ohio brewers think they know some way to get by this provision. If they do they know something that is a secret to the rest of the world. Just how a State may annul the federal Constitution never has been discovered.

OTTAWA LETTER

Ottawa, 21st Oct.—As merging and fusion is the order of the day in finance, industry and even in the religious world, it is not surprising that considerable is heard of it in politics. So it is that many reports about the coming together of Liberals and Progressives are again going the rounds as they were four months ago. Besides, much is heard of this subject, because in politics, just now, there is little else to talk about.

Politicians must talk, and it is not unkind to say that to a very large extent they deal with possibilities and probabilities. Eliminate these and what is called political news and opinion would shrink very greatly. In the old days the doings of Conservatives and Liberals provided an unfailing source of gossip; for if they were not really doing much, it could at least be said that they probably would do so-and-so in the near future. But the times have changed. Political parties are now such uncertain quantities that it is difficult to predict their probable course of action.

Little is today said about the Conservatives, their number in Parliament being so small that they don't count to nearly the extent they once did. Besides, their prospects are no better today than they were a year ago. Indeed, the loss of Hon. J. A. Stewart leaves them much worse off. So it happens that the Progressives are now receiving the attention which naturally would fall to the Conservatives, if they were the only group in Opposition.

The Talk About Fusion

There never was nearly as much in the report of fusion between the Liberals and the Progressives as the amount of talk about it seemed to indicate. It is true the majority of the Liberals would like to see the Progressives join them. It is also true that Hon. T. A. Crerar has hoped that this might take place, and his views are shared by a number of his followers in the House; but for all that, fusion has not got beyond the proposal stage.

The Progressives are not like the ordinary political party. For one thing, a Progressive leader cannot speak for his followers the way that an old political leader can. In the Progressive camp the theory is that the leader does what the folks at home generally want him to do. In the camps of the old parties it is taken for granted that the rank and file will follow wherever the chieftain leads, it being assumed that he knows well the road to take.

There has been a great deal of fusion propaganda. The English-speaking Liberals generally would like to see it brought about, because they desire to see the Government command a solid majority in the House. This applies to the Liberals from Ottawa west to the Pacific, and the same may be said of the Liberals from the Maritime Provinces. They say to the Progressives: "On almost everything you think the same as we do; why not come across and make things solid."

A number of Liberals also want the Progressives with them, thinking that, assured of their support, there is a better chance of the Government Railways getting a square deal. They are convinced that Mr. Mackenzie King and his colleagues intend that this shall be given, but they fear that if matters don't go well the square-deal period may not last long enough. They know that on this, above all other questions, the Progressives are solid, and so they say to the latter: "Come along in for the sake of the railways."

Mr. Crerar's Attitude

Mr. Crerar is for fusion, not because, as some say, he is a Liberal at heart, but because he really does not see any other way out. Being a man of real vision, he says: "True, we are here today in fairly strong numbers, but where will we be tomorrow?" He knows that the Progressives have not the strength that comes from tradition and long association, as the Grits and Tories have. He is by no means sure that the causes which during the last general election campaign, operated so strongly to give the Progressives 66 seats would operate nearly so strongly again. So he takes kindly to the thought of linking up with another group that has so much in common with his own.

It is also quite probable that Mr. Crerar's days in politics are numbered. It is no secret that a year ago the directors of this company expressed the opinion that he should devote his entire attention to its affairs, and he has had a year to think about what he will do. It looks as though he would stick to a sure thing such as the United Grain Growers, in preference to such an uncertain one as leader of a political group whose members in the House are divided on the question, to be or not to be.

One can quite understand that Mr. Crerar's company is of the opinion that he should confine his attention to its affairs. It is one of the largest commercial organizations in Canada, whose business is growing rapidly. With a wheat crop of nearly 400,000,000 bushels, think of the huge business it will do during the present crop year; and it is quite possible that Mr. Crerar's political duties may

take five or six months of his time. So the call to business is not only strong, but, if anything, will become stronger.

Future of the Progressives

If Mr. Crerar thinks of retiring, it is natural that, being a careful man with an eye to the future, he should give a thought to the future of the Progressive movement after he leaves it. Indeed, it is incumbent upon him to do so. If he were leader of one of the old parties he could retire with full knowledge that another leader would take up the standard as soon as he laid it down. But if he goes, there is no knowing what may happen to the Progressive group in Parliament. Certainly under any other man, it would not be the dominating factor it is. So one can quite understand that Mr. Crerar thinks it would be well to effect fusion with the Liberals before he goes.

Mr. Crerar's influence is undoubtedly strong, but it is impossible for one at all acquainted with the facts of the situation to persuade one's self that the great body of the Progressives at present are with him on this subject. Nor, as far as one can find out, has fusion sentiment among the farmers become stronger since Parliament prorogued. Those who favor it hoped that the seed then sown would bring forth a nice crop, but manifestly they have been disappointed. To say different would be to shut one's eyes to the facts.

In Ontario, J. J. Morrison, an out-and-out anti-fusionist, has no doubt beaten out Drury on the question of broadening-out. In Alberta Henry Wise Wood, who certainly controls the situation, will not hear of fusion. In Manitoba, it can't be assumed that the farmers are keen for it, or they would not have elected a Farmers' Government. As for Saskatchewan, it seems to be badly split up, with no strong fusionists in sight. Such being the case, it is difficult to see how the fusionists have a look in.

Anything May Happen

Of course, anything may happen in politics these days. If Mr. Crerar did retire it is quite possible that a number of the Progressives might cross the floor of the House, but that would not be fusion in the sense that it has been proposed during the last six months. For the Progressives it would doubtless mean confusion. Still the mere talk about fusion may evoke a sentiment that may produce it, if not today, then tomorrow, or possibly the day after.

But there is a possibility of Mr. Crerar remaining in public life, though at present the chances are against him doing so, which probably would mean his entrance into the Government. It is well known that he may do so, if he desires, and the Government would be very glad to get him. It is not for nothing that the selection of a cabinet minister from Manitoba has been deferred for well on to a year. If he landed Mr. Crerar it would be for Mackenzie King a master stroke; for in addition to thereby strengthening himself in the country, he would secure one of the most capable executives in Canada. But as yet there is no sign that Mr. Crerar will go in.

Whatever happens, it is probable that there will be a considerable farmers' group in the House of Commons for some time, this being assured by the fact that men like Morrison and Wood who want it, have a strong hold on the farmers in the constituencies. Moreover, the low prices for grain that are likely to prevail for some time, will tend to keep the movement alive, it being very largely an organized protest against economic conditions.

BRITISH EMPIRE EXHIBITION

Canada will participate in the British Empire Exhibition, which will be held near London in 1924. Announcement to this effect was made by Premier King on Thursday evening. Mr. King further stated that the degree of Canada's participation depended to a certain extent on what the various provincial governments were prepared to do. He had, he said, addressed a letter to the provincial prime ministers asking as to the extent which they were prepared to go in taking part in the exhibition, and replies were now being awaited.

Slur on Canadian Products

Considerable indignation was expressed by members of the Board of Trade, Montreal, at the despatches from London showing occurrences with regard to the committee in charge of the British Empire Exhibition at London in 1924. Members of the lumbermen's and milling associations were especially angry at the apparent slurs that had been cast upon these Canadian products by the committee. Later it was felt that there must have been some misunderstanding either on the part of Mr. Robert Donald, who had resigned from the British Empire Exhibition committee, or in some other way, since it was considered impossible that an exhibited primarily designed to advance the interests of the products of the British Dominions, and depending upon their good-will and financial and moral support, could start out by casting a slur upon two of the greatest products of Canada, the leading British Dominion.

POLITICAL CRISIS IN BRITAIN FOLLOWS SPLIT IN CABINET

Bonar Law, Succeeding Lloyd George, has Task of Forming New Government

Mr. Bonar Law succeeded Mr. Lloyd George as Prime Minister of Great Britain on Monday evening when he formally announced to the King that he would accept the responsibility of heading the Government which succeeds the Coalition of Mr. Lloyd George.

The outgoing Premier visited His Majesty to say farewell and turned over to his successor the seals of office, he has held for six years. This marked the end of the Coalition Government which came into being during the war and which was sponsored by both Liberals and Unionists.

Mr. Bonar Law was elected leader of the Conservatives at a meeting of that party in the Cecil Hotel on Monday. The election was unanimous, as had been expected. He immediately started to address his adherents.

The next step is to advise the King to dissolve Parliament. It is believed that the general elections—which will be the real test of strength between Lloyd George and Bonar Law—will be held on November 15.

This would permit the organization of a new Parliament by Dec. 6, for ratification of the Irish Free State treaty.

Lloyd George's Campaign.

The intention of Lloyd George to stump the country in defence of his policies and against the new Government was seen on Monday in the announcement that he will start a speaking tour extending from South Wales to Scotland next week-end.

Lloyd George on Monday night gave a farewell dinner to his supporters at 10 Downing street at which his political future was fully discussed.

Winston Churchill, Colonial Minister in the late Cabinet, issued a statement from in which he declared he would support the Liberals and co-operate with the Progressive Conservatives. The manifesto was addressed to the Liberals of Dundee, which Churchill is to contest in the general elections for Parliament.

EX-PREMIER AT LEEDS

Refrains From Disclosing His Plans for Election Campaign.

In a characteristic speech before a sympathetic audience at Leeds on Saturday Lloyd George defended his administration, but refrained from revealing his programme.

The meeting was held in Kinema hall, a moving picture house, because it was the largest hall in Leeds. In this darkened auditorium the limelight was turned upon Mr. Lloyd George literally. The crowds were immense and there was no mistaking the warmth and affectionate nature of their greeting.

Lord Airedale, who presided, presented Mr. Lloyd George as "a great statesman, who, through the severest crisis in history, had been the pillar of the people's hope and the centre of the world's desire."

In his speech Mr. Lloyd George did not say specifically that it was his purpose to lead the Liberal body; but he refrained as at Manchester, from endorsing Austen Chamberlain's pronouncement that the Labor party was a menace to the country.

The People First.

"The banner of party strife," he said, "has been hoisted at the Carlton Club. A great combination of men of all parties and creeds for national purposes, a combination which led us to victory in war, and which was leading us, gradually but surely, out of our troubles in peace, has been brought to an end. It has been brought to an end not because it has ceased to serve the nation, that was not the case. It has been brought to an end because the party was not getting enough out of it, and it is for the people of this country to decide whether the party comes first—or the nation first. I stand for the people."

After reviewing the achievements of his Government in war and peace, and particularly holding up its success in restoring Great Britain's commercial prestige, he exclaimed: "And they have smashed the combination that has pulled through our trade, our commerce and our credit throughout the world. It is a crime against the nation."

No Good to Cure a Headache.

"I claim that we did everything that a Government could do in that great and trying emergency. But I then am told I might have been a very good war Minister, but I am no good in peace. (Laughter.)

I am a sort of doctor, very good in a bad case when it is a matter of life and death for the patient, but I am no good to cure a headache. (Laughter.) You want

somebody more commonplace. (Laughter.) Somebody with a better bedside manner. It is not for me to say whether they have got people of that sort. (Renewed laughter.)

He voiced a warm tribute to his Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Chamberlain and Sir Robert Stevenson Horne, and paid his compliments to the anti-waste outcry, declaring that its leaders gave no help when it came to enforcing specific economies. He passed over lightly the word "revolution," which is the spearpoint of Mr. Chamberlain's attack on labor, and asserted that the Government had dealt successfully with industrial crisis after crisis and had now got peace throughout the industrial world.

Looking the Dollar in the Face

One of his keenest phrases was: "We are just beginning to look the dollar in the face on equal terms," after claiming the approach of sterling exchange toward normal as one of the most important works of the Government.

Enthusiasts recently accused the retiring Premier of coldness toward the League of Nations, but he eulogized that as another of the Government's great works. He had good words for the Washington agreement and for the Unionists who co-operated in the Irish settlement. A typical passage was: "Education for the people; housing difficulties; armaments; peace with Ireland; more liberty in India—these are not things that sound well in Mayfair and they have no special appeal in Belgraveia. It is really cheerful to know that when you have been spending your strength, as I have for years, in trying to serve your country, you are not forgotten the first time a resolution is passed against you at a West End Club."

One of the Unemployed

Referring to his own record as Premier, Mr. Lloyd George said: "I have been working pretty hard all my life, but I never worked as hard as I worked during the last six years. I have known no holidays. I have started many, I have many times said: 'Well, I have been shielded, not merely by many a range of hills, but by impenetrable language, free from deputations.'"

"Then one summer I went across I don't know how many ranges of hills. There are hills beyond Pentland. Many hills I crossed, and I chose a place where there was no road. (Laughter.) No use; deputations of Lord Mayors came."

"Believe me, I have had no holiday. I have worked hard and I have had no time, when criticism was pouring in upon me, to go and tell the real story to the people. (Cheers.) But I have a little more time now. (Laughter.)"

"When somebody wrote to me a couple of days ago and asked if I would receive a deputation of unemployed, I said, on the contrary, that I had joined the unemployed. And I am now going to begin to tell the story from day to day, or week to week, at any rate until the election is over, and, having done so, I am willing to put my record in the hands of the people. (Cheers.) I have served them well. I have served them honestly, I have served them sincerely, I have served them with one dominant purpose, and that is to serve my native land to the best of my ability." (Cheers.)

His Friend Bonar Law

He had no hard words for his enemies; Mr. Bonar Law had been his friend and was still his friend. He had been reluctant to join the revolt.

"I regret that he allowed his judgment to be rushed, not by the best brains of the party, not by the wisest members of the party, but by the least in experience and ability. He has put himself in the position of the horseman not holding the reins, but holding on by the tail—not a particularly secure position." (Laughter.)

"All the experienced men were of the opinion that until the nation gets through its difficulties it was better that all elements that made for stability, whatever their party color, should keep together until the trouble was over. So convinced was I of the importance of this that I was prepared to eliminate my own controversial personality out of the argument. I begged Mr. Bonar Law or Mr. Chamberlain to take the matter in hand themselves and I would give them support, provided it was clear that it was not a reactionary Government and that it would work for peace."

"Therefore there is no personal element in my regret. My sole regret is because I think the interests of the nation will suffer."

LLOYD GEORGE A "BONNIE FIGHTER" Bonar Law Expects Some Keen Sword Thrusts From the Ex-Premier

At the meeting in the Hotel Cecil on Monday, at which Mr. Bonar Law was elected leader of the Conservative party, Lord Curzon, who moved the resolution, paid tribute to Mr. Austen Chamberlain.

"Do not let us," he said, "on this occasion ignore the immense debt of gratitude we owe to Mr. Austen Chamberlain (loud cheers). A year and a half ago when Mr. Bonar Law was compelled by the conditions of his health temporarily to retire, Mr. Chamberlain stepped into the breach with equal courage and patriotism, and since then he has rendered devoted services both to his party and to the state. Nothing can diminish our sense of those services. They will, I truly believe, be repeated in the future (Hear! hear!) and so long as we continue to be true to the principles, which, equally with ourselves, he professes, I am sure we shall continue to receive from him loyal support. Indeed, I can hardly imagine any of the issues of high principles in politics at the present moment upon which he will not be in accordance with us."

Curzon's Tribute to New Leader

Referring to Mr. Bonar Law, Lord Curzon said: "We see in him, as I believe the nation sees in him, the kind of man whom it wants for the crisis with which we are at present confronted. We see in him a man with a strong sense of public duty, a man who is utterly innocent of self-seeking, a man who possesses just those gifts and qualities which the nation requires in its trusted leaders."

No Malice Behind the Sword

Right Hon. Stanley Baldwin seconded the resolution which was carried with a cheer that was heard in the Strand, and Bonar Law stood up to make his acceptance. After he had returned thanks for his election he spoke of Chamberlain.

"I think that Mr. Chamberlain has had perhaps the most disadvantageous situation in which to perform his task which has ever fallen to anyone. When I gave up the treasury, and Mr. Chamberlain undertook it, I knew, and said so at the time, that difficult as was the position while I held it, it was bound to be much more difficult after the war ended, and I endorse every word which was said by the late Prime Minister the other day as to the magnificent courage with which Mr. Chamberlain tackled impossible tasks. It was the same thing in regard to his succeeding me in the leadership."

Turning to consider the position of the ex-Premier, Mr. Bonar Law went on: "Now what about the chief actor in the Coalition, Mr. Lloyd George is now a free man, and he has told us he has a sword in his hand. I am grateful to him that, so far as I am concerned, the sword was used very gently on Saturday, but he is a bonnie fighter and as the struggle continues I have not any doubt that very shrewd blows will be made, and very effective strokes will reach my poor body. In spite of that I am sure that there will be no malice behind the sword, and when the fight is over we will both remember the part we played when we worked together, rather than the part when we were fighting each other."

"I will never forget and will always be ready to assert that in the greatest crisis of our history he did service for which the nation can never be too grateful. But even the gratitude does not mean that he has the right to be the Prime Minister for the rest of his natural life."

"One of the safety valves of our constitution is that when the Government gets discredited and gets less popular it is up to the country to make a change even when there is no improvement in the change, for we get a fresh start and the people start with new hopes."

Not So Simple

Referring to Mr. Lloyd George's description of him as "honest to the verge of simplicity," Mr. Bonar Law said: "I always in the back of my mind had a suspicion that I am not quite as simple as I seem."

It was a mistake to say that simplicity was a fruit of stupidity, but he could ask no better epitaph than "Honest to the verge of simplicity," adding: "I am a commonplace man, and understand what commonplace men think."

"What I look forward to in the new Government is mainly a difference of temperament in the way in which you deal with situations that arise. What this country needs above everything else at this moment is conservatism, not in the party sense of the word, but in the broad sense of the word. What it needs is tranquillity, and freedom from adventures and commitments both at home and abroad. (Hear, hear.) This country and the world is left in a very bad position as a result of the war. If it is to recover it will not be by attempts from above, it will be by the work of the people of this country, and my ideal of the real method of deal-

ing with it is to leave free play to individual initiative (Hear, hear), and to avoid attempts at improvement which at another time would be very desirable and very necessary."

Glasgow Centre of Interest

Glasgow will be the chief centre of interest in the political situation for the rest of the week.

The new Prime Minister, Andrew Bonar Law, on Thursday, will announce the details of his policy there, and forty-eight hours later former Premier Lloyd George will address a meeting, being accompanied to Scotland by Sir Robert Horne, who was his chancellor of the exchequer.

The Times' political correspondent emphasizes the importance of the situation in Glasgow, which it says is due to the strength of the communistic party among the industrial workers, adding that this is largely on account of the reluctance of Glasgow members of parliament to abandon the coalition. The writer suggests that this position is likely to give impetus to the Scottish Home Rule movement.

It is hinted elsewhere that Bonar Law's re-election as member from the central division of Glasgow is in nowise certain, and that he will be opposed by Sir George Paish as a free Liberal, in addition to the labor candidate.

Former Premier Asquith is to speak in Glasgow next week.

In parts of Great Britain, notably the Lancashire manufacturing towns and Glasgow, there are large resident Irish communities. How they will cast their votes is arousing interest. The Freeman's Journal, Dublin newspaper, crystallizes its advice to them in the sentence, "Wherever you see a die-hard head, hit it!"

CONTINENTAL OPINION

The widespread unpopularity of Lloyd George in France is shown by the great loud hurrah from one end of the French capital to the other. Four years ago Lloyd George was leading to a common victory the greatest ally of France; today France rejoices that he has fallen.

It has been the style of France for the past two years to blame most of the disappointments victory brought on Lloyd George. It has been Lloyd George who took the lion's share of the spoils for England; it has been Lloyd George who kept the Germans from paying France; it has been Lloyd George this and Lloyd George that for so long that the French people actually believe today that Lloyd George has been harming them for two years and more.

Ex-Premier Denounced

The Journal des Debats says: "Thus finishes a ministerial combination which was formed for the safety of the country when national independence was in danger and which has successively destroyed at home and abroad the results of victory. A man gifted in galvanizing energies in a critical period, Lloyd George employed the same gift after the war to offend his associates at home and his allies abroad. A demagogue, authoritative, impulsive, never staying still, fascinatingly seductive, fiercely condemnatory, he followed an incoherent policy, his eyes fixed on the stars. He led his country and Europe to the edge of an abyss. He leaves only the ruins behind him."

The Temps says: "Our last word to Mr. Lloyd George is to thank him for going. His fall will permit the re-establishment of the Entente."

Andre Tardieu in the Echo National says that if Lloyd George contributed to Franco-British misunderstandings he knows many Frenchmen who helped, and advises readers to withhold damnations of Mr. Lloyd George until they are sure he does not come back.

"Without a Tear"

Gustave Hervé in La Victoire bids Lloyd George farewell "without one tear."

Pertinax in the Echo de Paris hopes that Lloyd George's departure will be followed by a renewed partnership between England and France.

The Belgian press learns of Premier Lloyd George's resignation without regret, regarding his attitude as having "seriously menaced Anglo-French good relations," which Belgium considers essential to peace. The newspapers hope that Mr. Lloyd George's successor will show a better understanding of French and Belgian needs, and are confident that his departure from the Cabinet will facilitate a solution of the inter-Allied debt problem.

The more reserved critics in Germany avow that, whatever the new alignment in the European situation is to be forthcoming out of the present crisis in Great Britain, it is bound to exert an unfavorable influence on Germany's economic development, and also measurably retard the task of stabilizing the mark. Berlin continues to go New York one better in battering down the mark's average. The dollar reached 3,900 marks in the trading after the close of the bourse on Friday.

RESIGNATION OF LLOYD GEORGE

After holding the office of prime minister through seven of the most critical years of British history—three years of war and four years of reconstruction—Lloyd George went into the wilderness on Thursday last.

This was the description in his Manchester speech of his position if the Unionist wing of his followers should desert him. Unionist withdrawal from the Coalition was decided upon on Thursday by the meeting which Austen Chamberlain had called at the Carlton Club, and which was attended by the Coalition members of the House of Commons and a handful of Lords who were enrolled in the cabinet. The vote was 186 to 87 against the Chamberlain policy of pledging the party to sustain the Coalition and in favor of a general election to confirm its course.

After the meeting Austen Chamberlain visited the prime minister's official residence in Downing street, as had been expected, to offer his resignation; several under-secretaries and the chief Coalition Unionist whip, Lieutenant-Colonel Leslie Wilson, had already informed the newspapers that they had resigned, and within two hours Mr. Lloyd George was in possession of the resignations of practically all the members of the cabinet. He then drove to the palace to tender them to the King, and advised His Majesty to summon Mr. Bonar Law.

Mr. Bonar Law undertook the task, subject to his acceptance by the Unionist party as their leader.

"No Longer Prime Minister"

On returning to Downing Street from Buckingham Palace Mr. Lloyd George found a deputation of miners waiting to interview him on the wages question.

Passing through their ranks he went to his room, and as they filed in to talk with him, he remarked quietly, "Gentlemen, I am no longer Prime Minister."

His announcement took the miners' breath away, but Mr. Lloyd George himself seemed not in the least perturbed. The amazement of his visitors seemed almost to amuse him, and when they asked him what they must now do he replied genially that they must see the Prime Minister when there was one.

There was no use for the miners to continue their discussion, and they gathered up their hats and coats and departed, troubled and annoyed. It was they who told the newspaper men outside what Mr. Lloyd George had said, and it was through them that the first reliable news of the fall of the Ministry was conveyed to the world.

Meanwhile Mr. Lloyd George was adjusting himself to the new situation, and later in the afternoon held a consultation with his former Liberal colleagues in the Cabinet on what their line should be in the forthcoming fight.

Thirteen Ministers Protest

Thirteen Unionist members of the late Government, including Mr. Chamberlain, Lord Birkenhead, the Earl of Balfour, Sir Robert Horne, Sir Lamington-Evans and Lord Lee, sent a manifesto to the press on Thursday night paying tribute to Lloyd George's invaluable services to the country and protesting against the decision of the Carlton Club meeting as unwise and ungrateful to Mr. Lloyd George.

Mrs. Lloyd George, addressing a political meeting in London the same night, said that her husband's health and spirits both improve when he is engaged in a fight—it is like a tonic to him.

"I am always pleased when there is a fight going on," she declared, "because he gives me far less trouble."

THE CARLTON CLUB MEETING

It was with the news of the Conservative triumph in the Newport by-election that the Unionist members gathered at the Carlton Club on the summons of Chamberlain. The club, which is the home of the old-fashioned Conservatives, stands in Pall Mall, and the broad thoroughfare was blocked by a crowd of curious persons who had come to see the politicians arrive. They seemed to be predominantly anti-Coalition in sentiment and expressed their feelings loudly as notabilities came up. A number of "Die-Hards" who sought for admission to the meeting and were denied, angrily protested.

At the outset Mr. Chamberlain read a letter which he had received from Lord Curzon, the Foreign Secretary.

"I have received several protests from peers," he wrote, "against my taking part as leader of the House of Lords in a meeting from which peers are excluded, and against seeking to influence, by anything I might say, the members of the House of Lords, and I think in the circumstances it will be better that I should abstain."

Lord Curzon's letter was received by cheers from the malcontents, and Mr. Chamberlain then began his apology for the Government.

No Time to Break With Old Friends

Mr. Chamberlain declared that no government could be conducted with credit to itself while it was being constantly subjected to adverse criticism from the ranks of its own supporters. The Government, therefore, had arrived at the conclusion that it would be impossible to continue as at present until the time had arrived to appeal to the country for a

fresh mandate, and, he added, I desire to ask you under what conditions that appeal is to be made.

He argued that in the face of the danger it was not the time to break with old friends and scatter forces which could be united in defense of a cause common to all.

He declared that as a result of his inquiry and his conviction that unless hearty co-operation of the present allies could be secured it would be impossible to obtain an effective working majority and form a strong government, and that the only alternative to that close co-operation would be a coalition including the Labor party, to "which we stand resolutely opposed."

Mr. Lloyd George "A Dynamic Force"

Rt. Hon. Stanley Baldwin, President of the Board of Trade, in reply to Mr. Chamberlain, said the root of the whole matter lay in the personality of the Prime Minister.

"He was described this morning in the Times in the words of a distinguished aristocrat as a 'live wire.' He was described to me and to others in more stately language by the Lord Chancellor as a dynamic force, and I accept those words. He is a dynamic force, it is a very terrible thing; it may crush you, but it is not necessarily right. It is owing to that dynamic force and that remarkable personality that the Liberal Party, to which he formerly belonged, has been smashed to pieces, and it is my firm conviction that in time the same thing will happen to our party."

As for Griffith-Boscawen and himself he must say that as a result of that dynamic force they were prepared to go into the wilderness than stay under its influence.

Captain Pretymann then moved the "Die-Hard" motion, which declared that the meeting considered that: "The Conservative party, while willing to co-operate with the Coalition Liberals, fights the election as an independent party with its own leader and its own programme." It was seconded by Major G. Lanefox.

No Good Trying to Keep Coalition Alive, Says Bonar Law

Mr. Bonar Law took up the argument Chamberlain had pressed of the danger of the Labor party gaining power if the Coalition was abandoned, and declared that in his opinion it was not only baseless, but actually worked the other way. "Whatever is the result of the election," he said, "I personally have no fear of a Labor Government coming in, but all the same, in my opinion, for what it is worth, having a party composed of every one who was not labor or with labor, as the only alternative will inevitably have the effect of making a Labor Government some day."

"If you agree with Mr. Chamberlain in this crisis, I will tell you what I think will be the result. You will see a repetition of what happened after Peel passed the Corn Bills. The minority that it cast off will slowly become a Conservative Party, but it will take a generation before it gets back to the influence which a party ought to have."

"So," said Mr. Bonar Law, "I shall vote in favor of our going into the election as a party fighting to win (Loud cheers) and though we may not win—and I may say that my opinion is of no more value than anyone else's—if we could have gone as

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govern their relations with the Near East.

The newspapers give prominent place to the announcement, one of them declaring editorially that Kemal thus has won the "complete approval of the last nation which has been regarded as his enemy, and complete realization of all the Turkish claims."

A French afternoon newspaper in Stamboul regards the resignation as vindication of the French policy and repudiation by the English people of their Government's efforts to hamper a Franco-Turkish entente.

Lord Birkenhead, rejected though he is by the Conservatives, won a victory on Saturday for them. The Scotch universities have the custom of the election of their Lord Rectors each year by the students and generally politics decide the choice. Lord Birkenhead on Saturday was elected by Glasgow University as a Unionist with 1,165 votes to 530 cast for Sir John Simon, Liberal candidate, and 353 for H. G. Wells, labor champion.

Antique Print of Bible

An edition of the Bible nearly 400 years old, which was in a large collection of books recently presented to the Cambridge Municipal Library, is valued at \$100,000. Identity of the woman donor of the collection of books was kept secret. The Bible, it was said, is one of four extant in the world. It was a product of the hand press of Peter Wuentels in Cologne in 1527. The other copies are in the British Museum, the Royal Library, Stuttgart, and the National Library, Paris.

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The Journey to Leeds

Mr. Lloyd George's words at St. Pancras Station as he left London on Friday afternoon on his "pilgrimage" for Leeds had an ominous ring.

"I am a free man, the burden is off my shoulders and my sword is in my hand," he cried, waving his arm above his head, and it sounded more like the words of a crusader than a "pilgrim."

At Bedford a great crowd awaited the arrival of Mr. Lloyd George's train. In a brief address the ex-Premier thanked them for coming in such numbers to "greet one of the unemployed." He added: "We have been through great times, and to quote one of your very great townsmen, I am glad to find that there are in the country no end of great hearts and of faithful souls still. It is with them that I am going into battle, and it is with them I am going to win it."

Similar demonstrations of welcome took place at Wellingborough, Kettering, Leicester, Nottingham and Sheffield, and when the ex-Premier reached Leeds, the choir of the Leeds Welsh Society assembled on the platform and sang "The Land of Our Fathers."

Exultation in Turkey

The announcement of Premier Lloyd George's resignation was received with exultation by the Turks and the French in Constantinople. Hamid Bey, on behalf of the Nationalists, declared it indicated a great victory for the Turkish cause among the people of England, who refuse to longer permit a rabid anti-Turk policy to

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

ACKNOWLEDGMENT

Words of the song "Canadian Born" have since last issue been kindly sent in by Miss Biney Leversage, St. Pauls, Ont., by A. Lovatt, Souris, Man., and by E. M. Hepburn, 73 Coburg Road Halifax, for which attentions we are obliged.

"AT WINNIPEG STATION"

E. M., Dilke, Sask.—Would appreciate it very much if you could print the poem "At Winnipeg Station" in as short a time as possible. It is wanted as a recitation for a concert on Nov. 1st.

We reprint the poem as follows:

On a recent western peregrination
I happened in at Winnipeg station,
Where people of every tribe and nation
Formed a curious congregation.
It's a clearing-house of immigration,
And may well excite the admiration
Of any person of observation.
So I passed some time in contemplation
Of the motely throng, and the brief nar-
ration

I now submit for consideration,
Is what I heard of the conversation
And has, as you'll see, a clear relation
To our glorious west and its destination.
But perhaps it's time to let up on this
rhyme,

Which hasn't a very musical ring,
Like a violin solo played on one string.
To proceed with my story: I strolled
about

'Midst bales and boxes, and babies and
bags,

And young fat maidens, and old lean hags,
Till I came to a group
Gathered round like a loop,
To which I noticed the people all troop.

And as I drew near
My delicate ear
Caught the sound of a voice saying,
"Bravo! Hear, hear!"

Ah speeches, says I;
I must hear 'em or die.
So I climbed on a mountain of baggage
close by,

And the speeches I heard I
I'll give word for word,
As I caught 'em and jotted 'em down on
the fly:

The Englishman:
I'm jolly glad to be 'ere,
Away from the country of bettin' and
beer.

Ol' Hengland, I know, is a beautiful plice,
But it's owned by the parson, Sir John
and 'is Grice,

And the bloomin' ole plice, w'erever you
pawss
Is filled up with rotices, 'Keep haff the
gawss."

To call it "my own, my native land,"
W'en a cove don't ave 'ardly room to
stand,

Is a bit of a joke, but I, for one,
Don't see as that joke 'as got much fun,
So I come out 'ere, a new 'ome to carve—
I 'ad to do it, or stoy an' starve,
Now 'ere is the spot w'ere a man is a
man,

And if 'e be'lves 'e can 'old up 'is 'ead,
And 'e don't 'ave to beg for 'is doily bread;
With the same old flag I knew at 'ome
To wive in freedom o'er all 'oo come,
So, mites, I'm a-going to do my best
To 'elp to build up the bloomin' west!

The Irishman:
Right you are, John B-ll;
You talk like wan that's not half a fool;
Thru for you, me boy, 'twas a fortunate
day

Both when you and me kim over the say!
I'm sick so I am, iv Donnybrook Fair,
An' home rule ructions iv'erywhere.
In the dear ould sod, where you starve
and stint,

An' pay all yez own an' more for rint!
I was nearly starved on 'peraties an'
p'int—

Do yez know what L mane be that sayin'
quaint?

No? Well, whin we had what we call a
feast,

Wid his riv'rence prisent—the parish
priest—

'Twas peraties an' buttermilk we had,
Bite an' sup turn about, bedad;
An' whin no buttermilk could be got,
We'd ate the peraties an' p'int to the spot
(Which was just as good, we'd often find,
To him ov unusual active moind).

But here I'll feast like the Bishop himself,
For this is the land iv plenty an' pelf;
I'll have roast beef, roast pork an' lamb,
An' apple poy, plum puddin' an' jam,
An' I'll trun me shillelah away—begor
I wudden't know what I wanted it for
In a counthry loike this, where yez have
Home Rule

An' iv'erything free, both Church an'
school,

An' wan may live at peace wid his neigh-
bors—

All but the Government iv course, be jab-
bers!

The Scotchman:
Weel, a' cam oot, ye ken,

W' ma wife and bairns and some coun-
trymen,

To try ma fortune inwider space,

For Scotland's but a wee-bit place.
(It's no sae lairge as 'twas first create,
But it's sma'er noo, wi' yon landlords
blate

Biggin' high stane wa's, to presairve their
game

An' croodin' the fowk, to their burnin'
shame,

Into closes an' lanes, to mak way for deer,
An' stealin' mair land frae year to year.)
A' lo'e auld Scotia, ma he'rt aye yearns
For the lilts an' sangs o' Robbie Borns,
But a' canna live on sangs; a' maun eat,
An' a' simply couldna' mak' baith ends
meet,

So a' cam oot-o'er, an' a'm feelin', wi' glee,
As yon Cockney says, that a'm free, a'm
free!

Scotland, England, Gairmany, France—
There's nae like Canada to gie a chance
To an honest man wi' a willin' he'rt—
And a' that a Scotchman seeks is a stairt.
Gie me a stairt, an' it winna be lang
Ere o' fairmin' matters a've gotten the
hang.

An' a'll raise great crops o' what wi' ease,
An' fill ma pouch wi' bricht bawbees,
An' a'll tak ma place, as all Scotsmen do,
I' the verra front o' the foremost pew,
An' a'll be a pillar o' kirk an' state,
Ay will I—an' you'll no hae lang to wait.

Then the Yankee spoke:
Well, neighbors gay,

I guess I'll parley-voov my say.
I calculate these some surprise

To see me here amongst yo guys;
But here I be, they haint no doubt;

From crost the border I've lit out
To git my share o' what's a-goin'—
I'm all 'us round when somethin's doin'.

O' course you hear all 'Mericans brag
'Bout their great kentry an' their flag,
An' how the land that give 'em birth
Is jes' the slickest land on earth—
An' so it is!—that's all straight goods
From Texas to Wisconsin woods!

Well, you may say, if that is so,
Why have you shook it? Well, you know
These two things diff'rent as kin be—
A kentry and its doin's—see?

Now, es I say, the kentry's slick,
But I allow I'm good and sick
Of them that's runnin' it; that's why
I packed my carpet-bag to fly.

Up here in Canady, I know,
The folks is 'sposed to go it slow;
They don't have no star-spangled banner
And talks in an ungrammatical manner;

But I'll put up with all them things,
To get away from trusts an' rings!
I want to make a hum fer me
Where folks has got real liberty;

I'm goin' to try an' stand the loss
Of the dry-nursin' of a boss;
I'm goin' to try an' cast my vote
Without the help of some old shote

Like Quay or Croker, Platt or Cox,
That rules the 'Meican ballot-box.
I want to live where reg'ler law
An' courts is held in wholesome awe,

An' where the Sheriff does the job—
Not every miscellaneous mob.
I want to live where matrimony
Haint jest considered simply—funny;

Where the old-fashioned weddin' ring
Is still looked on's a sacred thing;
And where the knot, when once it's tied,
Stays fixed till one of 'em has died.

That's why I came across the line.
And, gentlemen, this kentry's fine;
An' I've bin told, most credibly,
'Taint never had one lynchin' bee.

So long live Canady, say I,
H-ere's where I'm goin' to live an' die
(If I don't go back to Jowey)!

Then Jack Canuck, that perfect peach,
Closed the occasion with this speech:
Friends from all parts, you're welcome
all,

Black, white and piebald, great and small,
To help us build in this great land
A nation happy, free and grand;
With churches, schools and righteous law,
We'll flourish! God bless Canada!

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RUSSIA AND GERMANY HAVE SECRET AGREEMENT

(The Eastern Review)

The North-China Daily News has an uncanny habit of unearthing documents disclosing the inner working of Russian policy in Asia. Many years ago it set the chancelleries of the world agog by publishing the text of the Cassini convention, a document which changed the whole aspect of Asiatic politics and compelled Great Britain to move quickly in order to defend her interests in India and elsewhere in Asia. The aftermath of this convention and its corollary, the Li-Lobanoff secret alliance between China and Russia, was the Anglo-Japanese alliance, the Russo-Japanese war and the series of events which culminated in the twenty-one demands followed by the diplomatic blunders which nearly precipitated war between Japan and the United States.

Once again our contemporary publishes an epoch-making document, purporting to be the full text of the secret military convention between Soviet Russia and Republican Germany. As in the case of the Cassini convention, the authenticity of the document is in doubt, but it bears the earmarks of truth. In the event of its authenticity being established, history will undoubtedly repeat itself and Great Britain again make quick moves to counteract it, and unless we are greatly mistaken, the first of these will be a renewal of her discarded understanding with Japan.

By the terms of this secret agreement, Germany will equip, arm and entirely furnish the red army with the latest inventions in poison gas warfare, will build and equip new munitions and air craft factories, and the reds are not to interfere with the work of German officers and specialists on the new munitions factories on the border of Afghanistan.

No competent observer can fail to see that the reported secret convention is the logical aftermath of the Soviet's first surrender to Germany, and is strictly in line with the news that has dribbled out of both countries for the past three years.

STRIKE BENEFITS FOR THIRTY-FOUR YEARS

(New York Evening Mail.)

The engineers on the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroad struck in 1888. The railroad fought the strike and refused to take back some of the strikers. The Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, to which the strikers belonged, is one of the strongest and richest labor unions in the country. It paid strike benefits regularly.

Albert M. Parmeter was one of the striking engineers whom the railroad would not take back. He did not get another job anywhere else, but continued to live in Burlington, Iowa, and draw the strike benefits to which he was entitled under the constitution and by-laws of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers.

A few days ago Mr. Parmeter died. Four hundred fellow members of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers attended his funeral. He had drawn strike benefits for thirty-four years, which, so far as known, is the record in any strike or any labor organization.

It may be natural for the hundreds of labor union men who attended the funeral to take pride in this record. But what would happen if the practice became common?

NATIONAL GATHERING OF FASCISTI

Italy's political future will be determined to a great extent by developments at the national gathering of the Fascisti which began at Naples on Sunday.

All depends on the reception the Fascisti meet. If southern Italy bows to the Fascisti and proclaims its adherence to them, then the central Government here will face a crucial situation. If, however, that section proves hostile and the Fascisti demonstration does not succeed, the insurgents would be checked and would be compelled to reduce their pretensions to a mere demand for participation in the government.

Should the Fascisti find that southern Italy is with them and that the support of the army can be relied upon, the movement would grow into a demand for full control of the National Government.

At least 30,000 Fascisti have concentrated for the big demonstration at Naples. They have come on special trains, bicycles and afoot from the provinces. Women and girls, supporters of the Fascisti, whose auxiliary organizations have a membership of 50,000 sent delegations.

The Government is determined to preserve order and demonstrate its prestige during the meeting.

It is possible that George Clemenceau, war Premier of France, may include Montreal in the cities which he will visit on this side of the Atlantic. Plans have not yet been completed, however, for his projected visit to the Canadian metropolis. He will reach New York on Nov. 18.

A NEW LABOR EDITOR

A paper, called the New Leader, is to be the organ of the Independent Labor Party in Britain, and is to take the place of the Labor Leader, which has been in existence thirty-three years. The new editor is Mr. H. N. Brailsford, son of Rev.



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E. J. Brailsford, himself a writer of distinction.

"Brailsford was a graduate and assistant professor of Logic at Glasgow University," says the Labor Leader, introducing its new editor. "He therefore once more proves how difficult it is for British people to run British affairs without the leadership of men disciplined by Scottish education. He has been successively leader writer to the Manchester Guardian, the Tribune, the Daily News, and the Nation.

"His knowledge of the life of the people of the British Islands and of Europe is based upon wide travel and intimate personal contact with men, places, and events. Upon this immense fund of information, stored in an unusually tenacious memory, he brings to bear a power of thought and sympathy that give him a unique position among the critical and constructive thinkers of our time."

THE YOUNG MAN'S AGE

This is a young man's age. The hope of our country lies in her young men. It is they who are going to mould and shape her destiny. Therefore we want them to have the mental and moral balance and stability which alone will ensure for our nation a safe, sane Christian Democracy.

You, yourselves, as readers of the Witness, know that, in season and out, it has striven to promote everything that would help to achieve that ideal.

We want you, therefore, to tell your friends, the other young men in whose hands one day will lie the nation's destiny, that the Witness is THE young man's paper. It is edited by "the youngest man of his years in all Canada"; its outlook is broad and far reaching; it is imbued with the highest patriotism; and it is directed under a deep sense of responsibility for the upholding of righteousness in the private and public life of the nation.

If your friend wants to get a proper perspective of current events and a judicious viewpoint towards the big problems of the day, get him to subscribe to the Witness.

CIRCULATION MANAGER

A. RIVES HALL, K. C.

Advocate Barrister, Etc.

263 ST. JAMES ST.

MONTREAL CANADA

Sunday at Home.

THE DISCOVERY OF SAMSON

(By Rev. S. Schores.)

Oh, the horror of that moment when Samson felt himself weak and helpless. His sin had found him out. What a sweep of bitterness would break over his soul. "And I am come to this. I, who was so strong. I am broken and done, and my own fault—as at other times." Oh, how that suggests the patience of God, the long suffering of God. Samson had sinned before and he had gone on sinning. But, now—now—not this time had he any strength left. It was a discovery to his enemies, too. Perhaps they came fearfully at first. They had been disappointed so often. But directly they looked at him they saw that he was theirs. Derisively they yelled at him, securely they bound him, cruelly they dealt with him—way! away! oh, horror of it all! And it was a discovery to his friends. The shameful story was soon out. All Israel would know of it. How they would be humiliated, hurt, put to shame. Their chief magistrate had been taken, and taken so. You see he was a public man, an honored man, a leading man, and the darkness of a fearful night had swallowed him up. The discovery of his sin and fall had come to his people and friends. And some, and nearer ones too, would feel the shame more intensely. If his old father and mother were still alive—this son of whom they had been so proud—did this bring down their grey hairs with sorrow to the grave? No man hurts only himself when he sins. He hurts others. He hurts most those closest to him and dearest to him. Oh, Samson, what evil hast thou wrought through this sin of thine?

Have we had a knowledge of God as our God? Have we had fellowship with Him? Has His peace been within our heart? Did we rejoice in His salvation? Was Jesus precious to us? Have we been strong in God? Now are we in any way imperilling our strength? Are we as loyal in thought, as true in heart, as faithful in life, as we once were? Are any of us dallying with temptation, trifling with conscience, dealing unfairly with God? And yet are we trying to make ourselves believe that we are as strong as ever? Are we saying, "I am as good a man as ever I was"? We are gone down. Shall we not now, not waiting for that testing time, quietly and honestly ask God to discover us to ourselves? Verily, God will hear us, deliver us, save us.

WHAT IS GRACE?

Grace is one of the great words of St. Paul. Where the Apostle wants to show what a great thing "grace" is he sets it beside some other great thing, such as sin. "For as by one man's disobedience many were made sinners, so by the obedience of one shall many be made righteous." Here is race wide disaster, but here also is race wide deliverance. Here the sovereignty of sin is overthrown by the sovereignty of grace. Here the great catastrophe is outweighed by the greater compensation.

All grace is love, but all love is not grace. We can love God, but it would be inutterable presumption to speak of our being gracious to Him. Grace is a gratuity. It is the love of the Highest and Holiest for the weakest and wickedest. Love discriminates. It is partial. Grace is indiscriminate. It is impartial. Love is exclusive. Grace is inclusive. Grace is the man who was robbed ministering to the robbers. "While we were yet sinners Christ died for us." Grace is limitless. It excludes none. It despairs of none. The grace of God is the good news Christ brought to our world. Where sin abounded grace did much more abound. Here, surely, is the hope of the race.—Rev. S. J. Hoban.

SILENT FORCES

There is something dwells within us,
Not akin to joy or pain,
That revives our drooping spirits,
As the flowers the gentle rain.

What it is no tongue can utter;
Deep within the heart it dwells,
As the light from ether's centre
Warmth imparts and gloom dispels.

'Tis as silent as the waters
In the quiet of the sea,
Or the shadows swiftly fleeting
In the evening o'er the lea.

Silent forces are most potent;
Stars move on, the seasons roll—
All unseen, the same "Mind" guides them
That uplifts the human soul.
—George Washington Worthen.
San Jose, California.

I will try and remember always to approach God in secret with as much reverence in speech, posture, and behavior as in public.—David Livingstone.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES

One must not disregard the omens. Some of them appear portentous. There is no form of government but is being challenged. Constitutions declaredly democratic are not revolutionary enough for some. The very labor organizations, which are regarded as being cemented by a community of interest, are finding it almost impossible to hold their legions together. Surely the lesson for the church today is that she must outdo herself in her efforts to express the Christian ideal. We are apt to be caught in the general tide, and whilst theoretically Christian, may be as keen as any group of men for the spoils of our present system. We may become men of our own class in society. It is the man with the right heart that will win the world through. The Rev. J. D. Jones, of Bournemouth, recently said it was not the man with the red flag that the church must fear, but the man with the cold heart.—Melbourne Spectator.

A POET'S PRAYER

(By the Author of "Abide with Me.")

I want not vulgar fame,
I seek not to survive in brass or stone;
Hearts may not kindle when they hear
My name,
Nor tears my value own.

But might I leave behind
Some blessing for my fellows—some
fair trust
To guide, to cheer, to elevate my kind
When I am in the dust.

Death would be sweeter then,
More calm my slumber 'neath the silent
sod;
Might I thus live to bless my fellow men
Or glorify my God.

O Thou whose touch can lend
Life to the dead—Thy quickening grace
supply,
And grant me, swanlike, my last breath
to spend
In song that may not die.

—Henry Francis Lyte.

IS YOUR DOOR OPEN?

"I forgot to leave the door open and the expressman could not get in and he took the box away again. I fear that the perishable things that were in it will be spoiled as they will not deliver it again until tomorrow," said Jane.

"Well now that is too bad. I'm real sorry, but lots of more valuable things than were in your box are lost to us just because we forget to leave our door open," said Grandma. "I was thinking how each day of our life God sends His blessings to our door, but if the messenger finds it closed and sees that we are not expecting anything, he just passes on and thus we miss the good things which God in His love has provided for us."

It is not easy for us to remember always to keep the door of our mind and heart open, because Satan does his best to keep it closed to God's love. It takes grace to open the door and keep it open and Christ is willing to give us this secret of success in doing this if we only take time to let Him show us.—East and West.

There is many a rest in the road of life,
If we only would stop to take it;
And many a tune from the better land,
If the querulous heart would make it.
To the sunny soul that is full of hope
And whose beautiful trust ne'er faileth,
The grass is green, and the flowers are
bright,

Though the wintry wind prevaileth.

—M. A. Kidder.

On one occasion Benjamin Franklin copied and read to a company of free-thinking wits a remarkable "ancient poem." It was received with extravagant admiration. Who was the author? Where did Franklin discover it? He informed them that it was the third chapter of Habakkuk.

The tree that never had to fight
For sun and sky and air and light,
That stood out in the open plain,
And always got its share of rain—
Never became a forest king,
But lived and died a scrubby thing.

The man who never had to toil
To Heaven from the common soil,
Who never had to win his share
Of sun and sky and light and air—
Never became a manly man,
But lived and died as he began.

Isn't there a neighboring home where
this page would be appreciated as much
as it is in yours? At least, give them
the opportunity.

"Obey that impulse"—before it passes!

THE HILLS OF GOD

"I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills,
from whence cometh my help."—Psalm
121:1.

The Hills of God stand firm and strong
Above the vales of sin and wrong;
Majestic, peaceful, noble, grand,
Age after age they, moveless, stand.

When pressed by cares, we lift our eyes
Unto the hills; whence fresh supplies
Of grace come down, our souls to bless,
From Him Who rules in tenderness.

When Peace departs, we gaze afar,
Where reigned a peace sin cannot mar;
And, like a gently flowing stream,
Flows down a peace earth cannot dream.

When joy takes flight, and hope seems
dead,
And lifts no more her cheery head,
We view the "Everlasting Hills,"
And Hope with new life throbs and thrills.

When strength gives way, and life ebbs
low,
And fevered is the pulse, and slow,
Our help, it cometh from the Lord,
Because we rest on His sure Word.

Symbolic are these mighty steeps
Of Him who slumbers not, nor sleeps;
Whose might can make the mountains
fall;
Whose love is brooding over all.

Bear on your message, Noble Hills,
Till ev'ry soul with courage thrills!
Breathe on each storm-tossed, troubled
breast
God's precious gifts—His peace, and rest.
—Jennie Wilson-Howell.

IN THE HILL-LAND OF PALESTINE

I left Haifa one brilliant morning in
February when, all along those sunny
shores beneath Mount Carmel, the fig
trees were breaking into leaf and the bees
were humming amongst the asphodel.

"I shall come back to you again," I said
to the little sister of St. Charles who
stood at the gate to watch me drive away.
She was a pale primrose of a nun, a cap-
able woman who made the Hospice a
happy place. It had the loveliest garden
I saw in Palestine, with fruit trees, bee-
hives, and fragrant walks beneath the
pines. And, for background, Mount Car-
mel. The long, low house was plain and
fresh and cool; its windows looked across
the blue bay to Acre. There was a chapel,
too, very simple, almost austere,
but fresh narcissi were on the altar and a
garland of green leaves.

Sister Stanislaw waved her hand and
I drove away in company with a Syrian
merchant from Beyrout. He was short,
fat, and fair; his European dress was sur-
mounted by a "tarboush"; he had pleasant
manners and was a very tolerable com-
panion.

We left Haifa and the sea behind us and
turned up a flat green plain to the east.
Our road lay under the shoulder of a hill,
grey with rock and shrub, where red
anemones shone like little lamps. To-
wards us came trains of camels laden
with vegetables (generally cauliflowers)
for the Haifa market. Sometimes three
or four camels would take fright, and,
turning tail, would flee wildly along in
front of our horses, pursued by an excited
Arab on a small donkey. It was a quaint
sight.

After driving for some time through this
plain, we turned and went up a warm fold
in the hills. Here were not only ane-
mones, white and purple and red, like
fairy wings among the rocks, but low
bushes and dwarf oaks lit with tiny flames
of spring. Noticing how much I loved the
flowers, the merchant dropped out of the
carriage and gathered me a great bunch
of anemones. He also pressed a "woolly-
bear" caterpillar into my hand, saying
eagerly, "The spring insect! The spring
insect!"

He was very interesting when he talked
of Palestine and Syria.

"There is no unity," he said. "No pub-
lic spirit. Every man is for himself and
for his own advancement. But I—I am a
Mason. That is good, it makes for unity."
Over the hill-top and trotting down into
another plain. These are the little hills
the Psalmist loved. And no wonder.
Every shepherd boy must be a poet here
—in the spring—when hosts of anemones
are dancing in the breezes.

And we saw young David in his dress of
goats' hair, with his orange "keyfiyah"—or
head shawl. He sat on a rock at some
distance, and drew plaintive sweet notes
from a pipe of oleander. The black and
white goats had wandered up the hill-side.
The little goatherd was in the clouds.

It was lonely, deep country, swept
clean of people, villages, even camels.
The new wheat was just tall enough to
ripple in the wind. We climbed another
hill and reached Geidah, sheltered by im-
mense hedges of prickly pear, our half-
way house. The horses were watered
and had a good feed. We took a little
turn to stretch our legs. And then on
again.

The merchant broke into melancholy
Arab love songs; I warbled snatches from
the Psalms, and we were both very happy

in our different ways. The road lay across
a cultivated plain. Figures in khaki color
were working in the fields. Our coach-
man told us that all these wild acres had
been bought by the Jews.

"Let them work," said the merchant,
vigorously. "If we will not do it, let them
come and do it! It means competition.
It is good for our people."

And now we left the plains for good
and all, beginning to climb a hill in the
very heart of which we should find Nazareth.
At the summit we looked over one
of the finest views in Palestine. The hill-
side dropped sheer into the rich Vale of
Esdraelon, its young corn and ploughed
fields making a patchwork of purple-red
and emerald. Afouli lay like a tiny pool
in the great spaces. Lovely hills, celestially
blue, bounded the plain to the west.
Mount Tabor looked out of the sky; and
far, far east Mount Hermon, spirit pale,
caught a beam from the descending sun.

We turned, and began to wind into the
very heart of the hills. I watched eagerly,
hoping for a sight of Nazareth round every
curve in the road. And, at last, deep in
its heart, the sheltering hills on every
side, beamed the lovely little town.

Angelus was ringing as our horses trot-
ted in, and the women were coming from
Mary's Well, their water-pots balanced on
their heads. One young woman, tall and
slim with dark sweet eyes—holding a
little child by the hand—might have been
Mary herself.—The Challenge.

THE SEA OF GALILEE

(By A. C. Crews.)

The Sea of Galilee is a beautiful sheet
of water, nestling among the mountains
which rise above it two thousand feet
high. What sacred memories cluster
around this historic spot! As we gaze
upon it, we think of Him who so often
walked along its shores, sailed upon its
bosom, and calmed its tumults. This lake
is said to be subject to many remarkable
changes. At times it is as placid as a
mill pond, but the wind suddenly blowing
through the deep mountain gorges
frequently brings squalls that literally
come out of a blue sky. Sometimes boat-
men will leave the shore in an absolute
calm, but are scarcely out half a mile
when the storm is upon them in tremen-
dous fury. Like most mountain lakes
this one is very deep, in many places
from two hundred to five hundred feet.
In the time of our Saviour it seems to
have been well stocked with fish, as
there are many references in the New
Testament to the occupation of fishing.
In the Roman days the pickled fish of
Galilee were sold all over the Empire,
and were highly esteemed for their deli-
cious flavor. Fishing operations are still
carried on to a limited degree, and still
the sons of Zebedee mend their nets
which may be seen spread out on the
beach to dry.

"HE KNOWS"

Through all my little daily cares there is
One thought that comfort brings whenever
it comes.

'Tis this: "God knows." He knows
Each struggle that my hard heart makes,
to bring

My will to His. Often, when night time
comes,

My heart is full of tears, because the good
That seemed at morn so easy to be done,
Has proved so hard; but then, remember-
ing

That a kind Father is my judge, I say,
"He knows." And so I lay me down with
trust,

That his good hand will give me needed
strength,

To better do his work in coming days.

—Harriet M'Ewan Kimball.

From Heathenism to Hymn-Writing

John Newton, though in childhood de-
voted by his mother to the ministry, be-
came a sailor, an infidel, and an all-round
low-lived wretch. He was found by a
captain whom his father sent in search of
him "herding contentedly in Sierra Leone
with the negroes in their low pleasures
and gross superstitions." But he was
converted by the grace of God and made
a most useful curate of the Church of
England and a celebrated hymn writer.

When I don't sleep I just count my
blessings. That is a splendid thing to do,
because you fall asleep before you get to
the end of them.—M. Doland.

Wouldst thou the veiled future read?
The harvest answereth to the seed;
Shall heaven e'er crown the victor's
brow?

Ask tidings of the battle now.

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Jesus at Nazareth.

THOUGHTS FOR SUNDAY, NOV. 5

(Luke 4:31-5:39.)

We have four different records of the life of Jesus. The first three Gospels tell very much the same story but with many variations, just such variations as one would expect to find in narratives of the same events told by three different witnesses. No two persons ever give quite the same account of any incident.

The fourth Gospel is quite different from the others. John was undoubtedly acquainted with the contents of the other Gospels, for he tried to fill out the picture given by them, instead of repeating what had already been said. His chief object was to put on record many of the sayings of Jesus which had not been reported by the earlier writers. John calls himself "the disciple whom Jesus loved," and the reason for that special affection must have been that he was more attentive to the teaching of Jesus and more sympathetic than the others.

Each writer had a plan of his own and Matthew's plan was to group things. He groups six parables describing the processes of development of the Kingdom of heaven in the 13th chapter, and three parables describing the final judgment in the 25th chapter. In like manner he groups ten miracles in the 8th and 9th chapters and only records 10 others, in all the rest of his book. In chap. 4:23 he tells us that Jesus went about healing people, but he does not mention any particular miracle until he gets to the 8th chapter.

Mark, on the other hand, was so impressed by the miracles of Jesus that he tells of three specifically and of many more in general terms in his first chapter.

Luke was better educated than any of the other New Testament writers except Paul and the author of the Hebrews, and Luke made a special effort to tell the story of the life of Jesus in a connected and orderly manner. Being a doctor himself he was naturally much interested in the healing work of Jesus.

Matthew tells of 20 miracles, Mark tells of 18, and Luke of 21. John only tells of 8, and yet he mentions six which are not mentioned by any of the others. Only one miracle—the feeding of the 5,000 is mentioned by all four evangelists. It illustrated the truth that Christ is the overflowing source of nourishment, both spiritual and physical.

It seems rather strange that John is the only writer who records our Lord's first miracle, performed at the wedding feast at Cana. And while both Matthew and Mark tell of the call of Peter and Andrew and James and John, neither of these writers say anything about the miraculous haul of fish which preceded the call, and which inspired these fishermen with so much confidence in Jesus that they were ready to forsake all and follow Him. On the other hand, Luke tells of the great haul of fish but does not mention the call of the fishermen.

Only Luke gives us the text of our Lord's sermon at Nazareth, where He had been brought up, and tells us that the people of His own town were the first who tried to murder Him; and of His apparently miraculous escape from them. But both Matthew and Mark tell us that Jesus could not work many miracles at Nazareth because of their unbelief. (See Mat. 13:54-58 and Mark 6:1-6.)

Perhaps the most instructive fact in connection with this first reported sermon by Jesus is that He did not say what any one would have expected Him to say. When reading His text from Isa. 61:1-3 He stopped short in the middle of a sentence. He did not quote an essential part of Isaiah's prediction concerning Him. He said He had come to "proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord," but did not add, "and the day of vengeance of our God."

That was, indeed, a part of His message, as Isaiah had predicted, and He did not fail to deliver the whole message in course of time. But God's plan is to woo the sinner with a message of love, an offer of forgiveness, and a promise of good things. God sent not His Son into the world to condemn the world; but that the world should be saved through Him. "For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish but have eternal life." (John 3:16, 17.)

There is another side to God's message, but that comes afterwards. The assurance of God's love is the whole message for those who will accept that assurance and value the love of God sufficiently to be willing to turn their backs on sin and strive to live for God; who sent His only begotten and well-beloved Son into the world to make His character known to men

and to make a full atonement for the sin of the world. (1 John 2:1, 2.) The other side of the message is for those who scorn God's love or pay no attention to His appeal to them to turn from sin and seek salvation. Jesus delivered that part of the message also very faithfully, but only as addressed to those who rejected Him, or who failed to prove their love to Him by showing love to His brethren. (See Mat. 23:13-36 and 25:31-46.) In all His teaching He drew a broad line of distinction and separation between those who were obedient to the message and those who were disobedient.

All four evangelists were thoroughly impressed with the intensity of the character of Jesus and the urgency with which He prosecuted His mission, without haste, but without rest, as Goethe remarked concerning the work of God, but Mark more especially emphasizes this characteristic of Jesus by his very frequent repetition of the word *euthus*, or *euthus* "straightway." The King James translators spoiled the effect of Mark's constant repetition of this word somewhat by translating it with a number of different words—straightway, forthwith, immediately. The meaning is the same, but changing the word weakens the emphasis which Mark put upon it. Mark was so impressed with the suddenness of things in connection with the work of Jesus that he brings in this word even where it seems to be quite unnecessary.

The people of Nazareth could not believe that Jesus was the long promised Messiah because he had grown up among them as the son of a carpenter and had himself worked as a carpenter. Justin Martyr who lived in the same country only a hundred years later said that Jesus made yokes for oxen among other things, which perhaps suggested to His mind the invitation which He gives us to take His yoke upon us. It is easy to understand how difficult it would be for these people who had known Jesus all His life as just one of themselves to believe in Him as the true King of Israel, the representative of God among them. "Familiarity breeds contempt" as the proverb says, and even when there has been no improper familiarity close association tends to make even the noblest character seem commonplace. That is why, no prophet is honored in his own country, as Jesus said. Yet fake prophets often receive very great honor in their own country—such is the perversity or blindness of human nature.

The friends of Jesus were staggered at the tremendous claim He made for Himself when He adopted the Messianic prophecy of Isaiah as a prediction concerning Himself, and they said, "He is beside Himself." His mother also seems to have had doubts at this time, for she came with His brethren and sent Him word that she wanted to see Him. Evidently she wished to persuade Him to abstain from making such claims for Himself. (See Mark 3:21, and 31-35.) Even up to the last days of our Lord's ministry His brethren did not believe on Him. (John 7:5.)

Three times the mother of Jesus attempted to interfere with His work and though her interference was very modest and would have been quite proper if He had been only a man, she received each time a gentle rebuke. Jesus knew, of course, that attempts would be made in after years to teach people to worship Mary and He took care to give them no excuse for doing so.

That Jesus loved His mother well is evident because even when suffering agony upon the cross He took thought for her comfort and committed her to the care of His best loved disciple. (John 19:26, 27.)

Leaving Nazareth, Jesus went to Capernaum, at the head of the Sea of Galilee, and He seems to have spent more time in that city than in any other.

Jesus said afterwards that Capernaum would be destroyed because the people had not repented after all His teaching and all the miracles He had worked there. The people of Capernaum were more guilty than those of Sodom. (See Mat. 11:23, 24.)

"Now, when the sun was setting all they that had any sick brought them to Him." The Sabbath began at sunset on Friday and ended at sunset on Saturday. The absurdly strict rules taught by the scribes would not allow these pious people to bring their suffering friends to Jesus till the Sabbath was over. But they were all healed.

And demons (*daimonia*) came out of many. The word *devils* referring to evil spirits is always a mistranslation. The Bible speaks only of one devil (*diabolos*, the accuser,) but it

tells us of many demons, the angels of the Devil. (See Jude 6 and Rev. 12:7, 9.)

Attempts have been made to discredit the record of demon possession in the time of Christ. It is argued that what is described as demon possession was merely disease. But Jesus always, spoke to, and of the demon and the demons spoke to Him and acknowledged His divine mission. In one case when demons were driven out of a man they were allowed to go into a herd of pigs and the pigs immediately drowned themselves. (See Mat. 8:28-34 and 12:43-45.)

"Rising up a great while before day, He departed into a solitary place, and there prayed." (Mark 1:35.) Mark's report of this action is much more definite than Luke's. Jesus evidently felt the need of solitary communion with God as often as He could find opportunity for it, and especially before and after specially important work. That Sabbath in Capernaum had been a day of special service in which He had worked a great many miracles. Evidently the working of miracles was not done without cost to Himself, for it is said in explanation that "He took our infirmities and bore our sicknesses." And when a woman was healed by coming behind Him and touching His robe, He said "Somebody has touched Me, for I perceive that virtue (force, vitality) has gone out of Me." (See Luke 8:46 and 6:19) Jesus felt exhausted, no doubt, by the work of that Sabbath day, and to obtain renewed strength He rose long before daylight and went into a desert place to pray. Prayer brought Him into touch with the source of spiritual vitality and renewed His strength.

Golden Text: Himself took our infirmities and bore our sicknesses.—Mat. 8:17.

SCRIPTURE READINGS

Monday Oct. 30—Luke 5:17-26; Tuesday—Isa. 61:1-6; Wednesday—Luke 4:31-37; Thursday—Mark 1:29-39; Friday—Luke 4:23-30; Saturday—James 5:13-18; Sunday—Isa. 63:7-14.

PRAYER

Help us, O Lord, in simple faith to continue in prayer and supplication, and not only draw near to Thy throne in brief moments long parted from each other, but to be instant in prayer, so that our lives shall indeed be offered up unto Thee and all our work be truly worship. Through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

THE PREACHER AND HIS WAYS

Would I describe a preacher, such as Paul,
Were he on earth, would hear, approve, and own,
Paul should himself direct me: I would trace
His master-strokes, and draw from his design.
I would express him simple, grave, sincere;
In doctrine, uncorrupt; in language plain;
And plain in manner. Decent, solemn, chaste,
And natural in gesture. Much impress'd
Himself, as conscious of his awful charge,
And anxious, mainly, that the flock he feeds
May feel it too. Affectionate in look,
And tender in address, as well become a
messenger of grace to guilty men.
Behold the picture!—is it like?—like whom?
The things, that mount the rostrum with a skip,
And then—skip down again? pronounce a text,
Cry, hem! and, reading what they never wrote
Just fifteen minutes, huddle up their work,
And, with a well-bred whisper, close the scene?
In man or woman—but far most in man,
And most of all in man, that ministers,
And serves the altar—in my soul I loathe
All affectation: 'tis my perfect scorn;
Object of my implacable disgust.
What! will a man play tricks—will he indulge
A silly, fond conceit of his fair form
And just proportion, fashionable mien
And pretty face, in presence of his God?
Or will he seek to dazzle me with tropes,
As with the diamond on his lily hand;
And play his brilliant parts before my eyes,
When I am hungry for the bread of life?
He mocks his Maker; prostitutes and shames
His noble office; and, instead of truth,
Displaying his own beauty, starves his flock.
Therefore, avault! all attitude and stare,
And start theatric, practised at the glass!
I seek divine simplicity in him
Who handles things divine; and all beside,
Though learn'd with labor, and though, much admired
By curious eyes, and judgments ill-form'd,
To me is odious.

—Cowper.

Reaching after the new settlers

There are many strangers among us in some districts. Some of them were members of churches in the home land but are either shy or lax or perhaps over-taxed with the burdens of the new settler and under provided with the means of conveyance of self and family to the distant church. In any case the nearer church has a special duty toward the new settler in spite of his inaccessibility of temperament or of distance. If the mountain will not go to Mahomet, Mahomet will go to the mountain. The pastoral visit and the visit of one or more of the members is of course the natural and best method of establishing a relationship between the church and the newcomers to the district. But if for any reason the strangers cannot or do not come to the services, the church is not thereby relieved of her responsibility, but rather has cause to feel that responsibility accentuated. In that extremity the watchful church will find ways of showing sympathetic interest with the isolated or standoffish family. To implant a warmly religious and practically helpful and withal an entertaining paper like the Northern Messenger in such homes is to do a good thing in itself as it ensures some religious thought and help in the home each week. But besides this simple little thoughtfulness costing, at our special rate for such missionary purposes but a trifle—to send a paper to them direct through the post would be a weekly reminder that they have that much connection with the church. Such a kindness would eventually prove the thread that will ultimately connect them in more intimate fashion.

If there are any churches where the new settlers have come in large numbers—out of proportion to the capacity of the church to subscribe that small amount, we would like them to state the case to us with the number of such families, and we will see if something cannot be done to provide such families with a weekly religious and story paper for at least a few months free of charge. It is surely of the utmost importance that our new settlers be linked up with religious influences in some such way—especially those who do not attend the church services. And while the opportunity and responsibility falls first to the nearest church, such is only responsible to the extent of its ability. Beyond that the responsibility falls on the larger circle of all who realize the need of ministering in some way to the new settlers.

Let each church worker bring this important matter before some organization in the church and then let us hear how many copies can be paid for and how many more would be needed. The first church in each district to act gets the advantage. John Dougall & Son, Publishers, Montreal.

The Meaning of Scripture

A rather enthusiastic, but somewhat conceited, young preacher called upon an aged minister one Saturday evening about a matter of business, and, observing the study table to be covered with books and papers, he said, "I suppose you are preparing your sermon for tomorrow?" "Yes, I am!" was the reply. "Oh, I never do that! I never use the help of men. I take the word of Scripture as the Holy Spirit teaches me, and use no other help than His." "Ah," said the minister, "then perhaps you will look at the passage I am studying, and tell me what the Holy Spirit shows you of its meaning." "With pleasure! But what is this?" "This is a Greek Testament, the very words the inspired apostle wrote." "Oh, but I do not know Greek." "Well, then, you must never again boast of not using human help. So far are you from not needing it, that you cannot understand a single verse in the Bible without the help of the men who translated it into English."

Mothers' Meetings and Sewing Circles

would hear something of interest and of practical help unless if the Secretary or any member would simply send a postcard with her name and address and designating the Denomination to

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FARM GARDEN AND HOME

GROWING VIOLETS

The sweet-scented violets so popular during winter and early spring are grown invariably by specialists in greenhouses, yet with proper attention they can, in many locations, be successfully cultivated by amateurs without the aid of a greenhouse. Many amateurs grow a few plants in sheltered parts of the open garden, and some blooms may be picked in the fall, but with the advent of cold weather no further flowers will be borne on the plants until spring.

New plants are started each year, either as cuttings, divisions or runners taken from the old plants. When properly rooted the young plants are set out in beds of good rich soil in the open garden. In the fall the plants will be quite bushy and strong and ready to transfer to their flowering quarters. Violets must be grown cool, the soil kept fairly moist, while a regular circulation of air tends to keep them healthy and free from pests.

If you have a moveable frame to spare, place it over the violets, and you will be astonished at the added vigor of the plants and the freedom of bloom. Early in April a few of the old plants should be lifted and made into cuttings, care being taken to select the strongest and healthiest growths only. Part of the frame must be devoted to rooting the cuttings, and the cutting soil should consist of a mixture of finely sifted loam, leaf mold and sand.

After forking over the existing soil in the frame, spread two to three inches of the compost evenly over it to form a perfect rooting medium for the cuttings. Set the cuttings three to four inches apart, firming the compost well round them; then water thoroughly and shade from the bright sun. Water every day, except during a time of continual rains. In very bright weather tilt the glass sash slightly to admit air, but do not remove the shading until the plants are rooted.

In four to five weeks they will be sufficiently strong and well rooted to place in their summer quarters, where they must be encouraged to make all the growth possible, for it is during this period that the strong flowering crown is made from which we derive the multitude of lovely blossoms in winter and early spring. These young plants should be grown in good soil—loam with plenty of humus and plant food. Make the rows eighteen inches apart, with twelve to fifteen inches between the plants.

If transplanted with a good ball of soil adhering to the roots so much the better. See that the roots are not double in planting; keep the crown of the plant just above the surface. Water well afterward, and regularly during the summer. Stir the soil round the plants every week, and also between the rows, thus keeping down all weed growth and retaining a perpetual dust mulch. When water is required give the plants a thorough soaking, going over them several times at one operation to reach well down to the lowest roots. Remove any runners which form.

When the plants are removed to the frames, place the frame so that the plants will receive all the available winter's sun—it will have a southern aspect. Prepare heating material of stable litter and leaves, mixing thoroughly and turning over two or three times a week until the intense heat has disappeared. Do not use freshly mixed material.

Place at least one foot of stable litter and leaves in the bottom, and over this a layer of soil six inches deep, allowing sufficient space above for the leaves to be three to four inches from the glass. On no account must they touch the glass. Roughly speaking, before the leaves are placed in the frame there should be a clear space of at least two feet from the front or lowest part of the frame to the bottom. To retain the heat, line the sides of the excavated part with rough boards, and it may be necessary to attach stout posts at each corner of the frame proper to keep the frame rigid.

Make the heating material as level as possible and tread for firmness. Now take a good rich turfy loam, not too heavy nor yet sandy, or soil from the garden, and with this mix a quantity of old cow or stable manure, making a six-inch layer of soil.

Thoroughly decomposed leaf mould may be used, adding fine bone meal at the rate of one large cupful to each bushel of soil. Plunge a thermometer into the soil and put on the glass sash. If the heat does not register more than seventy set the plants in place.

Lift the plants very carefully and aim to take as large a ball of soil as possible with each. If the soil is at all dry water the plants before lifting. With a trowel

make a large hole for each, spacing them so that they will not quite touch each other. Water well to settle the roots and keep the glass sash over them for a day or two, shading the glass with cheesecloth while the sun is on the frame. As soon as the plants have become established admit air to the frame whenever the weather will permit. Keep the sash off during all mild weather, even during winter, or at least admitting air by raising the sash either at the front or the back of the frame, according to the wind, always avoiding cold drafts.

While the weather is mild and the sun hot, water regularly at any time of day as long as the sash is not over them at night. But when the frames must be covered at night, water in the morning, so that the leaves will have time to dry before the frame is closed. Water between the plants, for water lodging in the crown is productive of rot. However, as the days become shorter very little water will be required—about once a month during winter. As the days begin to lengthen again and the sun is more powerful be careful that the soil does not dry out.

After the plants show that they have taken to the new soil they should be cultivated frequently by stirring the soil round and between the plants, using a scratcher, or five-finger, for the purpose.

In localities where the winters are severe and the frame requires protection bank up the sides with soil or ashes and throw old sacks or carpet over the glass at night. During continued periods of frost the plants are likely to be frozen, so do not remove the covering until the weather changes again and the plants thaw out.

Frames made of turf are warmer than the usual wooden frames. The walls may be any thickness, but twelve-inch sides are satisfactory. Cut the sods the same size, about three inches thick, grass side reversed in building. The back of the frame must be six inches higher than the front.

The best varieties of violets are Princess of Wales, single flowered, and Marie Louise, double flowered.

AUTUMN FORETHOUGHT

Apart from the division and replanting of perennials, adding new plants, renovating the soil, and generally bringing the herbaceous borders into order for another year—a duty to be begun and, as far as possible, finished in the autumn—there is the urgent matter of planting for the spring to be considered.

This was begun when the first bulbs were put into their places, presumably with some plans in mind for tasteful effects in March, April, and May. Any bulbs remaining out of the ground should be planted now, together with a variety of roots of favorite springtime flowers.

In the latter connection polyanthus, double daisies, myosotis, double arabis, yellow alyssum, primroses, aubrietias, violas, ariculas, dionysiums, and wallflowers come first to mind. They are, perhaps, the favorite among the flowers which we associate with bulbs in the garden broodery of spring.

Beds of crimson wallflowers and daffodils of the larger varieties are popular and unsurpassably handsome. Fiery yellow wallflowers may be used in conjunction with forget-me-nots with delightful result. Double white arabis and tulips of a dark hue, or violas, are often planted together, the former as a background. Arabis and double red daisies are another pleasing mixture. Forget-me-nots with yellow tulips, or with white narcissi (single or double), or white or pink hyacinths give an elegant effect.

Yellow alyssum and blue scillas, dionysiums and wallflowers, blue hyacinths and white narcissi—many are the possibilities with such variety of hue and form of blossom for the making of a spring garden as choice as gay; but in any effect that may be attempted be sure that the flowers associated are such as will come simultaneously to bloom.

Polyanthus and ariculas make charming small beds by themselves, as well as pretty edgings when planted in two or three rows. As marginal plants also both may be planted at intervals in a mixed edging containing alyssums, scillas, primroses, arabis, aubrietias, and double daisies. Small beds given up wholly to the beautiful blue of forget-me-nots look very attractive on a close-cut grass plot in spring.

Plant everything as firmly as possible and in fair weather, and get all the spring bedding finished this month. And if you love the scent of wallflowers have plenty of them near the house, so that their perfume may float into the rooms when the spring-tide sun is warm on their bloom.

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PREPARE THE VEGETABLE GARDEN

(By W. S. Blair, Kentville, N. S.)

Probably no effort is so well repaid as that given to the development of a good vegetable garden. It is wise to make preparation for this in the fall, in order to realize the benefits accruing from the early sowing of many vegetable crops. There is really no good reason why the vegetable garden should not be prepared in the fall, except that the time necessary to do so is usually not given to it. It is assumed that a certain area is set aside for the vegetable garden. If this is not the case, by all means set aside a certain plot now, locating it reasonably near the house so that vegetables may be conveniently gathered with a minimum loss of time to the housewife.

Apply twenty to twenty-five tons of stable manure per acre. Ten pounds to the square yard is equal to twenty-four tons per acre. Plough this six to eight inches deep. If it cannot be ploughed, dig it in. The amount of manure to apply will vary according to the way the soil has been previously manured. It is not wise to overfertilize, and if annual applications are made, probably five pounds per square yard will be quite sufficient.

It is desirable that certain areas should be ridged or mounded, to permit of ready drainage and early drying out of the soil. In these, carrots, beets and lettuce for very early use are seeded. Here also cabbage, cauliflower and celery are started for planting out later. There is very often difficulty in getting such plants in the spring. This may be overcome by giving a little thought now to the development of a spot where seed may be sown just as soon as the surface soil is dry to the depth of one or two inches. It is quite often possible to sow seeds outside on such a plot about the middle of April. The only reason why onions are so seldom a success in this country is that the seed is put in the soil the middle of May when they should have been planted a month earlier. For this early spring seeding surface working of the soil is all that is required, if the land has been fall prepared, and this can be done early if good drainage is provided by mounding up strips three to four feet wide as already indicated with a slight surface slope to give drainage.

It will be understood that, for spring growth, in addition to heat a readily available food supply is necessary. In old garden areas this is usually present, but if the garden plot is new, it may be necessary to use a little quick acting fertilizer to give the crops a start. One ounce per square yard of nitrate of soda or other active fertilizer is equal to three hundred pound. per acre; this amount is sufficient for any vegetable crop. If fertilizers are applied, it is wise not to make the mistake, so often made, of applying too large an amount without thoroughly mixing it with the soil. Surface applications of fertilizers like nitrate of soda very often kill the young plant just as it germinates; and for that reason it is much better to depend upon an application of stable manure well worked into the soil the previous fall. Many good prospects have been blighted by not using good judgment in the application of commercial fertilizer to small areas, either through applying too much,

or through not thoroughly mixing into the soil, before seeding, that which has been applied.

ANSWERS TO GARDEN QUESTIONS

Freesias And Begonias

Apartment: With sunny windows and no gas you should be able to grow plants successfully. If you have no dark store-room or cellar where you can start bulbs why not try tuberous rooted begonias and freesias. Have your boxes filled with a good potting soil in which plenty of leaf mould and sharp sand has been mixed with the loam, plant your bulbs directly in it. They do not need to be stored to develop a root system as tops and roots grow equally fast in the light. Started now you should get bloom in February and March.

Keeping Cabbage

Mrs. C. T.—Cabbages may be in pits or covered with earth or hung up by the roots to the ceiling of the cellar but for a family supply I prefer to cut off the stalk root and outer leaves, wrap each cabbage in newspaper and put up on rack or shelves near the ceiling of the cellar. The Danish Cannon Ball type keeps through until May if treated in this way. Of course this takes for granted a cellar where the temperature can be kept very low.

I am told that it is also possible simply to pile cabbages in a shed, let them freeze solid, then cover to prevent thawing. When needed for use they are brought in overnight and thawed slowly or put in cold water to thaw but have never tried it.

Is The Old Scented Musk Lost?

Westerner:—A garden expert writing in the Scotsman says:—Probably the old-fashioned musk is not now in existence. Scented musk is sometimes advertised, but most of those who have procured it seem to have been disappointed. The true scented plant seems to have been in the Royal Gardens at Windsor in 1904, but whether it is still there, or where it is to be found now, it would be difficult to say. The loss of scent by the musk is to most people a mystery, especially as it is reported that in its native habitat, North America, it has also lost its fragrance. The late Curator of Kew Gardens, Mr. William Watson, procured seeds and plants from many parts of the world, but all are said to have proved scentless. It is very difficult to account for the loss of its fragrance, especially, if it be true, in the case of the wild plant in its native habitat; but probably in the cultivated forms it has been brought about by crossing, and is due to the scent factor having become concealed for the nonce. If this be so, there is certainly a chance of its reappearing some day, and if anyone could discover a strain which contained this concealed scent factor—a by no means easy problem—and bred the plants among themselves, probably it would reappear. And, of course if the scent factor is concealed, it may reappear quite unexpectedly at any time. But it will be in a seedling or seedlings. No amount of vegetative propagation will restore it.



Beautiful Farms Make Enjoyable Homes

WINTERING OF LIVE STOCK

(By J. A. McClary, Lennoxville, Que.)

In preparing for the wintering of live stock it is important, first of all, to see that the stables and barns are in proper shape, such as, all broken glass replaced, doors tightened, stanchions or chains looked over carefully and any weak or broken parts renewed. The mangers should be inspected to see if they are tight and so arranged that they can be kept clean with as little labor as possible. Gutters and floors need to be tight in order to save all the liquid manure, which is the most valuable.

The ceilings and walls should be swept down and a good coat of whitewash applied, with some disinfectant added to guard against vermin and disease, and, at the same time, make the stable much lighter.

If there are not many windows in the stable add a few more, especially on the sunny side. Plenty of light, sunshine and good ventilation will help to save feed and veterinary bills.

Cattle and sheep should all be washed or dipped with one of the good standard dips, before being put into winter quarters, as a preventive of vermin. It is also a very good plan to clip a strip along the backs of the cattle, as well as the neck and shoulders when they come in from pasture.

With these preparations, and plenty of good clover hay, silage or roots, or both, and regular feeding, good live stock can be wintered in good condition with the minimum amount of grain feed and return a maximum profit.

WINTER FEED FOR THE DAIRY COW

(By W. H. Hicks, Agassiz, B. C.)

How to keep up the winter milk flow is a problem confronting a great many dairymen, more so in sections where the temperature is severe than in the milder climate of British Columbia. Invariably the price of milk goes up in the fall and down in the spring and just as untiringly the supply drops in the fall and increases in the spring. The dairyman, given good cows, the proper proportion bred to freshen in the fall, and conditions suitable for good general management in the matter of sanitation and thorough and regular milking, it is then up to the feeder to keep the milk supply up to the maximum.

The dairy cow is a manufacturing machine and requires suitable raw material from which to manufacture milk. She can make excellent use of much rough feed if supplied in conjunction with concentrates in the proper amounts. Among the most popular or widely used winter roughages are hay, straw, ensilage and roots and for dairy cows legume hays are much more valuable than grass hays. For milk production good alfalfa hay has no equal but, if this is unobtainable, good clover or mixed hay is satisfactory. Damaged hay can be made more palatable by cutting and mixing with silage or pulped roots. The same holds true regarding straw. To provide the necessary succulence in a ration for dairy cows roots or silage, or both, is invaluable. Not only are these feeds succulent but they are bulky and comparatively cheap. Generally it is good business to give a milking cow all these feeds she will consume.

This does not hold true regarding concentrates. A popular practice is to feed the cows one pound of grain for every 3 to 4 pounds of milk they produce. This is a good general rule to follow. What the grain mixture should be will depend upon prices of the different feeds at that time, bran, oats, barley, oil meal, shorts,

soybean meal, brewer's grains and cotton seed meal are the commonly used concentrates. Bran 4 parts; ground oats 2 parts; ground barley 2 parts; oil cake meal 1 part: makes an excellent grain mixture for a commercial dairy herd. It should be kept in mind that a freshly calved cow abundantly and carefully fed will usually produce the cheapest milk. At this time a pound of grain is equivalent to several pounds given later after the cow has decreased in her milk flow.

Besides the roughage and concentrates heavy producing cows should have plenty of clean water and salt, and many successful feeders at the present time provide bone meal, lime, charcoal and other minerals.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

At the suggestion of the goat growers of Texas, goat meat is now called "chevon." The word is from the Mexican, and seems to have been made to harmonize in form with "mutton."

If giving a meat a good name will make a market for it, it will be a good thing for the country. Goat's flesh is good, as any one who has sat down to a well-roasted kid will bear witness; but the animal itself has been unpopular in all the English-speaking nations, or the meat would long since have had a name. The reason lies in the fact that the old-style fences of England and America never gave the goat the slightest trouble. A stake and rider fence, or the New England stone wall, or the best hedge were to the goat actually non-existent as barriers. The adoption of wire fencing now brings him under control.

The goat loves brush and sprouts. He will neglect the juiciest grasses for the twigs of brush. His natural job is clearing. There are millions of acres of mountain and coastal lands which only need the constant nibbling of the goat to become excellent pasture for sheep and cattle.

HOW TO MAKE A FARM PAY

(Rural New Yorker.)

Some one asks us to name the most profitable line of farming. Which crop gives the best investment on capital? During the past 20 years we have raised many crops. They run from apples to Zinnias. During this period there have been years when we made a little money on all these crops—and other years when we lost considerable.

We have never tried the sort of farming which seems to pay best—that is selling farms to suckers. It seems to be easy if you know how and possess a leather conscience. You get possession of an old farm for about \$2,000. Then you find some back-to-the-lander with a child-like faith in "agriculture." He has about \$2,500 in cash, and you sell him the farm as a special favor for \$9,000. This means \$2,000 down and a contract mortgage for the balance. He thinks it will be as easy as eating cherries to pay \$1,000 a year out of his "farm proceeds." The first year he will not make expenses; the second year he quits in disgust. He has the experience and you have \$2,000, part of the interest and the entire farm, and you proceed to sell this real estate to another sucker on much the same terms!

This is no fairy tale, but the saddest kind of a fact, which is being worked out time after time. There are cases where such farms have been sold in this way half a dozen times. Of course no back-to-the-lander has any business to buy a farm with little or no capital and expect to pay off 75 per cent. of the purchase price from the proceeds. Still, there are some who seem willing to throw away their money in that way, and so long as they are willing to do it there are human hogs who will do this dirty "real estate" business.

Hog Grading Regulations

The Hon. W. R. Motherwell, Dominion Minister of Agriculture, announces that the hog grading regulations will be made effective on October 30th. In the meantime, the new hog grading staff is being given a thorough course of instruction at the Toronto Stockyards, so that the official grading regulations as established will be uniformly applied at all stockyards and abattoirs in Canada.

Standard grading equipment is being adopted, and is already installed at several stockyards where preliminary grading tests are being conducted and the necessary adjustments to expedite the grading and movement of hogs being made.

Burning the leaves in the fall helps avoid a lot of plant diseases, especially those which affect shade trees.

WITNESS THANKSGIVING WEEK

"The flighty purpose never is o'ertook Unless the deed go with it."

—Shakespeare.

"Obey that impulse"—before it passes!

FARMING CONDITIONS IN EUROPE

Prof. L. C. Gray, of the American Bureau of Agriculture Economics, has returned from an extensive trip of investigation through Great Britain and the countries of central Europe.

Professor Gray says he found the farmers in Czecho-Slovakia and parts of Germany in a comparatively prosperous condition. Their farms are well kept. Some of them are conducting large operations, not only in farming but in small industries in connection with their farming. One farmer had forty-five acres of asparagus and large acreage in other vegetables and small fruits, besides operating a mill and several other industries requiring the labor of 500 employees. The farmers with inflated currency and prices have paid off their mortgage indebtedness and are practically free from debt.

The new land policies in the Balkan states of cutting up large estates into small farms is having the effect of reducing surplus food production, said Dr. Gray. Agriculturally, there is every sign of rapid recovery in Central Europe, but financially the countries are plunging into chaos.

In England and Scotland he found the lands that were brought under the plough during the stress of war times, are now being returned to grass. Efforts to get the ex-soldiers to take up farming has not met with success. It has been found that men who were farm laborers before entering the army do not make efficient farm managers. This season there is very large production of truck crops, including potatoes and small fruits, in Great Britain, and the markets of that country are glutted with these products. Potatoes are scarcely repaying cost of shipment to market.

Professor Gray says that when he started across he was inclined to favor light wines and beer, but when he saw the disgusting effects of wines and beer and other intoxicants in European countries, he was thankful that the United States has prohibition, and he came back with the conviction that prohibition is a mighty good thing for America.

FENCING OVER STREAMS

On all farms through which streams of any size at all flow, some kind of arrangement must be made for connecting strings of fencing crossing them, and for the control of farm stock. Ever since farm lands have been fenced, and full control exercised over them, some kind of "water gates" have been devised and used. Many have been successfully used, but here is the method of constructing one which seems to stand the acid test.

Lay the foundation on each side of the stream of two three-cornered pens of timber. When there is elevation sufficient above the bed of the stream of from two to three feet, lay across from one to the other, a log. Then build up the pens about four feet high and fill them with stone. Such abutments hold against floods of high water.

When such abutments and the log, firmly anchored, are completed, about six or eight feet farther up stream place another log at the low water mark. Use split timbers, like fence rails. Spike them securely up and down the stream from one of the logs to the other and only about two or three inches apart. High water can not wash away such an arrangement, and drift cannot accumulate. Nor can stock get over easily. It beats the swing flood gate.—W. E. Farver.

A USE FOR OLD AUTOMOBILE ENGINES

The utilization of old touring-car engines may be of interest to country agricultural work-shops, repair-shops, and for grinding and crushing grain, in cider factories, for pumping water, etc., according to an article in the International Review of the Science and Practice of Agriculture.

It is preferable to remove the engine from the chassis, says the article, and bed it on a suitable frame resembling that used as a bed for testing engines in a motor works. The frame may be made of double T irons, or of hard wood, and the engine bed bolted on to it. For certain kinds of work it is best to gear the engine down. This can be done by keying a pinion on to the main shaft geared to a counter shaft, such as is used in electric dynamo plants. It is better to have

spur gearing which is silent or a green leather pinion. The counter shaft, running at, say, 250-300 revolutions per minute, carries a belt pulley.

The fan-cooled radiator should be replaced by a tank placed laterally and high up. But if the water is circulated by a pump, this system should be retained as the hot water discharge pipe is not wide enough to allow a rapid enough flow of coal water if the thermosiphon is to be used.

The exhaust expansion box should be done away with as it always causes a certain amount of back pressure, and a wide pipe should be substituted, that is sufficiently long to prevent flames issuing that might cause fire. By doing this the writer increased the power of an old engine 10 per cent. without increasing the fuel consumption. The engine may be set on top of a brick platform so that it is easy to turn the starting handle, or it can be mounted on a platform provided with 4 cast iron rollers, or on a trolley. Light, high speed engines, weighing not more than 20 kg. per h. p. can only be kept steady by weighting the frame with stones, wooden boxes filled with earth, etc.

CORN AND APPLES

(By "Hy Sickle.")

I like huskin' 'cause you kin sit down and think while you're doin' it. I like corn 'cause it is such a what you call unpretentious grain. It don't show itself up like it was the essenshull food of a nashun, but you gotta pull its shell off before you kin see what a thing of golden beauty and usefulness it is.

Now, apples is different. They got themselves all what you call dolled up, like those buddin' girls what want to make rouge roses outa themselves when they should be white lilies. They show themselves with all their skin-deep beauty, like they was sayin' to the world, "Here I am. Come and take me."

And, speakin' of folks, there's corn folks and there's apple folks. The corn folks is the quiet kind what is doin' essenshull things for the world. They don't look like much from the outside, but inside there's a heap of golden goodness.

Now, apple folks is spendin' lots of time showing themselves. And you can't tell what's under the charmin' appearance, 'cause you know the nicest lookin' apples ain't always the best eatin'. You kin never tell until you try 'em, whether they're pure white inside, or yellow, or maybe even rotten. You take bigger chances with apples than with corn; same with the same kind of folks.—The Michigan Farmer.

Potatoes a Large Crop

Because of the large crop of potatoes in the United States, Canadian growers are looking elsewhere to market their surplus crop. Special commissioners appointed by the government are visiting Cuba, Mexico and the West India Islands to make marketing arrangements.

Dakota farmers report that at present prices they cannot afford to harvest and sack much of this year's crop of potatoes. Consequently the crop will be sorted very closely in order to avoid paying freight on inferior stock.

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The Lawrence-Williams Co., Toronto, Ont.

THE STORAGE OF VEGETABLES.

(By W. S. Blair.)

The storage of vegetables is not satisfactory in many cellars, because the temperature is kept too high. There is a natural desire to keep the cellar warm, of course, because this cellar, however, particularly if the floor is of cement, has a dry atmosphere, and vegetables wilt badly therein. On the other hand, if the cellar is warm and moist, growth and rotting are more likely to take place. The dry, warm cellar is favorable to storage of squash and pumpkins only and not suitable for vegetables other than these. Temperature is really the prime factor in the successful storage of vegetable crops. A temperature slightly above freezing will carry all vegetables in fresh condition for the longest period and with the minimum of loss.

It is wise to have the vegetable storage room separated from the main cellar. This room should have connections with the outside through which a free circulation of outside air may be maintained, probably an open cellar window screened with cotton would be quite satisfactory until cold weather sets in, when, of course, additional protection would be necessary. A glass window hinged on the inside is closed after the first of December whenever necessary to prevent too low a temperature, the cotton cloth still remaining on the outside for use in warm spells. Such a plan has been followed by the writer in storing the home supply of vegetables and has given every satisfaction.

The larger the quantity of vegetables the better the ventilation required. With a large quantity it is better to have separate openings for the cool air inlet and the warm air outlet, one at a greater height than the other, thus facilitating the freer circulation of the air.

If the cellar is such that wilting of the vegetables is likely to take place because of the dryness of the air, a protection of sand or sawdust should be given them. There is little danger of wilting if a free circulation of outside air, thus keeping up the humidity, is maintained.

In the storage of larger quantities of vegetables additional attention to ventilation must be given. A large bulk of vegetables usually generates heat more quickly than it can escape. Consequently slatted ventilation shafts should be placed at regular intervals of about four feet to prevent possible high temperature and consequent rotting in the pile. Two five-inch boards for two of the sides, with eight inch pieces of laths spaced one inch apart for the other two sides, make a fine ventilating-shaft for a root pile. This shaft is placed on end resting on the floor; the warm air flows readily to it and escapes thereby. Bins four feet wide made of five or six inch boards spaced one inch apart and nailed to each side of the upright studding will serve the same purpose and in addition will separate the various lots.

For onion and cabbage storage nothing seems to be as suitable as slat-bottomed shelves, one foot deep for onions and two feet for cabbage, placing about ten inches of onions or two rows of cabbage to a shelf.

Celery demands a cool and moderately dry atmosphere for best storage. The roots should be covered with damp sand and the whole so arranged that the sand may be watered occasionally in order to keep the plants from wilting. Four bunches together may be placed upright in a row, with sand covering the roots, and a space a foot wide left between this and the next row. This space affords a suitable path for watering. In no case should water be poured on the plants as dampness on the foliage favors the development of rot. A good circulation of air is important in order to prevent dampness on the foliage. An earth floor is much better for celery storage than a cement one; consequently a cement floor should be covered to a greater depth with earth before putting these vegetables thereon.

A small patch of parsnips should be left in the ground for spring use. These should be dug as soon as the frost is out and stored in a cool cellar with a covering of sawdust or sand.

Leeks may be stored in the same way as celery. A patch of this should be left also for spring use. It should be dug early and stored in a cool cellar in damp sand in the same manner as advised for storing celery in the fall.

WINTERING OF BEES

(By C. B. Gooderham.)

In all parts of Canada bees require protection from the wind and cold during the winter months. There are two methods by which this protection can be supplied; either by packing the colonies in special outside wintering cases or by placing them in a cellar. Although outside wintering is gaining in popularity, cellar wintering will give excellent results in any part of Canada where the conditions in the cellar are such that they will prevent the bees from wearing themselves out with too much activity; and is advisable in the more northern localities where the winter weather is usually very severe.

The cellar for bees, no matter whether it is built especially for the purpose or partitioned off from the cellar beneath the beekeeper's residence, should be one that is well insulated against the variations of the outside temperature and can be maintained at a temperature of about 48° F. throughout the winter. It should also be dry in order that there is no condensation of moisture at any time and fitted so that it can be ventilated when necessary.

Bees to be wintered in the cellar will require less stores than those wintered outside but these stores must be of the best, containing as little indigestible matter as possible or the bees may die of dysentery before the spring. Clover honey or sugar syrup is the best food for cellar wintered bees. The bees should be brought into the cellar immediately after the last good cleansing flight which is usually about the first week in November. It is far better to put the bees in a week or two before the last opportunity of a flight than to leave them exposed to the cold that is not followed by a cleansing flight. If the temperature is sufficiently low there will be no need for closing the hive entrances when bringing them in. The hives should be carried as carefully as possible, with little disturbance to the bees and they should be placed on empty hive bodies or other stands of similar size in tiers of four high. The covers of the hives need not be removed. The entrances should be left open full width but if there is a danger from mice getting into the hive the entrance may be covered with screening with 3-8 inch mesh. No white light should be used in the cellar. Dead bees may be cleaned up from the floor at intervals but there must not be any disturbance to the colonies at any time. If the cellar is properly constructed the bees will require no further attention during the winter.

CANADA'S DAIRY PRODUCTS EXPORT.

According to tables given in the last News Letter of the Dominion Dairy and Cold Storage Branch the shipment of butter to the United Kingdom from Canada in August, this year, was 26,913 cwt. compared with 12,183 cwt. in the corresponding month last year, and 33,832 cwt. for the eight months ending August 31, compared with 26,767 cwt. in the same period last year.

The shipment of cheese to the United Kingdom from this country in August, was 141,045 cwt. compared with 118,833 cwt. in the same month last year, and in the eight months of this year 1,205,471 cwt. against 823,907 cwt. in the same period in 1921 and 663,336 cwt. in 1920.

Shipments of butter from Canada to the United Kingdom it will be noticed, increased in the eight months this year 58,265 cwt. over the same period last year, but cheese decreased 203,369 cwt. Shipments of butter from the United States show an increase this year compared with last year, but a decrease of nearly 50 per cent compared with 1920. In cheese, the United States shows a greater comparative decrease in export than Canada. Australia and New Zealand show increased shipments of both butter and cheese.

Only high producing cows are economical. Low producing scrub cows are always the ones that consume the most feed in proportion to the milk and butterfat produced.

Green tomatoes which are solid and firm may be stored in the cellar and kept until nearly Christmas. Spread some old newspapers on the cellar bottom and place the tomatoes so that they do not touch each other on this. Use those first that show signs of turning red.

To make an automobile go faster, never increase its speed by quickly accelerating the engine. This is a bad habit to acquire, because it adds wear and tear not only to the engine, but throughout the entire drive system, including the tires on the rear wheels. As in breaking the speed of the car, so should the speed be increased, and that way is gradually.

Automobiles were involved in fifteen of twenty-three railway crossing accidents reported to the Board of Railway Commissioners for the month of September. In these accidents there were six people killed and thirty-three injured.

The gold stock of the United States made a new high record on Oct. 1 at \$3,874,178,711, an increase of \$15,630,509 over Sept. 1. Since Jan. 1 the stock shows an increase of \$217,190,160.

Following the meetings of the Methodist General Board of Missions held at Toronto on Thursday, it was announced that total appropriations for all Methodist missionary society mission purposes, both in foreign fields and in Canada, including administrative, educational and miscellaneous purposes, amounted to \$1,235,341.

Premier Drury of Ontario has issued a statement thanking the people of the province for coming to the aid of the fire sufferers of Northern Ontario.

"THE DRAMA OF LIFE"

Man, from the peculiar nature of his mental constitution, is ever anxious to know somewhat of his destiny, whether that be the final phase so far as this world's experience is concerned, or the problems that are incident to his being, his evolution, or his consciousness arising either from sensation or the rational and emotional elements of mind; and it is natural, therefore, that the poetry and prose of human nature should be eagerly sought after and read by a discerning multitude. That is the reason why Shakespeare, the poet essentially of human nature, has retained his hold on an admiring world, because from his incomparable insight he has discerned with man's own longings, his faith, his beliefs, his intuitive instincts of immortality. It is not unnatural, therefore, that a book entitled the "Drama of Life" embodying the ripe reflections and speculations of a minister of religion, whose professional equipment reasonably should be a thorough knowledge of human nature, should be intensely popular and command a wide circle of readers.

This is, in the best sense, a modern book—modern in its treatment and handling of the subject. The subject is old. Man's life, the drama he enacts in the short span of his earthly existence—is the theme. Shakespeare's "Seven Ages" are taken as the basis for treatment—infancy, childhood, youth, manhood, middle age, old age, second childhood—but the scheme of presentation exhibits interesting discussion of these old themes in the light of present knowledge. The author's general reading must have had a wide scope, and his sympathy and correct interpretation are manifest from his deductions. But his special knowledge is portrayed—and this is the feature of the book—in his assimilation of philosophical and biological truths and the fitting application of these to the incidents of man's life, to the outlook of his origin, and on his gradual evolution. The wise advice, the convincing theories, are evidences of a highly cultivated mind, which has pondered deeply, with a sympathetic insight, over the problems, difficulties and trials of men, in the many parts men must perforce play on the stage of mortal life. Its method is logical in its division, in its symmetry, and in the chaste proportion of its several parts to the whole. Its intellectual and emotional qualities are striking in its original thinking, lucidity and illustration, and its bright scintillations of imagination.

The book has received plaudits from Sir William Robertson Nicoll, Dr. Chas. W. Gordon, Archdeacon Cody and Professor Peabody. And a foreword is written by Mrs. Nellie McClung, to cheer it on its way, in which she compares the addresses in the book to "beds of geraniums in the turn of a dusty road". To sum up, the book will repay, not only mere cursory reading to pass an hour pleasantly, but diligent study and meditation. G.A.T.

"The Drama of Life". By Thos. H. Mitchell, M.A., B.D.; Thos. Allen, Toronto, \$1.50.

A new record for the German mark—forty for a cent—was established on Friday when 4,000 marks sold for one dollar in the New York market.

OUT FOR CHARACTER*

This little book of twenty-six chapters written by twenty-six of the world's most thoughtful men, will prove to be a beacon of warning against impurity to any young man or young woman into whose hands it may chance to fall. In these days vice is made so attractive that multitudes are ruined physically, morally and spiritually almost before they have a thought of the danger into which they venture. The advice here given is full of wisdom as well as heart, and parents could not do better than see to it that the facts contained in these pages are placed within the reach of their adult children. In a well-written chapter on "Manhood's Menace," Dr. William W. King, of Kansas City, says:

"The constant and shameless appeal to sex consciousness in much of our literature, and through the medium of much of our entertainment on the stage and by the moving picture, which boys and girls and young men and young women read and hear and see every day, and much of which is so open in its suggestiveness as to be utterly immoral in its effect, makes it impossible to shout a warning loud and strong enough."

*"Out for Character." The Ryerson Press, Toronto. Price \$1.50.

THANKSGIVING DAY

A large number of people each year take advantage of the long week-end holiday provided by Thanksgiving Day to visit relatives or take a trip to some place of interest. The Grand Trunk are expecting heavy travel this year on account of the holiday, and provision has been made accordingly. Additional equipment, coaches, sleeping cars, parlor cars and extra sections of regular trains have been arranged for in anticipation of this traffic, in order that convenient accommodation may be provided for all passengers. The service of the Grand Trunk Railway (the double track route) to such points as Toronto, Detroit, Chicago, Ottawa, Sherbrooke, is particularly convenient and attractive. For particulars of service and all information apply to M. O. Dufour, C.P.A., 229 St. James St., Montreal, Main 3620.

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A new oil lamp that gives an amazingly brilliant, soft, white light, even better than gas or electricity, has been tested by the U. S. Government and 35 leading universities and found to be superior to 10 ordinary oil lamps. It burns without odor, smoke, or noise—no pumping up, is simple, clean, safe. Burns 94 p.c. air and 6 p.c. common kerosene (coal oil).

The inventor, G. N. Johnson, 236 Craig St. W., Montreal, is offering to send a lamp on 10 days' FREE trial, or even to give one FREE to the first user in each locality who will help him introduce it. Write him today for full particulars. Also ask him to explain how you can get the agency, and without experience or money make \$250 to \$500 per month.—adv.



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ABOUT COCHINS

The importation of the Cochon fowl in 1850 gave an impetus to poultry-breeding in Britain which has year by year increased, whilst the blood of the Cochon is to be traced in almost every manufactured variety. A liberal tribute of praise must be given to the commendable energies of poultry-breeders who have year after year devoted their best efforts to producing birds as near the perfection of beauty as it is possible to obtain them. At first-class poultry shows such birds invariably attract admiration, their immense size, quantity, and quality of feather making them most conspicuous, whilst, unlike the massive Brahmas, the Cochon can boast of a variety of colors—white, black, buff, and partridge. When originally imported they were varied in color, and fanciers subsequently they were known as Shang-hais. While similar in type, it was found they were varied in color, and fanciers took advantage of this, and, by persistent mating, soon obtained from the one breed the four varieties above mentioned. These are now bred and exhibited in marvellous splendor. In the 'fifties the prices realized for Cochons were extraordinary.

The breed is wonderfully large and has a bold carriage, the head being carried rather forward, and the fore part of the body rather low. The head of the Cochon is rather small and neat in proportion to the size of the bird, and the comb is single, rather small, straight and upright, evenly serrated, and symmetrically curved from base of the beak to the back of the head. The neck is short, well-curved, and abundantly covered with long hackle feathers, which should reach well to the back. Like the Brahma, this breed can boast of an abundance of foot feathers, although of a softer and looser texture. The thighs are short, thick, and wide apart, covered with soft, fluffy plumage, which stands out so as almost to hide the thighs, giving the bird the appearance of immense width. The hocks are completely covered, the feathers curling round the points and standing well out. The legs proper are short, thick, and heavily feathered to the middle and outer toes. A fully-developed Cochon cock will generally turn the scale at 12 lb., whilst the hen seldom weighs less than 10 lb.

The Partridge Variety

The most handsome of the four varieties is, undoubtedly, the partridge Cochon, which, when bred to exhibition standard, is admittedly the grandest-colored fowl which the poultry world possesses. In the male bird beautiful and varied tints are to be seen. The head and hackles are of a rich reddish-orange, the latter being densely striped with black, glossy markings. The back and shoulders are of a rich, dark red, of great brilliancy. The wing bar is black, but with a greenish sheen, the secondary feathers showing a rich bay color. The breast fluff, thigh feathers, and tail are rich metallic black. The hen has a more sombre plumage of brown, but beautifully pencilled all over with a darker shade, which follows the outline of the feathers, but the hackle displays a lovely golden tinge.

White Cochons are of great beauty, especially when exhibited in the pink of condition in the show-pen, but readers will understand that a good grass run is essential, also country surroundings, or their pure snow-white plumage will soon become soiled. Complete shelter from sun and rain is also of paramount importance. Black Cochons have been more numerous bred during recent years, but they enjoy an advantage over the other varieties, as their plumage is not so easily soiled. Except in color, which should be raven-black, the general Cochon characteristics are the same. The buff variety is very attractive, the color being either a rich buff or lemon-buff shade. Although the Cochon lays a rich, large-sized egg in mid-winter, utilitarians have done little to improve its productiveness, and it is bred for size and plumage rather than for utility qualities.—London Daily Telegraph.

It is well to have the cement floor of a henhouse set on a six to ten inch layer of coarse stones. Dampness is fatal to hens.

The poultry flocks of Ontario number nearly 14,000,000, an increase of better than 2,000,000 in three years.

The lazy hen, commonly known as "the star boarder," can be detected by the dull yellow coloring of beak and shanks. Her abdomen will be small meaty, and the skin thick and leathery. The pubic bones will be thick and stiff and spread less than two fingers.

SKIN TROUBLES IN FOWLS

The average or natural temperature of the fowl's blood is about 104 deg., above the fever heat in other living creatures. All the various parts of the body live on the blood, and from it they obtain everything that is necessary for their growth and repair. The general condition of the skin and plumage depends upon the blood; in fact, the feathers are developed and fed by it, which demonstrates the importance of keeping the blood pure. Poultry-keepers should study the conditions of their birds and feed with a consideration of the prevailing climatic conditions, and see that the foods given are not of too heating a nature, especially when laying has ceased and the moulting period is at hand. Feather-picking and an inflamed condition of the skin is generally caused by feeding with overheating foods, or adding spicy condiment to the morning mash to force egg production.

It is generally acknowledged that parasites or insect pests are most harmful to poultry, causing considerable irritability and loss of blood, and birds or chickens so infested seldom thrive or become a pleasure or a profit. No time should be lost, as flocks of birds become infested very quickly. Even with regular cleaning and hygienic surroundings these parasites appear, being often imported from purchases, stock and appliances. Still, if the appliances are lime-washed regularly and sprayed well with an insecticide, such as creosote, the risk is minimised, whilst paraffin as a preventive can be used in many ways. A well-filled dust-bath is of the greatest assistance, being the fowl's natural means of ridding itself of insects.

The red mite is a nocturnal visitor, breeding in the crevices of the poultry houses, the slots in which the perches are fixed, and infesting the bird usually at night. In neglected poultry houses these pests will cause much loss in vigor and general health, and it is wise for all poultry-keepers to use paraffin freely in all likely places. The fowl louse, instead of subsisting on the blood, lives on the feathers, and may often be seen on the fluff near the quill, where it causes considerable irritation. It can be easily seen by examining the feathers of a fowl having a rough or much-disturbed plumage. A good disinfectant well diluted with water, will remedy matters.

POULTRY HYGIENE

Professor Stafseth, the bacteriologist, says there are four important considerations in the control of disease; the selection of stock, feeding, housing and the control of contagious diseases. The one big problem in disease control is the chicken which looks healthy but is not. Contagious diseases should be discovered before there are serious outward indications of them, and the problem is to find some method whereby disease can be determined in apparently healthy looking fowls. There are also birds which never develop serious outward indications of trouble, but are carriers of the disease.

In one state, due to bacillary white diarrhea, eighty per cent. of the chicks they tried to hatch died. In three years of sanitary work this percentage was reduced to eight. He says that water is a great source of infection when droppings get into it. When droppings of a diseased hen fall on the ground, perhaps, only one or two of the chickens get infection; but when they get into the water it is a source of infection for the whole flock.

The use of potassium permanganate will not control this trouble as it should be controlled. Nor will the use of drugs help in controlling of other poultry diseases. Dr. Stafseth says that many chickens are being killed through the promiscuous use of drugs due to drug poisoning. Very often drugs are given the credit for a cure when the hen would have got well naturally.

Cotton for Front of Hen-House

Ordinary cotton cloth is generally used for the fronts of poultry houses where that plan of ventilation is used. Sometimes it is white, at others it is not bleached. In the latter case it is called "unbleached cotton" or "factory cotton." In the United States the white cotton cloth is called "muslin" which, here, is the name given to a much thinner, finer material unsuited to this purpose. The object is to have it strong enough to withstand strong winds without tearing, yet thin enough or "porous enough to admit ample air, and light. Burlap, if coarse, admits enough air, but not enough light; and the latter is an important requirement. You can buy what you need at any dry-goods store. It is to the dry-goods merchant what sugar is to the grocer—a regular family need.—Canadian Poultry Journal.

The way to find out how much your birds need is by watching them. When they slow down and start picking the tibbits out of the mash, they have had enough. Fowls ought not to toy with their food like the heroines of popular novels. Take the mash away as soon as they show signs of getting tired of eating. When fowls stand about, instead of scratching vigorously for more to eat, they are not well fed—they are overfed.

The Demand for Eggs

According to the United States Department of Agriculture, the per capita consumption of eggs in the United States is one-half an egg per day. One's appetite is unusually greatly debilitated when he cannot eat at least one properly cooked a day. But, of course, this is just statistics, meaning we eat one egg for breakfast yesterday morning and will eat one tomorrow morning, making an average of half an egg per day.

It is suggested that everyone not only get his full share of the egg, but rather that he eat the whole egg. Eggs are comparatively cheap just now and the hens have laid more eggs this year than ever before. There has been a decreased consumption of poultry and farmers have deemed it advisable to keep the fowls down on the farm. Hens must eat, and they must produce a goodly number of eggs to keep out of the star boarder class.

In order to make an efficiently balanced and varied diet, eggs must occupy an important place on the daily menus. To aid in this consumption, we should not stop with half an egg for breakfast, but eat a whole egg and perhaps two. Let the new slogan in your household be, "Eat More Eggs."

USE LEG BANDS FOR POULTRY

The most satisfactory means for identifying birds belonging to either the backyard poultryman or the owner of a farm flock is the numbered legband, suggests G. L. Stevenson, Professor of Poultry Husbandry at South Dakota State College.

"Every fall," he says, "an increasing number of poultry raisers are culling their flocks to eliminate the boarder hens. By this process the best producers are retained and become the breeders for the following spring. In some cases another special selection is made to secure birds possessing show room quality as well as laying ability—a combination not impossible and exceedingly desirable.

"The question arises in either case as to a method for identifying individual birds. There are various ways in which this may be done, but perhaps the most satisfactory means is the numbered legband. Plain aluminum bands serve very well for some purposes, but the colored aluminum bands not only give the bird a number, but the various colors in which they come offer an opportunity to record the age of the fowl as well, for example, this year's pullets may be banded with red, next year's with blue and the third year's green. The three colors will be sufficient, for it is seldom profitable to keep hens over three years.

"Such markers may also be used to indicate breeding or matings, to differentiate one's hens from a neighbor's, and as a protection in a measure from the depredation of chicken thieves. For the chicks, various colors in celluloid spirals or rings are on the market and the larger sizes may be used for the hens. Their chief advantage is the low cost. Considering the small expense and the effort involved the use of such markers is bound to be a profitable departure for either the backyard poultryman or the owner of a farm flock."

Dealers who make a practice of buying dressed poultry request that all birds be starved 24 to 36 hours before being killed; that they be killed by bleeding through the mouth; that they be dry picked, then thoroughly cooled and shipped undrawn with head and feet on.

All birds should be dusted with sodium fluoride or treated with blue ointment at the same time that they are handled out or into the pens. If the pullets are clean when put in they soon will be lousy if they are not treated. Young cockerels, especially if crowded into pens near hen houses, will become very bad with lice unless looked after. This is most important.

YOU CAN MAKE BIG MONEY OUT OF POULTRY

Learn modern methods in your spare time. Let George W. Miller teach you how to house, feed, hatch, breed, cull, caponize and market so as to net \$7.00 a year profit from every bird. The COLDBELT POULTRY COURSE gives you complete training by mail. Practical instruction. Simple language. Praised by leading authorities on the continent. Write for 32-page illustrated booklet. SHAW CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL, Toronto, Dept. "5"

MUSIC HATH CHARMS

A report comes from Worcester, Mass., that John G. Gaskill, junior champion poultry raiser of his county, has found that music has helped considerably in increasing egg production.

He says that almost every day he plays his piccolo, flute or trumpet to his hens, and as a result his thirty hens laid 5,040 eggs in seven months, and made him champion over fifty-nine competitors.

This sixteen-year-old champion first tried the cornet, but found that it had a detrimental effect. He also found that singing, either through phonograph records or personally, did not produce results. But the use of any string instrument or any of the softer tone blowing instruments, such as the flute or piccolo, would put the hens in a happy frame of mind.

He suggests that if one cannot play any of these instruments he install a radio with an amplifier attachment. But if this be done, care should be taken to tune out all song selections and search instead for other broadcasting stations giving violin or orchestral selections.

Young Gaskill says he follows five principles which have insured his success in the poultry business. An important one is the installation of electric lights in the hen coop and the other are furnishing instrumental music, providing clean water often, guarding against disease, and keeping the coops immaculate.

POULTRY MARKETING PROSPECTS

American farm papers reviewing the fall poultry market all seem to have the blues. There has been a tremendous increase in farm poultry all through the republic, with the result that the receipts at five principal markets in the first 36 weeks of the year was 22 per cent. higher than last year, and 9.7 per cent. higher than 1919, the year of highest receipts to date. The heavy marketing has been accomplished in spite of a car shortage of unprecedented acuteness, and other difficulties occasioned by the railroad strike. These conditions are slowly righting themselves and it is feared that under favorable transportation facilities, by the time the fall rush comes, during the six weeks preceding Xmas, prices will have dropped to a new low level. It is said that farmers are at present accepting ten cents at Minnesota points, and that buyers at Chicago are openly boasting that they will be able to buy chicken for 14 cents laid down before the season is over. As a result of these expectations American farmers are being advised to sell as early as possible.

To fatten turkeys for the Christmas market, confine them in comfortable quarters. Feed grain in morning, giving birds all they will clean up nicely by noon. Feed a crumbly wet mash of the ground grains in equal proportions in late afternoon, all they will clean up, but do not leave any lying around. If possible, give skimmed milk in mash. If not available, add some beef scrap.

Sodium fluoride and blue ointment will kill lice if applied to the birds as a dusting powder in the feathers and by applying the ointment below the vent of the bird. Red mites can be eradicated by the free use of crude creosote applied to roosts, nests and dropping boards.

1000 EGGS In EVERY HEN

If You Keep Chickens CUT THIS OUT

"The great trouble with the poultry business has always been that the laying life of a hen was too short" says Henry Trafford, International Poultry Expert and Breeder, for nearly eighteen years Editor of Poultry Success.

The average pullet lays 150 eggs. If kept the second year, she may lay 100 more. Then she goes to market. Yet, it has been scientifically established that every pullet is born or hatched with over one thousand minute egg germs in her system—and will lay them on a highly profitable basis over a period of four to six years' time if given proper care.

How to work to get 1,000 eggs from every hen; how to get pullets laying early; how to make the old hens lay like pullets; how to keep up heavy egg produc-

tion all through cold winter months when eggs are highest; triple egg production make slacker hens hustle; \$5.00 profit from every hen in six winter months. These and many other money making poultry secrets are contained in Mr. Trafford's "1,000 EGG HEN" system of poultry raising, one copy of which will be sent absolutely free to any reader of this paper who keeps six hens or more. Eggs should go to a dollar or more a dozen this winter. This means big profit to the poultry keeper who gets the eggs. Mr. Trafford tells how. If you keep chickens and want them to make money for you, cut out this ad and send it with your name and address to Henry Trafford, Suite 459 R, Herald Bldg., Binghamton, N. Y., and a free copy of "The 1,000 EGG HEN" will be sent by return mail.

IMMENSE TRAFFIC PASSING
WITNESS CORNER

Third Greatest in Metropolis.

(As reported by Chief of Police Belanger in the Montreal Gazette.)

According to a compilation made with a view to giving the public an idea of the enormous traffic carried on in the city of Montreal from day to day, no less than 14,700 pedestrians pass the corner of McGill and St. James streets every hour.

Many comparisons have been drawn during the past few years in connection with the growth of the city. All this has been substantial evidence of remarkable progress and goes to show the rapid strides with which Montreal is forcing her way into the front ranks, as one of the most progressive cities of the continent, both from a financial and industrial standpoint. Of all the comparisons, however, none will stand out more forcibly before the eyes of the public than the following, which shows the great business activity now apparent in the streets of the city.

How the Count Was Taken

The table was compiled from a count made at four of Montreal's busiest corners, between the hours of nine and ten in the forenoon and four and five in the afternoon, namely: McGill and St. James, McGill and Notre Dame, Bleury and Craig, and Bleury and St. Catherine.

Curiously enough it will be noted that while 4,300 more people pass the corner of McGill and St. James in one hour than the corner of McGill and Notre Dame, there is a considerably heavier traffic at the latter corner, due probably, to its close proximity to the harbor, much of the heavier traffic branching off at this corner for points east and west. The corner of Bleury and St. Catherine is the least congested of the four corners.

The following is the compilation:
McGill and St. James Streets

	Total	for Hour	Day	Month
Pedestrians	14,700	117,600		3,528,000
Automobiles	1,600	12,800		384,000
Street Cars	240	1,920		57,600
Rigs	1,820	14,560		436,800
Bicycles	78	624		18,720

McGill and Notre Dame Streets

	Total	for Hour	Day	Month
Pedestrians	10,400	83,200		2,496,000
Automobiles	1,750	14,000		420,000
Street Cars	250	2,000		60,000
Rigs	2,550	20,400		612,000
Bicycles	60	480		14,400

Bleury and Craig Streets

	Total	for Hour	Day	Month
Pedestrians	9,400	75,200		2,256,000
Automobiles	1,100	8,800		264,000
Street Cars	150	1,200		36,000
Rigs	1,700	13,600		408,000
Bicycles	52	416		12,480

Bleury and St. Catherine Streets

	Total	for Hour	Day	Month
Pedestrians	8,200	65,600		1,968,000
Automobiles	900	7,200		216,000
Street Cars	135	1,080		32,400
Rigs	980	7,840		235,200
Bicycles	45	360		10,800

The development of co-operative grain marketing institutions will be an important subject of discussion among the farmers' organizations during the coming winter.

More barley should be grown in Canada, because it will produce under average conditions a much greater weight of grain per acre than any other grain. Hulless and beardless barleys have been tested and discarded because of loss by shelling and their very low yielding qualities. The outstanding feature of Charlottetown No. 80 barley that will commend it to farmers is its habit of dropping its awns in the field. This is a two-rowed barley and is not recommended for districts where six-rowed barleys grow more successfully than two-rowed.

MACHINERY

Cylinder Grinding for Automobiles, Tractors, etc., have us do this and put new pistons in—makes it stronger than new. Send for free circulars. GUARANTEE MOTOR CO. Hamilton, Canada. t.f.

Engines, Magnets, Propellers, Carburetors, and all motor boat fitting for sale or exchange. Send for lists. GUARANTEE MOTOR CO., Hamilton, Canada. t.f.

Threshermen—Insure your machinery on the road or in the shed at cost. For particulars write THE ONTARIO THRESHERMEN'S MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE CO., Box 153, Chatham, Ont. 39-6

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Spare Parts for Most Makes and Models of cars. Your old, broken or worn parts replaced. Write or wire us describing what you want. We carry the largest and most complete stock in Canada of slightly used or new parts and automobile equipment. We ship C.O.D. anywhere in Canada. Satisfaction or refund in full our motto. SHAW'S AUTO SALVAGE PART SUPPLY, 922-931 Dufferin St., Toronto, Ont. 8-6.

MISSING RELATIVES.

DUPLISIA—David A., last heard of in 1907, in Alma, Albert County, N. B. Aunt enquires, MRS. J. P. DUPLISIA, Central Blissville, N. B. 41-6.

Young, Thomas, born in Lancashire, England, barber by trade and had three brothers in that business—ANN GILLARD, Box 109, Crompton, R. L. U. S. A., enquires. 43-6

POULTRY

BANTAMS

All My Game Bantams For Sale. Pyles, Silver Duckwings, Black Reds and Birchen's, old and young, also two one-year-old Golden Duckwing Bantam cocks, cheap. Apply, W. BARBER, 118 Roncesvalles Ave., Toronto. 41-6

DUCKS.

Fawn Indian Runner Ducks, grand laying strain, beauties, either sex, \$2 each. Order quick. Mrs. N. BICKNELL, Bedworth P.O., Ontario. 42-2

LEGHORNS

Geo. B. Ferris imported direct, pure-bred S.C. White Leghorns, 250-300 egg strain, April hatched cockerels, \$2.50 each, express prepaid on 3 or more. Satisfactory guarantee or money refunded.—J. H. TCHINGS, Tiffin St., Allandale, Ont. 39-6

Quality Bred-to-Lay S. C. White Leghorns. May hatched pullets, \$1.75 each. Choice yearling hens, \$1.50 each. Large vigorous cockerels, \$3.00 each.—EDWARD DOODY, De-Lux Poultry Plant, Cobourg, Ont. 43-2

ORPINGTONS

Buff Orpingtons.—4 hens and 1 cock, yearlings. Price \$12. Good breeding pen. Young stock of both sexes and yearling hens, \$3.00 each and up.—R. H. SAUNDERS, 870 Hamilton Road, London, Ont. 42-6

PLYMOUTH ROCKS

Barred Rock Cockerels, beautifully marked O.A.C. Strain, won two first this fall. \$2.00 each. EDGAR GIBSON, R. 1, Burketon, Ont.

Plymouth Rocks that are producers are what you need in your flock. Thirty-two hens averaged 720 eggs per month from March to October. That record is hard to beat. Only selected cockerels sent out, and only \$5.00 expected in return. W. S. POOLE, Box 414, St. Stephen, N. B. 42-2

POULTRY SHOW

London Poultry and Pet Stock Association, Sixteenth Annual Show, November 2nd to 6th inclusive, 1922. Send for Prize List and Breeders' Directory.—C. H. LAYNG, Secretary, 405 Nelson St., London, Ont. 39-6

POULTRY AND EGGS WANTED

Do you know that in every bunch of Hens you sell to the market, there are quite a few Birds that if classified would bring you double the money the Butcher pays you? Why not correspond with us and let us handle your Fowls, Ducks, Geese, Hens, Pigeons, Guineas, Etc., and get the full value of the stock. We have the very best connections for handling Good Fowls—and some birds will sell, as breeders, for double their market value. We also want your surplus of Known pure-bred stock at good prices. Write us first and save trouble and expense. We have everything, or know where it is for you. We also exchange Book History and Origin of all breeds of Fowls, with 196 Natural Color Engravings, \$2.00 post paid. Colored Postals all breeds, 10c each. Collection of 12 \$1.00; 25, \$2.00. Always enclose stamps for speedy reply. Give full description of your offerings and save unnecessary correspondence. Don't ask us to price your stock. Describe it fully and make price your very best. We specialize in Dark, White and Blue Muscovy Ducks. We are open for purchasing 500 Heads this fall. YAMASKA POULTRY FARMS, St. Hyacinthe, Que. t.f.

If You Have Good Poultry For Sale, Alive or Dressed, before selling them, it will pay you to write for our prices. P. POULIN & CO. Ltd., 39 Bonsecours Mkt., Montreal.

Live Poultry Wanted—Young chickens, Old fowl, Old Roosters, Young and old ducks, Old turkeys. Write for weekly price list. GUNN, LANGLOIS & COMPANY, LIMITED, Montreal, Que. 38-6

We Want Your Poultry. Our trade demands specially fine crate-fed chickens, etc. If you want top prices send a card for our special price list. Established over 40 years.—WALLERS, 658 Spadina Ave., Toronto. 48-8

MISCELLANEOUS.

Cockerels—S.C. Anconas and White Rocks \$3 each, two for \$5. Bred from good laying strains.—A. J. KAY, Georgetown, Ont. 39-6

Selling—Barred Rocks and White Wyandotte cockerels, Guild's strain; Ancona cockerels. Exchange for pullets.—W. G. GUNN, Irma, Alta. 43-6

Pedigree Rufus Red Belgian Hares, Black-Tailed Japanese Bantams. Good stock at reasonable prices.—A. E. HURLESTON, Ponthill, Ont.

EDUCATIONAL

The De Brisy Method is the Royal Road to Latin, French, German, Spanish. Thorough mail courses. ACADEMIE DeBRISAY, Ottawa. 6-5

Expert Optometrists (Opticians) frequently earn \$5000 a year. Short course, easy payments. ROYAL COLLEGE OF SCIENCE, Dept. Fourteen, Toronto, Canada. t.f.

Matriculation Class now forming. Students accepted for all grade teachers' certificates. Twenty-five years of success. Send for catalogue. CANADIAN CORRESPONDENCE COLLEGE, 507 York Bldg., Toronto Ontario. 40-6

BUSINESS CARDS

Horse Radish Root—Pay the right price. Write M. B. KING, 47 Ossington Avenue, Toronto, Ont. 39-6

PRINTING

Personal Stationery—100 Fine White Envelopes, also 100 sheets writing paper, printed with your name and address, postpaid anywhere, only \$1.50.—CONCRETE PRINTING CO., Beebe, Que. 40-6

PATENT SOLICITORS

Fetherstonhaugh & Co.—The old established firm. Patents everywhere. Head office Royal Bank Bldg., Toronto; Ottawa Office, 5 Elgin Street. Offices throughout Canada. Booklet free. 9-52

AGENTS WANTED

Agents—Get in a profitable all-year commission business of your own. Every property owner needs some of our nine hundred varieties of hardy Red Tag trees and plants. No capital needed. Complete equipment and instruction free. Write DOMINION NURSERY, Montreal. 39-8

Agents wanted, ten dollars per day easily made. No fake books or insurance. BURROWS MFG. CO., Toronto. 41-6

Wanted—Reliable, Energetic Salesmen for Nursery stock, in unrepresented districts. Outfits supplied free. Write for terms to E. D. SMITH & SONS, LIMITED, Winona, Ont. Nurseymen of 40 years' experience. 43-6

SITUATIONS VACANT

Girl, general housework, washing; learn cooking; family three; thirty dollars.—39 Summit Crescent, Westmount, Montreal. 39-6

Jersey Herdsman—One First and One Second-handman wanted. Must be experienced in R. O. P. work and well recommended. Address, RICHMOND JERSEYS INC., Richmond, Que. 43-2

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.

LIVE STOCK

CATTLE

Pure Bred Red Polled Bull Calf, born June 17th. Grandson of old Proctor Knott, famous Jean Duthull bull. Also, registered Yorkshire pigs. Prices way down, excellent breeding. M. J. HOWES & SONS, Millet, Alta. 42-6

DOGS

For Sale—St. Bernard pups of Altodorf strain, both sexes. They are most reliable of watch dogs.—EXCELSIOR KENNELS. Waterloo, N. Y. 39-6

Collie Dogs, 6 months' old, trained, \$10 each. D. CARTWRIGHT, Mallorytown, Ont. 40-6

Pair Wolf rounds, 3 years old, good wolf killer, and good catchers, \$15.00 each—MIKE ZMUD, Howell, Sask. 42-6

Fox and Deer Hound Pups, choicely bred.—ADAM HUMPHRIES, Hastings, Ont. 43-6

SHEEP.

Shropshire Rams For Sale.—J. F. SNELL, Macdonald College, P. Q. 43-6

SWINE

Selling—A few choice lengthy bacon type, pure bred Berkshires, April farrow, either sex, including two first prize boars, Yorkton Exhibition, 1922. One 10 months and one 5 months. W. A. LOWE, Churchbridge, Sask. 38-6

Berkshires, bacon type, sows bred or ready to breed, young stock, male or female. R. R. RUDD & SON, "Sunny Height Farm," R. 2, Guelph, Ont. 41-6

Hampshires For Sale.—Spring Pigs for sale at \$25 and up; also older ones at reasonable prices. Can furnish either sex. All registered stock of good type and belts. Apply to L. HAGENSON, Viking, Alta. 42-6

Choice Registered York Pigs, both sexes, farrowed July 1st, for sale. Duck and Brehm strains. Good breeding stock and priced to sell.—E. J. BRADY, Gleanworth, Ont. 42-6

CANARIES.

German Rollers now arriving fortnightly. Wholesale and retail. Safe delivery guaranteed.—List free. LONDON AVIARY, London, Ont. t.f.

WILD ANIMALS

Finest fur on earth, pure bred silver black pups weighing 10 lbs. and beautifully furred, for sale at right prices; 200 per cent. increase this year; write for particulars. W. E. DAWSON, North Tryon, P. E. I. 41-6

MISCELLANEOUS.

FOR SALE.

Auction Course for Sale. Our Home Training system has established scores of successful auctioneers. Openings for experts everywhere. NATIONAL AUCTION SCHOOL, Cooksville, Ont. t.f.

One Suits Plush Coat. Good Condition. Bust 46. Length 47. Price \$18.00; also One Lady's Velour Coat, Burgundy Color, very Handsome, nearly new. Bust 46. Price \$20.00. Address Box 498, Port Stanley, Ont. 37-7

Books for Winter—Six Volumes of Splendid Stories for \$1.00. Post paid to any address. Love, Adventure, Mystery. A veritable library of Fascinating Fiction. Order while they last. BUSINESS BOOK COMPANY, 209 Delaware Ave., Toronto. 38-6

Wool made into blankets or Batts. GEORGE-TOWN WOOLLEN MILLS, Georgetown, Ont. 38-6

Radio receiving outfit. Thousand miles concert range. Guaranteed. Cheap for quick sale. SMYTHE, Thornbury, Ontario. 41-6

HONEY FOR SALE.

Honey.—R-h clover and buckwheat blend, in 10 and 30 lb. tins, at 10c per lb.; clover honey, 15c for lb.—J. R. YOUNIE, Howick, Que. 42-11

Clover Honey, 80 lb. crate, \$12.00.—W. A. HARTLEY, Box 121, Beamsville, Ont. 30-20

Clover \$10.00; Amber \$9.00; Buckwheat \$7.00 for 60 lbs.; reduction on large orders.—F. W. KROUSE, Guelph, Ont. 38-21

Choice Extracted Clover Honey, excellent flavor, six ten-lb. pails \$10.00. Strongly crated. Prompt shipment.—C. S. NICHOLSON, Milton, Ontario. 39-6

Finest Clover Honey—Will deliver 120 lbs. in 5, 10, 30 lb. pails: anywhere in Ontario, 18c; Manitoba, 19c; Saskatchewan, 19 1-2c; Alberta, 20c pound. Amber honey, 14, 15, 15 1-2 and 16c pound. Buckwheat, 11, 12, 12 1-2 and 13c pound. Will quote delivered price on any size order to any point. Satisfaction guaranteed. 25c brings 4 oz. sample.—MOUNT FOREST APIARIES, Mount Forest, Ontario. 39-6

Honey, Finest Quality White Clover, 5 and 10 lb. pails, 60 lbs. \$9.50. Large quantities less. McTAGGART APIARIES, New Sarum, Ont. 40-6

Clover 16; Amber 13; Dandelion 10; Buckwheat 10c per lb. for 30 or 60 lb. Larger orders reduced. R. E. CALDWELL, Nobleton, Ont. 40-6

Choice Clover Honey in pails, 60 lb. crates, \$9.00.—ANDREW McPHERSON, Norval, Ont. 42-6

Choice Clover Honey, 16c per pound. Club orders of 100 lbs. or more, 15c.—ROBERT WEDGEWOOD, R.R. No. 5, Brampton, Ont. 42-7

Honey in 5 and 10 lb. pails white clover \$9.00, dandelion \$7.50, dark \$6.00 per crate of 60 lbs. F.O.B. Meaford. M. A. CLEMENT, Meaford, Ont. 43-4

Pure Clover Honey, excellent flavor and color, \$1.60 per 10-lb. pail. Buckwheat Honey, \$1.00 per 10-lb. pail.—CALDWELL APIARIES, Dundas, Ont. 43-6

DOLLS

Peter Pan Dolls, fourteen inches high, unbreakable, cheerfully colored faces, beautifully dressed, \$1.00 delivered.—PETER PAN'S, 189 Craig East, Montreal. 43-6

STAMPS

Stamps Wanted.—Duplicates exchanged or sold. History and check list Canadian stamps post free, 50c. Collector, P. O. 268, Station "B", Montreal. 39-6

"Stamps free! 60 all different for the names of two collectors and 2c postage; 30 Sweden stamps 10c; 20 Denmark stamps 10c; 20 Russian stamps 10c. TOLEDO STAMP CO., Dept. A, Toledo, Ohio, U. S. A." 39-6

Stamps on approval, 6,000 varieties at third catalogue. JOHNSON, 458 Eighth Avenue, Rosemount, Montreal. 41-8

WANTED

Ginseng Root Wanted. Highest market prices paid.—H. A. HOVEY, Clinton, Ont. 42-6

FARMS FOR SALE

Send for list of Maritime farm bargains. VALLEY REAL ESTATE AGENCY, Wolfville, Nova Scotia. t.f.

145 Acres—Situated one mile and a half from the village of Iroquois, an up-to-date two-story brick house, bath and water supplies, also garage, hen-house, granary, orchard and wells, and a living spring in pasture, good outbuildings, tabling for twenty cows, also a stone dwelling and comfortable buildings attached on the same farm. Will sell all or separate. For full particulars apply to P. P. EVERETT, Iroquois, Ont. 39-6

100 Acres—Good clay loam, Drummond township, practically all cleared; 80 acres cultivated, rest tillable, frame house, good outbuildings; 6 miles from Smiths Falls. For further particulars apply WM. KILFOYLE, Perth, Ont. 40-6

126 Acres, Wooded, Splendid Soil; near village, railroad, cheese factory Northern Wisconsin. \$3000.00.—F. A. LAWSON, Granton, Ont. 40-6

A Good Hundred Acre Farm for immediate sale. Well situated on the provincial highway. Good buildings, silo, windmill; good bush. Near thriving city. Well fenced, tile drained. MRS. YOUNG, R.R. 5, Woodstock, Oxford County, Ont. 40-6

94 Acres, 4 miles from Toronto, Ont.; 2 dwelling houses, bank barn, silo, separate stable, henhouse, 12x50, hay-barn, implement barn, 2 pumps, orchard; buildings and fences in fair condition; all land workable; now rented for \$550 a year; could get possession April 1, 1923. Price \$25,000; terms arranged.—W. S. SHAND, 84 Keewatin Ave., Toronto. 40-6

100 Acres—in Eramosa, good location, near market, school and church; good soil; well watered; good buildings; easy terms; inspection invited. For further particulars, apply MRS. NOAH SUNLEY, R. 3, Rockwood, Ont. 40-6

I am offering for quick sale my very desirable mixed farm situated 2 1-2 miles N. of Needles on the Lower Arrow Lake, splendid location, climate and scenery. Comprising 18 a. good land, 12 a. under cultivation, balance in timber, 6 a. clover, 6 a. in assorted and small fruits, 6 roomed bungalow, stable, sheds, poultry houses, etc., together with implements, a snap at \$5,500, cash wanted, inspection invited, apply owner. GEORGE CRAFT, Postmaster, Needles, B. C. 40-6

Selling—320 Acres, Okanagan Valley, four miles from Armstrong; 160 cultivated, 60 pasture, balance timber; adapted to fruit or mixed farming; no irrigation; modern brick house, large frame bank barn. Further particulars, W. S. BURNETT, Armstrong, B. C. 40-6

Small Farm, Beautifully Situated, near Village; fruits, sugar orchard and equipment, crops, some stock, vehicles; barn; large good house, cellar, piped water, furniture. Firewood easily available. Bargain if prompt.—IRONSIDE, Warren, Vermont. 40-6

For Sale, 10 acres unimproved first-class fruit land, unencumbered, at Appledale, near Nelson. Price \$1,000. Write C. H. SMITH, Eburne, R. R. 1, Vancouver, B. C. 41-6

Mis Bulbs and Seeds.

Acres, Country Homes, Small Fruit and Poultry Farms, adjoining Hamilton Highway and Dundas etc.; hundreds to choose from; all prices; easy terms. Write for our fall list.—HAROLD A. CLARKE COMPANY, Port Credit, Ontario. 42-6

Quarter Section of Good Prairie Land, near Halkirk, Alta. Will trade for Eastern farm land or city property.—JOHN DENOYER, Moon Hills, Sask. 42-6

Grow Fruit—Grow happy in Niagara's best. State requirements and cash.—G. W. ARNOTT, Vineland, Ont. 42-6

100 acres Best Productive Clay Loam, all tillable, new brick house, has furnace and water system, good outbuildings, seven miles from Ottawa. \$6000 cash. Price \$15,000. Apply, R. W. GRANT, 39 Queen St., Ottawa, Ont.

Half-Section For Sale—Four miles from Storthooks, Sask.; 200 acres in summerfallow, 30 acres summerfallow stubble, balance pasture and hay land with some bluff; two-story house, 18x24; barn, 34x48, with loft; granary, 18x24, blacksmith shop, drive shed, poultry house; 11 silo, chocolate loam, no blowing or drifting; good town and district; mixed English and French settlement; schools, rural phones; only 95 miles from Brandon and good markets. Price \$35 an acre, with few thousand down, balance on reasonable terms. Ten work horses and six good milk cows can go with farm. Will consider exchange for good revenue-bearing city property as part consideration. Apply HUGHES & COMPANY, Brandon, Man.

200 Acres on Improved Road

Stocked, Equipped Only \$3100

Income from start, your future assured; prosperous farmers all around, good growing climate, markets handy; loamy machine-worked fields; brook-watered pasture, about 60,000 feet timber, 1000 cords wood; good 5-room house, big barn stable, etc. To settle affairs \$3100 gets it, 3 horses, 12 cows and heifers, sheep, pig, poultry, furniture, implements included if taken immediately. Details page 29 Illustrated Catalog Farm Bargains throughout Canada. Copy Free.—STROUT FARM AGENCY, 13 E., King St. West, Toronto, Canada.

40 Acres—Dr. Owner of Excellent 40 acre farm adjoining prosperous Western Ontario town, cannot handle to advantage, and gives immediate possession to the purchaser with \$2,000 cash, and balance of \$1,500 on convenient terms. Level loamy soil, 35 acres under cultivation, considerable acreage celery land. Comfortable 8 roomed frame house, good water, orchard, 40 ft. barn. Big value here.—The Farm Lands Department, THE UNITED FARMERS CO-OPERATIVE CO., LTD., 109 George St., Toronto, Ont.

FARMS WANTED

Want to hear from owner having farm for sale; give particulars and lowest price. JOHN J. BLACK, Witness Street, Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin. 41-6

BULBS AND SEED

Bulb Bargains.—25 early tulips, 25 darwins, 12 hyacinths, 15 daffodils, 15 forcing narcissus, 75 crocus, 4 peonies, 18 iris or mixed collection. Each item, \$1.00 postpaid.—MORNINGTON GLADIOLUS GARDENS, Stratford, Ontario. 39-6

A MAGAZINE PAGE FOR HOME WORKERS

THE PARTY IN WEST UNION

(By Mabel McKee, in The Classmate.)

(A hint to mothers and fathers as well as communities, on how to check destructive pranks.—Ed. Home Page.)

The envelope was creamy and square and promised quantities of interesting reading. With a little sigh Ruth Norris tucked it into her jacket pocket and hurried out of the little post office to the street, where the Dillon twins were waiting for her. They clutched her hands and began the silent walk toward their home. Ever since she had come to West Union and made her home with the Dillon family the twins, with their stolid little faces and sleepy eyes, had been her companions to the schoolhouse and back every day. No matter how long stops she made at the village store or post office, or at the home of a patron, she always found them upon her return to the street waiting exactly as she had left them.

"But there are times when I wish they wouldn't cling so closely," she thought to herself on her journey down the street, "and today is one of them! I want to read Martha's letter right now. I need a wee bit of her enthusiasm over her work to bolster me up to see Trustee Willis."

However, Trustee Willis was not at home when she reached his house—would not be home until at the end of the week, his wife informed her. "Then it will be too late for me to get my order in for supplementary readers during this sale if he does allow me to get them," she sighed to herself, wondering how she could manage to keep her highest grade pupils interested in books which they had already read several times.

She looked down the West Union streets again before she opened the Dillon gate. With unpainted houses bordering each side, an unpaved, crooked walk marking the end of the road, and a few scraggly trees planted at irregular intervals, it presented a view just as monotonous and devoid of interest as were the lives of the children she taught at the little drab-colored schoolhouse. No wonder they showed no patriotic zeal when they saluted the flag, nor interest in the stories she read of places and people so far removed from their own lives. "I don't believe they know what a holiday is," she half laughed to herself. "I suppose they will have to be told of Thanksgiving Day and Christmas and even Hallowe'en."

Early the next week, however, she discovered that she had been very much mistaken in her surmise. Little Jerry Drake brought a hideous, grinning false face to school. "I got mine early," he announced proudly, "fore the other kids could have the pick of them. Then Jake Greers' store never does have enough to go 'round, and some of the kids has to make dough faces for Hallowe'en."

An excited group of children crowded around Jerry to view his treasure. Hilari-ously they talked of the costumes they were going to don upon that coming holiday night. "My big Uncle Tom Wane and his gang are all going to be dressed alike so they can't find out which is which," announced Janie Barnett. "They're going to smatter up the Johnson's house with red and yellow paint for them sicking that bull dog on the boys when they tried to get some of their old red apples."

The children all greeted this announcement with shouts, Ruth with a gasp. The Johnson family had just had their house painted a beautiful white. But one of her children was talking again. "The boys in the pressroom at the mill are going to get their boss's automobile and put it in the creek," piped up a treble childish voice.

Ruth listened a few minutes longer before she rang the bell. During that time she discovered that Hallowe'en was to West Union a holiday made for the ruthless destruction of property. Every family took the opportunity at this time to pay back old scores.

"I wonder why some one doesn't stop such practices," she thought at noon, as she watched the children run down the road toward their homes or gather in little groups under the trees to eat their lunches. While she ate her own she re-read Mildred's letter, and for the time forgot all about West Union and its revengeful people. The newspaper on which Mildred was feature writer had given her another raise. Last week she had had five "first-page features" and

was soon to be sent to Philadelphia to "do" a big convention. She had also interviewed a famous author who had visited their town and had received from him an autographed copy of his latest book.

"While I drudge away in lifeless West Union," Ruth mourned to herself. "I don't see why I ever took up school teaching as a profession. I did have noble ambitions when I began, but last year money-grasping Newtonville, and this year lifeless West Union have almost killed them. Oh I wish—"

With a wild whoop tiny Tim Terry rushed into the schoolroom, his face encased in a very red mask from which descended a flowing beard. "Bet no one catches me," he prophesied. "Now I can soap all the windows I want to."

"Now, why doesn't some one in West Union try to do something to preserve law and order and prevent this damage?" Ruth again wondered.

That night she discovered that there were some who were going to try, not exactly to stop the destruction, but to have the offenders punished after the offenses had been committed. The town's one lawyer, as he handed her the monthly salary check, told her that the mill owner and several of the moneyed people intended to prosecute, and "prosecute to the limit", all of the youth of West Union who harmed any of their property.

"It will be a shame, for some of these young fellows, who haven't a particle of meanness in them, will probably get jail sentences," he ended. "It's been a custom ever since I came here for the town people to do that way. Of course, there is damage done, but people expect it as part of the sport. And Hallowe'en has always been West Union's one holiday of the year."

Later that evening Ruth met Tom Wane, the arch plotter of the village. He carried high in his arms a tiny girl, whose crowing and gurgling told how she was enjoying the ride. He grinned at Ruth, but made no effort to touch his hat. Happy, winning Tom Wane liked Ruth and was willing to go out of his way to show her favors, but, according to his code, to lift one's hat to a lady was distinctly "sissy."

Ruth stopped to cuddle the baby a minute. "How human all babies, even those of West Union, are," she thought. "It's not until they get to be about ten years old that here they begin to become uninteresting and disinterested."

Tom Wane suddenly laughed uproariously. The baby was digging her fists into his pockets. "She's after my mask, but she ain't goin' to get it," he told Ruth. "Ain't nobody in West Union goin' to see that mask until Hallowe'en night."

Ruth fell into step with him and together they started to take the tiny tot back to its home at Tom's sister's house. While they talked of all babies in general, and this one in particular, Ruth did a lot of thinking. She knew that Tom Wane was to be the leader in the riot of Hallowe'en destruction. She heard it whispered that the constable had said openly that he had an extra pair of handcuffs ready for Tom.

"He isn't a particle criminal—just careless," Ruth insisted to herself. "But a jail sentence would make him criminal. Only he isn't going to get it," she determined, almost fiercely, "not if there is a single thing I can do to keep him from it."

"Tom," she talked out loud now, "why on earth don't you fellows have a regular Hallowe'en party, so that we can all be in on it? Now, last year I was at a ghost party, the year before that at a masquerade, while this year I suppose I'll just have to stay at home and grade papers."

Tom eyed her in amazement. He had supposed from the experience he had had with teachers that school teachers delighted in grading papers. Of course, this one was different from the others West Union had had—younger, prettier, and much friendlier. Why, he believed he had heard his sister's children say that she even played with them at recess time! He looked at her sharply. Yes, she was in earnest.

"There ain't any places in West Union for to have a party, Miss Norris," he said, respectfully, "or I'd like to help give you one. Nobody whose house is big enough would let us have it."

"You can have the schoolhouse," Ruth instantly offered.

"Old man Willis wouldn't stand for it," he began.

But Ruth cut him short with, "I wouldn't ask him for it. While I'm teacher there we'll use the schoolhouse for any parties we want to give West Union."

"I can get the gang there, all right," Tom Wane almost boasted his power of leadership. "Only you'll have to have it lively, miss."

THE KITCHEN SINK

Certain it is that the sink is one of the biggest savers of time, strength, and labor in the home—when properly located—and one of the greatest burdens when missing or of the wrong type.

The size of the family and of the kitchen determines the size of the sink, but a short sink with ample table and shelf room near it may be more convenient than a long sink. Two smaller sinks, one for the table dishes near the dining room and the other for general use in the kitchen, are very convenient.

The material should be the best available, non-absorbent of grease as well as of moisture, and there should be no cracks or square corners to increase the work of keeping it clean. If a wooden sink is necessary, it is better to have it metal lined, provided the sheets of metal, which is usually tin, zinc, galvanized iron, copper or lead, are soldered where they are joined and all parts of the sink, including the tops of the sides, are covered with the metal, so that there is no chance for the wood to absorb moisture. Another plan is to have a cement sink built into a wooden frame and lined with sheet copper or tin to make a smooth surface.

Enameled-iron sinks are smooth, last well with careful use, and may be easily kept clean, but they are more expensive than iron. Porcelain sinks are similar to the enameled ones, but their price is almost prohibitive. Perhaps the ideal plan, if cost is not to be considered, would be to have an enameled or porcelain sink for the tableware in the kitchen or pantry near the dining room and an iron sink or soapstone sink for the heavier kitchen ware.

The double sinks, with one basin for washing and another for draining dishes, are very convenient, but unfortunately they are relatively expensive. A small sink with a rubber stopper for its escape pipe may be used as a dish pan.

If possible there should be a wide shelf or drain board on each side of the sink on the level with the rim of the latter, one to receive soiled dishes and the other clean ones. Some housekeepers have these covered with zinc. As in all other places where it is used, the metal must be neatly fitted and closely fastened down, so as not to leave any chance for loose, rough edges, or to provide breeding places for insects or a lodging place for grease and dirt.

If there is no place for permanent drain boards, sliding or hinged shelves may be used. A right-handed person usually holds the dish in the left hand while washing or wiping it, and the dish-cloth, dish mop, or towel, in the right hand. It is convenient, therefore, to have the dishes move from right to left as they pass from dish-pan to rinsing pan, and from rinsing pan to drainer and tray. This should be kept in mind and provision made for soiled dishes at right and for a drain board at the left of the sink. And be sure in placing your sink to have it the right height not for the six-foot plumber who installs it, but for the woman who must use it day after day.—Michigan Farmer.

Patience!

Patience is a necessary ingredient of genius.

How poor are they that have not patience!

What would did ever heal but by degrees?

All things come round to him who will but wait.

To bear is to conquer our fate.

In Years to Come

Some day, unless Providence interferes with Nature, I shall be old. What sort of old I never can quite imagine, but if I am anything like the woman with whom I had tea yesterday, I shall feel it was a good thing indeed that I was not cut off in my youth. White-haired and erect, she is a fine rebuke to those who are wasting a terrified maturity in warding off an inevitable old age. With great sorrows still shadowing her, she seems to stand head and shoulders above her besetments. If the years to come could make one half as interesting, half as charming, half as courageous, one might look forward with very great gladness to the years to come.—From "Letters of a Spinster," by Winifred James.

Who would prize the secret shimmer Of the wealth that's stored away, When the fields and woodlands glimmer Through October's golden day?

Mother! Hasn't it been worth while having the Witness in YOUR home? Then surely there's another home in which you are interested which would also feel the better for the Witness' weekly call.

"Obey that impulse"—before it passes!

HARVEST

This I believe; we tend to grow our dreams
No matter how remote fulfilment seems.

It matters not the drought or storm that yields
Small hope of promise for the harvest fields.

Have we the faith amid the parching heat
To glimpse the small green blades up-thrusting sweet,

And smile secure through driving winds and hail
In simple trust, too deep of root to fail.

Then I believe that somehow, soon or late,
There comes reward to dreamer-souls that wait;

To each who dared to hold the vision plain,
There down his golden fields of bending grain.

—Margaret Skell Clark in Good House-keeping.

THE BREATHING HABIT

The deep breathing habit is the foundation of good health, says a writer in the "Daily Chronicle," and every mother should endeavor to teach her baby to breathe deeply and through the nose as early in life as possible. Whenever baby's mouth is seen to be open it should be gently but firmly closed. This is of prime importance when the child is laid in its cot or perambulator.

Clean nostrils are also important, and as soon as it is old enough baby should be taught to blow its nose, one nostril at a time, while the other is kept closed by pressure of the finger. Till it can do this, the nose should be gently cleaned every day with a scrap of cotton wool, a fresh piece for each nostril.

The establishment of the regular nose-blowing habit would go a long way towards doing away with the adenoid trouble and would largely eliminate the common cold.



Irish Flax and Irish Fingers

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(Continued on Page 23)

HOME COOKING

HALLOWE'EN RECIPES

A Good Taffy for Hallowe'en.—2 cups molasses, 1 cup sugar, 3 tablespoons butter, 1-2 teaspoon soda, 1 tablespoon vinegar. Boil all together to the "hard ball" stage. Turn out on a buttered plate. This candy may be pulled just before it hardens. Butter or flour the hands before pulling.

Crystallized Popcorn.—Take 2 cups granulated sugar, 1-4 cup white corn syrup, 1-2 cup water. Boil to the soft-ball stage, then divide into three or four portions, flavoring each differently, and coloring one portion pink, one yellow, another violet, and so on. Select very large, crisp kernels of the popped corn, and pierce each with a hatpin, and dip into the creamy mixture. Each portion of syrup should be beaten until creamy before the popcorn is dipped into it. Place on waxed paper to dry. These are nice to serve as they are, or are good to decorate cakes and candies.

Peanut Brownies.—Make peanut brownies for Hallowe'en. They are made with 1-2 cup corn syrup, 2 tablespoons strained honey, 1 square chocolate, 3-4 cup flour, 1-2 teaspoon baking powder, 1 cup chopped peanuts, 1-4 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon vanilla. Melt the chocolate and mix with the corn syrup and honey. To this add the vanilla and dry ingredients—flour, baking powder, salt and nuts. Mix well and drop by spoonfuls on a well-greased pan. Bake in a moderate oven.

Witches' Delight.—This can be made by baking sponge cake in bread pans about the size of a quart brick of ice cream. Cut thin slices of cake with a sharp knife, and arrange on plates with a slice of ice cream between two slices. Pour hot chocolate over the "sandwich" and serve at once. Make chocolate by dissolving chocolate in hot water, adding sugar, a little corn starch, and vanilla. It should be a thin sauce.

Hallowe'en Salad.—This is a novel salad for Hallowe'en. Make a fruit salad of 3 oranges, 3 bananas, 1-2 lb white grapes, 1-2 lb English walnuts, and a few candied cherries. Pour mayonnaise over all, and serve in orange cups. If for children a simple orange and banana salad with fruit juice may be substituted. To make the orange cups cut small round pieces off the tops of large oranges, scoop out the pulp, cut three small holes in the side of the orange, as you would in making the features of a jack-o'-lantern. Put two raisins in for the eyes, and a candied cherry for the mouth; fill with the fruit salad, put the lids back on, and serve on lettuce leaves.

You have little jack-o'-lanterns that add quite a little to the effectiveness of a Hallowe'en table.

Taffy Apples.—Put into a saucepan 2 cups granulated sugar and 1-2 cup water; let heat until sugar is dissolved, then add a pinch of cream of tartar, 1-2 cup butter, 1 teaspoon vinegar and 1-2 cup cream, and let boil, stirring all the time, until when a little of it is dropped into a cup of cold water it will become brittle at once (or, if a candy thermometer is used, till the mercury registers 290 degrees). Now dip into this six or eight small apples which have been speared on the end of a stick four inches long, and lay the dipped apples (still on the stick) on a buttered plate, or wedge the end of the wooden stick into something that will hold it upright with the apple in the air. Let dry. The syrup may be colored red, if desired, by using a little vegetable coloring matter such as one uses for cakes. The apples may be colored with butterscotch in the same way, by the following recipe:

Apple-on-a-stick with Butterscotch Coating.—Boil together in a saucepan 3-4 lb butter, 3-4 lb white corn syrup, 2 lb granulated sugar and 1 pt. water; remove the pan from the fire as soon as a little of this mixture, when dropped into cold water, will rattle against the cup when taken out with the finger and tapped against the cup edge (or 300 degrees on a candy thermometer). Then add three teaspoons of vanilla and dip the apples into it at once. Or you may use this recipe simply to make butterscotch candy by pouring it into a shallow, buttered pan and marking it into squares before it is quite cold.

Pumpkin-face Cakes.—Break 2 eggs into a cup and fill up the cup with rich milk. Mix and sift together 1-2 cup flour, 1 cup sugar and 2 teaspoons baking powder. Put both the liquid and dry mixtures into a bowl and beat well for five minutes. Put the batter into buttered cup-cake tins and bake fifteen minutes in a hot oven. Cover the tops of the cakes while they are still warm, with the following:

Yellow Icing for Cup Cakes.—Break the yolk of 1 egg into a bowl and add to it 1 tablespoon sweet milk and 1-2 teaspoon vanilla. Mix well, then add 1-4 cup confectioners' sugar, stirring until all the lumps have disappeared. This amount will ice eight cup cakes. Before the icing is entirely cold, make a circular face on it with very small raisins (or draw a

face upon it with chocolate icing, using a toothpick as a brush). Use raisins for the eyes, nose and teeth.

Witches' Dream Sandwiches.—Cut 1 lb American cheese in thin slices and place between slices of buttered white bread. Season to taste with salt, paprika and a little mustard; remove the crusts and saute in hot butter to a golden brown. Serve hot on wooden plates.

Old-fashioned Molasses Candy.—2 cups molasses, 1 tablespoon vinegar, 1 teaspoon vanilla or ginger extract, 2 table-spoons butter substitute, 1-2 teaspoon baking powder. Put molasses, vinegar and butter into a saucepan. Bring to a boiling point and boil, stirring all the time, until the mixture is brittle when dropped into cold water. Stir in baking powder and extract and pour into a buttered tin. When nearly cold pull until glossy. Cut into small pieces and lay on a buttered plate or wrap in waxed paper.

Use the Oven

We always cook our apple sauce in a closed casserole in the oven, says a writer in the Rural New Yorker, and think the product is much better than when cooked on the top of the stove. Furthermore, it needs no stirring or other attention until after it is done, when it is beaten with a perforated spoon to make it smooth, and a little nutmeg or other spice added. Oven cooking is excellent for many fruits, and with present prospects for fuel shortage it is necessary to make full use of the kitchen stove. Efforts should be made to use the oven while a brisk fire is needed for other things on top of the stove.

Marrow Jam.

Mrs. R. S.:—To every 7 lbs. marrow, add 1 lb. preserved ginger. Cut marrow in cubes, add sugar, using 3-4 lb. sugar to every pound of marrow, and let stand for twenty-four hours. Drain off the juice and bring to the boil, add marrow and ginger, boil slowly until thick syrup. Too much boiling causes it to sugar. Root ginger may be used instead of preserved ginger by using a smaller quantity, and soaking over night. If liked, lemon juice and lemon peel may be added.

Our Needlework Corner.

Baby's Slippers

This slipper could easily be made in any of the jumper silks we see so common nowadays, and the coarser the silk the better. Perhaps after making a jumper, there may be little bits of silk left over, which can be used up—the wee slippers take so little material.—One ball of cream Sylko cord, two knitting needles, two pompoms. Cast on 20 stitches, knit one row plain, increase one at each end every second row, till there are 30 on needle. Decrease one at each end every second row till there are again 20 stitches on needle. Cast on 5 stitches at one end, and increase at the other end one every fourth row, till there are 30 stitches on needle (this part makes the sole of the slipper and a little of the sides). Now cast off 15 stitches, beginning at the end where the 5 stitches were cast on, thus leaving 15 stitches on needle. Knit 3 plain 3 purl on remaining stitches for three rows. Then reverse, making the 3 plain of the last row 3 purl this row, and continue for 3 rows; go on reversing every fourth row, till there are 5 rows of distinct pattern. Cast on 15 stitches at the same end as the five former ones at the other end. Decrease every fourth row, till 25 stitches are left on needle. Then cast off and sew up, making the pattern of 3 plain 3 purl part of the front of the slipper. Make an ankle strap by casting on 40 stitches, knitting 3 or 4 rows plain and cast off. Make a buttonhole on one side, and sew a button on the other.

Convenient Piece Bags.

After trying out many newer ideas for the storage of the "pieces" that every home-dressmaker accumulates in such quantities, writes Alice Margaret Ashton in the New England Homestead, I have gone back to the pillow-case piece-bag of our grandmother's day. Nothing else seems quite so convenient and satisfactory. Even a very old and much-worn pillow-case may be mended and will thereafter do long service as a piece-bag.

These bags keep the pieces clean and free from dust. Hung upon hooks in the store-room they are out of the way and not occupying space needed for anything else. When pieces from such a bag are required it is not at all cumbersome to carry the whole bag to the sewing corner.

And I always know exactly which bag is needed because a sample of its contents is pinned upon the outside with a small safety-pin. One bag is devoted to pieces of knit underwear suitable for patching. Another holds gingham pieces,

Over a Quarter of a Century of Public Service

of the highest order, stands behind every packet sold.

"SALADA"

TEA

Black-Mixed-Green-Sealed Packet Only.

Another calico. One contains white material. Yet another may be devoted to woollens. And many astonishing results are achieved by means of that row of pillow-case piece-bags.

A Good Crochet Hint

When working a pattern in crochet which requires a chain on which to work first make the chain and whip it to a piece of muslin. This is a great help, as one can work much faster and more easily than on the chain by itself. After starting the work it can be ripped from the muslin.

Pretty Purses

Novel purses are always appearing to tempt money from our bags, but quite the prettiest for evening use are made of shot gold and silver tissue, mounted on gilt frames.

These may be made at home by purchasing tiny clasps—the price is extremely small—and a scrap of tissue, lined with another scrap of silk to match, may be quickly stitched on to the mount. Finish off the inside, where the stitches show, with a tiny "shell" ruching of the silk.

A large flat flower may have its petals covered with beads of the same hue, and, sewn one on either side of a silk circular purse, would make a charming gift to a friend. The centre of the flower should be filled with many different colored beads blended together.

Ironing Beaded Jumpers

Bead trimmings being the present vogue for blouses and jumpers, the following ironing hint will be appreciated: Beaded materials should be drawn over the iron placed upside down, the handle being between two bricks covered with flannel. This is an effective method of ironing thickly-embroidered jumpers, velvets, &c.

Problems of Homemakers.

Shoe Varnish

A waterproof shoe varnish resembling patent-leather in luster may be compounded of shellac, one ounce; alcohol, three ounces; a pinch of lampblack to color, writes M. A. C., in the "Michigan Farmer." Owing to the unfavorable action of alcohol on leather, this shoe varnish is not to be recommended for brand-new shoes; but to rehabilitate old shoes to a pristine shine it is unsurpassed.

The tendency of shoes being cracked by it may very largely be averted by first treating the leather to several coats of fish oil or vaseline, well rubbed in, over which a very thin coat of paraffine is applied hot, and the excess immediately wiped off; the shoes should then be burnished with cotton flannel until the surface is smooth, and apparently dry and free from oil or paraffine. The shoe varnish is then thinly applied with a small sponge fastened to a wire. Several thin coats put on several hours apart may be necessary to get full luster. After that, usually one thin application is sufficient. Patent-leather paste polish, rubbed over it and burnished with flannel, softens the glitter, and leaves a very handsome bright surface. The chief other advantage to be derived from its use comes from its resistance to water. It is, therefore, invaluable when applied to preserve the good looks of the sides of the soles and heels of shoes to be worn in bad weather; and even to waterproof their bottoms.

Salt Water Stains

U. S.:—Dissolve a good sized lump, about like a walnut, of soda in a cup of hot milk, use a woolen cloth to rub this well into the brown leather, especially where the sea water has stained them. When thoroughly cleaned polish the shoes with any good shoe paste. The salt water not only stains the leather but rots the stitching so that most folks choose an inexpensive canvas shoe for the beach and save their leather ones for the pier.

The dynasty of Japan is the world's oldest, and the present emperor is the 122nd monarch of an unbroken line coming down from 700 B. C.

A Splendid Recipe for that feeling of satisfaction which comes with a great duty well done. For the sake of better home life and better living throughout the country go out and do your share to make Witness Thanksgiving Week an overwhelming success, and a delightful feeling of satisfaction will be your experience.

"Obey that impulse"—before it passes!

Silver Fish

A Subscriber.—This small pest with its ability to run rapidly into any crevice or hiding place does most of its damage in an effort to obtain the starch, size, or glue in cloth, wall paper, or books. Advantage may be taken of this craving for fabrics and other substances containing these substances, to poison the insects. This is done by slipping into all the crevices where they occur—in bookshelves and backs of mantels, under washboards, and in the bottom of drawers—pieces of cardboard, on which a thin boiled starch paste, poisoned with powdered white arsenic, has been spread and dried. In making the paste the following formula should be used: Flour, 1 pint; white arsenic, 1-2 to 3-4 oz.; water. The arsenic should be added to the flour and sufficient water should be used to make a thin paste. Great care should be taken to keep the arsenic, the poison paste, and the poisoned pieces of cardboard, where young children will not get hold of them.

Pyrethrum or bull rack powder, dusted upon the shelves or book shelves where it can be used, is of value; but must be renewed often. For starched clothing and similar objects, liable to injury, frequent handling and airing, and the destruction of all silver fish discovered are to be recommended, in addition to the remedies noted above. Little damage is likely to occur in houses except in comparatively moist situations, or where stored objects remain undisturbed for a year or more.

The number of stars visible to the naked eye, provided one stays at a single place on the North American continent for one year, would total 4000. With modern telescopes it is estimated that 100,000-000 stars are visible.

MAGIC BAKING POWDER

Magic Baking Powder

is scientifically made and has never failed to give the maximum leavening efficiency. Because of this and the uniformly satisfactory results obtained by its use we recommend it as Canada's perfect baking powder.



PRODUCT OF CANADA

The Home Circle.

A Page for Boys and Girls.

THE BLACK DRAGON GUSHER

(By F. H. Cheley, in The Classmate.)

Reddie Jones hurried down the lane just as fast as the scorching Texas sun and a pair of weary boy legs would carry him. He would undoubtedly have long before fallen in a heap if he had been thinking of himself, but he was not. Reddie was thinking only of his father whose prostrate form lay yonder in the corn field just back of the house. Of course, it must have been sunstroke and Reddie had done everything in the world that a boy could do to make his father comfortable before starting for help.

The boy had known little else but lonely days all his life, for his father had been his only comrade and most of the time he had been too melancholy to even talk to the lad, let alone play with him. Even at that, Reddie had never been so lonely in all his life as he was just at that very moment. "What if his father should die before he could bring help?" The thought stirred him on in spite of his dizziness. Once at the cross-roads he looked frantically in each direction, but there was no sign of life. Reddie toppled over in the shade of a friendly tree and began to sob; his burning head buried deep in the dirty sleeves of his shirt. "Oh, why doesn't someone come!" Then he looked again, for he was sure he had heard a sound. He was not mistaken. From just where they had come Reddie was not certain. Surely not from down the road, yet, as if by magic, there they were, two stalwart Boy Scouts each with a bulging haversack. Soon two more came through the bushes, followed by a middle-aged man, and then more Scouts until there were a dozen in all.

"What's wrong, Red," asked one boy in friendly tones, as he looked at the mop of red hair and the generous scattering of freckles.

"What you bawlin' about?" asked the second. "Have you lost your way?"

"What's the trouble, lad," asked Mr. Wheatley, the Scoutmaster, approaching. "You're in trouble of some sort. Can't we help you? Some of us Scouts haven't done our good turn yet today."

Reddie looked into the kindly face, and endeavored to swallow the big lump in his throat before he tried to talk.

"Why—why, sir, if you only would. You see, my father has had a sunstroke and I can't let him to the house alone. I came down here for help but there wasn't a soul in sight."

"Oh, ho!" said Mr. Wheatley, at once alert. "Well, it is lucky that we came. Yes, we will help you at once."

Away they went at scout pace up the dusty lane and through the slat gate into the corn patch. They found the man in a serious condition, but having along two First Class Scouts that knew just what to do for sunstroke they began operations at once. An emergency stretcher was quickly made. The old man was carefully lifted onto it and carried to the house. Several of the boys busied themselves about the shanty, while two of the best runners, Kirk included, set off for a doctor.

By and by the old gentleman rallied long enough to call for Reddie. Reddie leaned low so he could hear every word.

"I'm—sorry to leave you alone," That word struck Reddie in his soft spot and again the sobs came.

"But I'm leaving you the farm. Some day they may find oil on it. You'll find my papers in the old trunk." He reached up to Reddie and gave him the nearest to a caress that the boy could ever remember having received. Again, the light faded in the tired eyes and long before the doctor had arrived, Mr. Wheatley assured Reddie that his father had gone.

Mr. Wheatley urged Reddie to come into the city for a few days to get away from his sorrow, but the boy steadfastly refused. As soon as the funeral was over, the boy trudged back to the little thirty-acre farm to finish the cultivating that his father had left undone, as well as to care for the bony team and the dog. Never had the world seemed so big or himself so small as on that first lonely day.

In tidying up the shanty, for that was all that the home could be called, Reddie came across a Boy Scout Handbook where one of the boys had laid it down. Interested, he began to read. In ten minutes he was engrossed, and for the time at least, he forgot his troubles. He studied the laws and the oath. He read over and over again the requirements for the various classes of Scouting, all of which resulted in Reddie's wanting to be a Boy Scout more than anything he could think of.

The next day, as he cultivated the long rows of corn, he thought it all over thoroughly, and made up his mind that he would at least go to the city and talk to Mr. Wheatley about it.

Before he had time to go to the city, however, Kirk and a pal rode out to see how Reddie was making it, and so it came about that Reddie made his desires known. The boys were delighted, and after a boyish eulogy on Mr. Wheatley, they gave Reddie his first course of sprouts in Scouting.

Naturally, boy fashion, they wanted to know where Reddie came from and all that, and as Reddie saw no reason why they should not know all that he knew, he told them.

"Had a mother once o'course, but don't know where she is now. Ma and dad didn't agree very well and so a long time ago she went away. I guess that they divided the kinds even because ma took sis and dad took me. I suppose he needed me to help on the farm. Anyway, we've worked together here a long time. He has helped me with my books in the winter and I have helped him with the crops in the summer. Pa used to get awfully lonesome for ma and sis, but he didn't like for me to talk about them much, so I didn't."

"But you can't stay here on this farm all alone, Reddie," said Kirk earnestly. "Why don't you sell this pesky little ranch and come into the city and get a good job. There are lots of them since the oil boom. The town has gone mad and every boy that wants to work has a job."

"I've been thinking some of that very thing," said Reddie, "and then I could be a regular Scout, couldn't I? But who is going to buy this farm. It isn't worth a thing; and the house is no good, and the tools are worn out, and the team is too small. Yet, the crop is in and I can't just go leave it."

Nevertheless, Reddie promised to come to the city some time for over a Sunday visit. The Scouts left him with a good deal more sunshine in his lonely life than he had known before. Then, one Saturday afternoon, when a little crop had been harvested, he washed himself as best he could; got into the very best clothes he had; then, after giving the team extra hay and filling the water trough with fresh water, he set off. Such a Saturday night and Sunday as that was! He went to Kirk's home for the night. Kirk's mother was so lovely to him that it seemed most like going to heaven. There was one thing, however, that bothered him greatly. Kirk had a sister that was a cripple and had to be moved about in a wheelchair. The ugly iron brace on her leg fascinated Reddie and he could not get it out of his mind.

Sunday, Mr. Wheatley took a group of the boys to see a new oil well that had just come in. It was a gusher and was throwing the yellow-black oil over the top of the derrick. There was great excitement about it in the city, and on the way home Mr. Wheatley laughingly had said, "Boys, they are finding oil closer to my land every day. If I ever get a gusher like that one, the Scouts of Falls City certainly shall have a splendid new summer camp."

(To be continued)

HALLOWE'EN FUN

(By Anne M. Buntain)

Hallowe'en—time of mystery, fun and frolic for old and young. Not for any special social or age group, but a time when we forget worry and care and be young and happy together. The joys of the yearly harvest celebration and the informality of Hallowe'en form a pleasing combination.

Following are a number of suggestions which may be of interest and assistance to groups of young people—Sunday-school classes or clubs or Epworth Leagues who are planning for a jolly celebration:

The invitations should be appropriate to the season, and at the same time as original as it is possible to make them. It pays to spend time and thought in select-

ing something different from the usual affairs. Cards or small sheets of rough brown (butcher's wrapping paper) decorated with pen and ink sketches of black cats, bats, witches, or any of the traditional emblems of Hallowe'en are appropriate. If preferred, small stickers of the emblems may be used. If the writing is done with milk or lemon juice and allowed to dry perfectly, it becomes invisible until heat is applied. If preferred, the invitations may be written or printed in white ink on sheets of black paper cut in the form of a witch on a broomstick or a cat.

If a barn with plenty of floor space is available, that is the ideal place; otherwise, a cellar, attic, or kitchen will prove an acceptable substitute.

Decorations

Decorations are easy to obtain and inexpensive, especially in the country or small town. In the city, substitutes are always available, or "the crowd" will enjoy an expedition to the country for the purpose of obtaining them. Shocks of corn, ears of corn, and strings of red apples in festoons; pumpkins, cabbage heads, branches of autumn leaves, and graceful, flame-colored vines, dried grasses, the late autumn flowers, goldenrod, asters, and chrysanthemums may still be obtainable; plenty of jack-o'-lanterns, mirrors, large and small—as many as possible, with the light supplied by numerous candles. Gourds, apples, and potatoes make suitable holders by cutting off a slice to form a flat bottom and the centre hollowed out to hold the candle. Large black cats and witches may be cut from black paper or from crape paper designs, and bats made to hang in unexpected places by covering a small roll of cotton with a piece of dark grayish material, with wings cut from the same material and wired. An open fireplace adds much to the general pleasure.

The guests should be invited to come in costume—sheet and pillow-case drapery (the sheet draped about the figure and belted about the waist; to make the head covering, push one corner of the sewed end of the pillowcase into the opposite corner) to represent fruits, flowers, or vegetables, historical or simply grotesque and absurd. An attractive costume worn by a young girl at one such party was made from dark pink crape paper, with brown spots pasted here and there, with a long loose cape of light green, splashed with stripes of darker green, and lined with white. She also wore chains of watermelon seeds, but they were hardly needed to suggest the fruit she represented.

Games

A good way to begin the evening's fun and tide over the usual tedious wait while guests are arriving is to have a clever, original girl dressed as a witch or gypsy ready to tell the fortune of each new arrival. A gypsy's costume may be easily improvised from an old skirt of vivid coloring, a plaid shawl, and a scarf. The witch needs only a long, black cape or coat and pointed hat or broomstick. (If someone says witches do not tell fortunes, consult "Macbeth!") The fortune-teller may draw on her store of personal knowledge as to traits of character, past life, etc., and on her imagination as to future events. She may also use one or more of the divinations games which follow:

Bobbing For Apples.—No Hallowe'en party would be complete without this time-honored game, although it may be confined to the boys, and the girls given something less likely to result in disaster to their curls. It may be varied by pricking two initials on each apple, which will be those of the winner's future partner for life.

Roasting Nuts.—Two or more chest-nuts are placed on a shovel and held over the fire. They are named for suitors (real or possible,) and the behavior of the nuts indicates their future actions. If the nut jumps about in an erratic manner or cracks open, it represents the unfaithful lover, the one that blazes, a high regard for the maiden, while the one that burns steadily will be her future husband.

The course of true love may also be tested by naming two nuts, one for the maiden making the test, and the other for a lover; if they burn quietly, a happy marriage is predicted, while if they fly apart, it means trouble between them.

"Luggie" Test.—Place three "luggies" or dishes in a row, in one of which is clear water, in another discolored, the third empty. Each person is blindfolded

in turn and led to the dishes (whose positions have meantime been shifted) and asked to reach out his hand. If he touches the clear water, a happy marriage is predicted; if the discolored, an unhappy one; while the empty dish signifies bachelor or spinsterhood.

Barrel Hoop Test.—This also tells of one's prospects of happiness. Suspend a barrel hoop horizontally by many strings from doorway or ceiling, hanging from which should be pieces of red pepper, candle ends, bread and candy. Whirl the hoop, while each in turn tries to grasp at the objects with his teeth. If a piece of candy is caught the future will be sweet and peaceful; if bread, a calm, uneventful life; the red pepper, of course, denotes trouble and a general "hot time;" the candle-end, a short honeymoon.

Fire o' Love.—In a large tub partly filled with water each girl places a twisted slip of paper on which her name is written. Two lighted candle ends attached to corks are set afloat and the water agitated. These will set fire to many of the slips of paper. After a few minutes the unburnt papers are taken out and read as the names of those who will never feel the fire of love. The same test may be tried for the men.

Miscellaneous "Stunts."—If a fireplace is available, there should be plenty of corn and poppers; also marshmallows, with long, pointed sticks or old umbrella ribs for roasting them. Later in the evening the guests may be assembled about the fire and bundles of dried twigs distribute. Each person is instructed that he is to tell a story or sing a song, its length varying with the time it takes his bundle of twigs to burn. Or a dish of burning alcohol and salt may be used, to make a lurid ghostly light, and stories told "en rigmarole," one person beginning, then stopping at an exciting part and indicating someone to continue, etc., until all have participated.

The tables may be covered with black-and-white striped or checked tissue paper and lighted with jack-o'-lanterns and candles in holders as described above. Attractive paper tablecloths and napkins may be obtained in any store handling crape-paper goods. A centerpiece may be a hollowed-out pumpkin lined with wax paper and filled with fruits and nuts or flowers, or suitable souvenirs in small packages. The refreshments should be simple but substantial, and may consist of sandwiches, deviled eggs, or salad, gingerbread, doughnuts, or pumpkin pie, apples, nuts, and candy, with fruit punch.

—The Classmate.

Boys and girls, wouldn't it be great if you could get a new reader for the Witness? Borrow a tag from Dad or Mother and go out next Saturday or Thanksgiving day and see what you can do. Try your uncle and any of the neighbors who don't take the Witness now.

You know what Dad and Mother think of it. Go out and tell your neighbors and take their subscriptions home to Dad. Then write us a letter, and tell us how you did it and your age.

"Obey that impulse"—before it passes!

HARD PIMPLES ALL OVER FACE

Itched and Burned. Lost Sleep. Cuticura Heals.

"I had pimples and blackheads all over my face. The pimples were hard and quite large, and the itching and burning were so severe that I could not help scratching them. I was very restless and lost many nights' sleep."

"I tried different remedies without success. Seeing an advertisement for Cuticura Soap and Ointment I sent for a free sample which I used with success. I purchased more and after using three cakes of Soap and two boxes of Ointment I was healed." (Signed) Miss Sadie Dolce, 363 Admiral St., Providence, R. I., Aug. 11, 1921.

Use Cuticura for all toilet purposes. Sample Each Free by Mail. Address: "Lyman, Inc." 154, 244 St. Paul St., W. Montreal. Sold everywhere. Soap 25c. Ointment 25c and 50c. Talcum 15c. Cuticura Soap shaves without mug.



BEAUTY OF THE SKIN

Is the natural desire of every woman, and is obtainable by the use of Dr. Chase's Ointment. Pimples, blackheads, roughness and redness of the skin, irritation and eczema disappear, and the skin is left soft, smooth and velvety. All dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto. Sample free if you mention this paper.

Dr. Chase's Ointment

Children's Corner.

WE AIN'T SCARED!

'Course you're jus' a punkin,
Made inter a face;
'Course you couldn't scare us
In a lonely place.
'Course we know we made you
With a pocket-knife—
Wouldn't it be drefful
If you came ter life?

With a yeller candle
Fillin' you inside
You'll look sumpin' awful,
'Cause your mouf's so wide.
An' your eyes'll glitter
Where th' light shows through—
'Course yer jus' a punkin,
We're not scared o' you!

Settin' on a gate-post
In th' narrer lane,
You'll make folks out walkin'
Run back home again—
Think that you can scare us
With your grinnin' head?
We're good little children—
We'll be home in bed!
—Margaret E. Sangster, in The Christian Herald.

WHO STOLE THE POPCORN?

(By Evangeline Weir)

It was Hallowe'en, and Billy and Mary had shelled a little bowlful of corn to pop in the new popper. Mother had built a nice fire on the hearth and it had burned down until now there was enough coals to pop the corn. How cheerful the glowing coals looked and how white and puffy the grains were as they went "Pop! Pop! Pop!" until the popper was full. Mother gave them a small basket to put the corn in so that they might treat their little friends when they called.

"Now I'll crack the nuts," Billy said when all the corn had been popped, "and you can pick the goodies out."

They were very busy cracking and picking the nuts when the door opened and in came a boy dressed as a soldier of France, with a little Belgian girl, followed by a little girl of Italy, an English soldier and an officer of Japan.

Billy and Mary had fun finding out who they were. They tried to guess their names but failed until the little Belgian maid held open a small bag for nuts. "I know you by the red ring on your finger, Mina Bly!" Mary cried gleefully.

"You are Jack Hill!" Billy said to the little soldier of France. "Your forefinger and middle finger are the same length. Remove your mask."

By and by when all the names were guessed and the masks removed, the children gathered around the open fire to roast apples and tell stories.

"I'll get the popcorn and maple sugar," said Billy, "and we'll make corn-balls."

Billy had gone but a few minutes when he returned in great excitement.

"The corn is gone! Somebody stole it and left the empty basket!" he cried. The children followed him into the room where he had left the popcorn. Every grain was gone from the basket. They tried the door and windows and found them locked.

"How did the thief get in?" asked the little Belgian maid. "It is very, very strange."

"Perhaps the mice are having a Hallowe'en party," suggested the soldier of France.

"Or the fairies," whispered Mary. "I'll go and tell Mother."

Mother came back with her little daughter, but could find no clue to the thief.

"The door to the back stairway is open," observed Billy. The thief must have come and gone that way."

Mother lighted a candle and they all crept up the stairway to the big garret. Suddenly Mother blew out the light and held up her finger for all to be quiet.

The moon was shining brightly through the windows so that they could see something in the room. On one of the broad window shelves lay a great heap of white. Three squirrels, with tails erect, were eating from their little hand-like paws.

"Our popcorn!" Billy whispered. "They are having a feast."

"They are celebrating Hallowe'en," Mother said, as she quietly led the children away. "It is the gray squirrel and her babies that we fed all Summer. They have taken up Winter quarters in the garret."

—Child's Hour.

It is a mistake to imagine that you do not save time by dodging across the street in front of a motor truck. Very often, by doing so, you get to the hospital several years earlier.

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THE HALLOWE'EN SECRET

(By Katherine Woodbridge)

One rainy Saturday afternoon in October, a beautiful time with their dolls in the barn loft in the hay. They had brought their whole families along, and were playing school, with the big wax doll for the teacher.

Suddenly half a dozen boys burst into the barn, shouting and laughing—the "Bunch," as they called themselves. Bessie's two big brothers and Marion's brother Fred were among them. They went over to a pile of yellow pumpkins and each picked out one. Then seating themselves on boxes and barrels, they began to make jack-o'-lanterns, while they talked over plans for Hallowe'en.

"Say, when does Hallowe'en come?" called out Bessie from the haymow.

"In just ten days, and then hurrah for some fun!" answered her brother Joe.

"What are you going to do?" Marion asked.

"Oh, we'll take our jack-o'-lanterns and horns, and parade all over town."

"Just the Bunch?" asked Bessie.

"No, there'll be a whole raft of us—most all the other fellers, and a lot of the girls, too."

"And we're all going to meet in Adams Square at seven o'clock sharp," broke in Harry Morton excitedly, "and we'll go 'round the East Side, and 'cross Main Street, and finish up over on the West Side. Oh, we'll have a bang-up time!"

"Oh, my! won't that be great?" exclaimed Bessie. "How funny all those jack-o'-lanterns will look bobbing 'round!"

"Come on, boys," cried Billy Peters, jumping up suddenly, "it's stopped raining; let's have a game of ball." And with a rush for the door the boys were gone.

"Oh, Bessie," sighed Marion, "don't you wish we were big enough to be in that parade, too?"

Bessie looked thoughtful. "I tell you what, Marion Simmons, I b'lieve we can be in it!"

"Oh, how?"

"Now, listen. We'll get some jack-o'-lanterns 'n' be all ready in the Square when they come, 'n' I'm sure they'll let us go long. They wouldn't send us home then."

"We'll have to get two pumpkins somewhere, 'cause we can't take any that the boys have got."

"Yes, and we'll have it for our secret, won't we, Marion?"

"Yes, we'll have it for our secret," agreed Marion, clapping her hands gleefully.

After supper Bessie sat by the window watching the round yellow moon, which looked to her almost like a big jolly jack-o'-lantern up in the sky. Her forehead was all in a pucker, she was thinking so hard. Where could she get the two pumpkins? And would they cost a lot of money? She couldn't ask anybody about it, because it was their big secret.

At last Bessie remembered that Papa had just bought squashes and potatoes of the milkman. Quite likely he would have pumpkins, too. So she was watching for him the next morning, and ran out

to speak to him. He was very willing to give her the pumpkins, and promised to leave them under the big lilac bush.

Monday morning, after the milkman had been along, Bessie waited for a good chance to carry the pumpkins into the barn. Then she stole out the front door and went around to the lilac bush. She lifted the mass of green leaves, and there, sure enough! lay the two yellow pumpkins. They were not very big, so taking them both in her arms, she was just starting on a run for the barn, when her mother came out.

"Why, Elizabeth Morton! What are you doing with those pumpkins?"

Bessie stopped short, looking much distressed, and big tears rolled down her cheeks.

"Come, dear, and tell Mamma all about it," said Mrs. Morton gently. She sat down on the piazza steps and drew Bessie to a seat beside her, while she listened to Bessie's story.

"Oh, Bessie, you couldn't walk all over town and keep up with the others. Besides, there'd be nobody to look out for you. No, I can't possibly let you go."

Bessie looked at the yellow pumpkins and again burst into tears.

"See here, little girl!" exclaimed Mrs. Morton, "we'll have another secret—you and Marion and I—and here comes Marion, now."

Bessie sat up and wiped her eyes quickly, moving along to make room for Marion on the steps. "Oh, Mamma, what is it?"

"We'll have a Hallowe'en parade of our own with jack-o'-lanterns and horns and all sorts of funny rig-outs, and we'll meet with the rest in the Square, and march around the East Side with them."

"Oh, goody! goody!" shouted Bessie and Marion, together.

"And after the parade is all over, we'll get the rest of the crowd over here and end up with a jolly good time all together."

Bessie looked very happy. "Oh, what a be-e-a-utiful secret, Mamma!"

Then they talked over whom to have march with them. There were Bessie's father, Marion's father and mother, Grandpa Hitchcock, Uncle Frank and Aunt Carrie, Miss Allen the teacher, the two new girls in school who didn't seem to get acquainted, and two of the girls who called Bessie and Marion names.

"But we must have some boys, too," said Mrs. Morton. "I vote for Tom Jackson, Ben Downey, George Hood, and Bub McGarr."

"Oh, Mamma!" protested Bessie, "how can you want them?"

"My mother calls 'em 'Holy Terrors,'" volunteered Marion, "cause they're always doin' somethin' naughty."

Bessie gave her mother a little nudge. "Look, Mamma! There's that funny Mr. Fish—the one that lives all by himself over in Frog Hollow. The boys plague him all they can, and call him 'Queer Cod-fish.' Why, see! He's turning in here."

A shabbily dressed man with a basket on his arm was coming up the walk. "You don't want to buy any chestnuts today, do you, ma'am?" he asked, with a sad hesitating manner.

The 'Witness' Pattern Service



A SPLENDID MODEL FOR GENERAL WEAR

4100. Here is a roomy, comfortable top garment, good for travelling, motoring or street wear. It may be made of caracul or other pile fabrics, as well as of tweed, mixtures, velours and similar cloakings. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: small, 34-36; medium, 38-40; large, 42-44; extra large, 46-48 inches bust measure. A medium size will require 5 1/2 yards of 44 inch material. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A POPULAR DAY DRESS

4158. A frock of this kind is neat and chic, and simplifies the work of the woman who makes it. The model is in "slip on" style. The bell-shaped sleeve is comfortable and up-to-date. Plaits at the side seams, give added fullness to the skirt portions.

This pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, and 48 inches bust measure. A 38 inch size requires 3 1/4 yards of 54 inch material. The width at the foot with plaits extended is about 2 1/4 yards.

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A POPULAR STYLE

3930. Here is ease and convenience for a "little" person and quite the latest fashion whim—to "wrap" your dress about you and go about it without "mussing up your hair." The basket pockets will be attractive, and are useful too. This style is good for repp, linen or gingham. The sleeve may be in wrist or elbow length.

The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. A 6 year size requires 3 1/4 yards of 32 inch material.

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A STYLISH ONE-PIECE MODEL

4152. Serge and plaid suiting are here combined. The fronts meet over a panel. The sleeve is in bell style. This model makes a splendid school dress.

The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10, and 12 years. A 10 year size requires 2 3/4 yards of 44-inch material. To trim as illustrated will require 1 yard of 32 inch material.

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"Yes," said Mrs. Morton, in a cheery tone, "they'll be just right for our Hallowe'en party next week."

"Why, 't is 'most time for Hallowe'en," the man said, as he measured out the chestnuts; "I used to go to Hallowe'en parties," he added, with a dreamy look in his eyes, "but that was years ago."

A sudden thought came into Mrs. Morton's mind. "Will you come to our party, Mr. Fish? We're going to have a parade first, and we want you to meet us in Adams Square at seven o'clock."

Chauncy Fish looked surprised, and waited a full minute before he said, "Why—er—er—you can't mean that you really want me to come? It's a long time since I've been to anything like that. I don't know—guess I'd better not come."

"Yes, do come, Mr. Fish," Bessie said eagerly; "I know you'll have a good time."

"Well, then, I'll come, sure thing," answered Mr. Fish, as he started away.

The little folks kept their secret carefully, and when Hallowe'en came they were full of excitement. All the plans for the evening were carried out successfully. The two companies, in their grotesque costumes, with flaming torches and grinning jack-o'-lanterns, gleaming in the darkness, made up a procession that delighted the hearts of Bessie and Marion.

The "grown-ups" were all young folks that night, and strange to say Mr. Fish was leader in all the merrymaking—starting games and college songs, and telling no end of funny stories. The four "Holy Terrors" whose good behavior surprised everybody, were overheard talking about him, and one of them exclaimed enthusiastically, "Say, ain't he a brick?"

The Bunch and the others of their set did considerable guessing about those who were in the other part of the procession, and after they were seated in little groups for the "spread" the secret came out. Then all began talking at once—they were so eager to find out "who was who." And what fun it was to talk it over!

"Oh, Papa," Bessie giggled, unfolding her napkin with black cats and queer little witches in the corners, "didn't Grandpa look funny marching in that old shawl and sunbonnet, with that little red parasol?"

"I haven't had such a good time since I was a boy," said Mr. Fish, finding Mrs. Morton in a quiet corner for a moment; "and now that you've given me a start," he added, "maybe I sha'n't seem 'queer' any more; anyhow I mean to be different—I'm going to live among folks."

"You've certainly made a good beginning tonight," she responded, "for you have completely won the hearts of all the boys and girls."

"It's the first time I ever knew girls could keep a secret," said Harry teasingly, when the party was all over.

"Course we can, and this is the very best secret we ever had," Bessie remarked as she went upstairs to her little white bed.—Congregationalist.

"I LOVE YOU, MOTHER"

"I love you, mother," said little John, Then, forgetting his work, his cap went on, And he was off to the garden swing, Leaving his mother the wood to bring.

"I love you, mother," said little Nell, "I love you better than tongue can tell." Then she teased and pouted half the day, Till mother rejoiced when she went to play.

"I love you, mother," said little Fan, "Today I'll help you all I can;" To the cradle then she did softly creep, And rocked the babe till it fell asleep.

Then stepping softly, she took the broom, And swept the floor and dusted the room; Busy and happy all day was she, Helpful and cheerful as child could be.

"I love you, mother," again they said— Three little children going to bed. How do you think the mother guessed Which of them really loved her best?

A ceremony probably unique on the American continent featured the festival of the Tabernacle, presided over by Rabbi H. Samuel, at the Shaarey Zedek Synagogue, Winnipeg, when trees brought direct from Palestine were used. Part of the ceremonial for the occasion consisted in the using of "the boughs of goodly trees, citron, branches of palm trees and the boughs of thick trees, myrtle and willows of the brook."

THE FALL WEATHER HARD ON LITTLE ONES

Canadian fall weather is extremely hard on little ones. One day it is warm and bright and the next wet and cold. These sudden changes bring on colds, cramps and colic, and unless baby's little stomach is kept right the result may be serious. There is nothing to equal Baby's Own Tablets in keeping the little ones well. They sweeten the stomach, regulate the bowels, break up colds and make baby thrive. The Tablets are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

OUR COMPLETE STORY

THE EFFECTIVE PROTEST

(By Roe L. Hendrick, in "Youths' Companion")

For more than an hour George Newhouse had been skittering for pond pickers up and down the reach of open channel; but although the vicinity of the old "beaver meadows" had the reputation of being the best fishing ground in the region, he had not had a strike. He could not understand it. In past years he had made good catches in those waters.

"What's the matter, Uncle Joe?" he asked, when he had rowed back to the boat landing. "Do you have to use some other kind of tackle here now?"

From his seat on the little pier, Joe Boldt looked at the young man and smiled slowly. "You've been away some time, George," he drawled. "Yes; I believe you'll have to use different tackle than you've got now. The tackle I have in mind is made of twine, but you don't use any hooks or bait with it."

"What? They're netting in here?" Boldt thoughtfully stroked his long whiskers before he replied. "There are rumors, George," he finally said, "but the less a man knows about it, the healthier it is for him."

Newhouse tossed his rod upon the bank and went into the boathouse, which he had rented from Boldt for the season. Presently the big doors that opened on the water swung out, and George appeared in his motor boat.

"Climb in, Uncle Joe!" he called, as he ran the boat up to the landing. "I'm going to run a drag up and down the channel to see what I can find."

"No, thanks," he said. "I'm afraid you might find something, George, in which case I'd just as soon not be along."

"Humph!" was Newhouse's only comment. He remembered the clannishness and timidity of the "lakesiders," among whom he had lived in his boyhood; but now he felt only contempt for their fear of one another.

Throwing out a weighted grapnel that was armed with four sturgeon hooks, he started at half speed straight down the middle of the inlet, with the grapnel trailing about fifty feet behind the boat. Soon he was in a watery lane bordered by cattail flags, where the only sound except the muffled exhaust from his engine was the twittering of marsh wrens and the clear cries of the red-winged blackbirds. When he was halfway to the open lake the cord in his hand suddenly drew taut, and he stopped the boat.

Pulling back on the cord, he soon reached the grapnel; its hooks were fast in a gill net that was stretched straight from bank to bank, a yard beneath the surface. After he had released a dozen fish, he tore the net from the water and threw it over the flags. A few rods lower down he found a trap net, and at the end of the channel, two fykes, all of which he emptied and threw into the marsh.

"I ought to burn every one of them," he said to himself. "I swear, I believe I will if I ever find them set again!"

Fishing with nets in the lake, or in any of the waters that opened into it, was illegal; but public sentiment seemed almost wholly with the poachers. Many of the lakesiders shared in the hauls; others, who did not approve of the destructive methods of fishing, did not dare to protest against the actions of their neighbors.

When Newhouse told Uncle Joe Boldt that he had pulled up the nets, the old man shook his head. "I was afraid you'd do some such thing," he said. "We've learned to put up with it; something always happens to the man who interferes, and I'm fond of peace myself."

"I'm afraid I'm fonder of a square deal than I am of peace," the young man replied.

Less than a week later he found the nets set again. He dragged them out rather more roughly than before, so that one of them at least was torn. Thereafter the channel remained free, although he was convinced that the nets were being used some distance down the lake. One evening, toward the end of the summer, George was at the Corners store buying groceries for his mother, when he heard some one speaking on the front porch.

"Game Protector Dud Fields has got an assistant over here," Dave Ottley was saying loudly.

George did not doubt that the remark was meant for his ears, and he was not slow in taking up the challenge.

"Who is Dud Fields' assistant, Dave?" he asked, stepping into the doorway.

Ottley glanced over his shoulder. "I hear that his name is Newhouse," he answered, with a marked sneer in his tone.

"Who told you so?"

"Oh, I don't know that I'm on the witness stand."

George flushed, but he did not raise his voice. "Maybe you found some evidence on the trap net you were fixing behind your corn house a couple of weeks ago," he said.

"If I did, I know what I think of a

sneak who spies for a game warden. I guess every other decent man round here thinks the same."

Ottley had shifted his position as he spoke, and now looked at George in a hostile manner. The other men on the porch were listening eagerly to every word of the conversation.

"Dave," said Newhouse, "you tell whoever told you that I'm spying for Dud Fields that he lies! I haven't seen Dud since he went to the old district school with us here ten years ago. But—wait! I have pulled out every net that I could find in the lake on the inlet solely of my own accord; and after this, if I find one I'm going to bundle it up and ship it to Dud. He'll know what to do with it, I guess."

"That's the kind of fellow you've grown to be, is it?" said Ottley, trembling with anger. "Well, I'll tell you something, George Newhouse: every net that you send him will cost you ten times its value before you're through! Don't make any mistake about that!"

"Humph!" said George, shrugging his shoulders as he deliberately gathered up his packages. "It looks like a storm, boys," he remarked to the group, and walked away.

"He'll think it's a storm!" Dave almost shouted; and even the storekeeper, who had remained strictly neutral during the discussion, joined in the laughter that greeted Dave's remark.

George, with his lips pressed tight, went directly home, left the groceries there, and then walked down to Boldt's boathouse. He unlocked the door, ran out his launch, and in another minute was making for the lake.

When he had left the inlet behind he threw out the drag, and cruising back and forth along the western shore, soon found a couple of gill nets. The water was evidently too deep for fykes. Satisfied with his catch, he carried the nets home with him. The next morning he wrapped them up and sent them by express, with his compliments, to the game warden at Cedar Point.

Undoubtedly he had acted in haste; after his anger had cooled he half regretted what he had done. But the effect of his action was, on the whole, beneficial to the community—at least to that part of it that liked to fish lawfully. For although no doubt a few nets were still used surreptitiously, everyone admitted that the fishing was better that fall than it had been before in years.

The poachers said nothing publicly; indeed, it was reported that some of Ottley's more secretive companions had reprimanded Dave for his outbreak at the Corners. But Uncle Joe Boldt shook his head gravely.

"If I were you, son," he said to George, "I wouldn't go out on the lake or round the marsh after dark. A gun might go off accidentally; not to kill you, perhaps, but so's to give a doctor practice in picking out shot."

"Do you mean to say that those fellows would shoot me? Dave Ottley was a decent fellow when he went to school together. He had a hot temper, but I never knew him to do anything mean or underhand."

"Well," said the old man, "I guess he's the best of the bunch, but he's been in bad company lately. The good thing about him is that he speaks his mind right out. I don't know as he'd shoot, but there are some of 'em that I wouldn't trust after dark."

George continued, however, to go where he pleased when he pleased. No one molested him, and after the first hard frosts, when he put up his boat for the winter, he had almost forgotten his feud with the poachers.

He had arranged to have the little craft overhauled during the winter, and had told Boldt to take out the engine and store it in his shop. About the middle of November he sent a team to haul the body of the boat to his father's barn. The next day he met Boldt in the road.

"How about your engine, George?" the old man asked. "I thought you wanted me to store it?"

"I did. What have you done with it? What have I done with it? Why, you took it out before you moved your boat. Did you think I couldn't be trusted with it?"

"Why, there wasn't any engine in the boat when I sent the team for it! Do you mean to say you haven't got it?"

"I sure do, George. When I went to get it day before yesterday, it wasn't in the boat. I supposed you'd taken it."

George stared at the old man. "Was the boathouse door locked?" he asked.

"No; and your key was in the keyhole. Here it is."

"I guess I forgot to take it out of the padlock after I came up from the lake last Saturday night. Was there anything else missing?"

"Nothing of mine. I can't find your box of tackle and that drag."

"My friends, the net fishermen, have been busy, Uncle Joe. That engine cost me a hundred and seventy-five dollars. What do you suppose they've done with it?"

"Depends on who's got it. Dave Ottley would be likely to smash it or throw it into the lake; some of the others might try to sell it."

"I'll find out who's got it if it costs five hundred dollars and takes all winter."

But that was not so easy to do. The engine had already been gone for several days; it had probably been taken at night; and even if any of the lakesiders had seen the theft, they would say nothing about it.

George at once notified the sheriff, and sent a warning to every freight and express office within twenty-five miles to be on the lookout for the engine. That led to nothing, however, except that it made him certain that the engine had not been shipped away. However, he could find no track of it in any of the boathouses about the lake. At the end of a week he was almost ready to give up his search. Then one day Anna Desmond, a school-girl who lived near by, stopped him on the road.

"You haven't found your boat engine in a whisper."

"No, Anna," he replied. "I haven't." Then, on a sudden impulse, he added, "Have you any idea where it is?"

"I don't know," she said hurriedly; "but if I were you I'd search that straw stack at the back of Eddie Van Tuyl's place."

She started to walk rapidly away, but George caught her by the arm. "What do you know about it, Anna?" he asked. "Don't be afraid. I won't get you mixed up in it."

She looked round her in a frightened manner. "One night more than a week ago I saw three men with a lantern there," she said breathlessly. "And the next morning there were wagon tracks leading from the road into the lot. That's all I know, and father would be awfully angry if he knew I'd told this much."

George thanked her and went back to the house. The short November day was

FOR LEISURE MOMENTS

"I've got ter leave you, Miss Martha," said the dusky maid.

"What's the matter, Dilese?" asked her mistress. "Don't we treat you right; don't we pay you enough?"

"Yassum, dat's all right; but dey is too much shiffin' of de dishes for de fewness of de vittles."

Leisure Moments.—Wouldn't it be worth while, just for one week, to devote your leisure moments to increasing the Witness' sphere of usefulness and helping on the DRIVE for righteousness in the nation?

"Obey that impulse"—before it passes!



TENANT: "Look here, the water in my cellar is a foot deep; my hens are drowning!"
LANDLORD: "Give them up, and go in for ducks."—The Passing Show.

Teacher—Hawkins, what is a synonym?
Billy—Please, sir, it's a word you use in place of another when you can't spell the other.

A bishop of the Anglican church and a judge of the supreme court, also a prominent Anglican, met at the ticket office of a railway station.

The bishop purchased his ticket first, and when paying for it the judge remarked, "Ah, my Lord, I observe that clergymen and children travel at half fare."

"Quite true, your Lordship, quite true," snapped the bishop, "and in this country judges and lunatics are not allowed to vote."

Mr. Wood, a man very fond of playing jokes, met his friend, Mr. Stone, and at once enquired jocosely: "Hello, Stone, how are Mrs. Stone and all the little pebbles?"

"Fine," said Mr. Stone, "all well, thank you," and then, with a twinkle in his eye: "How are Mrs. Wood and all the little splinters?"

A Schoolboy's Prayer

Give me a healthy body, Lord;
Give me the sense to keep it so;
Give me a heart that is not bored
Whatever work I have to do.

Give me a sense of humor, Lord;
Give me the power to see a joke
To get some happiness from life,
And pass it on to other folk.

—Children's Newspaper.

The latest development in tele-photography is intended to flash pictures, samples of hand-writing, and so on, through space. While the cinematograph film converts a series of successive events into a series of picture, lying beside one another in space, tele-photography, conversely, transforms the various portions of a picture into a sequence of electric current impulses which, at the other end, are reconverted into picture elements. Space is thus, as it were, converted into time, in order, eventually, to be re-transformed into space.

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Address

to a close of the fight. Having a lantern, he followed the path to the boat house, and went to a rowboat, and started down the lake. A fire of ice was already forming on the surface of the inlet, and he feared that if he were out long he would not be able to force a passage back to the boathouse.

The Van Tuyl farm lay about two miles away, and he had to pass it. By a time he had reached the open water the evening had grown so dark that he could recognize familiar landmarks only by the lights in surrounding farmhouses.

Suddenly he thought that he heard low voices in the distance. He turned and saw a light at his right that was separated from the "true inlet" by a narrow strip of flags. He paused and listened, but heard nothing more.

Rowing directly to the Van Tuyl landing, he skirted it and dragged his boat into a clump of willows. As he entered the lane, he fancied he felt fresh wheel tracks in the half-frozen earth, and lighting the lantern, verified his suspicions.

Then, breaking into a run, he went straight to the stack, but no stranger than the marks of the wagon wheels did. No one was there, but near the base of the stack, on one side, he found a hole in the straw; as he got down on his hands and knees to examine the hole he caught the odor of gasoline and stale lubricating oil that had evidently been spilled. The hole was empty, but George did not doubt that the engine had been there within an hour.

As he straightened up he heard a motor boat puffing down the lake. It passed the Van Tuyl farm and, as nearly as he could judge, turned in at Dave Ottley's landing. For a moment he thought that he would hurry across lots and confront the men who had been in the launch as they came up from the landing. Then a better plan occurred to him. Extinguishing the lantern, he ran for his boat.

When he reached the "false inlet," he found it coated with ice at the sides; but down the middle the thin sheet was shattered almost to the "cul-de-sac" at the head of the inlet, where he had fancied he had heard muffled voices. The water was scarcely four feet deep. With his boat hook he began to fish about in the mud, and presently touched something hard. Five minutes later he had raised the missing engine and had managed to drag it over the stern of the boat.

He was an hour in getting back to the boathouse, for the ice had re-formed in his path. There he examined the engine, which proved very little hurt by its wetting. Caught under its flywheel, George found a fur-lined leather glove; he smiled when he saw on its wrist, marked with indelible ink, the initials "D. J. O." The next morning he drove to the Ottley house.

"I've got my engine back, Dave," he said. Then he showed him the glove. "And I found this caught in it. Do you want to go to jail?"

"I haven't gone yet," said Ottley. "But you will go, unless you take those nets out of your corn house and burn them this morning. And I also want my tackle and drag."

A hot argument followed, but in the end Dave did as he was bidden.

"Now," said George, "you might give some good advice to Eddie Van Tuyl and Steve Calkins. I can't prove my case against them as I can against you, but I know very well they're as deep in the mud as you are in the mire. I'm not going to do any more about this, if you fellows behave yourselves; but people who like to fish legally in this lake are going to have a fair show from now on."

That happened four years ago. It is possible that Ottley and his friends never entirely gave up their illegal netting, but it is true, nevertheless, that today the lake and the streams that open into it are regarded as the best fishing grounds in that region.

Teaching does not consist in telling people how things ought to be done, but in showing people how things are done.

UNDER A MINE-FIELD IN THE BALTIC

A Submarine Story

(By Andrei Nikolaevich)

Andrei Nikolaevich gave the order to submerge. Sailors stood by the water-pumps, oxygen-reservoirs, decompressors, and other machinery were inspected; the torpedo crew took their stations in the torpedo chamber. The order was given to lie down whenever possible, instead of standing up, to move as little as possible; not to talk and not to laugh. Yakovlev, who kept the watch, reported that smoke had appeared north; after that he too went down, and the last deck opening was hermetically closed. The swimming motion suddenly ceased; the Kate was under water. Andrei Nikolaevich extinguished the lights burning in the officers' cabin and a conical sheaf of pale-blue radiance fell upon the little table. Immediately the polished surface became animated: tiny white-crested waves rippled across it, clouds were visible, and a column of smoke appeared on the left. Andrei Nikolaevich watched the sea concentrated there upon a single square foot of surface. Finally the smoke disappeared and a faint streak of land appeared on the right.

Toward evening Andrei Nikolaevich decided to rise to the surface with all lights out. All night long he stood upon the bridge. The night was still, and a light haze dimmed the stars. Far away to the south the bluish searchlight of an enemy ship touched the clouds and went out. Toward morning the two submarines ahead drew near a mine zone and submerged. One after the other, they sank—possibly forever.

The Sign of The Cross

The dawn was a gradual Northern dawn, with greenish and orange hues over the watery clouds. Andrei Nikolaevich finally made out an indistinct, broken line of rocky coast across the milky surface of the gulf, and ordered a full stop. He closed his eyes for a moment and, taking off his cap, passed his hand over his moist forehead, and made the sign of the cross. Then they submerged.

The Kate began to sink to a great depth. Slowly, guided only by log, compass, and chart, she began to glide forward under the mine-field and the crushing weight of thousands of tons of water. The log, dragging behind on a steel rope, showed exactly her speed; the chronometer gave the time at which each turn was to be made, and the compass determined its direction. Yakovlev sat at the log-dial. Belopolsky computed minute corrections of the course, while Andrei Nikolaevich, bent over the chart, gave orders to the man at the wheel in a hushed voice: so many degrees, minutes, and seconds to the right or left. There was no swinging: the movement of the Kate through the dark waters could not be felt. The sailors were lying still in their places, trying to consume as little oxygen as possible, but the air was already heavy and thick, and their ears were ringing. From time to time someone would say, "Lord, O Lord!" and sigh, thinking, perhaps, of his three dessiatines of land somewhere in Russia, his rye field, the whining of a colt, and the sweet wind in the bushes. The restraint weighed heaviest of all upon Kuritsin. After many hours of silence he began to clear his throat, and finally said:—

"It's all right with us, brothers, but I just think—a whale, for instance—how he must suffer under water—"

"Keep still thou, silly woman!" somebody retorted from the darkness.

Yakovlev raised a hot and sullen face from the faintly illuminated dial and curtly ordered silence. At the same moment

Kate's bottom struck something and scraped.

A Sunken Wreck

"Stop! Stop!" shouted Andrei Nikolaevich, jumping out of the wheel cabin.

Flywheels hummed, and motors stopped. There remained no sound except the breathing of men. It became hot as in a Turkish bath.

Andrei Nikolaevich groped into the observation chamber, where a weak, greenish light penetrated the porthole, and glued his eyes to the glass. Slowly, gradu-

ally, shadows and outlines became visible in the undersea gloom. One of the shadows suddenly disappeared, moved past the porthole, the round, glassy eyes of a fish seemed at Andrei Nikolaevich. Then the fish shot downward so promptly and directly that it became evident the Kate was not upon a bank; nor did it seem possible that there were reefs in that locality. Without discontinuing his observations, Andrei Nikolaevich ordered the Kate to rise slightly. A multitude of shadows started away like sparrows; torn fragments of wire ladders appeared distinctly; a human form, partly eaten away by fishes, slowly swayed with outspread arms, tangled in the rigging. It was clear that the Kate had run upon the hull of a sunken ship.

This stop might prove fatal: the minutely measured progress of the boat was interrupted, her direction lost. Andrei Nikolaevich gave the order to rise slowly and he continued his observations. The shadows of the fishes disappeared in the depths; the light grew stronger. Of a sudden a dark ball became visible, immediately ahead of the rising Kate. "A mine. Well strike presently," thought Andrei Nikolaevich.

Caught in a Net

With a new effort to conquer the growing stupor of his brain, he ordered a change of course. The ball grew fainter, but another appeared on their right. The Kate moved slightly forward, to evade it; but other iron balls, and more of them, appeared in the greenish gloom, as if silently waiting for the submarine to touch them. The Kate was caught in a net of mines.

From a great height, the sea always appears transparent, and a trained eye can even detect fish under water. As was ascertained later, it was precisely in this way that two enemy hydroplanes detected the Kate as she was trying to rise to the surface from among the mines. The hydroplanes sent word to the patrol-boats; but the submarine described a wide circle under water and again sank to a great depth.

Now she ran forward blindly. The motors worked at top speed and hundreds of devils called horse-power raged within them, frantically pushing the levers, the pistons, the wheels, the shaft. The body of the submarine was palpitating. Half-naked mechanics were slowly creeping around the engines, feeling from time to time the heated parts of the machinery. It was hot and sticky. The lead reservoirs contained but an hour's supply of oxygen.

Yakovlev still sat at the recording dial, holding his heavy head in both hands. In all nooks and corners of the submarine sailors stood or lay, silent, suffocating, every one conscious of a wild desire to rise, to gasp a mouthful of fresh sea breeze, to look at the sky. Prince Belopolsky still sat over his now useless computations, and wiped his face every instant, as if trying to brush away quantities of cobweb. Finally he rose, but fell to the floor. They carried him to his berth, unconscious.

When The Oxygen Failed

Alone, the voice of Andrei Nikolaevich, audible throughout the boat from the speaking tubes, was upholding the strength of the half suffocated-men. His plan was to run away from the mine zone, if only there was enough oxygen to enable half his men to hold out. Pale and excited, his uniform unbuttoned, he appeared everywhere, appealed to the weakening ones, poured cognac into Belopolsky's mouth, stroked the boy's hair, and kissed him on the forehead. "Half an hour more (his brain was ringing.) half an hour, in half an hour—perhaps—not all will die."

But as he stooped too near a groping, naked, oil-smearing mechanic, he saw a purple flash before his eyes and fell back, hitting his head violently upon a machine. He did not feel any pain. He crawled to the emergency reservoir, opened the faucet, and drank the gas with avidity until he felt dizzy and a delicious fire ran through his veins. He rose to his feet, staggering, and looked around at objects and faces which suddenly became unusually clear. All the faces were turned to him in one mute question, entreating him with their eyes. The high-cheeked, bearded faces, some of them still boyish, looked at that moment quite strikingly what they were in reality—ordinary Russian peasant faces. This one here was taken right from a stack of hay in his native village, trained, uniformed, and put on the Kate, fifteen fathoms under the surface of the sea. And that other one surely has an izba with roaches crawling all over it, and a calf; his eyes look meek, like the eyes of cattle. Just the same, he will have to die.

The Submarine Rises

In the corridor Andrei Nikolaevich came unexpectedly upon Kuritsin. The broad-shouldered sailor stood leaning against the wall and gasping for air, like a fish. The veins of his forehead and neck stood out, his face was blue. At the sight of the commander he tried to assume a brave air, made one of his habitual silly faces, and muttered: "Beg pardon, sir. Got a little dizzy, sir."

Andrei Nikolaevich looked Kuritsin closely in the face and saw that the little green eyes of the man were hazy with approaching death. He swore in a stifled voice. With a sudden impulse he turned to the nearest telephone opening and



I'm So Tired

Fatigue is the result of poisons in the blood. So when the kidneys fail to purify the blood one of the first indications is unusual and persistent tired feelings and pains in the back.

Neglected kidney troubles lead to years of suffering from rheumatism or develop into such fatal ailments as Bright's disease.

The kidney action is promptly corrected by use of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills — the best known regulator of kidneys, liver and bowels.

Mrs. John Ireland, R.R. No. 2, King, Ont., writes:

"I was a great sufferer from severe headaches and bilious spells. I tried a number of remedies without obtaining any benefit until I was advised to use Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. These completely relieved me and made me feel like a new person. I am very grateful to Dr. Chase's medicines for what they have done for me, and you may use my letter for the benefit of others."

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, one pill a dose, 25c a box, all dealers or Edmansons, Bates & Co., Ltd., Toronto.

ordered 'Rise!' The Kate started and swayed upward. For four and a half minutes she was rising—like four and a half years of waiting for a stroke, a thunder, a flash—death and destruction. Suddenly she stopped. Light fell upon the periscope-table. The men crawled toward the deck and opened the hatchway; cold, briny air began to pour in, tearing the lungs, befogging the brain. The ventilators and air-pumps buzzed and started working. Andrei Nikolaevich jumped out first and closed his eyes with a faint outcry. The evening sun lay over a heap of puffy, warm clouds; there was no breeze; the gulf was like a mirror. After one long moment, where the shadow of an enemy warship had been, a chaotic mountain of fire and water rose and slowly subsided. There was no more shadow.

The Kate flew into the mouth of a small, still bay and sank to the sandy bottom.

OUR NEW ALLIES

Humors of wireless telephony in the wilds of Africa have been recounted by a Marconi House official. Throughout the demonstrations given the apparatus was regarded with the greatest awe. The Swazis refused to believe it possible to speak from one place to another without the medium of wires. A certain gallant major spoke from Mbabane, and at Stegi, 52 miles away, there were assembled a number of Swazis, including several petty chiefs. Conversations then commenced, and the natives were dumfounded. Straight away they held an "indaba," a sort of extra special mass meeting. Presently a deputation appeared and asked if there was to be a white man's war, because if there were they wanted to be on the white man's side.

Water in Old Rome

It is said that ancient Rome consumed no less than 340,000,000 gallons of water a day, and a most noticeable feature of the modern city is the prodigal effervescence of its water, gushing from the fountains of every conceivable size and design. The old Roman baths required much water. The splendid Thermae built by the degenerate Emperor Caracalla had accommodation for 1600 bathers. Besides the baths proper, the establishment included within its area of about a quarter of a mile square a gymnasium, athletic field, library and race course.

Not a Penny!

Lord Wolseley loved to recount how he saw General Gordon off from London for Khartoum, and his dramatic conversation in the railway station. Gordon was settled in the train when Wolseley asked: "By the way, General, I suppose you have plenty of money?" "Not a penny!" And Wolseley would relate how he dashed for the bank in his handsome and brought back the banknotes just in time for Gordon to slip them indifferently into his pocket.

CRIPPLING PAINS OF RHEUMATISM

Cannot be Banished by Liniments — Is Reached Through the Blood.

Thousands of men and women suffer severely from rheumatism. Crippling pains in the muscles and joints make every movement a torture. Many people think rheumatism is due to cold or wet weather and they try to banish it by rubbing the painful parts with liniment. This is a great mistake; the rheumatic poison is in the blood and liniment and rubbing cannot do more than give temporary relief. If you are a victim of rheumatism or lumbago the way to rid yourself of it is by making the blood rich and pure, for only in this way can the rheumatic poison be

driven from the system. To enrich and purify the blood, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills should be taken. They act directly on the blood, making it rich and red, and in this way the trouble disappears. Thousands of people have proved this, among them Mrs. H. King, Croydon, Ont., who says:—"I was attacked with rheumatism in my right arm and shoulder. It pained me so that I could not raise the arm to comb my hair or feed myself. I commenced taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and after taking three boxes I seemed all right again. About six months later, however, the trouble came on again, this time in my left arm. Again I took Dr. Williams' Pink Pills with the same beneficial results, and since then I have had no return of the trouble. Now I recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills whenever I get a chance."

You can get these pills through any medicine dealer or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

OLD THINGS IN TURKEY GIVE PLACE TO NEW

The Sultan's Government has been snubbed by the first dignitary of the Turkish National Government to arrive at Constantinople since Mustapha Kemal Pasha's army consolidated the strength of the Angora Government by its victory over the Greeks.

Rafet Pasha, military governor of Thrace, upon his arrival at his Stamboul residence, found waiting there official representatives from the Grand Vizier and the Ministry of the Interior. The former sent in his card first.

The stubby little general smoothed out the wrinkles in his tunic, gazed at the card in a pompous, official manner, and said:

"Who is this person? I know of no Grand Vizier; there is no such office or official."

Next came the envoy, whose card stated that he represented "Field Marshal Ali Riza Pasha, Minister of the Interior." Again Rafet assumed his official air.

No Such Person

"I'm sure I don't know any such person," he again announced. "I remember an amiable Turkish gentleman of the same name, but I certainly know of no body occupying such a position in the Turkish Government."

In the meanwhile a third envoy had been cooling his heels uneasily in the ante-room. This was a still more distinguished personage, namely, a member of the Sultan's own household, who had been sent at the last moment as the personal representative of the Sultan to bid the military governor an official welcome. When he heard the report of the other envoys, however, he was seized with panic at the awkward predicament which might result for his master if the same treatment were meted out to him. So he quietly tucked his card in his pocket and slipped back to the Yildiz palace.

Thus ended the effort of the Sultan's Government to obtain recognition from the powerful visiting delegate from Angora.

Turkey to be Purely Moslem

Speaking briefly of the future position of Turkey, he said: "We know we have one of the biggest armies in the world and we are today the most powerful military nation. We have achieved a victory which I am confident no other army could have won."

"The spirit which the Turkish people have shown has excited the admiration of the entire world. When our country was threatened, the whole people took up arms voluntarily and eagerly; there is no conscription in Turkey, nor any necessity for it."

"Today Turkey is no more divided; the nation is one. History has recorded our military success—now what of the future? There is still a great task before us, and it is work for our younger men. It is the upbuilding of our country to economic prosperity."

"We have won our full freedom and nobody can take it from us. Henceforth Turkey will be purely Moslem and can make its own way without let or hindrance from the outside. Our independence is so firmly consolidated that no foreign power can take it away or tamper with it."

Kemal Demands Restitution

One of the first peace demands of the Nationalists, Hamid Bey, the Kemal representative at Constantinople, told the Associated Press, would be restitution to Turkey for the three battleships ordered in England and confiscated at the outbreak of hostilities. Two of the ships, the Agincourt and the Erin, now are part of the British fleet; the third was never finished.

Hamid said that Turkey had paid 95 per cent. of the cost of these ships. Restitution for the Goeben and the other vessels of the Turkish fleet which surrendered during the war and which are now anchored in the Golden Horn, will also form part of the Turkish demands.

Repudiates Debts

The Times' Constantinople correspondent says that French financial circles there are painfully surprised by a communication to the Ottoman public debt administration and the Ottoman Bank, of a note from the Angora Government embodying a statement issued recently by the Turkish Nationalist Ministry of Finance.

ance... the effect that all conventions, treaties, contracts and decrees promulgated by the Government of the Sultan since March 16, 1920, are regarded by the Kemalists as null and void. March 16, 1920, is the day on which Allied occupation of Constantinople became effective.

NEW REPARATION PROPOSALS BY FRANCE

Complete and rigid control of all German finances, power to veto expenditures and regulate taxation and authority to dictate the arrangement of the budgets of the various German states are among the chief proposals contained in the plan of the French Government for a solution of Germany's financial difficulties and for placing that country in a position to meet her reparations payments.

The plan was submitted to the Reparations Commission on Friday night by Louis Barthou, the French representative on the commission and discussion of the project began on Saturday. Although not mentioned in the official summary, M. Barthou's plan contemplates a meeting of leading business men of the world to determine Germany's capacity to pay and to consider the question of inter-Allied debts.

The plan, in effect, is a reply to the British reparations project recently placed before the commission by Sir John Bradbury. It differs radically from the British point of view. M. Barthou urges the calling of a Brussels conference to deal with a broad reparations settlement and Allied debts and the question of German payments in 1923 and 1924. France would limit the powers of the reparations commission to the application of new guarantees and reforms for Germany, leaving the more comprehensive issues to an international meeting.

The proposition would gradually put Germany on a gold basis, beginning with an issue of gold treasury securities.

M. Barthou would have Germany pay her outstanding obligations in paper currency, and he calculates that Germany's paper circulation would be 510,000,000,000 marks, which at the present rate of exchange are worth less than the Reichsbank gold reserve.

The moment comes, according to M. Barthou, when the Allies must take energetic steps, or else be faced by a Germany proclaimed before the world as a ruined nation, despite the fact that her actual capital is intact.

"We don't accept the contention that Germany is totally incapable of paying," says M. Barthou, in his plan. "Despite Germany's enormous budget difficulties, she retains tremendous riches and has great strength to continue production and maintain her national vitality."

THE CATTLE EMBARGO

Coming Legislation Will Give Canada All That She Has Asked For.

The conference between British and Canadian ministers on the legislation which will give effect to the removal of the embargo on Canadian cattle was concluded on Friday, and the decisions reached are entirely satisfactory to the Canadians who have been taking part. While no announcement has been made, either by the Colonial Office or the representatives of the Dominion, it is understood that Canada has secured everything that she asked for.

Another important point is that the political upheaval will not do more than slightly delay the carrying into effect of the decisions of the conference. Sir Arthur Griffith-Boscawen, who is expected to succeed himself as President of the Board of Agriculture, when Bonar Law completes his cabinet, was a party to the conference, and so will be fully grasped of the whole question as a new minister might not be.

Bonar Law, the new Prime Minister, is known to have strongly favored the removal of the embargo.

English writers are still speculating on the amount Premier David Lloyd George is likely to realize on his projected book of memoirs. There is still considerable mystery as to what financial arrangements the publishers have made with the British Prime Minister for the book and serial rights at home and abroad.

Deaths from alcoholism in New York State, showed a marked increase this year as compared with the same period last year, numbering 172, as against 83, the increase being due to the drinking of "bootleg" liquor. The greatest increase in deaths from alcoholism was in New York City.

Lloyd George has begun compiling his outgoing list of honors to be submitted to His Majesty, King George, as is the custom of every retiring premier.

The Governor-General's Tour

The Governor-General, Lord Byng of Vimy, has completed one of the most arduous and exacting tours yet undertaken by any Governor-General in Canada. The tour has lasted over four months, and took His Excellency as far north as the Yukon, where he visited, especially, the silver developments on Keyno hill, four days up the Stewart River from Dawson City. Altogether the Governor-General spent about a month in the Yukon.

MR. PUMPKIN'S PARTY

Down beside the garden fence,
Where the apples, ripe and red,
Fall across into the garden,
In the mellow onion bed,
Was the home of Mr. Pumpkin,
Who, you may be very sure,
Only let his finest neighbors
Enter by his big front door.

And his house was very splendid,
With its walls of leafy green,
And its lovely shady porches
Underneath the sunny ehen.
So, no wonder that his friends
All delighted were to hear
That he meant to give a party
In the autumn of the year.

He invited all his neighbors,
And they nearly all agreed
That the cards of invitation
Very handsome were, indeed.
They were pricked on skins of onions,
Very dark and shining red,
And were carried by the breezes
All across the garden bed.

So the last night of October
Such a jolly crowd was seen
Going to Mr. Pumpkin's party,
On the jolly Hallowe'en.
Every guest who was invited,
In his very best array,
Came a-talking and a-laughing,
In a voice so glad and gay.

At the moon looked down and laughed
At the very funny sight,
At the every little star-lamp
Sent a silvery shaft of light,
For within the dear old garden,
At the soft, brown earth,
Mr. Pumpkin's friends and neighbors
Passed the hours in jolly mirth.

Mrs. Carrot came in orange,
As she thought it was her shade;
Miss Muskmelon's dress was lighter,
But she said it wouldn't fade.
All the Beets were dressed in crimson,
Even Mr. Beet and all;
And they really looked quite handsome
As they passed into the hall.

Mr. Pumpkin's aunt, Miss Citron,
Looked so very prim and proud,
While his cousin, Watermelon,
Carried drinks for all the crowd.
All the families of the Onions,
White and Red, and Green, and Brown,
From their homes beside the orchard
To the Pumpkin's house came down.

Even poor old Mr. Turnip,
Who lived far across the field,
In his brand new suit of purple,
Said his gout was almost healed.
Then along came Miss Tomato,
Very juicy, scarlet, mellow;
And behind her Mrs. Corn
In her pretty suit of yellow.

Last of all came Mother Hubbard,
Better known as Mrs. Squash;
She was late, because 'twas Monday,
And she really had to wash;
But they all felt very merry,
And, when there had come enough
They began the evening's frolic
By a game of "Blind Man's Buff."

So they capered 'round the garden
'Till the big moon o'erhead slipped down
To the far horizon, winked his eyes,
And went to bed.
Then it was they served refreshments,
Dainty moonbeams dipped in dew,
Garnished with the meadow grasses,
Gathered at the Breezes' feet.

Then they all went home together
Through the early morning light,
And they all agreed in chorus
'Twas a very happy night.
When they parted, why, 'twas really
The jolliest bunch you've ever seen—
As they all just joined, in saying,
'What a good old Hallowe'en!'

—Mary E. Blackburn.

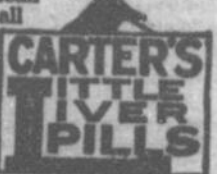
The Irish Treaty

Mr. Lloyd George, in a message sent to William Cosgrave, President of the Dail Eireann, has removed any fear of opposition from him in his new position as leader of the Opposition in Parliament. The Marquis of Salisbury, on behalf of the "die-hards," has made a similar promise, so there is no party in the House of Commons that is likely to offer any hindrance to the carrying out of the Irish treaty into effect.

In Czecho-Slovakia the sale of intoxicants of any kind to persons under sixteen years of age is forbidden. Persons must furnish proof that they have reached the age of sixteen before wine or beer can be sold to them and for other intoxicants they have to be eighteen. Beer and wine are the only intoxicants which are allowed to be served at public dances. Landlords of licensed premises and their employees and all representatives, as well as the parents or guardians of young persons, are responsible for the observance of the law, and fines, imprisonment, and revoking of licenses are the punishments for the first offence.

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Ladies—A few days' treatment with CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS will do more to clean up the skin than all the beauty treatments in creation. An imperfect complexion is caused by a sluggish liver.



Millions of people, old, young and middle aged, take them for Biliousness, Distress, Sick Headache, Constipation, and for Sallow, Pimples and Blotchy Skin. They end the misery of Constipation.
Small Pill—Small Dose—Small Price

SHE RID HERSELF OF RHEUMATISM

Knowing from terrible experience the suffering caused by rheumatism, Mrs. J. E. Hurst, who lives at 608 E. Douglas Street, C-470, Bloomington Ill., is so thankful at having treated herself to recovery, that out of pure gratitude she is anxious to tell all other sufferers just how to get rid of their torture by this simple way at home.

Mrs. Hurst has nothing to sell. Merely mail your own name and address, and she will gladly send you this valuable information entirely free. Write her at once before you forget.

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We especially want to send it to those apparently hopeless cases, where all forms of inhalers, douches, opium preparations, fumes, "patent smokes," etc., have failed. We want to show everyone at our expense, that our method is designed to end all difficult breathing, all wheezing, and all those terrible paroxysms.

This free offer is too important to neglect a single day. Write now and begin the method at once. Send no money. Simply mail coupon below. Do it To-day—you even do not pay postage.

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Remedies Rheumatism, Acute Rheumatism with painful hot swelling of the part; Chronic Rheumatism with lameness, stiffness and soreness of the part; Sciatic Rheumatism, with pain in the hip, knee or leg of the affected side; Lumbago, or pains across the loins of back; Old Rheumatic Pains or Lameness. Positive Cure. Price \$1.50.

JOHN T. WAIT, Box 355, Arnprior, Send Registered Letter or Postal Note.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT, PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, DISTRICT OF MONTREAL, NO. 3571.

DAME SADIE CORNFELD, of the City and District of Montreal, wife common as to property of Isaac Garshon, Merchant, of the same place, Plaintiff, against ISAAC GARSHON, of the same place Defendant.

The Plaintiff has taken against the Defendant action for separation as to property. Montreal, Oct. 4th, 1922.

SHULMAN & SHULMAN, Attorneys for Plaintiff.

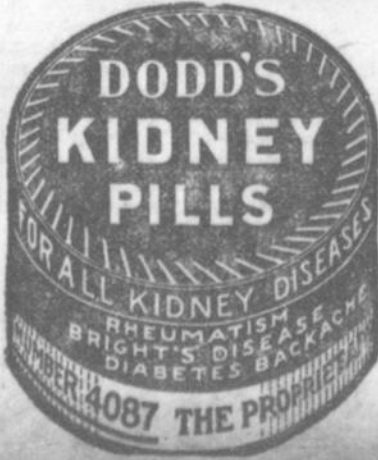
IN THE SUPERIOR COURT, PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, DISTRICT OF MONTREAL, NO. 1084.

DAME ETHEL TENNENHOUSE, of the City and District of Montreal, wife common as to property of Mendel Lassner, Merchant, of the same place, Plaintiff, against MENDEL LASSNER, of the same place, Defendant.

The Plaintiff has taken against the Defendant an action for separation as to property. Montreal, Oct. 4th, 1922.

SHULMAN & SHULMAN, Attorneys for Plaintiff.

Frederick Hammill, a legless beggar, who has five bank books and a ranch in North Dakota, drove the detective who arrested him for begging in New York to the West Thirtieth street station in a \$3,000 sedan, and later insisted on taking his captor and himself to Night Court in a taxicab.



LIVE STOCK PRICES

COMMENTS FOR WEEK ENDING OCT. 21ST.

The best loads at Toronto went from \$7.50 to \$7.75, and odd steers at \$8.00. Common to medium heavies sold within a wide range of from \$4.75 to \$7.00. Butcher cattle trade opened strong, with small butchers active competitors. One load of steers averaging 1120 pounds brought \$7.25, while several small lots changed hands at \$7.00. Most of the fair to good steers and heifers sold from \$5.50 to \$6.50. H. P. Kennedy sold twelve baby heaves averaging 760 pounds at \$10.00 per hundred. Butcher cows were active at an advance of 25c, with the bulk of the good kinds selling from \$4.25 to \$5.00 and odd sales at \$6.00. Fair cows brought from \$3.00 to \$4.00. Canners and cutters were steady from \$1.50 to \$2.00. Heavy export bulls sold from \$4.00 to \$5.00. Light heifers were in demand from \$3.50 to \$5.00 while short keep feeders brought from \$5.75 to \$6.25. Milk and springer trade was a shade stronger with the best kinds going from \$85.00 to \$100.00.

Veal calves sold steady from \$10.00 to \$12.00 and heavies from \$5.00 to \$9.00. Although the grass calf run is unusually light, demand was limited, and prices were 25c lower, from \$3.25 to \$4.00. Under meagre offerings, lambs showed an advance of \$1.00 to \$1.50 per cwt. A light run sold on Monday from \$11.00 to \$11.25 and this was followed by steady gains throughout the week, the market closing from \$12.00 to \$12.50. Some feeding lambs went to the country from \$8.00 to \$9.00 while good breeding ewes sold from \$5.50 to \$7.00. Good light sheep brought from \$5.50 to \$6.50 and culled and heavies from \$1.50 to \$4.00. Hogs sold steady at \$11.00 fed and watered until Wednesday when quotations were \$10.50. No settlements were made on Wednesday's and Thursday's trading but as outsiders were active it is probable that prices will be settled at \$10.50 fed and watered.

The top price at Montreal was \$5.75 paid for several loads of fairly good Western steers averaging 1150 and 1250 pounds. Good fat heavy Western cows brought \$4.25. Most of the butcher cattle, both western and locals were of plain and common quality and sold within a range of \$4.00 to \$5.00. Fair to medium cows brought from \$3.00 to \$3.50 and canners and cutters from \$1.00 to \$2.25. Bologna bulls sold steady from \$2.00 to \$2.50 with a few weighty ones up to \$4.75.

Veal calves were scarce and brought from \$7.50 to \$10.00, depending on quality, which in no case was real good. A few well fed drinkers brought around \$6.00 and some sales of fleshy grassers were made to butchers at \$4.00, but the majority moved around \$3.50 with an odd lot of very common calves at \$3.00 and less. One string of 350 good black faced lambs brought a top of \$14.60, while numerous other lots sold from \$11.00 to \$11.50. Fairly good runs of ill-bred Eastern lambs brought from \$10.00 to \$10.50, with real common kinds around \$9.00 and culled \$8.00. Good light sheep were sold up to \$5.00, but most of the sheep were sold in mixed lots from \$3.00 to \$4.00, depending upon quality. Culls brought \$2.00. Hogs were sharply lower. A few loads brought \$11.50, but the bulk of the sales of select hogs were made from \$11.00 to \$11.25. Sows sold from \$8.00 to \$9.00. The hog market closed with a weak undertone.

There were a few real good export steers sold at Winnipeg early in the week from \$5.00 to \$5.50. Most of the good heavy butchers ranged from \$4.00 to \$4.50 while plain heavy rough kinds were almost unsaleable from \$2.50 to \$3.00. Common and medium killing steers made sales from \$2.50 to \$3.50, while the general run of fair to good kinds sold from \$3.75 to \$4.50. A few choice handy weights sold up to \$4.75. Best butcher heifers ranged from \$3.50 to \$4.00 and the remainder of the common and fair kinds from \$2.50 to \$3.25. Choice offerings sold at an

extreme top of \$3.25, while most of the good kinds were extremely slow sellers from \$2.50 to \$3.00. Canners and cutters and bulls looked about 25c lower, the former classes weighing up mostly from \$1.25 to \$1.75, and the latter class from \$1.75 to \$2.25. Most of the good feeder steers ranged from \$3.50 to \$4.00, fair kinds from \$2.75 to \$3.25, while plain horned kinds were a drag on the market from \$2.00 to \$2.50. The general run of good stocker steers sold from \$3.00 to \$3.50, stocker heifers were cheap from \$2.00 to \$2.50.

Calf prices dropped 50c, best vealers sold at the close from \$5.00 to \$5.50, medium to good from \$3.50 to \$4.50, and the plainer offerings from \$2.00 to \$3.00. Top lambs reached \$11.00, most of the good quality offerings selling from \$10.00 to \$10.50 and fair kinds from \$8.00 to \$9.00. Heavy mutton sheep sold from \$4.00 to \$5.50, while some of lighter weights were strong up to \$7.00. The hog market declined 50c on Monday and remained steady for the balance of the week, selects fed and watered changing hands at \$9.00.

A few choice finished steers at Calgary sold at \$4.50. Choice handyweights sold mostly from \$4.00 to \$4.40, good from \$3.50 to \$3.85, and medium from \$2.75 to \$3.25. Good to choice heifers ranged from \$2.75 to \$3.35. Good to choice cows were weighed up mostly from \$2.60 to \$3.25, one very choice cow topping at \$3.50. Good bulls sold generally within a range of \$1.75 to \$2.35. Good stockers and feeders were weighed up from \$2.75 to \$3.75, with a few tops at \$4.00. Stocker heifers sold mostly from \$1.75 to \$2.50.

Good calves sold from \$3.00 to \$3.75 and common around \$1.50. United States buyers absorbed 475 store cattle while local and Eastern packers bought the bulk of the butcher stock. Sheep receipts were about equal to those of the previous week and prices were also on a level with last week. Good lambs sold from \$10.00 to \$10.25, yearlings around \$7.50, wethers at \$7.00 and ewes from \$6.00 to \$6.50. Hog receipts were heavier and the market was unsettled. Selects sold at the opening at \$9.00 and closed at \$8.25 fed and watered.

The best steers sold steady at Edmonton from \$3.75 to \$4.25. Choice heifers brought \$3.25, while most of the sales were made at \$3.00. Choice cows were weighed up at \$2.75, the bulk changing hands at \$2.50. The best feeders were sold around \$3.75 while most of the sales were made at \$3.50. Stockers ranged from \$3.00 to \$3.25. Calves were lower in price, the best kinds selling at \$3.50 while the majority changed hands at \$3.00. The bulk of the cattle offered were of poor quality.

The sheep market was strong. Best lambs sold at \$10.50, yearlings at \$8.00, and good ewes at \$6.00. The hog market was lower. Selects sold at \$9.00, while some bids were made at \$8.50 off car weights.

BRITISH CATTLE MARKET

Birkenhead reports Canadian steers from 16 3-4c to 18 1-2c (9 3-4d to 10d) in sink. Irish 17 1-4c to 17 3-4c.

No Canadian at Glasgow. Scotch, 14c to 15c. Irish, 10 1-4c to 11 1-4c per lb on foot. London reports Canadian dressed sides 14 3-4c to 16 3-4c per lb, mostly seconds. Demand weak.

Sailings from Montreal week ended October 16th, 1922: SS. Lakonia to Glasgow, 224 cattle; SS. Colonial to Liverpool, 157 cattle.

British Bacon Market: Canadian leanest and lean, 110s to 120s; prime, 110s; slow American, 94s to 110s; fair demand. Irish, 133s to 140s. Danish, 122s to 130s. Danish killings, 47602 head.

THE PARTY IN WEST UNION

(Continued from Page 16)

"It will be lively—a real Hallowe'en party," she promised.

The gleam in her eyes was even more assuring to Tom than her words had been. Her enthusiasm was so contagious that he caught it, and before bedtime had transmitted it to two of his boon companions. The next morning Ruth told her children of the party they were going to have for the people of West Union. "It's everybody's party," she ended, "and you must get everybody to come."

"Won't there be nothin' to eat?" asked one wee urchin immediately. "My pa won't come unless there is."

"Sure," Ruth promised recklessly.

Then, arose the refreshment committee, which soon became a supper committee, for the women of West Union, after they had been persuaded to feed their men, determined to feed them well. At first Ruth was appalled at the idea of a supper, but soon she welcomed it as a relief. For little by little the information leaked out that her party was not going to end the destruction which West Union youth had planned, but was merely to postpone it. After the party, instead of earlier in the evening, the work of scattering paint on houses, unhinging and hiding gates, and Ruth knew not what else, was to be done.

"I'll have to plan to keep them at the schoolhouse all night," she sighed, and began to wish she had never started such a celebration.

Another letter from Martha, telling of the success she was winning, was the impetus which spurred her on to more energy. "I'll be as much of a success in my party, even if no place but West Union does know of it, as Martha is in hers," she vowed.

Her course in public playground work then came to her rescue. Remembering that every one likes to take part in play, she planned a series of tableaux and char-

ades which could be worked out in a few minutes that night, and in which every one could take part. "I'll have them sing, too," she decided, "old songs, popular ones, and everything those fellows can all sing together. The old people and children will have to play second fiddle. The members of Tom Wane's crowd are special guests."

One night she worked until long after midnight reviewing all the Irish and other humorous readings she knew. "I don't suppose I'll need them," she hoped, "for once I get them started entertaining themselves, they'll be interested. Grown ups are just like children that way."

The next morning she went to the great man who owned the mill. "You must come to the party," she told him. "It's yours as much as any other person's. Besides there will be a better feeling among your workmen if you do. My school children work much better and are more orderly after I have been their playmate a while."

The great man hesitated. "I would like to please you, Miss Norris, because you have so little encouragement in your work here," he told her, "but I feel that I'll be needed here at the mill to help protect my property."

Indignation flashed into Ruth's eyes. "There won't be any destruction of property while the party lasts," she promised him. "Since you care so much more for your property than for your men you had better come for that very reason, I think."

His face scarlet, the great man decided that he would come. "I shouldn't have said that," Ruth deplored to one of the women she knew best, "but it sometimes seems that the public who should show the most interest show the least."

But everybody was interested. The trustees offered to help furnish decorations; the minister from the next town sent a quantity of black paper cats, much to the surprise of everyone, who remembered that when he had last preached in

West Union he had told of all its wickedness. The constable was coming and he announced that he was going to leave his star and handcuffs at home. "The teacher's the boss down at the schoolhouse," he told the trustees, "and I'm not going to butt in."

Even nature seemed to want to help out, and for her share contributed the most glorious evening they had all autumn. The strenuousness of the past week had left Ruth pale and tired, but another of Martha's gay messages, telling of how she had worked two days and one night without any sleep, put new enthusiasm in her. "Martha wins out because she's so determined," she scolded herself. "Now, Ruth Norris, you must make good tonight."

The schoolhouse, decorated with corn-stalks and grinning jack-o-lanterns, was partly filled with people when she arrived. "We're not going to eat here," the chairman of the supper committee told her. "The mill owner offered us the storehouse over there for our supper, and we took it. He had it decorated, too, and furnished part of the supper. Now, aren't you surprised?"

Ruth's faint little "Yes" was hardly audible. "And after the way I scolded him!" she gasped.

She gasped again when she discovered that the great man of the mill had come masked. He and his companion, who might have been the constable for all Ruth knew so complete was his disguise, led one side in the charades; Tom Wane as the most deadly looking of ghosts led the other. Every one took part in the games, and every one was happy. A community spirit once started in West Union certainly travelled along in leaps.

It was almost midnight when the company adjourned to the storehouse for supper. Several fathers carried sleeping children in their arms, but all went, anyway. Ruth's heart leaped when she saw Tom Wane lead his crowd to one of the side tables.

"The mill provided the ice cream," Tom came across to tell her, "but my gang got the candy. We had it sent down from the city, the best they had. You needn't think we'd let anybody beat us when it was our party from the beginning."

"Indeed it was," she smiled at him happily.

To her surprise, West Union people wanted speeches. The mill owner spoke and told them he hadn't had half so much fun since he was a youngster. He proposed that this be made an annual affair in West Union—a proposition which was greeted with cheers. Right then Ruth knew that she no longer needed to fear the destruction which would follow their party. There might be a few good-natured pranks played, but they would be regarded as pranks by every one, from the mill owner down to the officious constable.

Then Trustee Willis suggested that she, as teacher, make the next speech. Never in all her life had Ruth faced so sympathetic an audience; never did she exert herself any harder to please one than she did now. From a jolly, rollicking little Irish poem she drifted to a gentle home one, which brought tears to the eyes of many of her audience.

It was very late when the party broke up. Everybody was happy and tired and satisfied. There would be no more excitement that night. The schoolhouse was in confusion, of course. The next day would be trying for the young school teacher. Many children would come to school late. They would all be tired. But Ruth felt that the success of this evening would give her courage to meet the perplexities of the next day. "And how much better it is," she thought, "for them to be tired because they have really enjoyed themselves at the school teacher's party, than to have worn themselves out trying to provoke each other."

Ireland a Maritime Country

Time was when Ireland was a great maritime country. Her harbors teemed with ships flying the flags of many countries. There is Galway, for instance, which far to the west is now a sleepy little fishing town with one of the finest harbors in the entire world. For generations this harbor has been closed, despite the fact that it is the nearest point to New York and is admirably situated as a port of call.

But the resumption of French shipping through the port of Cork is an encouraging sign. It is a part of the programme laid down for the Irish Free State, and there is no doubt that just as soon as matters are righted among the opposing factions in Ireland this little country will again take its place among leading commercial nations. Ireland, if permitted to act independently in the matter of its commercial relations, will have much to offer the world. It is rich in agricultural resources, and it will be able to develop a manufacturing industry that should at least equal that of Belgium. The prospects are bright, and with Ireland on a maritime basis again, both the Emerald Isle and the world at large should benefit.

They have just discovered a star two quintillions of miles away, which the astronomers have named "N. G. C. 2119."

COMPLETELY FREE OF CONSTIPATION

Tried for Years to Find Relief

"FRUIT-A-LIVES" GAVE IT

Chronic Constipation or insufficient action of the bowels, is one of the great causes of disease. Some authorities even claim that Constipation cannot be permanently corrected. This is a great mistake, because here is the proof that constipation can be cured and the bowels made to act regularly and naturally.

Yarmouth, N.S.

"For years, I was troubled with Constipation, and had to take laxatives and purgatives all the time. If I neglected to take these, the bowels would refuse to do their work."

About two years ago, a friend advised me to try "Fruit-a-lives," which I did. The first box helped me so much that I obtained further supplies of the remedy and continued the treatment. After using about eight boxes, my bowels were able to perform their particular function without aid.

The relief in my case has been lasting, as up to date, I have never had any further trouble. I can recommend "Fruit-a-lives" to all suffering as I did and I am sure they will derive equal benefit."

A. W. FRANKLIN.

"Fruit-a-lives" are sold by all dealers at 50c a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size 25c., or sent postpaid by Fruit-a-lives Limited, Ottawa, Ont.



Breaks the Grip of Colds

Minard's loosens the deadly grip of colds in the throat and chest.

The following letters are the best proof of its effectiveness:—

"We consider your Minard's Liniment a very superior article, and we use it as a sure relief for sore throat and chest.—Chas. F. Tilton, Fairville."

"We can recommend Minard's highly for sprains, bruises, pains or tightness of the chest, soreness of the throat, headache or anything of that sort.—John Wakefield, La Have Islands, Lunenburg Co., N.S."

"Have used Minard's Liniment for Croup; found nothing equal to it.—Chas. E. Sharp, Hawkshaw, N.B."



YARMOUTH, N.S.

23

PILES.

A prominent Yarmouth Gentleman has discovered a New and Wonderful Treatment for Piles. Having proved its merits in his own case and in that of several friends he now desires the General Public to have the opportunity to benefit by his discovery. If you suffer from Piles in any form send today and find out free how you can accomplish the same result at home, in a very short time and at trifling expense.

The Micmac Remedy,

Department D6,

Yarmouth, Nova Scotia.

MILLER'S WORM POWDERS

RELIEVE THE RESTLESS CONDITION BROUGHT ON BY THE PRESENCE OF WORMS AND RESTORE THE CHILD TO NORMAL HEALTH.

NO NARCOTICS—PLEASANT AS SUGAR

FARMERS MARKETS

PROVISION MARKET

At Toronto prices closed 50c per 100 lbs. lower, with final sales of select at \$10.50 per 100 lbs., fed and watered, while the decline at Winnipeg was also 50c per 100 lbs., select closing at \$9, and at Calgary they dropped \$1 per 100 lbs. to \$8.25. The bulk of the trading in the Montreal market was done at \$11 to \$11.25 per 100 lbs. for select weighed off cars, which prices show a reduction for the week of 75c per 100 lbs.

Sales of 8 to 12-lb. hams at 25c to 26c per lb., heavy weights at 23c to 24c per lb., cooked flat hams at 40c per lb. and cooked hams at 37c per lb., while smoked breakfast bacon sold at 32c per lb. A good trade was done in trimmed loins of fresh pork and prices ruled steady at 27c per lb. and trimmed shoulders at 18c per lb.

A firm feeling prevailed in the lard market, with sales of Canadian refined grades at 19c per lb. in 1 lb. blocks and at 17c per lb. in 20-lb. wood pails.

COUNTRY PRODUCE

Wholesale jobbing has been done on spot at 55c per dozen. The bulk of the trade has been in fall fresh and storage eggs, for which the demand has been good for domestic consumption, and the market was active, with sales of the former at 45c to 46c per dozen, select at 39c to 40c and No. 1 stock at 36c.

DAIRY PRODUCTS

At the final sale of the week finest creamery sold at 34 1-4c per lb., which was 1-4c per lb. lower for the week, while fine was unchanged at 33c per lb., but they were 3 1-4c to 3 1-2c per lb. below the corresponding date last year, when finest sold at 37 3-4c per lb. and fine at 35 1-4c per lb.

Western finest sold September white and colored at 19 1-2c to 20c per lb., and eastern goods at 18 1-2c to 19c per lb.

A UNIQUE SITUATION

The situation is unique in the annals of British election politics, inasmuch as with only three weeks to the election date, none of the leaders has yet announced his policy; each side appears to be waiting on the other. The only real question before the electorate is whether they wish to be governed by a coalition. But that cannot properly be described as an election plank, because, except in the quite unanticipated result of a tremendous landslide in favor of one particular party, it is almost certain that no party will be returned strong enough to form a Government without the co-operation of some other party. The Free Liberals and Laborites have of course well defined policies, and, according to present indications, are resolutely opposed to any co-operation with Lloyd George, even should the former premier seek reconciliation with either of them. Lord Crewe, the "Wee Free" leader in the House of Lords, declared pointblank that the Asquithians would not co-operate with the late premier.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S INTENTIONS

Mr. Chamberlain spoke on Monday at a dinner at the Hotel Victoria given by the Carlton Club minority to himself, Lord Balfour and Lord Birkenhead, the Unionist members of the Lloyd George cabinet, who had refused to desert the Coalition. Chamberlain defended their action as taken in the interests of loyalty and honor, and declared that as they had served the Unionist party in the past so they were prepared to remain members of it in the future.

He said: "We have it not in contemplation to join or form any other party. What we say and what we urge will be said from within the party and urged upon our party."

He would support the new government, as Bonar Law had supported the party as a private member.

Balfour is Cheered

Lord Balfour said that he was profoundly moved by the situation which he believed was almost unique in the long history of English public life. He had nothing to add to the speech just delivered. The personal side of the situation each person must decide for himself. Since 1915 he had been Lloyd George's colleague in war and in peace. He had found him a man of amazing courage, great resource, considerate of opinions of others and in no sense attempting to use his great position in favor of one party or the other. There had never been at any moment a division of opinion on any party issue.

"Were they going now to say to Lloyd George, 'You have done incalculable service, not merely to the Coalition

For cheese 19 1-4c per lb. paid at Picton and 18 1-8c per lb. at Perth, and the bulk of the other purchases were made at from 18 1-16c to 18 15-16c per lb. for western goods and 17 3-4c to 17 7-8c per lb. were paid for eastern. There was only one auction sale held here by the United Dairymen Co-operative Society, when No. 1 white sold at 19 3-8c per lb. and No. 1 colored at 19 5-16c per lb.

THE GRAIN MARKETS

A very strong feeling continues to prevail in the market for winter wheat flour and prices for car lots of choice grades scored another advance of 10c per barrel on Saturday. The demand was good with sales of choice grades at \$5.40 to \$5.50 per barrel in second-hand jute bags, and winter wheat patents at \$5.70 to \$5.80 per barrel in new cotton bags, ex-store. White corn flour was firm with a steady demand at \$4.40 to \$4.50 per barrel in jute bags, delivered to the trade.

Cash prices closed:—

Wheat—No. 1 northern \$1.00 5-8; No. 2 northern 99 5-8c; No. 3 northern 95 7-8c; No. 4 northern 90 5-8c; No. 5 northern 86 1-8c; track \$1.00 7-8.

Oats—No. 2 C. W. 42 1-8c; No. 3 C. W. 38 3-8c; ex-No. 1 feed 38 3-8c; No. 1 feed 36 3-8c; No. 2 feed 33 1-8c; track 40 1-2c.

Barley—No. 3 C. W. 51 5-8c; No. 4 C. W. 46 3-4c; rejected 42 5-8c; feed 42 5-8c; track 51 1-2c.

Rye—No. 2 C. W. 72c; track 71 7-8c. Flax—No. 1 N. W. \$2.13 1-2; No. 2 C. W. \$2.09 1-2; No. 3 C. W. \$1.83 1-2; rejected \$1.83 1-2; track \$2.07.

Foreign Exchange Department, Bank of Montreal shows: Sterling 4.4524 (par value 4.86 2-3).

N. Y. Funds 9-64 discount.

but to the country. Your services will be immortalized in history. We do not foresee any difference with you, but we find the party machine has had enough of you and we must ask you to leave."

"Who is going to play the role? For what reward, for what consideration is any man going to degrade himself (burst of prolonged cheers), to the point that he would give such a message to such a man? (Renewed cheers).

The action taken at the Carlton Club had given a wound to a truly Conservative party of moderation and good sense, which will not easily be healed."

"Mad Counsels" at the Carlton

Lord Balfour was followed by Lord Birkenhead, who said:—

"I think mad counsels were taken at the Carlton Club. No one has been able to say that Mr. Lloyd George does not stand for the greatness of this country. That personality we had on our side. Forces obeying his guidance were working with us in loyal alliance. The Carlton Club said we must throw all that aside. I will not acquiesce in that verdict. I will not work against any Coalition Liberal who follows the road of Lloyd George.

"The forces that make to the left are growing in strength. Be under no delusion. The immediate challenge is declared, not in the speeches of the labor leaders. They are the real challenge and they alone. I will never consent to weaken the vital forces which alone can resist them.

McKENNA JOINS BONAR LAW

Reginald McKenna, former Chancellor of the Exchequer, long known as a staunch Liberal, created a sensation in political circles on Tuesday afternoon when, addressing the London City Conservative Association, he came out in support of Bonar Law's policy.

"I highly esteem the courage and conviction of Bonar Law," he said. "It seems to me his Government offers us the only prospect of stability. We shall have not only peace and retrenchment, but capable and faithful administration."

The Conservative Slogan

The Conservative party campaign will be one against Socialism, judging from the flood of propaganda being released from the Unionist central headquarters.

"Safety first; vote Conservative," will be the slogan, and among the watchwords are "Be safe under the Unionists, not sorry under Socialism" and "No hands up to the reds; Socialism is the red route to ruin."

Mr. Bonar Law, on Tuesday, held a conference with William T. Cosgrave, head of the Irish Provisional Government, with regard to Irish affairs.

Labor has decided it will have a candidate to oppose every new member in the Cabinet. Labor has kept the size of its war chest very secret, but the leaders have stated they are well fixed for money.

Welcomes Back the Prince

The last official function of Mr. Lloyd George's premiership was the reception given on Friday by the City of London in the Guildhall to the Prince of Wales on his return from India.

In proposing the health of the Prince, Mr. Lloyd George said: "I regret that this toast should have fallen to the lot of a transient though disembarassed phantom. Although I may have ceased to represent a good many people upon many questions, probably upon most questions, upon one question I, without faltering or hesitation, say I am speaking the mind of every party and of every person in the country, when I say God bless the Prince of Wales." (Cheers.)

Then he paid a high tribute to the courage of the Prince in undertaking his mission to India, and concluded: "I am proud that my last official function here and the last official function of my premiership is to propose the health of the Prince of Wales. It is a great privilege

Have you any money owing to you?



COLLECTING money for farmers from out of town or distant points is but one of the many services we are prepared to render our farmer customers. Tell our manager who owes you money and where he is and we will look after the collecting of it for you.

THE ROYAL BANK OF CANADA

to me to have to propose it, and I think for my colleagues and myself I may reply with the words of the dying gladiator, 'Morituri te salutamus.'

"There may be differences between parties, there may be divisions in parties, there may be mists, but upon one thing there is no division, there is no difference of opinion between any section or party, or faction, and that is in our admiration, our attachment and affection for the Prince of Wales."

GREEKS LEAVING THRACE

The Allied commissioners in Constantinople on Monday sent "cereal commissions" into Thrace with the object of arranging for the evacuation of all grain, cattle and farm implements belonging to Greek subjects.

Definite arrangements for the entry of the Turkish gendarmerie were completed Monday. The gendarmerie are expected to enter the frontier districts on October 30th and 31st: Tchiorlu, Vise, Demirkeuy and Sarl. Their civil administration will date from November 1st. They will occupy Kirknessen November 8th, and Rodosto November 15th and 20th.

The foreign quarter and non-Moslem districts of Constantinople spent a restless night on Monday, owing to the boisterous celebrations in Stamboul, the Turkish section, in connection with the public reception of Rafet Pasha, military governor of Eastern Thrace, and his gendarmes. Heavy explosions of fireworks were audible in all sections, giving rise to the fear that the demonstration might develop at any moment into a more serious affair. The allied police were largely reinforced, and the night passed without any serious incident.

Route to be Taken by Turks

The Allied generals and the Turkish Nationalists are still at loggerheads over the route to be taken by the Turkish gendarmerie, in their occupation of Eastern Thrace. Rafet Pasha, the new military governor of Thrace, at a lengthy conference with the allied chiefs on Monday urged that the gendarmes be permitted to go through Constantinople, but was told that the bulk of these forces must enter by way of Rodosto. None of the conferees seemed in a friendly mood.

All the gendarmes with the exception of a small force at Constantinople are now gathered at Mudania and Ismid awaiting word from the Allies to embark for Thrace.

The opening of the fourth session of the fifteenth Parliament of the Province of Quebec took place on Tuesday afternoon with the usual ceremonial and solemnity.

The Baptist convention of Ontario and Quebec meeting at Toronto, on Monday, endorsed proposals looking to the establishment of a system of daily instructions in public schools under church auspices.

Three hold-up men staged the boldest payroll robbery in the history of Long Island City just before noon on Saturday and succeeded in escaping with a payroll of \$4,700 belonging to The Foundation Co. of 120 Liberty street.

The Montreal "Witness and Canadian Homestead" is printed and published at No. 227 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.

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