

CANADIAN HOMESTEAD

The People's Paper

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Make Canada A Land to Love

The Week's Outlook

Christmas

WITH the circling of the year, Christmas has come again, when the trees are bare, when the earth lies sleeping, when the streams are silent, when the days are at their darkest and shortest and the nights at their longest and dreariest, then comes this old mid-winter festival with its message that, in spite of all, Light and Life and Love have conquered. Our pagan ancestors, Celt and Teuton, were impressed by Nature's parable, "the invisible things of God were clearly—or dimly—seen through the things which were made," and men strove to shadow them forth in mystic legend, in social custom, in pretty ritual. It was appropriate that the early herald of our Faith should have recognized, in the child-like imaginings of the people to whom he ministered, a searching after God "if haply they might feel after Him and find Him" who is "not far from every one of us." So the early leaders of the Church did what they could to remove abuses, to tone down extravagances, and to show how legend and ritual unconsciously pointed to the true Dayspring, the Light that lighteth every man, the Sun of Righteousness which had arisen over the dark earth with healing in his beams. So it is that Christmas comes to us laden with many strange and incongruous gifts, fragments of old-world pagan custom, sparks from ancient mystic torches, phrases from forgotten rituals, all woven together in one joyous pattern because they are struggling, more or less intelligently, to find their fulfilment in His name and in His service "whose goings forth have been from of old from everlasting" but who came, in a special and mysterious sense, to tabernacle among us on the first Christmas Day. The old painters who painted the Nativity invariably made the Child the centre to which every line of the picture should converge; so must Christmas be, if we are to catch its glory, its joy and its beauty.

The Home Festival

THE paganism that reverts to the old junketings and feasting, without the old earnest looking forward for something higher and better, and that newer paganism that thinks of Christmas merely from a commercial aspect, alike dishonour the day. Not so the spirit which, not forgetting the deeper meaning of the season, emphasizes Christmas as the season of all the year for innocent merriment. Christmas is appropriately the children's festival. It marks the era of the appreciation of childhood. It is the festival of the home. "There was no room for them in the inn", but the poor stable was a home for that night of nights, and every true home, since that night, has caught something of its glory. Christianity indeed is beyond everything else a home religion. Our Lord, from the beginning of his public work, was a homeless man, but from that very cause He made a hundred homes glad by His radiant presence. So as someone has said "Christmas is the preacher who emphasizes the fact that the religion which it celebrates is adapted to human nature. . . . Let Christmas stand for pleasure, and for the reason that it is especially the Christian Day . . . There the whole world takes up the refrain, 'Religion never was designed to make our pleasures less.' . . . If we were to fancy a wholly Christianized world, it would be a world inspired by the spirit of Christmas—a bright, friendly, beneficent, generous, sympathetic, mutually helpful world. . . . Love and sympathy open the way to keep Christmas all the year."

Peace And Goodwill

TODAY it seems as though we might be on the threshold of that better world, that Kingdom of Heaven whose standard was planted on earth on the first Christmas Day. We remember the sad Christmases during the War, when gloomy skies were in sorrowful harmony with the shadow that hung over the world.

We remember those Christmases since when peace seemed to be no peace, but a mask over a seething cauldron of bitterness, hatred and discontent. We are still far from the ideal state, but we find that in some mysterious way our faces have been set towards it. Men everywhere are talking peace and thinking peace, are seeking peace and pursuing it. "Peace on Earth" can only come among men of good will, and it is a matter of rejoicing that men of good will are increasing in numbers and influence in these great days, and that we are finding after all that the principles of Christianity, the principles of Christmas, are the highest and most practical statesmanship. So we can join in Whittier's glad chant upon the reconciliation following another great war:

"Blow, bugles of battle, the marches of peace!

Christ is the "Common Denominator" of Humanity. "It means," says his hero, "that when we all always look first and before anything else for the Christ in our neighbors, in our every fellowman . . . why, it means that when we all, always, do that, such by multiplication will be the increase of Christ among mankind that the second coming will have happened." Whatever more the great consummation, the second coming may mean it must at least include this, for "God is Love and he that abideth in Love, abideth in God and God abideth in him," or as Tolstoy says, "Where love is, there God is also."

Substance

And Shadow

MR. COOLIDGE is no longer "the great executive of few words." His annual message to Congress is one of

Emmanuel

Hail, Tiny One! God dwells in Thee:
Not other than Thyself is He.
How wondrous Thine epiphany,

Thy showing unto Israel
How very God in man might dwell,
Thou Son of Man, Emmanuel.

In man's own image God shall grow
The veil is rent, the cloud aglow,
By which man unto God may go.

What know'st Thou, smiling little One,
Of those tense years that must be run,
Focus of time beneath the sun,

Of the Sublime infinity
Of Thy tremendous destiny
When fate of worlds shall rest on Thee?

And what knew man in callow years,
His gods begotten of his fears,
Of that high likeness that he wears?

Thou showest God, in all Thy mien,
A different God than man didween,
Who sees Thee hath the Father seen.

A Father God, a God that cares,
Who suffers, sorrows, ministers,
And with the sinner greatly bears.

What is in man Thou too dost know,
Through his simplicity didst go;
And what he shall be Thou dost show.

Thou giv'st the children of the sod,
Even them who are Thy flesh and blood,
Power to become the Sons of God.

East, west, north and south bid the long quarrel cease;
Sing the song of great joy that the angels began,
Sing of glory to God and of goodwill to man!
Hark! Joining in chorus
The heavens bend o'er us!
The dark night is ending, the dawn has begun:
Rise, hope of the ages, arise like the sun,
All speech flow to music, all hearts beat as one!"

Better still we are coming to feel that Peace to be worthy of the name must be not merely a cessation from strife but a love for our brothers of every race, a love as heroic as the love of country or comrade displayed in war. Perhaps we are coming sensibly nearer the realization of Hutchinson in his new book, that

the longest on record. It contains nothing surprising on domestic issues. Tax reduction, railway consolidation, the sale of Muscle Shoals, are the chief recommendations. His strongest plea is for the patriotic observance of the prohibition law coupled with conscientious enforcement by all government officials. Turning to foreign affairs Mr. Coolidge lauds the Locarno agreements. He urges his country to join the World Court forthwith. But he is somewhat vague on the question of disarmament when he says that:

"The general policy of our country is for disarmament and it ought not to hesitate to adopt any practical plan that might reasonably be expected to succeed. But it would not care to attend a conference which from its location or constituency would, in all probability prove futile."

If Mr. Coolidge's statement is accepted

at its face value, it would appear as if he had given up his cherished hope of staging a great gathering in Washington. Any conference that succeeds must include those nations which comprise the League along with the United States and Russia. But Russia could not possibly attend a conference held in the capital of the one great power which refuses to recognize the Soviet. Again there are reasons, of puerile origin it is true, but of real weight which make it very difficult for either the United States or Russia to attend a conference held directly under League auspices. Consent to such a procedure by Mr. Coolidge would be regarded as a repudiation of all the anti-entanglement declarations of his party in the crusade against Wilson. Similarly the Soviet dictators could not associate with the League without swallowing some of their most fiery statements. Only last week Alexis Rykoff, successor to Lenin, described the League as "an instrument of war and subjugation and not of liberation." Still, the present is an era remarkable for the melting away of the barriers erected between peoples by pride and prejudice. Rykoff has, himself, declared that Russia is prepared to abolish its entire army and scrap all its armaments if other nations will do likewise. In view of this no minor prejudices or difficulties should be allowed to prevent the conference. The League seems to have already recognized these difficulties and has appointed a special commission to take up the disarmament work. This was the procedure in the Opium Conference which enabled the United States to attend and still to maintain the fiction of no League relationships. Possibly the present commission could take advantage of Germany's peculiar situation. Russia is far more sympathetic with that nation than with the allied powers. There would be something inspiring in a disarmament call from the one great disarmed nation. It should find ready response in unarmed Canada. Some such a way out of the difficulty can surely be found. Men of goodwill will seek the substance and let the shadow go. Who gets the credit is of no real import. But disarmament is a great goal of vital interest to mankind.

Pitfalls in The Path of Peace

LORD CECIL, Britain's representative on the disarmament council of the League, has given the press a carefully prepared statement of difficulties in the way of disarmament. His purpose is not to magnify the obstacles, still less to obstruct, but to give the world an intelligent idea of the preliminary work necessary before any disarmament conference can hope to succeed. The chief obstacle to disarmament is narrow nationalism which still is widespread even in countries affected by the Locarno treaty. This is especially dangerous when prevalent among the permanent officials of governments who wield an influence far out of proportion to their numbers. Many of these "still think it more important to keep their powder dry than to trust in God." But immense technical difficulties must also be overcome. Mere numbers of men enrolled in armies, permanent or volunteer, mean little.

"Even assuming that all nationalities were equally brave—a very large assumption—it remains true that in a modern army guns, rifles, tanks and bombs are of greater importance in estimating strength than the number of soldiers, yet to draw up a list of the weapons of war is almost impracticable, and such lists would require constant revision. Moreover, who shall compare one kind of weapon with another? Who shall say how many rifles are equal to a tank? Who shall make any scale of that kind?"

Lord Cecil held that either the present armies and armaments should be reduced by a certain fixed percentage or else nations be classed in categories and allowed certain maximums in men and materials. But arguments as to the convertibility of citizens into soldiers and of machinery of peace into weapons of war were inevitable. Aeroplanes, for instance, could not possibly be abolished and yet with practically no change can be turned into deadly war machines. Yet, in spite of all, Lord Cecil believes that dis-

armament will finally come. First the financial situation in Europe demands it. Secondly, treaty obligations and public opinion will compel it. Lastly, all Europe realizes that any great future war would almost certainly destroy civilization. That is why disarmament must come. It is a matter of self preservation.

Striving Spirits

"SIRS, ye are brethren! Why do ye strive?" was the utterance of a great soul in an age when tribal solidarity was of the first importance, when slaying one of a different race was a matter of course—if done in the interest of the clan, a matter of duty. "It was said by them of old time thou shalt love thy neighbor and hate thine enemy." That old rule was abrogated at the dawn of a new era, an era that has been very very slow in evolving. The French have just been discovering at Locarno that the Germans are their neighbors and their brothers. The Irish of the big end and the little end have just been having the truth somewhat unwillingly forced upon them that, strange as it may seem, they are all devoted Irishmen. But what could more upset the received order of the past than to find a strong demand arising in Britain for a similar fraternization with the "unspeakable Turk," "a Turkish Locarno!" Such a holy adventure in fraternity should be hailed wherever it appears. But it is hardly strengthened by being taken up by those who have been zealously urging the retirement of Britain from Iraq; in other words, the handing back of emancipated Mesopotamia to the Turks, who, unless they belie all their history, can only blast it. That anti-crusade has been led by the two British lords of the press, who do not owe their titles to any of the old British knightliness, which, from the time of King Arthur's round table down, has counted it its mission to champion the oppressed. The League Commission whose indefinite findings were chiefly responsible for the deadlock suggested two or three alternate ways of disposing of Mosul. These were all based on the fact that Mosul was legally, and by racial preference, still part of Turkey—but dependent for its prosperity on unrestricted intercourse with Iraq. The Commission urged that it would be unwise to award Mosul to Iraq unless Britain were prepared to remain there for twenty-five years after her original mandate expires in 1929.

Limited Limited

THIS proposal that Great Britain should mount guard for another generation over the Kingdom of Hammurabi of Sennacherib and Sardanapalus and Nebuchadnezzar and Xerxes, and the great Caliph Haroun Alraschid has brought some consternation to England which is feeling today more than ever the crushing effects of the late war, and above all things abhorring the idea of a permanent threat of war on a very remote border. By this proposal, the question is in a manner transferred from Mosul to the whole of Iraq. It is one which, according to the code of the League, should be adjudicated chiefly in the interests of Iraq. To solve it by simple retirement would only remove the point of contact, though, no doubt, to a more defensible line. But, without deciding what should be the outcome, the proposal to apply "the Spirit of Locarno" to the Turk, and to settle the matter fraternally, is most welcome. Against that good spirit the Evil one is set the warpath. General Laidoner of Estonia, who was sent by the League to investigate stories of Turkish brutality on the Mosul border, reports cruelties, deportations and massacres. How far Turkey is the promoter of these is a further question. Kemal's career hitherto makes it natural so to ascribe them. But it is only necessary in some quarters to lift the restraining hand of power to set cruel tribes at each other's throats. At all events the Turkish emissaries to the League reported orders from Angora for their retirement from the League council and defiance of the League's authority. If this be bluff, as Colonel Amery would have it, it is carrying bluff very far. The English people are afraid of Colonel Amery committing them to twenty-five years of contest on behalf of peoples who may not appreciate their patronage. The Turks are not the only ones accused of shocking barbarities. There is a deputation of Arabs from Syria at Geneva accusing the French whose occupation consists of African troops, some of

them semi-savage black Senegalese, of atrocities more deliberate and more hideously infamous than any of which the Germans were accused in Belgium or France. These emissaries do not ask that the mandate be withdrawn, only for the withdrawal of the troops.

The Dail And The Pact

THE Boundary Pact was approved by the Dail Eireann by a vote of seventy-one to twenty. It had already been ratified by the parliament of Great Britain and of Ulster. Mr. Cosgrave in pressing for the adoption of the agreement reminded the Dail that the policy of all the political leaders in the past four years had been that there should be "no coercion of Ulster." But, he said, the opponents of the London agreement were abandoning that policy; they wanted to coerce Ulster, while not calling it coercion. He claimed that the Government had secured for the first time the good will of Northern Ireland. The Government had made the best case it could. It had met an honest, just and generous people and had set forth the inability of the Free State to pay the proportion allotted to it of the British National debt. Allusion to the "good will of Northern Ireland" and to the British as "an honest, just and generous people" is novel as coming from the lips of an Irish Nationalist leader, and may serve as evidence that the British policy of Dominion self-government is bearing fruit in Ireland as it has in other members of the British Commonwealth. Mr. Cosgrave's handling of the phrase "no coercion of Ulster" was skilful and powerful. It brings to mind the influence which such epigrammatic "slogans" have excited in Irish affairs. "Pay no Rent," "Ireland for the Irish," "No Surrender," "Home Rule would be Rome Rule," "Ulster will fight and Ulster will be Right," "Wait and See," "Fall Steam Ahead." Mr. Cosgrave's is by far the pleasantest of the lot, and contrasts agreeably with those which have formerly swayed Irish opinion. Although the "pact" has been accepted by the Dail,—to use a mixed metaphor,—it has another hurdle to jump before it is out of the wood. Under the democratic Free State's constitution a referendum can be demanded and a matter of policy such as the acceptance of the Boundary pact, submitted to the vote of the people. Mr. de Valera may be trusted to do all in his power to bring this about. There is reason to hope, however, that a referendum would result in a vote of confidence in the Government and in its policy. The Irish Free State has many difficulties to face and many burdens to bear. It is hardly likely that its people will choose to add the rejection of the peace pact.

Marshal Feng

THE present aspect in China is that Feng rules the roost, Chang's recently powerful combination having unaccountably fallen to pieces through revolt in his following, the principal recalcitrant being one General Kwo who would seem to be having some backing from Feng. Feng has put out a manifesto meant to reach all China, the theme of which is loyalty to the republic as such. He says he is not a politician, having reached his present position as a soldier. He has done much fighting but takes no joy in that. His heart is broken by it. But there are some things that he thinks China needs. It should become a real republic, which it is not now. To that end the whole people need to be educated into fitness for that great responsibility and duty. Then he would eradicate influences working against the republic. With these he classes the unsuccessful but highly mischievous grasping at power by Yuan Shih-Kai and by Chang Hsun. The continuance of the sham court of P'u Yi, the deposed young emperor, was a menace till last year. Then follows much good advice of a similar general sort bearing out his first assertion that he is not a practical politician but, so far as appears, showing him to be entirely loyal to the principle of democracy. Feng's picture of himself is much different from that usually painted by the correspondents. But, of course, what we learn of him has to come largely through the medium of persons prejudiced against him by the outspoken piety of his army and himself. We must apparently look to him as a force high in patriotic loyalty, strong in integrity, with a minimum of self-seeking and guided by right instincts, rather than by comprehensive judgments.

Commercial Rivals

ENGLAND'S prima virtue and her bane is keeping on. The Englishman has the bull-dog quality of not letting go—of fighting it out. There never was a more splendid instance of this than in the way she has been facing her liabilities and the cost of business depression while all the other debtor nations were keeping things humming by expanding their currency. On the other hand she has an old and not unfounded reputation for an equally dogged adherence to the English way of doing things. From her traditional £. s. d., which divorces her from the more facile decimal currencies that exchange with it, to the British and Foreign Bible Society, which plants bibles in every country under the sun, but, with its unnecessarily offending name, proclaims itself and its books "foreign" on every title page, England goes placidly on obstructing her vital interests, temporal and spiritual. In spite of her own willful handicaps in countless forms, she went on till the war, as more and more the mart of the world, very largely because of her untrammelled commerce. Of late, however, she has been wondering much whether the jolt of the war and the exhaustive liabilities consequent on it were the only causes why other countries have been cutting in upon her markets, especially the United States with her plethora of capital. It was a very fine gesture for the F. B. I. (how they do love initials!) the Federation of British Industries, to send its president and assistant director across the sea to find out whether there was anything there to learn. The emissaries had the usual stock of British preference, and of course got their information from the masters of industry, but found a number of things to admire. There was the prevalence of education, specifically, of technical education which was within the reach of all who wanted it. There are in the States today five hundred thousand university students against two hundred thousand ten years ago. The interesting points about labor were the restriction of immigration, high wages, labor saving devices, and, specially interesting to British employers, unrestricted output with excellent relations between employers and employed. The American employer as well as his "help" to use the old New England word, believes in high wages and in the fullest output. Pressure and financial encouragement are employed in some quarters to get the company's stock into the hands of the employees. The commission's report on prohibition is a grudging one. It confessedly had been a considerable influence toward greater industrial efficiency. But the cost might be too great in the social evils and contempt of law which the commissioners attributed to prohibition—not to the unlimited flow of money or to the dislocation of moral standards that characterize the era. Would it not have been at least as relevant to have attributed to prohibition the prodigious increase of university students? And in counting the cost did they take into account the handicap of Britain's drink bill of fifteen hundred million dollars, or, excluding the government's share through taxation, eight hundred and eighty million, besides a probably equal amount in inefficiency and trouble. That amount would nearly pay the interest on her national debt.

Downhill or up?

ANOTHER matter noted by these enquirers is that Americans are also taking stock of England and universally misjudging her. The business men of the United States have, they say, been totally deceived by Britain's habit of self-depreciation and have come of the conclusion that her day is done, her plants out of date, her methods antiquated, and that her workmen neither will nor can work. They think of the dole as pauperism, not knowing that it is an insurance system. The commission wants Britain, out of fairness to herself, to take some trouble to spread the true facts of the case. It is not to be denied that the picture thus drawn is in broad lines that which has impressed itself on the Americans, being gathered from what they have heard from time to time. That is a process that would naturally accentuate differences. But here we have Mr. Harvey, Mr. Harding's ambassador to the Court of St. James's who spent some years on friendly terms with the English as an intelligent observer, who has very much the same story to tell. Britain, he thinks may yet find herself unable to meet her great

debt. That is, the enormous share of her life blood that the United States is drawing from her, while refusing as far as possible to take her goods in payment. Interest charges on that loan, Mr. Harvey says, have not been reduced. They have risen to over a hundred and fifty million dollars a year. The British people are paying in taxes eighty seven dollars apiece—the highest ever known anywhere. It comes to twenty-three percent of the whole national income. It would take very robust conditions to stand that. What are the conditions? Britain's iron mines, whose proximity to coal gave them such value, are largely exhausted. Coal mining has now to compete with war-stimulated production elsewhere, and with the ever increasing substitution of oil, and is now dependent on subsidies. Britain's ship-building yards are largely closed owing to the development of shipping other than British. Britain is no longer anything but a workshop and a mart. In the latter capacity the figures are dwindling. Farm laborers get seven dollars a week. England is now living on her capital which is steadily declining. Her annual interest payments amount to nearly two thousand million dollars. It is from such statements as this that the financial and manufacturing magnates of the United States derive the comfortable assurance that they have no longer, or, at least, not for long, a rival in the world's old commercial and financial centre. Sir Henry Thornton who is more practically intimate with Britain's condition than Colonel Harvey has just returned from there. He tells the New York people that "England has touched bottom and is now on the way to a steady healthful improvement . . . there is nothing to worry about; she is paying her debts." He adds that "Some one has said that England loses every battle but the last one. She has been counted out many times; but she is coming back." Mr. MacDonald says: "Our business men are getting far too pessimistic. If they could only lift up their heads and see the vision of well-paid labor, labor with consuming power, labor well housed, labor living in fine cities where there was not only plenty of cash, much beauty and spiritual as well as material power—if business men would see that vision they would go on."

Gloom And Danger

AN Irishman, coming on a violent street fracas yelled: "Say, is this a family quarrel or can I get in?" Colonel Harvey might better perhaps have taken that amount of precaution before launching his estimate of Britain's present plight. He could no doubt cite chapter and verse from the expressions of prominent Britishers, for most, if not all of his doleful diagnosis. But with them it is a family question, wares offered on a market where they need the utmost accentuation to get listened to, but which may do immense harm in regions where they may be too willingly accepted. Canadian editors who visited Australia last summer were amazed at the impressions prevailing there as to Canada's financial position. For that judgment Mr. Meighen and prominent Canadian newspapers were the warrant. The Montreal Star's "Whisper of Death" may have been inspired by a patriotic desire to express the genuine apprehension of the well-informed, and to arrest Canadians in their habits of extravagance by a sense of the burdens that were heaping up against the country. Certainly its sepulchral and very inarticulate moanings were lost on the Canadian crowd; but not, it seems, on outsiders. The danger of such statements in the foreign market is the one-sided truth that is in them. Once an idea finds lodgment in receptive soil it is very difficult to displace it. Lord Beaverbrook tells how, as Canadian publicity agent in the early part of the war, he was so successful in convincing the United States that the Canadians were doing wonderful work that when he assumed the same position for the whole Empire he could not remove their fixed conviction that the Canadians were doing the fighting for the whole army.

Britain Not "Done"

ENGLAND is not "done." Anyone familiar with the British character and history must realize that. Nowhere in the world has there been a wider recognition of the need to face facts and make sacrifices to obtain industrial stability. Some observers are of the opinion that part of Britain's present plight is due to over-hastiness in this regard. The

speedy settling of the debt to United States was a fine gesture. But it resulted in Britain paying far more than her fair share, judged even on the American "capacity to pay" formula. Also it established the precedent of repaying allied debts in gold rather than in goods, in the same way they were contracted. The effect of this on world commerce and relations has not yet been fully realized. Likewise the return to the gold standard was a great step towards stability. But one result is to make the nation repay its huge war debt at twenty shillings on the pound instead of at about half that value—the level at which at least her domestic debt was borrowed, and that from the United States, if the war prices of the goods got for the money be taken into account. But what England seems to need above all else is something to stir the imagination and genius of the people. In the days of her amazing recovery following the Napoleonic wars British inventive genius and methods of production enabled her to dominate world commerce. They will enable her to regain her relative position when, and only when, they are relatively as superior as they were then. Temporarily this seems impossible as British industry is devoting so much of its time to quarrelling over the division of the proceeds between capital and labor instead of cooperating in discovering ways and means of increasing them. But of late capital has shown a tendency to relinquish part of what it considered its share. Only last week the giant Vickers Limited "wrote off" sixty millions of its invested capital. Dunlops, and Croses and Blackwell, of jam fame, recently did likewise. While labor has so far shown no willingness to submit to wage cuts there are indications that it realizes dimly the fact that the "ca' canny" policy of restricted output is suicidal. Once that impression becomes general improvement is certain.

The Moving Spirit

CRITICISM of the Locarno treaties is chiefly to the effect that they merely line up the European powers against Russia instead of against Germany. That Russia is not included in the new concert of Europe is indeed a lamentable fact. But there is every appearance that the western European powers are really anxious to remove the defect. Chicherin's presence in France is also regarded as significant. It is a hopeful omen considering the remarks of Rakovsky, the new Soviet ambassador to France. That gentleman made the occasion of presenting his credentials serve as an opportunity for delivering a message to France and the world. He carefully stated that:

"The anti-Soviet sting must come out of the Locarno treaty, which must be completed by agreements with Russia if it is to be regarded as the starting point for a policy of European solidarity. Negotiations with such an end in view have already begun and we will continue them."

Ambassadors, of course, shape their statements to please the statesmen with whom they are dealing. Also in Russia's case an agreement is more difficult owing to the fact that it is impossible to dissociate Moscow from the revolutionary activities of communists everywhere. Still, that is Russia's religion and she cannot but propagate it. It is a state religion, and that complicates matters. On the other hand the "spirit of Locarno" is a conquering force. It is a spiritual war and that force which is greatest and best should conquer. Any way if Russia is willing the rest of Europe cannot afford to hang back.

And Still it Moves

IF any proof were needed that the world is slowly but surely working towards world prohibition the recent incident in the French Chamber would furnish it. A group of deputies demanded jail sentences for propagandists against wine. The debate became very heated. All of which shows that France feels the way the wind is blowing. Those whose tastes, still worse, whose interests will be adversely affected are up in arms. France has enormous interests in wine. So great a part of the nation's wealth is it that it seems like treason to assail it. While a short time ago prohibition could be dismissed in France by mere ridicule and offhand gestures, today the interests count it necessary to use more destructive weapons. Wine contains valuable

vitamines, they say. Wine-making is one of the basic industries of France. Prohibition had resulted in poisoning thousands of good Americans by bootleg liquor, and in converting thousands more into drug addicts. These arguments, however foolish, are well known on this continent. But they are new to France. The liquor representatives there have suddenly discovered a horrible situation. Not only are government radio stations being used to broadcast prohibition propaganda, but the people of France have actually been voting money each year, through their deputies, to the anti-alcoholic league. Hence the war is on in earnest. And one thing is certain, the French are not given to tilting at windmills. They would not be so exercised over prohibition unless the threat were real.

Realignment

CANADIAN parties are beginning to realize the need of more democratic conditions than those suggested by a general election in which two leaders of the hosts were turned loose to fight each other very much at their own discretion with such weapons as might come to hand. The plan suggested for the Conservative party is that recently advocated in the Witness of calling a conference of supporters from all sections of the country and together hammering out a platform. This would save the party as a whole from responsibility for random and contradictory positions found in the

very sympathetically arrayed in great detail the quasi assurances given to the French by the Borden government that no coercive enlistment was contemplated and echoed by Sir Wilfrid Laurier in his appeals to his countrymen to enlist. He gave some touching details of how eagerly some of the French youth had taken up their country's cause before conscription was determined on. His array of facts assumed throughout that conscription was specially abhorrent to the French, being regarded by them as an assault upon their nationality, but offered no explanation of why it was so regarded. Mr. Cahan saw infinite mischief to the country in this and other sectional cleavages. He also saw mischief in some utterances such as above referred to, for which the party must not be held responsible. He therefore urged a national conference bringing Conservatives together in fair proportion from all sections to find common ground on which to make appeal to the country. This move seems to us altogether wholesome and suggestive of considerable realignment. There are many indications that leaders are realizing a similar necessity for some such method of getting together the various Liberal elements.

Obvious Camouflage

ACCORDING to the Toronto Telegram (Conservative) Mr. Ferguson

throw every ounce of energy into provincial liquor fights. Similarly, even where provinces are wet it is good tactics to rout the foe in various localities. The immediate task in Ontario is, therefore, the preparing of a united, non-partisan opposition to a government whose return means the capture of the great bulwark of the dry defences in Canada—consequently in North America.

A Red Herring

MR. STEVENS, of Vancouver, has given notice that the Conservatives intend to force a decision as early as possible in the session. He has placed a resolution on the parliamentary order paper censuring the government for failing to enact an adequate rural credits measure. One might imagine that the Tories had suddenly become converted, and were now in favor of a plan which they so generally opposed last year. Not at all! The Conservatives will support the motion for party reasons. The Progressives would usually find it difficult to vote against it as it is one of the chief planks in their platform. But Mr. Campbell, a Progressive, has subsequently placed another resolution on the order paper practically identical with that of Mr. Stevens. This is either a coincidence or shows considerable political acumen. The Progressive group can now vote against Mr. Stevens red herring manoeuvre—exposing it for what it is. A few days later they can support Mr. Campbell's motion, plainly showing their constituents where they stand. The incident would indicate that the coming session will abound with clever tricks and subterfuges. The anti-protectionist forces will have to be constantly on guard to avoid being outwitted. Not that there should be any idea of matching cleverness with cleverness. True Liberals eastern and western should be planning a reconstruction on lines that would enable those opposed to a plundering tariff to stand together against a common danger. Threats in Britain of the creation of such vested interests in protection as we unfortunately have in Canada would seem to have got Liberalism and Labor there busy burying the hatchet. Lord Oxford, that is, Mr. Asquith, has been waving the olive branch, and now Mr. Lloyd George who, a year ago saw the nation's chief peril behind the Labor movement, says in his paper, the Chronicle, that this danger is forcing old foes into new friendships, while Mr. MacDonald, in a speech to his own supporters, said it was to the Liberal party of the past that the country owed its present liberties, and appealed for its cooperation against Mr. Baldwin's protective policy. Mr. Meighen's determination certainly is to hand Canada over to the protectionists. It is for those who see danger in that policy, with its tremendous press and money backing, to see to it that they are not wheedled by minor differences into handing the country over to him and to them. Under whatever lead may be possible, what we want is a party free to hit out straight for a reduced tariff, and for effective immigration measures, and for the deliverance of the country from drink.

Controlling Conferences

CANADIAN shipping interests have formed a "conference" of their own. Hereafter transatlantic rates on eastbound freight will be dictated by a group in Montreal rather than by the general North Atlantic Conference. According to the evidence given before the parliamentary ocean rates committee last winter these price-fixing combinations are inevitable. The shipping interests claim that they make for regularity and improved service. Certainly they have not succeeded so far in reaping undue profits for the owners. Lord Inchcape the British shipping magnate only last week advanced figures to show that this year was the most disastrous in all the history of shipping. Nevertheless all history shows that price-fixing bodies which represent only one of the three parties concerned in transportation are open to grave abuse. If the "carriers"—to give them their technical term—fix rates to suit themselves injustices to the "shippers" or "receivers" are almost inevitable. No price fixing body can ever be assured of public confidence unless it represents all the parties concerned. This is a fact that must be recognized on water as it has been for a quarter of a century on land. Not that the formation of the purely Canadian conference should aggravate the trouble. On the contrary prices

Fraternity

Full oft hath prophet gazed upon
The Promised Land, yet to be won,
From Zoar unto Lebanon;
But might not enter in.

Full oft the wisdom of the wise
The god of selfishness defies
And at the goal averts the prize
That wisdom thought to win.

The nations find their councils great
Still manacled by pride and hate,
Or by conditions inchoate,
The dawn before the day.

An unremembered Friend doth smile
And whispers, "Come apart awhile;
There is a better way.

"You think your eager work defeated
Bethink you how long I have waited
On man's so long delay.

"Now take each other by the hand
And lay aside each stern demand,
Remember what you pray.

"Not Gaul or German here are ye,
Nor South nor North in enmity—
Just brothers seeking to agree
And to forswear all strife."

Greater the conquest—greater far
Than triumph that leaves hearts ajar.
Is fellowship of life;

So we have seen and still shall see
The triumph of fraternity.

utterances of a leader under stress of varying conditions—at one time the festive: "Ready! aye ready," at another the violent swing to the opposite extreme, with the promise to split the country in two with a vote on the edge of a war precipice. The proposal comes from Mr. Cahan, the brilliant Conservative member for a largely English-speaking Montreal constituency, which he carried without denouncing military liability. In a careful speech delivered at Toronto, Mr. Cahan dealt with the lesson of the late election, which showed the Conservatives to have made remarkable gains everywhere among the English-speaking people, but to have received nothing but rebuffs wherever there were French. This reveals what is in the hearts of all true Canadians an exceedingly serious condition, which we congratulate Mr. Cahan on his valiant adventure to correct. Addressing a Toronto audience he expressed the responsibility and sympathy of the east for the abnormal railway development of the Prairie provinces, the result of a confidence in the future in which all shared, and a genuine desire to aid them in their marketing problems. He dropped a sympathetic tear upon the depletion of the Maritime provinces. He

is to appeal to the people of Ontario on a government sale of liquor program. The legislature will be convened and the budget passed before the appeal is made. But the liquor bill is to be completely drafted for the consideration of the people in the election. The Telegram declares that local option will be a feature. It is hoped by this means to get the country parts, feeling safe, to vote wet on party lines. It is a rather obvious bit of camouflage. It will enable Mr. Ferguson to declare that he is giving the various sections self-government and fair play. The towns voted largely wet in the last plebiscite. They would probably do so again. Wet towns mean wet rural districts. In these days of motor cars and paved highways a few miles means nothing. Let everyone realize once and for all that success for the Ferguson policy means simply wet Ontario. Not that this means that prohibitionists should allow their own districts to be indifferent to the issue. The way to overcome a pest is by smiting it as often as it appears and opportunity offers. Not that the need for strategy should be forgotten. Thus while the Witness believes that prohibition can only become fully effective when it is nation-wide and continent deep it would

are much more likely to be fixed with the interests of Canadian shippers in view than formerly. But sooner or later the principle that prompted the ill-fated Petersen agreement will have to be applied. Shipping on the North Atlantic has become a monopoly. The conference makes no secret of its price-fixing. The end can only be that some such board as the Railway Commission will allow both producers and consumers to be given equal voice with the shipping interests at these deliberations.

Civic Taxes

EXCELLENT work is done by the Citizens Research Institute in compiling and comparing the taxation levies of various Canadian cities. This year's figures, just issued, show that the trend indicated last year is continued. Eastern cities are spending more per capita while western cities are spending relatively less. Halifax tops the list with an expenditure of almost sixty-three dollars per head. Winnipeg is lowest, her expenditures being about half the Halifax scale. Toronto, Calgary, Vancouver, Hamilton, London and Montreal have all shown increases in per capita expenditures. Windsor and Winnipeg are the only two cities to show reductions—the latter's curtailment of one-third being the feature of the report. The figures, of course, tell only one part of the story. It is a grave mistake to imagine that such varying amounts are paid for identical services. Roughly speaking the further west one goes in Canada the greater is the service rendered by the city to the citizen. Such services cost money, and where not paid for by taxation must be paid for in some other way. Another fact neglected by such summaries is that while the per capita taxes may be higher in some cities than others exemptions in some of them may change entirely the burden of taxation. In Montreal, for instance, about one-quarter of all the property is exempt from local taxation—being exempt for religious, beneficent or educational use, held possibly with speculative intent, by various churches or religious orders. Naturally these mean that the actual taxpayer pays not only his own but the exempted share.

Vendetta

ACCUSED of the murder by shooting through a window pane, of an inspector supposed to be preparing an incriminating report, let us be sure these two McGuires do not suffer for their name which might unduly point at them. In the days of our grandfathers, when the anthracite mines of Pennsylvania, now on strike, were mostly manned by Irishmen, the Molly Maguires were a secret body organized in 1854 for the purpose of intimidating employers and officers of the law, and avenging themselves by murder on persons obnoxious to them. The society was broken up in 1877 after the execution of a number of the members following serious and extensive rioting. That society was named after an earlier one in Ireland organized against oppressive landlordism, whose members dressed as women and whose purpose was to intimidate the officers of the law charged with the service of writs for rent default which writs often meant the loss of the cow, the family's only remaining possession. Things have certainly improved on both sides since these sad days.

Many everywhere are invoking the Spirit of Locarno as a hopeful appeal for the dispute between Britain and Turkey. It is a beautiful figure, except that Christians cannot pray to the Spirit of Locarno, and they can pray to God, which is greatly in order. Grant that once more Peace comes by way of goodwill, it will be one step more in the march of that conquering force. The next step will be coming to some agreement with Russia. The path of necessity indicates the path of duty and of hope.

Mr. Loucheur may have to resign the position of Finance Minister, some correspondents are saying, because of the tumbling of the franc following the announcement of his drastic budget. Nothing is more certain than that, if he does resign, the franc will fall very much faster. The budget provided resources for its maintenance during inflation. What has knocked the franc is the obvious unwillingness of the people to accept that medicine. The French have become convinced that the nation's debt must be paid, but, as Mr. Lloyd George says, everybody wants somebody else to pay it.

According to the Toronto Globe Mr. Price, the Provincial Treasurer of Ontario, declares:—"I have never been instructed to draw a bill for Government control as a Government policy; I have never been asked to look into the question of Government control; I am running the Treasury department; I am doing my own work." In other words we interpret Mr. Price to mean that the temperance folk were scared like children not by Col. Currie's speech, but by a bug-a-boo of their own imaginings, and might as well turn over on their other side and go to sleep again. But if they do the grave of Prohibition might as well be dug at once before the frost gets deeper into the ground.

Representative Ware, of Pennsylvania, has just introduced a bill in Congress looking to the modification of the Volstead Act by raising the alcoholic content of beer to two and three-quarters per cent by weight. He declares that "the American people do not want to be bone dry," and assumes that they prefer to be a little damp. If the relatively small percentage of "wets" seem to Mr. Ware to be the whole American people, he must be in the condition of the man who could see "two moons in the sky." Mr. Ferguson could assure him that two and three-quarters per cent beer would gain him no friends. Beer without a kick will satisfy no one. It would immediately be followed by further demands with the same arguments. There is danger in its very innocence.

Mr. Blanton, of Texas, introduced a resolution in Congress last week which would extend the prohibition law to include all foreign embassies. An embassy carries the flag of its own country, and within the embassy the members of the legation are privileged to act under the laws of their own country—that is, in accord with international law. Their belongings in transit have the same immunity. Apart from technicalities, embassies are supposed to benefit both countries, making for mutual understanding, goodwill and good commerce. The Ambassador who outrages the moral convictions of the country to which he is accredited only provokes irritation. It is hardly good taste for a guest to contravene the rules of his host's household. Let Britain's legation at Washington set the example. It will rebound greatly to her credit and benefit.

The offences of today seem to differ from those of the past. In the Court of Appeals at Montreal Judge Greenshields remarked that were it not for the Tramways Company, the Liquor Commission and the Automobile it seemed to him that the usefulness of that Court would disappear.

It is not the will of God that we should suffer and die for one another, but that we should be joyful and live for one another.—Ruskin.

I CARE

GRENFELL LABRADOR MISSION NORTHERN MESSENGER LAUNCH FUND

Previous Contributions acknowledged	\$297.02
E. E. Shaw, N. S.	.50
Mrs. R. J. Gordon, Man.	2.40
Mr. E. A. Jenkinson, Ont.	5.00
P. R. Colpitts, N. S.	3.00
Mack, Glencoe, Ont.	1.00
Total to date	\$308.92

FOR IMMIGRANT BOYS

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

Previous contributions acknowledged	\$347.06
M. D. Wilson, Ont.	3.00
Miss I. McCulloch, N. S.	2.00
Total to date	\$352.06

FRIENDLY HOME FOR YOUNG WOMEN AND THEIR BABIES

Amounts acknowledged and paid over to Official Treasurer	\$995.24
Further Contributions	79.13
Mack Glencoe, Ont.	1.00
Heles M. Grant, B. C.	1.00
Total to date	\$1,080.37

DAVID CURRIE FUND

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

Amounts previously acknowledged	\$7.00
Mrs. J. M. Rogers, Ont.	2.00
Total to date	\$39.00

OTHER CONTRIBUTIONS

Belated contributions for funds now closed. These will of course be promptly forwarded to the official treasurer of the funds indicated.

Amount previously acknowledged and paid to official treasurer	\$4,529.67
Further contributions	35.40
P. R. Colpitts, \$10.00; One who trusts in Jesus to save, \$2.00.	

A Genuine "Gideon's Band"

We are publishing this week what might be called the beginning of our 80th anniversary Honor Roll, the roll of those who are enthusiastically and determinedly co-operating to introduce the Witness to new homes. The list appropriately takes its place in the "I Care" department, for those who thus co-operate with us are working through the Witness for many objects of Christian benevolence and adventure. Without such co-operation the Witness could not live to collect funds for or serve the Labrador Mission, The Friendly Home, the Salvation Army boys, etc., etc., etc., not to mention all its editorial undertakings. The three Funds particularly referred to are those most needing support just now. And in this year of relative prosperity it would be gratifying to report that our readers had not only contributed as usual but had "gone over the top." See page 9.

- Mary H. Cross, Bessie Marsh, Ont. Wm. H. Eidge, N. S. Mrs. Webster Boulter, P. E. I. J. A. Humphreys, N. B. Mrs. Murray, Ont. Mrs. Arthur Thomson, Mich. Mrs. Jessie Thorne, N. S. Dr. Robins, Que. Miss Bell Douglas, Ont. W. H. Schroeder, Ont. Mrs. J. C. Temple, Ont. Jonathan Smith, Ont. Mrs. F. Thornton, Ont. Miss C. E. Cameron, Que. Mrs. J. R. Hamilton, Ont. Mrs. P. Tully, Que. Mrs. E. D. Eland, Que. Clark R. McBride, N. B. Rev. Jas. D. Lawson, Ont. Chas. Anderson, N. B. Mrs. J. F. Blane, Ont. Jno. Mitchell, N. S. Rev. R. Gamble, Ont. S. E. Lundy, Ont. Jas. Purcell, Que. Miss I. Ballantyne, Ont. Elizabeth White, Ont. Mrs. Archie S. Taylor, Ont. Mrs. Chas. A. Malcolm, Ont. H. Mackay, Sask. H. H. Storey, Man. Wilhelmina McLaren, B.C. Mrs. S. Masse, Que. Jas. McCullough, Que. Margt. Lummis, Que. Wylie Brothers, Ont. Mrs. Mary Lord, Man. Mrs. F. M. Judson, Ont. Elsie E. Elder, Que. Mrs. S. A. Randleson, Ont. Mrs. Henry Seely, Que. Mrs. A. Livermore, Ont. Miss Ida D. Gamsby, Ont. Mrs. B. Greatrix, Ont. F. A. Reeds, Ont. Mrs. Rev. F. B. Meyer, O. F. H. Barber, Que. Geo. S. Pound, Ont. Miss S. M. Reid, Ont. Mrs. L. M. Nutting, Que. Jas. A. McArthur, Ont. Mrs. A. M. Stacey, Ont. Jos. A. Howland, Wis. Mrs. R. A. Starr, Ont. Mrs. A. N. Stewart, Ont. E. Auld, Ont. Minnie E. Hanna, Ont. Mrs. Jas. Higgins, Ont. Mrs. P. S. McLaren, Ont. Wesley Hughes, Ont. Edith R. Oliver, Que. Mrs. A. Brown, Ont. Mrs. F. M. Smith, Ont. Mrs. Wm. Howard, Ont. Edward Dickenson, Ont. Mr. R. A. Phillips, Ont. Adam Baty, Ont. Edith A. McColl, Ont. W. A. Rutherford, Ont. Mrs. J. A. McNeil, Que. Jno. R. McDonald, Man. J. W. Totten, Ont. Mrs. Fred McGee, Ont. George Ross, Ont. Miss E. Weatley, Ont. Jos. Bascom, Ont. Mr. Jos. Reid, Ont. Mrs. J. W. Cunan, Que. Rev. J. Ainsworth, N. S. Robt. Younie, Que. Mrs. M. B. Fraser, Ont. Mrs. Jas. Howey, Ont. Miss M. J. MacGregor, Ont. W. L. Wells, Sask. Annie Andrew, Ont. Mrs. H. Anderson, Ont. Rev. W. H. Buckler, Ont. Mrs. Annie Simpson, Ont. Rev. E. A. Tonkin, Ont. Thos. Mills, Ont. Mrs. S. W. Foster, Que. Rev. T. C. Sanderson, Ont. Mrs. Thos. Brown, Ont. D. G. Cameron, Alta. Mrs. Jno. Sellar, Que. D. G. Forest, Ont. E. Casselman, Man. Mr. A. Berwick, Que. Geo. Roberts, Ont. Bessie S. Farmer, Ont. William Blake, Ont. W. S. Newton, Que. Hugh McLachlan, Ont.
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The above is only a partial list of those who have been extending the circulation and influence of their paper to new homes. Other instalments will follow each week. Some of these friends have sent in splendid lists of new subscribers. Many of them have been able to place the Witness in two, three, four or even five new homes in a single day. Many new co-operators are being added to the Honor Roll of Co-operators—or, as we like to consider them, Environment Publishers.

Wishing You All a Merry Christmas

A CAROL FOR CHRISTMAS

Who shall be the carolers on this glad Christmas morn?
First of all, the angels who sang when He was born,
The Holy Child of Mary, the Son of God most high;
And still their carol echoes through earth and sea and sky.
"To men of good will, peace," it says, "glory to God on high."

And who shall take the carol up and spread abroad its song?
First to the little children the carol does belong;
The Christ Child nearest is to them, so lowly cradled here,
So high enthroned now, in Heaven's highest, holiest sphere,
On God's right hand exalted, to be forever near.

Then joining in the chorus, the voices of the men
Take up the words and ring them out again, again, again,
Glory in Heaven and peace on earth; the Prince of Peace is born;
His reign of peace on earth begins on this, His birthday morn,
Wherever good will reigns and rules within the hearts of men.

Maidens and matrons, girls and boys, fill in with tuneful voices,
The chorus, praising God for that for which the world rejoices.
Trees of the wood stay ever green for this most reverent reason,
That they may share the thankful joy of this most blessed season;
Holly and pine and spruce, and fir and mistletoe and laurel
Lend leaf and berry, to fill out the wide world's Christmas carol.
—William Crowell Doane, P. E. Bishop of Albany, in The Churchman.

WINNING THE WORLD TO PEACE

(By Fred B. Smith, Chairman, Executive Committee, World Alliance for International Friendship Through the Churches.)

I was in Europe for a few months during the war. The scenes were so appalling, the disaster so terrible, that I resolved then to give pre-eminence in service upon the supreme issues of world peace and universal brotherhood. In the presence of that indescribable catastrophe I solemnly purposed to make whatever contribution was within my power to the prevention of experiences of that kind of horror for other generations. The intervening years have not changed that memory nor dulled that resolution.

I have been in Europe almost every twelve months since 1918. These observations of the aftermath of the war have made even more intense this earlier desire. In 1922 and '23 I was privileged to make a tour of the world under the joint auspices of the World Alliance and the Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America, upon the message of "International Goodwill, Brotherhood and Peace." The impression of those months in viewing the moral, physical and economic wreckage which had followed the war strengthened the purpose to give major emphasis to the Peace Message for whatever might be left of my life. All of these impressions have been vitalized during this summer of 1925, when I attended first the meeting of the International Committee of the World Alliance, at Stockholm, Sweden. It was a strategy conference upon the Peace outlook of the world. The chief advocates of International Goodwill of twenty-one nations were there. This was followed by the "Universal Christian Conference upon Life and Work," and at which I was a delegate in the same city. Here were 625 officially appointed representatives of thirty-seven great Christian Communions from thirty-one nations. Is War or Peace in the future, was the dominating question.

Following these significant meetings I went to Geneva, Switzerland, and listened in from the gallery to the discussions of the Assembly of the League of Nations. In all of these there were obvious notes of hope, but no confident message, and a constant undertone of warning and fear of more wars. Not one of these great organizations, nor all of them combined, could issue a glad, triumphant message to the people, saying humanity was delivered from the curse of armed conflicts. Thus these accumulating lessons have become the call of God to this service.

Millions of people in this as well as in other lands have lost a good deal of

their faith in organized Christianity as they have observed professed followers of Jesus organizing and promoting war. We may as well recognize the fact that Christianity cannot become universal until it has rid itself, root and branch, of the war theory. I have always believed in evangelism, and have sought to press that message upon every appropriate occasion and feel now that any service rendered in exalting the Christian doctrine of world peace will add to the most compelling argument for the indispensable place of our faith.

What the men of our country need most just now is a great new, compelling challenge to idealistic life and service, and I believe that this message of Universal Goodwill and World Peace can be so translated in the life of our citizenry that its reaction will become highly beneficial in the realm of our domestic issues. The fact is that when on November 11th, 1918, the order was given to "cease firing," we not only began to demobilize our army, but in an appalling way we demobilized our altruism, our idealism and high aspirations for world human welfare. I do not believe anything short of a program which contemplates World Peace will be sufficient to arouse again those great emotions which led to sacrificial service for country and humanity. Not long ago Sir Douglas Haig, in addressing the Presbyterian General Assembly in Scotland, said, "What we need just now is a World League of Christian

REFUGEE STUDENTS IN CZECHOSLOVAKIA

(To the Editor of the Witness)

Sir,—As a Canadian student in Czechoslovakia may I have the privilege of expressing in the columns of your paper the following impressions which I gathered in this country:

Canadians in general, I am sure, are all informed of the plight of the many Russian refugees in the already overcrowded countries of Central Europe. It is not my purpose in this brief sketch to attempt to outline the history of the courageous, though futile stand made by these patriots against the relentless march of chaos. In passing, however, one cannot help but refer to the youth of Russia who stood among the noblest in defence of the fundamental laws underlying the society of their country. These, after losing many of their comrades in the three years of tragic struggle in a hopeless cause, finally trekked their way to the various countries of Central Europe.

During the years following the great downfall of Russia, there has been a steady influx of students to Czechoslovakia where they were granted the privilege of attending agricultural and technical schools. Already many students have completed their courses and are anxiously searching the globe for a home. Of these

to meet. One finds them gentlemanly, calm and strong with quite an unassuming dignity. One discovers, too, instead of the moral disintegration which often ensues a downfall of a nation, that the gulf of dissolution has been successfully crossed, the stamina of the group having been strengthened in the process. Dishonesty, immorality and intoxication are vices scarcely seen in their ranks. In all my personal dealing with the Russian and Ukrainian students I have found them fully up to the average of worthy citizens. In Czechoslovakia these students have shown in a practical way not only their capacity as orderly citizens but their ability to do hard labor on the farms of this country. All have found work during their holidays, and are ready to give recommendations from their employers.

They are highly qualified for the Canadian farm in a technical sense, having completed, or are about to complete their courses in the various agricultural high schools of Czechoslovakia. As I have afore stated, practical training has been even a larger factor in their education. The large experimental farms of their service here can well stand the test as to their practicability. All students must have passed successfully the thorough training in all phases of farm work, economically and commercially as otherwise under the guidance of very capable instructors. A visit to these farms gives one full assurance of their very high value as practical training centres. That these students are prepared to meet in honest battle all the forces of difficulty and discouragement which only too often belong to the building up of a farm in Canada, can be readily foreseen. They have already succeeded where anything less than the greatest endurance would have failed.

As a final note it is worthy of mention that since their coming to this country many have associated themselves with the various Christian organizations. The students themselves moreover have taken an active stand in forming a branch of the Student Christian Federation.

In the foregoing statement I would not paint these students as supermen but simply as conquering spirits in the great battles through which they have passed. The result is the true metal with yet its susceptibility to corrosion. They have still much to face in meeting the new culture of the West. In this struggle all true Canadians must measure up to the challenge of one of the World's great problems. Inevitably the Eastern Hemisphere will claim our co-operation and our fellowship. To-day an urgent call is winging its way across the Atlantic from several hundreds of students and as time goes on more and more calls must come to us. Obviously Canada in its semi-rigid climate is one of the countries suitable to the Russians. And as acclimatization is one great factor in amalgamation it is plain that these immigrants are already adapted to one phase underlying our culture.

Now there is a problem which the respective governments must settle. These are a people without a nation. They cannot be Russian citizens. They do not belong to nor can they stay in Czechoslovakia, which must look after her own. The problem remains in the receiving of a satisfactory passport. This factor should present little difficulty, as the danger in accepting a people of such a high moral and physical standard is obviously small, and a sharing of the responsibility by the respective countries should entail no special burden. What is true of Czechoslovakia regarding the refugees is also true of several other countries of Central Europe.

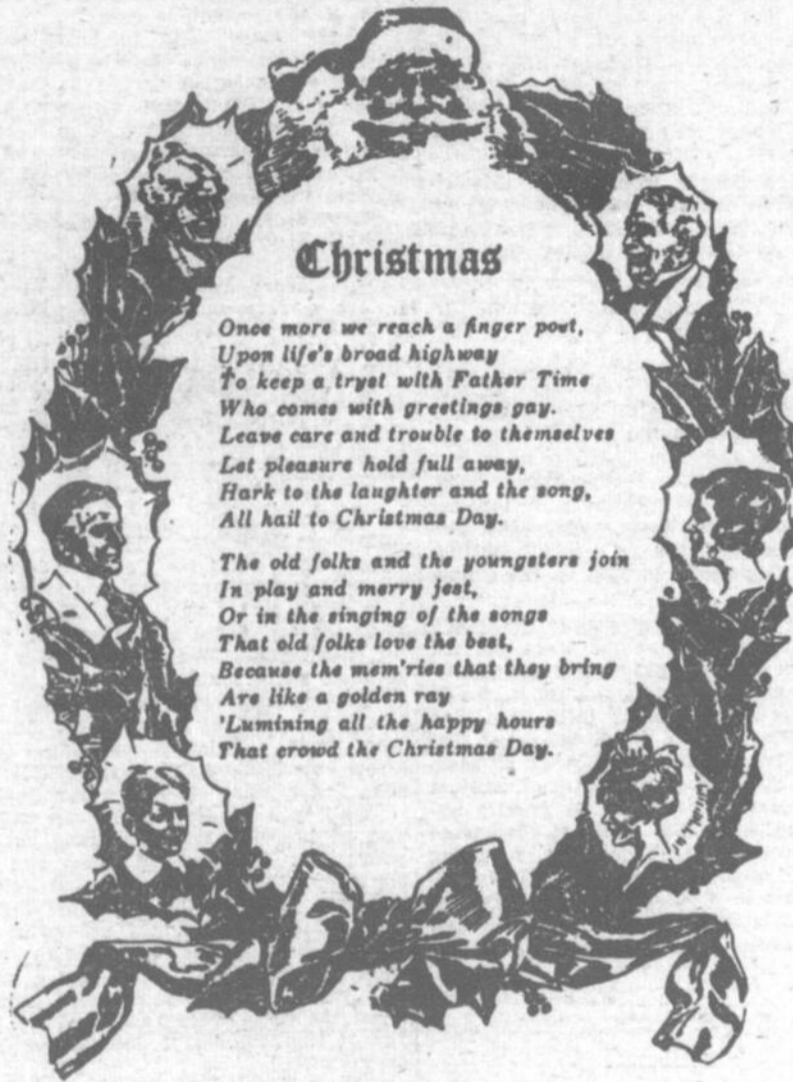
There remains then to the less populated countries a challenge to share the opportunity of receiving into their borders these student refugees, who are not only highly trained agriculturalists, but men who carry with them the richest elements of the Slavic culture.

HAROLD BROWN

Budec
Wenzigova ulice
Vinohrady-Prague
Czechoslovakia, November, 1925.

The Christmas lesson is that the kingdom comes quietly, without observation, without advertisement, without much assistance from principalities or powers. When it fully comes it will be found to have had its first subjects, and even in its meridian glory still to have its chief citizens in carpenter shops and mills and kitchens. Cobblers and cooks will be among its honorable men and women.—George Hodges.

Prudence is simply well trained common sense.



Men and Women to Promote Ideals of Peace and Brotherhood." I was profoundly impressed, in the last tour around the world, by the fact that this World Alliance, for International Friendship Through the Churches is already that organization. Twenty-nine nations now have branches of the World Alliance. While this is an emphasis upon only one issue of the Christian program, it is an emphasis upon the supreme item and it is already in action. It has in it men, resources and vision, and it is the best hope we have for enlisting immediately the whole Christian world upon this subject.

Your opinion of the motive of another is a flashlight on your own character.

God will take care of everything, and your business is only to see His will, holding fast to Him.—Fenelon.

Selfwill is a usurper, because supreme control belongs to a higher than ourselves.—"Christian Progress."

May God forgive us all those miserable, those amazing littlenesses, irritability, jealousies, guilty selfishness, so mean and yet so fatal.—Dean Church.

the agricultural students should be of special interest to Canada. Indeed, is it not a great opportunity for our country to bring in some of the intelligencia of Central Europe? Briefly I wish to outline some of the characteristics of these who turn their faces eagerly to Canada.

Of first importance, along with their faculty for honest work, is the moral standard of this group. Now it will readily appear to all serious thinkers that the very cause of the present plight of these students is a praiseworthy virtue, namely, their loyalty to Government and organized society. We in Canada look back to our United Empire Loyalists who suffered for a cause, and whom history lauds because of the noble part they played in face of great privation. In just as true a sense with regard to their native government, these of a later day have chosen the path of duty in the face of danger and hardship, and well have they paid the price. Not only is it a test of fealty to a principle, but the privation which they have suffered and are at present undergoing, is in itself a proof of stability, as well as a force in hardening the native temper of their metal. So does observation give credit to the theory; these are truly gratifying people

LETTERS FROM READERS

LIQUOR ADVOCACY

(To the Editor of the Witness)

Sir,—Can liquor advocacy be honest? Some years ago I had as our nearest neighbor a man of kindly spirit, one who, I believe, was greatly respected for his honesty and truthfulness as far as I could ever know. He was not, I believe, what some are disposed to call some of us "A Temperance Crank." In conversation with me, he once volunteered this bit of news. He said that one evening 'n a certain place he came in contact with a man who was greatly gifted as a public speaker, but who was giving much of his time to the advocacy of the liquor interests. I had heard him and he would appear to be sincere when he spoke in the interests of the liquor sellers, and in opposition to prohibition. This neighbor told me that this great liquor champion said to him as they walked the streets of the town: "The temperance people have the best side in this controversy—in fact the only side. I would much rather speak for the Temperance people than for the other side. But they cannot pay me as well as the liquor people. Therefore I speak for the liquor cause." That man has gone to the bar of divine justice many years ago. According to his statement as reported to me by a man whom I regarded as truthful he was for the sake of a few paltry dollars, giving his life largely to the advocacy of a cause that he evidently knew was bad, only bad, and that continually. He got enough to eat, and wear, and a place of shelter. The poorest laborer may get that, and possibly enjoy it more than he ever did. He did not take a farthing of those large fees with him to the land beyond. What about the great eternity to which we all are fast hastening? The friends of the liquor interests have been challenged to give one good feature in the beverage liquor business. So far they have never been able to give even one. What horrible crimes have marked its career in all the ages. Might we appeal to those who advocate this (what shall we call it) fiend of darkness, and, in view of the great judgment that awaits us all, plead with them to espouse a better cause.

J. W. TOTTEN.

Tottenham, Ont.

Note:—Hearsay evidence is not admissible in court of justice. Whatever be the truth in the individual case, the tale is a parable that more or less describes most of the advocacy of the liquor business. No doubt liquor advocacy can be honest, but it remains that it is the side that has money to pay. Note, for instance, the advertising columns of the newspapers.

MORE FOR PROHIBITION

(To the Editor of The Witness)

Sir,—All the candidates for this constituency of Souris in the recent federal election are strong temperance men. All spoke in Killarney the week prior to the elections. Members of the local branch of the Manitoba Prohibition Alliance were given the following pledge to hand to their candidates:—

"I hereby pledge myself to support any measure introduced in Parliament for the National Prohibition of, importation, exportation, manufacture, transportation or sale of alcoholic liquors, except for sacramental or medicinal purposes."

This pledge was read aloud by James Steedsman, Progressive, and William Willson, Conservative, candidates, at their respective meetings. Both spoke strongly in its favor, signed and returned it to the local committee.

Mr. Steedsman was the successful candidate, followed closely by Mr. Willson.

Conservatives here are pleased that their leading men are not all moulded as the Premier of Ontario seems to many of us, at this distance, to be. We hope he may return to the ways of his early training.

T. ALBERT SCHOLES.

Killarney, Man.,
Dec. 5.

VILE SPEECH

(To the Editor of the Witness)

Sir,—I am a weekly reader of the Witness and admire your support of every good cause. I have travelled east and west and mixed with different classes of men and so very often the talk has been so lewd and vile that I have often wondered if something could be done to remedy the evil. I perceive that you are the champion of good, so I prayerfully appeal to you to champion one more reform. Perhaps if started it might be taken up and carried on. Capital is not interested to oppose it as in the liquor traffic. It might be taken up by the pulpit if placed before their attention.

He who has mingled with men of all

classes and ages, knows that profanity and obscenity form a large part of the talk of men. He knows also that a great part of the jests and jokes are of the lewd kind, foolish and vulgar with little but filthiness to appeal to humor. He almost everywhere has heard filthy stories, ingeniously composed and well told, but reeking with absurd filth and degrading sentiment, which are carried about from group to group, eagerly repeated, and boisterously applauded in a way surprising for a people of a land of schools and churches.

If much of the common conversation of men were printed verbatim and published, it would be censored. The publisher would be prosecuted, condemned, fined, perhaps imprisoned. It would be declared a menace to the morals of the people. It would be refused transit through the mails. Yet every day and almost everywhere so many men and boys, with so few exceptions, in fun, jest and story express the vilest and most degrading thoughts, often before children, thus teaching corrupt and immoral lessons, creating false and impure ideals, so often growing up into abnormal and perverted character and leading to vice and crime.

Young people receive ideas and form ideals and character from talk or conversation more than from school textbooks because the talk influence surrounds them most of their conscious hours. If the expressed ideas are good the influence will be good. If the thoughts spoken are low and bad the teaching will be bad. Thus spoken words are forever teaching good or evil.

Then what are we doing with our tongues? A strange feature of this most common evil is that it is seldom pointed out or condemned, either by the pulpit or the press, and it is so commonly practised by professed followers of Jesus Christ. Many Methodists, Presbyterians, Anglicans and Catholics are so often loud in profanity and obscenity, thus insulting a pure God whom they profess to love and serve.

If serious people would view this vicious practice from every angle of its influence, they would see that it is an evil as great as the liquor traffic, the race track, the gambling dens, and the tobacco evil, because it is working all the time and almost everywhere. It is the alphabet to vice, the preparatory course for other evils. It usurps the throne of decent thought and instructive converse, and blocks the way of useful information and knowledge. It fills the minds of people with vulgar and low ideals. It is forever teaching evil and suppressing good. It is riveting the thought and interest of youth upon the dross and coarse, and hiding from them the pure and beautiful. It is the beginning of evil in the young of our land.

Tens of thousands of people are ready to give it up if the harm were pointed out. Then why not religiously and patriotically start a campaign against it, for in many ways and by many influences it is keeping people from the Kingdom of God and stultifying the intellects of citizens. If a public opinion were raised against this evil practice it would be greatly lessened, and a better style of language would automatically succeed it, resulting in cleaner minds and more intelligent citizens. This is a reform in which Protestant and Catholic would co-operate and unitedly work for the edifying of the people.

M. BABINGTON.

Ont., Dec. 7, 1925.

It is a point of godly wisdom to be at peace with men and at war with vices.—H. C. Chapman.

An Honest Christmas

By Mrs W. C. Cohler



Miss Adelaide Stanley came into the dining room of Mrs. Fuller's Home Boarding house just as young Dr. Banks was saying: "This first snowstorm reminds me of Christmas weather," and she noticed that he changed the subject abruptly to the school entertainment booked for that night the minute he caught sight of her. Dr. Banks was late to supper owing to a very sick patient, and Miss Stanley was also late owing to a session with the village dressmaker, so presently they were the only occupants of the old-fashioned room.

"Will you tell me the reason, Dr. Banks?" asked Adelaide abruptly. "I don't want you to beat about the bush, mind! Will you tell me the reason why any reference to Christmas in my presence always brings about a change in the conversation, or an exchange of rather startled looks among the listeners?"

"Why, er—that is—you see—"

"But I insist upon knowing," said the girl positively.

"Well, then, here goes. You see they are all so sorry that you cannot have your old time Christmas this year," burst out the doctor. "For years back you've had such an ideal holiday time in that lovely old house surrounded by all the Stanleys and the Smiths and the Greshams and dear knows who else, but this year they have heard that you are not going to keep up the family custom, so naturally they do not wish to discuss holiday things before you."

"Thank you!" said the girl politely. "I thought as much. And now let me enlighten you a bit in regard to that ideal Christmas. Of course I'm not saying this for publication, but it will relieve my mind to tell it to somebody, and your folks and my folks were friends years ago, so I'll burden you."

"No burden at all," said Dr. Banks politely.

"Well, of course I miss dear old Aunt Molly, but I shall not miss the ideal Christmas except to feel relieved that it no longer exists. For years I've felt like a hypocrite and worse as I've scurried around trying to deceive poor old Aunt Molly. You see, her little income was sadly deficient when prices rose, and I could not go out to do anything because I had to take care of her. She lived for holiday time and began planning on the twenty-sixth of December for the following Christmas. I'm glad for her sake that I could keep up the deception, but it was nerve-racking in the extreme. You have no idea how I had to turn and twist to make things appear plentiful and countrylike each holiday time. It took some managing. I can tell you, to get through without debts, for Aunt Molly handed out lavishly as the folks went home. Being a man you cannot know how clothes and household furnishings and repairs eat into a tiny income."

"Well, you at least have the satisfaction of knowing that you gave not only your aunt a delightful time and kept her comfortable and happy, but you furnished a beautiful holiday time for several families who might otherwise have had a scanty Christmas," said the young man. "Once when I was just a youngster your aunt asked me for Christmas when the folks were away and the memory of that wonderful day lingers in my memory still."

"That's exactly where you and all the other Clifton folks are mistaken," said Adelaide firmly. "And that's what made me so furious every year. The city peo-

ple would come down from their steam heated modern houses with all conveniences and condescendingly eat the food I prepared and deceive Aunt Molly the same as I was doing by making her think they enjoyed it all and could hardly wait for Christmas to come each year."

"Maybe they did enjoy it," said Dr. Banks.

"Fiddlesticks! Coming from the city with all its excitement and from their convenient houses and advantages to an old house heated by stoves and to my cooking they couldn't enjoy it! The very clothes they wore and the things they talked about among themselves showed that they endured the few days they spent out here. Oh, they played the game all right and gushed to Aunt Molly about the delightful quiet and seclusion of Clifton, and the delicious home prepared food and the pleasure of having room enough to turn round and all that, but they didn't fool me for a minute. Auntie had forgotten that 'the world do move,' but I know from the fashion magazines, and the household journals that our house and the food and everything were as out of date as possible. So now, Dr. Banks, having unloaded my woes upon you I'll say that you and everybody in Clifton can talk Christmas in front of me without hesitation. I'm going to have my first honest holiday for years. The old house is all closed except the room I've retained and the rooms I've rented to Mr. and Mrs. Green, and the expenses are cut in half, if not more, so when the agent finds me a buyer for the place I shall go to the city and really enjoy life. That's the reason I'm working in the bank for I want to say when I get to town that I've had experience."

"Just the same one of these days you'll look back at the holidays in the old house as the pleasantest times in your life," said the young man positively.

It was late in November when Adelaide was sent on an errand to the city by the bank officials where they said she could also take time for Christmas shopping before returning. "It will be no shopping for me," said Adelaide to herself, "but I shall enjoy browsing about the libraries and other attractions. Perhaps I shall buy a decent suit for myself and some things that Clifton does not show. Oh dear, I'm ashamed to feel so free and so easy and so honest about Christmas. Sometimes, I'm afraid I'll wake up and find it all a dream."

She planned to steer clear of the rich city relatives and enjoy every minute of her stay in town when her business errand was done, but at the library she ran plump into Cousin Mary King at the librarian's desk. That lady greeted her cordially and immediately insisted that Adelaide should go out to lunch with her and make her apartment her headquarters while in town.

"I have never forgotten your delightful hospitality each Christmas," she said politely. "While you did it in Aunt Molly's name I knew you were the power behind the throne and I often wondered how you stood us all. I am so sorry that the good times are over, though for your sake it is a relief to think of the day."

Adelaide instinctively stiffened. "It is good of you to feel that way about it," she said coolly. "After what you are used to in the city an inconvenient country house and amateur cooking must seem very primitive and aboriginal."

A patron claimed the attention of the librarian and it was not until some time later that Mrs. King gathered up her country cousin and departed for her apartment. "I'm afraid you'll find that all the inconveniences are not in the country," she remarked as she let herself into the tiny dark sitting room which also served for bedroom later and bade Adelaide sit down while she made hasty preparations for the evening meal. "John will be coming home soon and Nellie and Harry," exclaimed the hostess. "They'll work, for since John has been poorly we had to take the children out of school. Of course everything has gone up so that many families have had to change their plans, and we can not complain."

So this was the home of the wealthiest of the city relatives, a box-like apartment of four tiny rooms and a diminutive bath room. Adelaide wondered why her common sense had not told her that if the cost of living had increased in Clifton it must have increased many fold in the city. But the city relatives were always well dressed and had the appearance of wealth. She could not figure it out as she sat in the shabby little room. Surely they could afford more light and space and advantages than this gloomy place afforded! And the children out of school! Why Nellie could hardly be seventeen and Harry not much older than that.

Into the midst of her musings came the members of the family and presently they were seated round the small table eating the very indifferent food out of the tin cans that Mrs. King has hastily opened.

"The agent was here today," said Mrs. King to her husband, and Adelaide could not help hearing though two tiny rooms distant for the space was so small. "He says the landlord has raised the rent to eighty dollars a month. I don't see how



THE STATESMEN OF EUROPE ARE PULLING TOGETHER AT LAST

Austen Chamberlain and M. Briand are to be awarded the Nobel Peace Prize. —Western Mail, Cardiff.

we can move in this weather and certainly we cannot afford such a rent."

"Eighty dollars a month!" Adelaide almost jumped. Had she not rented kitchen, dining room and one living room furnished in the old house in Clifton for ten dollars per month? Truly the high cost of living was not so high in Clifton as she had been wont to think. The rest of the evening Adelaide struggled with daring plans and the desire to listen politely to the conversation of the King family. She was very glad when bed time came not because she was sleepy but because she wanted to think.

Back in Clifton Adelaide's mind and hands moved swiftly. "Can you find some four-foot wood for me, Dr. Banks?" She asked innocently enough the very evening she reached home and again ate a late supper with the tired doctor.

"Hooray!" cried the tired medical man waving his napkin round his head. "I knew that trip to the city would do it! You're going to open the old house and have the kind of a Christmas your Aunt Molly would have wanted you to keep up, aren't you?"

"I guess I'll have to," said Adelaide soberly. "I made some startling discoveries in town, Doctor."

"I knew you would. Now, if you need any help just count on me. The time is short but there's time enough. I never got a chance to repay your Aunt Molly for her kindness to a lanky, bashful boy who was lonely in the extreme, but if you'll let me I'll pay a little interest by helping you."

"Thank you!" said Adelaide with tears in her eyes. "I shall expect you to dinner on Christmas, though you may get a back or a neck, because I shall drive you to death doing errands."

"I'll risk it," said the doctor. "I was shamelessly angling for the invitation."

The word flew round the village quickly that Adelaide had changed her views as to Christmas, and many and varied were the gifts that found their way to the old Stanley house. Mrs. Peters sent a jar of mince meat since it was too late for Adelaide to make any. Mrs. Fields contributed a jar of dill pickles and yards and yards of fresh sausage. Mr. Crossen brought in a basket of vegetables and there were gifts of apples, pop corn, late pears, kindlings, walnuts and a dozen and one other necessities for the great event. Reinforced by Dr. Banks and a dozen other young folks Adelaide gave over her evenings to the work of getting ready and her obliging tenants helped all days and every day for the sake of seeing an old-fashioned Christmas.

"Everything would be perfect if I could find a position for cousin Mary King's husband so they could stay here in Clifton until he regains his health," said Adelaide as she and Dr. Banks worked at some evergreen wreaths for the big old parlor two hours before the city guests were to arrive.

"Why don't you give him your place?" asked Dr. Banks easily. "You said this is to be your first honest Christmas in years, and it is hardly honest to keep a place that you do not need when you feel sure that your relative could get well out here and even be able to put his children back in school."

Christmas day dawned splendid and snowy, but inside the inconvenient old house, as Adelaide had always thought it, all was warmth and sunshine and good cheer. The big old rooms were filled with happy people and in the kitchen a most wonderful feast was in progress with all the women of the family lending a hand instead of sitting decorously in the parlor as in other days. Finally everybody gathered about the long tables, and with Adelaide in Aunt Molly's accustomed place the meal was begun after Cousin John King in a shaky voice had returned thanks to God for permitting them to assemble in the dear old home once more.

"Only three outsiders at the tables," said Mrs. Green, the wife of Adelaide's tenant, "out of all this crowd. Isn't that wonderful?"

"And one of them won't be an outsider very long," said Dr. Banks boldly. "I don't know if it's proper for an outsider to make a speech, but I have an important announcement to make, dear friends, and soon to be relatives," he added unblushingly. "Adelaide has resigned her place at the bank and Cousin John is to enter upon his new duties the first of the year. Adelaide gave out some months ago that this was to be an honest Christmas, and I have been able to persuade her that it isn't honest to keep a place she doesn't need and that somebody else can fill, when there is another job open that she alone can occupy, so she resigned last night and will enter upon her new duties very soon. We think we'll have the great event before you folks start home, though that may seem very sudden to some of you, and next year Mrs. Banks and myself will be glad to see you all here for the holiday season as usual."
—New England Homestead.

A Communist plot involving a section of the Finnish army has been discovered at Viborg, Finland, according to dispatches from Helsinki. Many members of the army have been arrested.

QUEBEC PREMIER HONORED

Banquet at Quebec to Honor 25th Anniversary of His Political Debut

An ovation was tendered to Hon. L. A. Taschereau, premier of Quebec, at a banquet on Thursday night to mark the twenty-fifth anniversary of the entry of the first minister into public life. The banquet, tendered by his constituents in the division of Montmorency, was a tribute to the high regard in which is held the man who, for a quarter of a century, continuously has represented the county in the provincial legislature. The demonstration was non-political in nature. Conservatives and Liberals alike joining to pay honor to the statesmanship of the honored premier of the province.

ONTARIO BREWERS PIQUED

Say United States Owners Command Export Business

The Toronto Evening Telegram had the following on Friday:

"Breweries in Ontario, in addition to flouting the sale of 4.4 beer inadequate to pay expenses, are also complaining that several establishments operated in this province are controlled by capital and persons from United States cities, who through contacts in their own country are able to command the greatest share of the Ontario export trade from this province to the 'dry' areas of the republic."

PROGRESSIVE-U.F.O. COMBINATION

May Cooperate Hereafter in Ontario Provincial Elections

Following a long discussion on recent political events, the executive of the Progressive party of Ontario at Toronto on Friday afternoon agreed by resolution to co-operate with the United Farmers of Ontario in provincial politics. The executive bailed with satisfaction "the re-advancement of the united farmers of Ontario into the political field," and appointed a committee consisting of Messrs. Halbert, Drury, consisting of Messrs. Halbert, Drury, Nixon, Lothbridge, Roebuck,

Clarke, Rancey, Orr, and the secretary of the party, to take steps for co-operation with the farmers' organization.

J. W. King Wins in North Huron

Mr. Justice Wright has decided the North Huron election case appeal in favor of J. W. King, the Progressive candidate in the recent general elections, and directed the Conservative candidate, George Spotton, to pay the costs. Justice Wright directs the county judge to detach counterfoils from the 324 ballots which were thrown out because the counterfoils were attached, and these ballots are to be counted.

Hon. T. C. Norris was on Wednesday elected by acclamation as member for Lansdowne, provincial constituency. Mr. Norris has represented Lansdowne for 25 years, and resigned the seat to contest Winnipeg South against Hon. Robert Rogers in the federal election.

With returns from the last general election in the Province of Quebec nearly complete, analysis shows that 422,949 votes were cast for straight Liberal candidates on October 29, in 60 out of 65 constituencies. For Conservative candidates 256,140 votes were cast in the same ridings and Independents, including Independent Liberals, received 26,433 votes.

Russia's famous woman cavalry captain, Nadezhda Budennaya, wife of General Budennaya, commander-in-chief of the Red cavalry, is dead. Captain Budennaya served with distinction throughout the war against the White Russian forces fighting by the side of her husband and was wounded several times.

Participation by the United States in the League of Nations' attempt to regulate private manufacture of arms is anticipated in informed quarters at Washington, despite the constitutional difficulties involved.

Christmas mails to Great Britain and Europe have reached a record mark this year. From December 1, when the Christmas rush for overseas mail started, up to and including December 9, when the peak was reached the increase in parcel mail over the corresponding period last December was 30 per cent, while the increase in letter mail from December 1 to 10 was about 25 per cent.

Mr. and Mrs. Neil McLeod, pioneers of Stonewall, Man., died within 36 hours of one another. They had been married for 56 years.

Preparations have been completed in Montreal for the reception and entertainment of the 300 French-Canadian westerners from Saskatchewan, who will be guests of the Province of Quebec for a month, and who will arrive here in two special trains on Tuesday, December 22.

Advices from Belgrade report that huge packs of wolves have been driven from the forest by the intense cold and snow and are devouring hundreds of sheep.

UNIQUE AMONG QUEENS

Lord Esher says in the London Observer: "Queen Alexandra held a place unique among English queens. Many of her predecessors were respected and admired. None ever so beloved."

"The reason for the widespread personal affection felt for the Queen was not far to seek. Her heart was so freely given to all, whatever their age and station. Tenderness was the keynote of her character. Sympathy unaffected and genuine was offered like a bouquet of flowers to everyone with whose sorrows or joys she was brought in contact. She gave not so much the affection of a mother as that of a sister and friend, something extraordinarily intimate and gay."

"Her own joy in life diffused happiness and gaiety as well. The hearts of men and women, of children and even of dogs and horses, responded to the subtle call of this Princess, whose opportunities were so great, and who used them to the full."

A TIME FOR CRITICISM

Your friends are complaining about their papers. Some papers are so large that no one can read them through. They are too purposeless, too spineless, too much like the proverbial haystack. Though they be crammed with entertainment and not a little information they side-step every difficult problem. They clutter up the mind rather than illuminate it. They dissipate the forces of heart and character rather than uplift these. They tempt the reader; but they do not attempt to give him any help or leadership through the problems of the day. When your friends are criticizing their over-bulky, under-purposed paper is just the time to slip in a word about the Witness. The cure for "too much to read already" is found in a paper like the Witness—with less reading and more purpose.

Will YOU Help Us to Make The Witness More Desirable ?

The Publishers are anxious to make the Witness an ever more welcome visitor in the home of every reader. Consideration is being given to the question of re-arranging the various departments in an effort to make the paper more desirable under present conditions.

It is very difficult, here in the office, to correctly judge the value to the readers of the various departments.

But the readers themselves may be of great assistance in this regard. Your opinion may seem to you of little importance. But your opinion, together with that of many thousands of others, would be of great worth. In any case we would have to take account of the percentage favoring each department in any rearrangement, which would mean the enlargement of some departments at the expense of others.

When you are sending in your own or other subscriptions, enclose the form below. Even if you have already sent your subscription will you not send this form in separately? It would be greatly appreciated. It requires a 3c stamp—but it is in your interest.

PLEASE ANSWER THESE QUESTIONS

Would you like to see more or less space devoted to the various departments? Write the word **more, less, unchanged**, or simply the letters "**M**", "**L**" or "**U**" besides the names of departments.

THIS WILL GREATLY HELP US TO SERVE YOU BETTER.

Department	Answer below by the words, More, Less, or Unchanged.
EDITORIALS Pages 1-4
LETTERS FROM READERS Page 6
NEWS Pages 8-9
CROW'S NEST Page 10
QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS Page 11
SUNDAY READING Pages 12-13
FARM AND GARDEN Pages 14-17
POULTRY Pages 18-19
WOMEN'S HOME DEPT. Pages 20-22
CHILDREN'S DEPT. Page 23
BOYS' Page 24
STORIES Page 25-26
RADIO Page 28
FARMERS' MARKETS Page 31-32
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Remarks:

NAME

ADDRESS

Near East War Cloud Dissolving

Final Decision for Peace or War Now Rests with Turkey

Great Britain's battle for Mosul and the oil contained therein is virtually won. The final decision between peace and war in the Near East lies with the Turks, and the indications are that they will choose a surly peace.

The League of Nations Council is ready to decide the Mosul dispute in favor of Great Britain, but is deferring the decision in order to permit the Turks to reach a direct and amicable settlement with Britain, if this is possible. Direct negotiations between the two delegations have begun, indicating that there is a chance of settlement without recourse to the Council, whose decision the Turks have announced they would repudiate unless they gain Mosul.

If Turkey forces war on England, England would maintain her rights, L. M. S. Amery, British Foreign Secretary, stated in an interview Friday.

The position of the opponents is just the reverse of their position a week ago. At that time Turkey talked war. A week ago the Turkish delegation defied the council and The Hague Court of International Justice by announcing that it would withdraw from Geneva if the League proceeded with its intention to make an arbitrary and binding decision.

General Laidoner, the chairman of the League's commission to investigate stories of Turkish persecution of Mosul Christians, reported that the stories were true. Britain suddenly stiffened, and Turkey has been wilting ever since. The council's already strong tendency to decide in favor of Britain became stronger.

The council may be expected to defer action until Wednesday, when its decision probably would be forthcoming if the Turks and British do not reach agreement.

Tale of Turkish Atrocities

In the event of a Turkish attack, Great Britain assuredly would appeal to the League, to influence public opinion if for no other reason.

General Laidoner, a famous Estonian patriot, chairman of the League's commission to investigate charges of Turkish deportations of Christians into Iraq, reported Thursday. It is understood that he confidentially advised the League that hostilities are not likely, but there is no disposition to take chances in Geneva.

Laidoner's public report was devastating to the Turkish cause. He said Christians were being deported daily from that part of Mosul within Turkish jurisdiction; that deportees who became ill en route were abandoned; that 3,000 Christians had been deported, and that Turkish acts of violence and even massacres have been proved.

The Turks began angry protests, alleging Laidoner to be biased. Following their protests, the Turks quietly resumed negotiations with the British for a direct settlement of the dispute, but the Turkish hauteur of a few days ago was remarkably absent.

In view of the altered circumstances, the Turks announced that Tewfik Rouschi Bey would remain in Geneva "pending the decision of the Angora Government, and in the hope that the Council's mediation would find a solution of the dispute."

It is believed now that the Council must act quickly and firmly in this matter between the East and the West.

BLOODSHED IN SYRIA

Syrian Emissary Appeals to the League of Nations to Take Action

A Syrian emissary went to the League of Nations palace and demanded that the League Council take action to stop the bloodshed in Syria.

The Council adopted a resolution supporting the mandate commission, and is watching the situation with interest and anxiety, hoping that at the Rome meeting a full explanation of the cause of the present trouble would be found as well as adequate remedies.

The Syrian representative did not succeed in seeing Sir Eric Drummond, the secretary-general, but left documents. One purports to be the copy of a despatch to the League of Nations from the Syro-Palestinian congress, declaring that Syria has been for five months the scene of a sanguinary war and that French artillery and airplanes have been bombarding and burning villages. It charges that the French are arming the Christians against the insurgents and provoking civil war.

A famine menaces the country and thousands are homeless in a rigorous winter, the document continues, and the intervention of the League of Nations is awaited. A request is made for the despatch of a commission to carry out an investigation. The rules of the League require

action by the mandate commission before detailed consideration by the Council.

British Troops Clash With Druses

British frontier gendarmes have clashed with Druse tribesmen for the first time, according to reports. A band of tribesmen chased the French across the boundary line at Matullah Monday and refused to surrender their arms, whereupon the British guards fired. Several were wounded on both sides.

KRIM WOULD COME TO TERMS

Willing to Stop Hostilities if Riffs Given Complete Political Autonomy

A despatch from Tangier says that Captain Gordon Cumming, Abd el Krim's representative in London, has arrived there and declares himself the bearer of an official letter from Abd el Krim, proposing certain peace conditions.

Authorized circles in Paris are asking how far Captain Cumming is qualified to speak in the name of the Moroccan chieftain.

Abd el Krim, while recognizing the spiritual authority of the Sultan, it is asserted, demands complete political autonomy for the Riffs, including the right to maintain an army.

Abd el Krim, Rifian chieftain, and his entourage are encamped at Ait Komara in the Beni Urriaguel country about 15 miles from Adjir, his former capital, which he abandoned before the advance of the Spanish forces.

Political advances designed to bring about the surrender and subsequent disarmament of all tribesmen are being made by both the French and Spanish authorities, and, it is said, with increasing success.

REIGN OF TERROR IN BALKANS

All the Balkan States, including Hungary, are given up to inhuman "white terror" to the shame of Christian humanity, said Henri Barbusse, a French author, on his return from a private mission to Rumania, to investigate the recent trial at Tatar-Bunar of alleged revolutionists.

M. Barbusse, in a speech at a public meeting, charged that the Rumanian Government had been unable to produce documentary proofs that the revolutionaries had acted under instructions from Moscow. He said Sofia, capital of Bulgaria, had the appearance of a graveyard. Any man there giving information concerning prevailing conditions, risked death.

A despatch from Bucharest, Dec. 3, said a secret military tribunal at Shisinau, Rumania, had pronounced sentences against 85 Bessarabian peasants, accused of having participated in the raids made at Tatar-Bunar, allegedly by a Soviet band. Sentences ranging from two to 20 years were imposed on those convicted.

Irish Boundary Settled

Bill Passes Dail Eireann and Ulster Parliament, And Is Given Royal Assent

After a four days' debate the Dail Eireann has approved the London agreement on the Irish boundary, 71 to 20.

President Cosgrave said the policy of all the political leaders in the past four years had been that there had been no coercion of Ulster. But the opponents of the London agreement were abandoning that policy; they wanted to coerce Ulster, while not calling it coercion.

The Republican policy, said Mr. Cosgrave, at the time of the treaty, was essentially the same regarding Ulster as the Government's. An appeal to the League of Nations was possible and might be successful and, if the House defeated the agreement, that course was still open to the Government's successors. So was a counter-claim under Article 5 of the Anglo-Irish treaty.

The president contended that the Government had secured for the first time the good-will of Northern Ireland. The Government had made the best case it could. It had met an honest, just and generous people and set forth the inability of the Free State to pay, and that finished Article 5 (relating to proportionate payment of the British National debt). All the Free State was asked to pay now was £5,000,000 at 4-4 per cent. to cover interest and sinking fund.

President Cosgrave's speech was heartily applauded, and the division when announced was also cheered.



AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN

The moving spirit in the Locarno Conference, who was given the highest honor the King can bestow, the Order of the Garter. Only twice previously in history has this high honor been bestowed upon a commoner.

EGYPT'S RASPUTIN

King Fuad Forced by Britain to Dispense With His Services

Egypt's unofficial king has been dismissed by the legal sovereign, although much against the will of both.

British pressure compelled the rupture of relations between King Fuad and Hassan Nashat Pasha, who, in the position of chief of the cabinet, has been the Rasputin of his country, dictating policies and advising the King.

Lord Lloyd, the British High Commissioner, paid two visits to King Fuad and finally compelled the dismissal by virtually stating that Britain no longer would tolerate Nashat's power.

His opponents describe Nashat as the black shadow and the evil genius of Egypt. He is wealthy, handsome, a nobleman and a lawyer, and his is the most hated name in the country. Nashat's few faithful friends say he is able and patriotic, although disdainful of popular clamor. His friendship with Fuad was intimate.

Upon dismissing his friend, Fuad appointed him Minister Plenipotentiary in the diplomatic service, but did not specify any post.

Lord Lloyd, on learning that Nashat had been dismissed, departed for a hunting trip in the Soudan, his troubles over for the while.

The corporation of the city of Glasgow, Scotland, recently banned the use of intoxicants at civic functions, and now Aberdeen has followed Glasgow's lead by declaring that at civic ceremonies henceforth liquor will be prohibited.

Republicans Protest

At a public meeting in the Rotunda in Dublin Friday night, the Republican deputies signed a declaration declaring unalterable opposition to the partitioning of Ireland. Eamonn de Valera said Republicans might have to bow their heads for a time to enforced partition of their country by a foreign power, but their consent would never be given. The right to win back the territories remained unimpaired for those to whom the future would bring opportunity.

Ireland Better Off

Sir James Cra'g, the Ulster premier, in a recent speech, said he rejoiced at the Irish boundary settlement, not only for its own sake but because the signs of the times were favorable to the removal of the custom boundary between north and south Ireland. That alone would be worth all the pacts and treaties ever signed.

Trade depended upon credit and credit could not exist if the country were divided by rival factions. He hoped, and from conversations he had had with President Cosgrave of the Free State parliament, he believed a new era was dawning in which Irishmen would be able to enjoy the fruits of their labor and enterprise without interference through political differences.

Sir James said he welcomed the presence of Nationalists in Ulster. He declared that nowhere in the world were minority treated with greater justice and consideration than the Nationalists in Ulster.



ACCEPTED SETTLEMENT

William Cosgrave of the Irish Free State and Sir James Craig of Ulster who have agreed to a settlement of the boundary question with Premier Baldwin, and averted a very serious crisis which threatened upon the resignation of Prof. McNeil from the Boundary Commission.

EUROPEAN SOLIDARITY

Anti-Soviet Sting Must Come Out If Locarno Treaty Is To Bear Fruit.

"The anti-Soviet sting must come out of the Locarno treaty," says Christian Rakovsky, the Soviet ambassador to France. The ambassador on Thursday presented his credentials to President Doumergue.

"The Locarno treaty," Mr. Rakovsky continued, "must be completed by agreements with Russia if it is to be regarded as the starting point for a policy of European solidarity."

"As far as France is concerned, Leonid Krassin (former ambassador to France) already has begun negotiations with such an end in view and he will continue them."

It was added by Mr. Rakovsky that the Russians believed a good agreement was one which disposed of all differences, economic as well as political.

Asked as to the settlement of debts, the ambassador said he was convinced settlement could be effected and that he would work with the utmost of his ability to find a solution for the problem.

Lloyd George on Wednesday won a personal victory by carrying the Liberal candidates with him in support of the land policy which he has urged for regeneration of Britain in general and the Liberal party in particular, though the policy has been modified to render its operation less universal and more gradual.

Great Britain has only begun her campaign against British Communists. To make the Red defeat complete, it is understood that the Home Office has instructed the police of Manchester, Liverpool and Glasgow to round up all Communists within their jurisdiction.

FRANCE'S FINANCIAL FIGHT

Franc Reaches Lowest Level in History of the Country.

France's financial plight daily grows worse, and the public is beginning to show signs of something like a panic, which is being heightened by the series of sharp drops in the value of the franc on the exchange market.

That coin now stands at a lower level than it ever has reached before, and every Frenchman who is in possession of any quantity of them is hastening to convert the money into something tangible—houses, diamonds and even raw gold and platinum.

Minister of Finance Loucheur's seven bills with which he hopes to bridge the financial situation, seemingly are disliked by everybody, irrespective of political creed. This dislike is beginning to find outward expression. As an instance the merchants and manufacturers at Caracassonne assembled in solemn conclave and bound themselves to withhold payment of all taxes should M. Loucheur's bills be adopted. Meanwhile all attempts to speed up a solution of the situation, be it good, bad or indifferent, is being hampered by political considerations. Indeed, it is charged that the root of the whole evil is that what is purely and simply a financial crisis is dominated by politics.

The advisers committee to pass on all financial plans, announcement of which was made at the time of the formation of the new Briand ministry and which made an excellent impression, has vanished and nothing more is heard of it.

One thing seems certain—that M. Loucheur's principal bill—the revenue bill—which is in the hands of the finance committee on the chamber, will not pass as it stands. Consequently it is believed either M. Loucheur will withdraw from the ministry and that there will be a fresh set of proposals, or the bill will be remodelled by the French committee for M. Loucheur himself.

Paris Press Comment

The campaign for the dissolution of Parliament and extra-constitutional methods for solving the present financial and economic crisis in France which has been going on steadily and stealthily for some weeks appeared for the first time in the open, when the *Matin* in a leading article demanded "the creation of a committee of public safety with full powers and entire responsibility to restore the financial situation."

The *Matin's* article, which was not signed, but was given such prominence as involved the responsibility of the management of the paper, says: "We have had enough of politicians. This country, still bleeding from war wounds, is not ready to face the great adventure of revolution."

"Enough of politics!—let a committee be formed outside of politicians and comprising staunch and courageous men to save France. Let them proclaim that France is in danger, and that the hour for the sacred union has come."

Leon Bailby, editor of the independent newspaper *L'Intransigeant*, follows up the demand voiced by the *Matin*.

"Let us not despair," writes M. Bailby, "politics has had its day. Whether evolution, dissolution or liquidation, the country is going to take into its own hands the direction of its affairs."

The *Temps* takes a milder tone but solemnly warns Parliament that it must abandon political shiftings, and make possible a national Government embracing all parties and representing all except those that deliberately exclude themselves.

Every sign, the paper says, points to a universal desire throughout the country for the end of politics and the establishment of a new concord like the sacred union of war days. Meanwhile there is a concrete step in the direction of a wider accord in the decision of a group of the radical left to seek a reunion with the centrist group of the Republican right as a means of enlarging the Government's majority in the present crisis.

Loucheur's Bill's Rejected

Twice on Monday in the finance commission Loucheur's proposals were defeated and sent back for consideration in terms which, while they avoid an immediate crisis, create a most delicate situation.

In normal times any finance minister so treated would resign, but on Monday evening, Loucheur, after a long conversation with Premier Briand, decided to start all over again and promised to bring in a new set of proposals.

WORLD'S LARGEST OVERDRAFT

Carried By the Bank of France Against French Treasury.

The biggest overdraft in the world is carried by the Bank of France—something like 26 billion francs against the French treasury.

The existence of an organization able to do this kind of financing is due to the foresight of Napoleon. When he founded the Bank in 1800 he gave it the exclusive privilege of issuing paper money, with the proviso that the French treasury be

Raising the Flag

The flag that has braved the battle and the breeze for over eighty years—the Witness flag—is being raised to the masthead. Monday of this week brought the largest number of subscriptions recorded for any one day in the last three years. Every new subscriber helps to raise the flag higher and to keep it flying. It is not the Witness but what the Witness stands for—fights for—that warrants its flag being run up to the very top of the mast. Get a new subscriber to join you in a tug on the rope, and a cheer as together you raise the flag higher. Don't let there be any slackening of the effort, for the flag is not yet at the top.

ATTRACTING YOUR FRIENDS

* The fact that three splendid serials have just started, and that back copies can be furnished to those who act promptly should be an added advantage.

"Captain of His Soul", "A Hero in Wolfskin," by Tom Bevan, and "The Canadian Castaways" would all be enjoyed by your friends as well as by your own family.

Can you imagine a better time for your acquaintances to become members of the Witness family?

THE PARTNERSHIP POLICY

Although the price of the Witness is \$2 to old or new subscribers a commission of \$1 on each NEW subscription may

be retained by church or Temperance organizations or by individual subscribers provided that the money so retained is devoted to some religious or benevolent purpose. This purpose must be named to the new subscriber and to us when subscription is forwarded.

NOW IS THE TIME FOR ACTION

John Dougall & Son,1925.
Witness Bldg., Montreal.

I have secured the NEW subscribers whose names and addresses are on the attached sheet.

Sender's name
Address

Subscription price \$2.00 per year

If half the price is retained please state the object to which it will be devoted

Q. Can the benevolent commission be used to meet the cost of our church year? A. Yes.

Q. Can it be used to pay for a much needed trip for our pastor's wife? A. Yes.

Q. Can it be used toward buying music for our choir? A. Yes—and for any other unselfish purpose.

IS ENGLAND DECADENT?

Former United States Ambassador Holds Gloomy View of Industrial Future

A warning that England's period of productivity is passed and henceforth her sole function can be none else than that of "middleman" or manufacturing intermediary between producers of raw materials and consumers of finished articles, is sounded by George Harvey, formerly United States Ambassador to the Court of St. James, in an article in the *North American Review*, of this month.

"The simple truth is that Britain has realized on her natural wealth in iron; her ore mines are now of little value and the proximity of iron and coal, so conducive to low cost in smelting, has ceased to be a factor," Col. Harvey writes.

But for the direct subsidy granted by the Government, Mr. Harvey believes the British coal mining industry would be in a state of utter collapse. He lists coal mining, however, as the one great productive industry that seems likely to be maintained, "although at depths which had made it too costly for any but home consumption."

Of the shipbuilding industry, the article prints out that a large majority of the building yards are either closed or considering that procedure, and says "the chief cause of this partial collapse lies in the fact that other countries have so greatly increased their mercantile fleets; that the British share in shipping has decreased from 44.5 to less than 33 per cent."

Reviewing the condition of the country's population, Col. Harvey declares that despite the encouragement given to emigration by the Government in an effort to reduce by 10,000,000 the present over-population, "it has all been tried in vain."

British Ambassador's Reply

The economic outlook for Great Britain has improved greatly since the signing of the Locarno pact, the British Embassy at Washington said in a formal statement brought out by the article by George Harvey in the *North American Review*, in which Mr. Harvey pointed a gloomy picture of the British future.

Referring to a recent speech by Sir Esme Howard, the British ambassador, in which he outlined the necessity of Great Britain selling her products abroad, the statement said it should not have been taken as a "warning that Great Britain would not be able to meet her obligations within a measurable distance of time."

"We may now look forward," the statement continued, "to a restoration of confidence and credit throughout Europe and to a re-establishment of European markets which should in months alter much for the better Great Britain's economic prospects and they have already begun to do so to a remarkable degree."

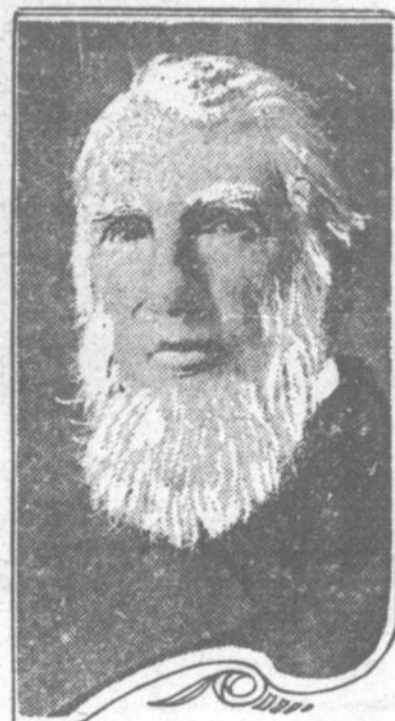
Marooned in the China Sea for almost five months and without food supplies during the last two months of that time, more than 60 Chinese employees of the Hydrographic Department have paid with their lives for the attempt to establish a lighthouse on the dreaded Pratas Reef.

A group of French deputies representing the wine-producing regions have asked the Minister of Justice to apply against prohibition advocates a provision of a law passed in 1889 providing imprisonment for those who conduct propaganda against the national interest of the country.

DEATH OF J. R. BOOTH

Never Rallied From Last Brief Illness— Universal Regret Over His Passing

John Rudolphus Booth is dead. The grand old man of the Ottawa valley, dean of Canadian lumbermen and a pioneer of the industry in the Dominion—he would have celebrated his 99th birthday on April 5 next—met death quietly. No serious illness blighted his last days. In fact his illness was never of a positive nature but he became gradually weaker, lapsing into a semi-conscious condition from which he never fully recovered. His brothers and sister, sons and daughter and several grandchildren, were at his bedside during the last hours of his life.



THE LATE JOHN R. BOOTH

Of Irish stock, J. R., as he is familiarly known, was born in the village of Waterloo, Shefford County, Que., on April 5, 1827.

As a child he worked on his father's farm in summer, did the chores in winter and in his spare time went to school. Marrying Miss Mose Cook, the daughter of a neighbor he decided that there was a large future elsewhere. With his bride and a working capital of nine dollars he commenced earning his living by doing carpentry work on the Vermont Railway.

In 1852 he went to Ottawa, then Bytown, where lumbering was being carried on, though as yet on no great scale. The first job he secured was in a Hull, Que., machine shop, where he put a few finishing touches to his knowledge of tools. He helped to build a sawmill and was afterwards manager of it for a year. His first business venture followed shortly after, and took the form of a machine shop, which he bought, but which was destroyed by fire after eight months.

He next bought a mill and installed two shingle machines. When the owner wanted to double the rent at the end of the first year he quit and went across the Ottawa River to Ottawa, where on the site of the huge buildings that now stand as a monument to his name, he obtained a ten-year lease on an idle mill and started on a small scale with a single saw. His first large contract was for furnishing lumber to the Parliament Buildings. After three years he purchased the mill, and henceforth the name of J. R. Booth began to be heard.

Bankers had sufficient confidence in him to extend a generous amount of credit, and when several tracts of timber land along the Ottawa River were offered for sale, comprising the estate of John Egan, he borrowed \$45,000 at seven per cent. interest, and bought a large limit. Fifty years later he was owner of more pine timber land than any one person in the Dominion.

Universal regret at the passing of one of the Dominion's most notable citizens, after a picturesque career rich in industrial romance, is expressed on all sides and by men in all walks of life.

The funeral on Tuesday was attended by Premier W. L. Mackenzie King, Right Hon. Arthur Meighen, Conservative leader; Sir Robert Borden, former Premier of Canada; Sir George Perley, M.P., former Canadian High Commissioner in London and many others.

Mrs. Beatrix Leacock, wife of Dr. Stephen Butler Leacock, noted Canadian writer and head of the department of political economy at McGill University, Montreal, died in a nursing home at Liverpool, England, on Monday. Professor Leacock and her mother, Mrs. R. B. Hamilton, of Toronto, were with her when she died.

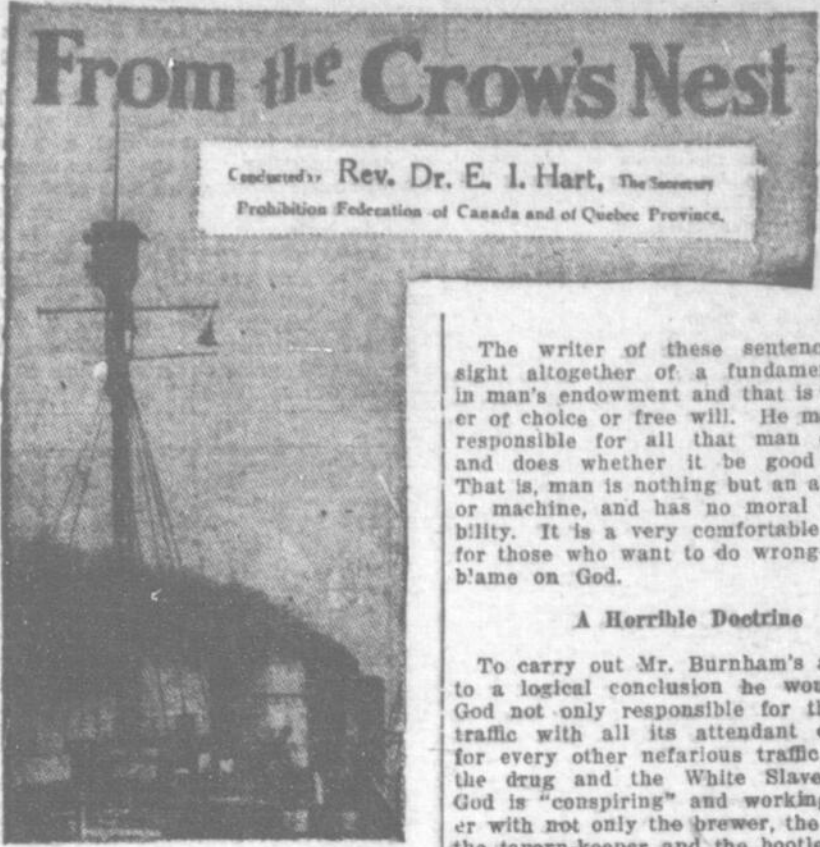
The rum-running baronet, Col. Sir Broderick Hartwell is bankrupt. A receiving order in bankruptcy against him was published in the *London Gazette* of Friday night.



POPE PIUS

Who, according to reports from Rome, may at last break with tradition and leave the Vatican to attend the celebration of the seven hundredth anniversary of the death of St. Francis at Assisi.

Simplicity is always a characteristic of real genius, and is ever the result of profound thought.



From the Crow's Nest

Conducted by Rev. Dr. E. I. Hart, The Secretary
Prohibition Federation of Canada and of Quebec Province.

The writer of these sentences loses sight altogether of a fundamental fact in man's endowment and that is the power of choice or free will. He makes God responsible for all that man conceives and does whether it be good or bad. That is, man is nothing but an automaton or machine, and has no moral responsibility. It is a very comfortable doctrine for those who want to do wrong—put the blame on God.

A Horrible Doctrine

To carry out Mr. Burnham's argument to a logical conclusion he would make God not only responsible for the liquor traffic with all its attendant evils but for every other nefarious traffic such as the drug and the White Slave traffics. God is "conspiring" and working together with not only the brewer, the distiller, the tavern-keeper and the bootlegger but with the brothel-mistress and the "dope" vendor. It is a horrible doctrine but it indicates the straits to which the friends of the liquor trade are put in order to perpetuate it.

Mr. Burnham protests against the application of the principle of prohibition to alcohol, does he, too, protest against its application to "dope"? If he were an American citizen he would revoke the 18th Amendment, would he, as well, revoke those laws prohibiting the traffic in drugs? To be consistent he would.

"Good Gifts of God"

We admit that alcohol is what the Moderationist calls a "good gift of God." There is a place for it in the scientific and industrial world but there is no place for it in a human beverage. We will admit that drugs such as cocaine, opium, strychnine, etc., are "good gifts of God." There

Is God a Prohibitionist?

In a November issue of the Crow's Nest there were published two letters from Mr. J. H. Burnham of Peterborough. A third letter has come to our office from Mr. Burnham which in fairness to the writer should receive similar attention.

"To the Editor:—

"Sir,—In a recent issue the chief protagonist of Prohibition has an article on 'Did Drink Win the War?' The object of the article is to show what drink really is.

"In the first place Drink would never have been the subject of regret if it had not been for excess. In that alone lies the objection to it. The issue was sent to me by, I fancy, Rev. Dr. Hart, to whom I had previously written that Prohibition was ruining Ontario, which is full of home brew, perjury and the debauchment of the young of both sexes.

"However, to people who understand the value of first principles it must be apparent that a moral and a physical law which must be supplemented by a prohibitory law cannot be of God. The implication is that God would not have put temptation in our way (in anything) if He had known as much as we do.

"Instantly it becomes apparent to the rising generation that the alleged Christians do not really believe in the Fatherhood and wise providence of God, and that if there is a God it is One who is not concerned about our welfare. He must be wrong or we are, one of the two. God is not a Prohibitionist and without His aid we could not make alcohol at all. He conspires with every distiller and brewer to make alcohol. He is as "guilty" as any other maker of it. Therefore people see that Prohibition has demonstrated that there is no God such as we have supposed. That is the fundamental awfulness of Prohibition, and can it be wondered at that America is in the hands of the underworld?"

J. BURNHAM.

"P. S.—With regard to my correspondence with you which you publish and ask an explanation of I may say that I wrote you because Prohibitionists here asserted that it was not an issue at this election and were side-stepping it in the usual way. My further reply to you was due to the fact that you assumed in your letter that I am a Prohibitionist and I wished to disabuse your mind of that idea."

Two Plausible Arguments

Mr. Burnham's letter contains one or two arguments which appeal very strongly to the "philosophical" Moderationist and which seem to him unanswerable. Instead they only prove that those who use them have not thought deeply enough upon the matter. A trained logician can soon reduce them to absurdity.

Our writer says "It must be apparent that a moral and physical law which must be supplemented by a prohibitory law cannot be of God." Mr. Burnham, evidently, is not familiar with the Statutes of Canada. If he will but glance at them he will readily find that there is hardly one great moral and physical law that is not reinforced by some kind of a prohibitory law of the land. The relations between child and parent, husband and wife, neighbor and neighbor, man and God, and even of a man to himself, are more or less recognized and guarded in the civil and criminal codes of every civilized country in the world.

Mr. Burnham, further says, "God is not a Prohibitionist and without His aid we could not make alcohol at all. He conspires with every distiller and brewer to make alcohol. He is as 'guilty' as any other maker of it."

is a place for them in the chemist's laboratory, in the operating room at the hospital and to a very limited degree in the practice of a conscientious physician, but nowhere else. These are good but dangerous gifts and men by education and experience are more and more realizing the truth of it—hence the necessary prohibition of their perversion in the hands of the unscrupulous.

Not an Ideal World

We would remind those who might happen to be influenced by the plausible arguments of Mr. Burnham that we are still living in a most imperfect world, a world that requires prohibitions. We cannot do without them in the house, in the school, in business, in social and civic relations. The weak and the ignorant must be protected.

Some day men can fully trust one another and live without prohibitions. Some day men will know how to use all the good gifts of God as He intended them to be used—not as the selfish and the brutal want them to be used. That olden Day is still far off. Men will have to be educated and disciplined into that day. It is a long, slow and painful process. The Apostle Paul once said that the Law was a pedagogue to lead him to Christ. That was his conception of the old Mosaic Dispensation. The law is still necessary to bring the world to Christ. We cannot yet do without those greatest of all prohibitions—the Decalogue. We cannot yet do without those prohibitions that have been inspired by the spirit of the Great Master—the spirit of good neighborliness and brotherliness.

If all "prohibitions" were removed from the city of Peterborough tomorrow I believe I know of one man in that city who would be among the first to make a rapid exit—and I would not blame him. We are all Prohibitionists, practically. We all, more or less, act upon the principle of prohibition every day—even that tavern-keeper in Montreal who insists that those who wait upon his customers must be total abstainers.

Prohibition and Crime

In conclusion let us say that if America is "in the hands of the underworld," as Mr. Burnham so confidently asserts, it is not the fault of Prohibition, but of the liquor interests. The liquor traffic is the greatest breeder of crime and vice that the world has ever seen. Prohibition does not make criminals, it only reveals them.

Montreal's "Blind Pigs"



A Growing Menace

The Montreal Weekly Standard has done great service on several occasions in calling the attention of the public to unsavory conditions existing in the social life of the Metropolis of Canada.

On Saturday, November 28th last, there appeared in the Standard an article by a member of its staff entitled, "The Curse of Blind Pigs in Montreal." It is a startling revelation and should arouse the citizens of Montreal to such action as will lead to the complete and final expulsion of the liquor traffic. If there is such a thing as a civic conscience and a sense of self-respect, that must be the result. By reason of its tolerated "Red Light" districts, its bandit trials, its Police Probe, its "Dope" traffic and its growing liquor business, Montreal has been in the world's lime-light for several years and has achieved a most unenviable name. How much longer will its decent citizens put up with this kind of thing?

This is what the Standard says:—"The menace of the 'Blind Pig' is increasing in Montreal every day," said a member of the Quebec Liquor Commission

in and day out. Their verdict is that things are getting no better and that it is all they can do to keep the blind pigs down to reasonable numbers.

Fines Little Effect

Fines and imprisonment on those convicted are said to have little effect on the traffic. The sentence is usually one month in jail, costs or three more months. But the real men behind the traffic, the real owners of the illicit drinking places are very rarely found and the people who go to prison are often only too willing to do it for the solatium they get from their employers when they get out again. And as soon as they go to jail there are others to take their place, for such are the profits to be made that there are always a host of people attracted to the business.

Because the blind pig is operating when nearly all respectable citizens are in bed and asleep, and because care is taken that the business shall not be brought too much to the fore the people of Montreal have little conception of the real extent of the illicit drug traffic and the consequent degradation of the souls that often ensues.

In Cote St. Paul

In Cote St. Paul alone it is estimated that there are from 20 to 30 establishments where liquor can be obtained at any hour and at all hours. Within one minute's walk of the Place D'Armes there are similar establishments. St. Catherine street and St. Lawrence Boulevard house many more, and in the outlying parts of the city there are scores. Roadhouses in different parts of the outskirts of the city are in many cases places where it is possible to buy liquor illegally, and many a quiet country hotel comes under the same category.

One week in the Police Courts of the city is enough to convince anybody that the police have a hard struggle to cope with the constantly rising law infractions. This week from 20 to 30 cases were before the courts as the result of more than one hundred raids carried out by the police. It is only possible to deal with them because of the fact that in most cases the accused plead guilty and are dealt with in a very short space of time. If every prisoner pleaded not guilty and an enquete were heard before judgment were delivered the administration of justice in the city of Montreal would cease to function.

Congestion Bad

So bad was the congestion last year that Judge Choquette was brought down from Quebec specially to try liquor cases, his court being situated in the building belonging to the Provincial Government opposite the Court House. Police officers, lawyers and others interested in liquor cases are of the opinion that unless the number of liquor law infractions slackens special action will again be needed.

What is bringing sorrow and despair to many homes in Montreal and sending many girls along the "easy road" is the dance hall where liquor is sold illicitly, according to police authorities who have been consulted by The Standard on this matter. Dancing in some of these places is allowed at all hours and many a young girl is taken there or is attracted there by the air of false enjoyment that hangs over these places.

Not All Clubs Alike

This does not apply to all clubs. There are some where it is impossible to get liquor and others that do not admit young girls.

But there are many of the other type and it is not impossible to find as late as four o'clock in the morning girls of little more than fifteen or sixteen years of age blind drunk in some of these places, says the Liquor Police. They go to the clubs innocently in many cases simply because they are young, they want enjoyment and they love to dance. The next thing is the ease with which it is possible to obtain liquor. And the next thing for those girls who succumb to the temptations placed before them is betrayal, and then their gradual appearances in the Recorder's Court where sooner or later most of them find themselves.

Police authorities declare definitely that this phase of the illicit drinking house is one of the biggest that they have to face. Action except against the sellers of booze does not fall to them. Night by night they see the young girls, on their way to ruin and they are unable to do anything.

Some so-called clubs have no licenses at all. No club at all has a license to sell "hard stuff." According to law to commence a club a license must be obtained from the city hall, and it is the contention of the liquor authorities that any club or dance hall that infringes the liquor regulations of the city should at once lose its license and be shut down. At present this distinctly is not done.

A club is raided, the person selling drinks goes to prison, but the club goes on just the same and the drink selling business goes on without ceasing. Clubs are raided every night in the week throughout the city, the blind pigs in the city are raided every night, but still the traffic goes on.

A place is not raided until a case is

(Continued on page 31)

Police to a representative of The Standard this week.

"It is not so much a question of selling illegal liquor, although that is what our work is directed against, but behind the clubs and the 'blind pigs' and the secret drinking joints is one of the easiest paths to the downfall of the girlhood of Montreal that could be imagined.

"Time after time when we raid these places we find that there are young girls of quite good family in them, sodden with liquor. They have been taken there to dance, they have been enticed to drink, and soon when the wine is in and the wits are out they are headlong on the road to disaster. There is no doubt that the "Red Light" district finds most of its recruits from girls who have been in the habit of attending some of these midnight haunts."

A complete and searching inquiry has revealed the fact that there is not one ounce of exaggeration in the statements made by the officer. Nobody is in a better position to know the true state of affairs than those people who are engaged in fighting the illegal drink menace day

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

TO CORRESPONDENTS

A. G.—Replying to your letter of recent date, we are informed by McAlinsh and Co., Ltd. booksellers, 4 College St., Toronto, that the book "God's Way With Man", by Lily Dougall, is published by the Macmillan Co. of Canada, Toronto, and by the Christian Forward Movement, of London. The price of the edition published by Macmillan is \$1.20.

W. A. S., Ont.—Write Rev. Robt. Laird, Confederation Building, Toronto, Ont.

Mrs. A. McK., Ont.—You should be able to get the hymn, words and music in any old book of Gospel songs.

WORDS WANTED

M.R.B., Ont.—Your Questions and Answers page is indeed very helpful and educative, and I beg to make use of it myself. I wonder if any of your readers could supply me with the poem "The Convict's Christmas Eve," and the following books—"Quo Vadis" and "Flint and Feather" by Pauline Johnson. Wishing your paper long life and every success.

C.C.W., Ont.—I would appreciate it very much if you could reproduce "The Fireman's Wedding" and "Christmas Day in the Work-house."

Mrs. J. B., Midland.—Can you or one of the readers of the Witness, supply the words of the poem of which the first two lines are the following:
"Watchman, tell us of the night
E'er the morning beams do dawn."
Thanking you in anticipation. I have read your valuable paper with much interest.

Will some kind reader please inform M.G.L. where he can find the poem:
"Her wholesome seas are at her gates,
Her gates are east and west."
And the name of the author?

Mrs. J. A. E. Vermont.—I would very much like to get the words of an old song we used to hear thirty or forty years ago, entitled "The Wild Colonial Boy". I would feel very grateful to some reader of the Witness if they could send it to me or if I could get it through the valuable old Witness.

WORDS SUPPLIED

Mrs. Ambrose Gregg, and Mrs. Pryor, Bradwell, Sask. have kindly forwarded the words of the poem beginning, "Two babes were born in the selfsame town—" in answer to a recent query. They follow.

THE TWO LIVES

Two babes were born in the selfsame town,
On the very same bright day.
They laughed and cried in their mothers' arms
In the very selfsame way,
And both seemed pure and innocent
As falling flakes of snow,
But one of them lived in the terraced house,
And one in the street below.

Two children played in the selfsame town,
And the children both were fair,
But one had curls brushed smooth and round,
The other had tangled hair.
The children both grew up apace,
As other children grow,
But one of them lived in the terraced house
And one in the street below.

Two maidens wrought in the selfsame town,
And one was wedded and loved;
The other saw through the curtain's part
The world where her sister moved,
And one was smiling, a happy bride,
The other knew care and woe
For one of them lived in the terraced house
And one in the street below.

Two women lay dead in the selfsame town,
And one had tender care,
The other was left to die alone,
On her pallet so thin and bare.
One had many to mourn her loss;
For the other few tears would flow,
For one had lived in the terraced house
And one in the street below.

If Jesus who died for rich and poor,
In wondrous holy love,
Took both the sisters in His arms
And carried them above,
Then all the difference vanished quite,
For in heaven none would know
Which of them lived in the terraced house,
And which in the street below.

Mrs. H. G. Vaughan, Canning, N.S., sends in the words of that tuneless old melody "De Watermillon Hangin' On de Vine," in response to the request of Mrs. W. F. Sundridge on Dec. 2 which follow:

DE WATERMILLON HANGIN' ON DE VINE

Oh! see dat watermillon asmillin' froo de fence;
How I wish dat watermillon it were mine;
De white folks must be foolish; dey need a heap ob sense,
Or dey'd never leave it dar upon de vine.
Chorus:—
Oh de ham bone am sweet, and de tater am good,
And de possum fat am berry, berry fine;
But gib me, yes, gib me, Oh, how I wish you would,
Dat watermillon growin' on de vine.

You may talk about your peaches, your apples and your pears,
And de 'simmon hangin' on de 'simmon tree;
But, bless yo'r heart, mah honey, dat truck it ain't nowhere,
De watermillon am de fruit for me.
Chorus:—
Whon de moon it am a shining, dat watermillon's gwine to cool,
Den I know dat it will eat most awful fine;
Den I see gwine to go and fetch it, or else I is a fool,
If I leave it smillin' dar upon de vine.

Mrs. Pryor of Bradwell, Sask., sends along two or three poems asked for, and the Witness is very grateful.

THE GREEN EYE OF THE LITTLE YELLOW GOD

There's a one-eyed yellow idol, to the North of Khatmandu,

There's a little marble cross below the town
There's a broken-hearted woman, tends the grave of Mad Carew,
And the little God for ever gazes down.
He was known as Mad Carew by the "Subs" at Khatmandu,
He was hotter than they felt inclined to tell,
But for all his foolish pranks, he was worshipped in the ranks
And the Colonel's daughter smiled on him as well.

He had loved her all along, with the passion of the strong,
And the fact that she loved him was plain to all,
She was nearly twenty-one, and arrangements had begun,
To celebrate her birthday with a ball.
He wrote to 'ask what presents she would like from Mad Carew,
They met next day (as he dismissed a squad) and jestingly she told him, "that nothing else would do,"
But the "Green-eye" of the little Yellow God.

On the night before the dance, Mad Carew seemed in a trance
They chaffed him as they puffed at their cigars
But for once he failed to smile and he sat alone a while,
Then went out into the night beneath the stars.

He returned before the dawn, with his shirt and tunic torn
And a gash across his forehead dripping red
He has patched up straightway, and he slept all through the day.
While the Colonel's daughter watched beside his bed.

He woke at last and asked, "If they'd send his tunic through
She brought it and he thanked her with a nod,
Then bade her search the pockets, saying "That's from Mad Carew,"
And she found the little "Green-Eye" of the God.

She upbraided Mad Carew, in the way that women do,
Though both her eyes were strangely hot and wet
But she wouldn't take the stone and Carew was left alone,
With the jewel that he'd chanced his life to get.

When the ball was at its height, on that still and tropic night,
She thought of him and hastened to his room
As she crossed the barrack square, she could hear the dreamy air
Of a valse tune softly stealing through the gloom.

His door was open wide, the silver moonlight stealing through,
The place was wet and slippery where she trod,
An ugly knife lay buried in the heart of Mad Carew
'Twas the vengeance of the little Yellow God.

There's a one-eyed yellow idol to the North of Khatmandu,
There's a little marble cross below the town,
There's a broken-hearted woman tends the grave of Mad Carew
And the little God for ever gazes down.

THE MIDNIGHT EXPRESS

"Jim Blake, your wife is dying,"
Came over the wire tonight,
The news was brought to the station,
By a boy half dead with fright.
He bust into the awfulst crying,
His face was very white,
"Send this to dad in his engine,
For mother is dying tonight."

Jim Blake is our oldest comrade,
He runs on the midnight express,
He has handled the throttle lever
Most of his life, I guess,
So when I found the message
Was for my old friend, Jim,
You bet I sent it a flying
Over the wires to him.

In something less than an hour,
An answer came back from Kirk,
"Tell wife I meet her at midnight;
Tell wife I am praying for her."
I left my boy in the office,
Took the message to Jim's wife,
I there found a dying woman with scarcely a breath of life

When first I entered the chamber she first took me for Jim,
And fell back almost exhausted when she found I was not him.

O'er hill and vale and valley thunders the midnight express,
O'er mountain ridges and bridges she leaps on in sore distress,
But Jim hangs on to the lever, a guarding the maddening fright,
And a voice cries out in the darkness,
"God speed the express train to-night."

In something less than an hour,
The express train should be along,
But here is a message for me,
And I fear there is something wrong.
Ah, yes, it says a disaster,
The express train is in the ditch,
The engineer is dying, derailed by an open switch,
And here is another message, from the engineer, I guess,
"Tell wife I'll meet her in heaven
Not to wait for the midnight express."

THE WEAVERS

In the long, low Eastern workroom the weavers worked apace,
Each at his own set pattern, each in his own set place,
Threads of the sunset's splendor through their sinewy fingers whirled,
Under their hands triumphant, grew the work of the world.

Only one worked in silence; only one head bent too low;
The best and the blithest workman had welcomed the morning's glow
But the threads in his hands had faded, tarnished the green and gold,
And the work that should have crowned him, forsooth grew mean and old.

Wondering, the others watched him: "Put by, put by," said they,
"You shame your skill by such labor; rest from the loom today."
But in bitter pain and heartache he worked till the day was done,
And the Master of all the weavers came at the set of sun.

Eager the others thronged him, showing their patterns rare;
But the master turned to him who had failed and laid a hand on his hair:
"Well done, well done, my weavers; and rich shall your guerdon be,
But of all your beauteous patterns this one best pleaseth me
For the red of courage, the gold of faith are won whenever a man
Looks in the face of failure and does the best that he can."



ADMIRAL JELICOE

Who proposes that the various parts of the Empire share in the expense of supporting the British navy. Canada's share, under his plan, would be thirty-six million dollars a year.

ENGLISH APPLE RHYMES

In an English novel in which much of the action takes place upon a Cornish farm a century ago, there is a striking scene in which on Christmas Eve the company adjourn to the orchard to invoke a blessing on the apple trees. A jug of cider is emptied at the root of an ancient tree; a time-honored rhyme is repeated, and at its close a gun is fired, so charged as to produce the biggest possible bang.

Not only in Cornwall, but all over England such scenes used to occur, and even today an occasional echo of the old custom sounds from some remote, forgotten corner of the kingdom where in corrupted or abbreviated form it is still observed.

There were many forms of apple rhymes—some pious, some superstitious, more nearly akin to magic and charms than to religion, and some merely expressions of hope and good wishes. Sometimes the orchard rite was observed at Christmas, sometimes in the spring at blossom time, sometimes in the autumn just before harvest. There was also a luck rhyme, recited on the plucking of the first fruit of the harvest, which was ceremoniously handed to a young girl, who halved and bit it. If a second apple were gathered before she had done so or before the recitation was completed, misfortune was at hand.

A toast of great antiquity was often repeated as follows:

Here's to thee, old Alpe Tree!
Be sure ye bud, be sure ye blow
And bring forth apples good enow—
Hats full, caps full,
Three bushel baggs full,
Pockets full, mouths full,
Hearts full and thankful—
Hurrah, the Apple Tree!

A brief and popular toast for the planting season was this for the setting of a single tree or the first of an orchard: Here's to the Apple! Here's to the Tree! Here's to the King, lads, and here's to we!

To the Root—
To the Fruit—
And to he
And to we—

Huzzay for the King, and the Farmer and the Tree!

Testing Straws

One of the most useful gifts I received last Christmas was a slim little box with a spray of holly on the cover and inside a bunch of "straws" for cake testing. Take some bunches of straw from a new broom, sterilize in boiling water dry, tie with red ribbon and use to fill the boxes. On the cover of the box containing mine these two lines were printed in red ink:—

"When a cake you wish to test,
Just use these straws, they are the best."
Inside the box was a card with the following very fetching little verse:—
"When you've made just the temptingest cake

And are anxiously watching it bake,
A straw you will want, to try it and see
If it's done just the way that a good cake should be.

"Some folks rob the broom, as we know That's not always suitable though,
And this package of straws for the purpose was made,
They'll always be ready to give you their aid."

DO YOU LIKE THIS DEPARTMENT?

If you appreciate the matter contained in this department, then say so in the questionnaire on page 7 of this week's paper. Otherwise it may be curtailed by some more popular feature.

The Light That Failed



From the Brooklyn Eagle.

On seeing this timely cartoon a Witness friend in Massachusetts, realizing what the Witness is in thousands of homes, sends us the following:—

THE WITNESS

A Light upon a rocky shore,
A signal light where billows roar
And dash and revel evermore.
The mariner in darkness lost
On pathless ocean, tempest-tost,
And bound with chains of winter's frost,
Guided by yonder light may sail—

Despite the ice, the night, the gale—
Buffet the billows, and prevail.

Subscription oil seems running low,
So all "Witness Light" burn dim—and go?
Answer with oil: "No, No!—O, no!"

Newton Highlands, Mass.,
Dec. 7th, 1925.

—E. K.

Sunday Home Reading

ROOM FOR JESUS

One night I dreamed I was a guest,
That night in Bethlehem town,
Where He was born, who gave to it
Its famous world renown;
And safe I slept within the inn
That quiet star-lit night,
While in the stable near, there shone
The world's eternal light.

And in the morn my host revealed
The story of that birth,
To us, his guest, who sat and heard,
And feasted in our mirth;

But one inquired, in thoughtful mood,
Why shelter was denied;
"There was no room within the inn,"
Our genial host replied.

Up spake I then to them, and said,
"If I had only known,
They might have had my room last night,
In little Bethlehem town."
Then I awoke; and now I know
The Prince of Peace is come,
And needs a place within my heart—
Will I now give Him room?
—Clarence M. Sheldon.

The World's Love Story

By Gipsy Smith

"There was no room for them in the inn."—Luke 2:7.

In those simple words I find my Christmas message. It is the opening sentence of the wonderful love story of the universe.

On that starry night a new sense of values was born. The things that the world in its blindness deemed to be essential were shown to be empty and inadequate and useless. Away from the unconcerned crowd, in the straw, among the cattle, God brought new hope to a tired, despairing world.

Jesus might have come with all the pride and pomp of a court, with all the might and majesty of a glittering army, with legions of angels. Instead of being the Saviour of the world He might have been a nine days' wonder. Everything in the history of the race that has been truly great has begun silently, without excitement, without display, and in places where the average eye would not dream of looking for a miracle of greatness.

The Saviour of the world lay in a manger. And the woman with a babe at her breast knows that He Who lay on that rude bed of straw, Who toiled at the carpenter's bench, Who faced the bitter, brutal Cross, is the friend of every mother, of every little child. The man who appreciates the real meaning and magic of Christmas knows that in the Saviour is One Who came—may one say reverently?—into the ranks to fight side by side with the ordinary soldier in life's battle: God Himself coming into our distracted human life to suffer and to sacrifice, to show us how to love, how to serve, how to conquer.

In the day when we are not wanted, when the world turns its back on us and there is no place for us in its sheltered rooms, we know we have Some One Who knows and sympathises, Who went through it all before us. We have, as the apostle said, a High Priest Who was touched with the feelings of our infirmities.

It makes all the difference when a friend can sympathise with you because he, too, has suffered. The man who can talk with greatest authority about the horrors of the war is not the mean-souled profiteer who criticised operations in his easy chair before the fire, but the man who was in the hell of the trenches and who went over the top; who floundered in the mud of No Man's Land.

Jesus, Who lay in the trough in the cattle yard, Who at the end of His short earthly life and ministry went over the top, amid the mud and the blood, for the sake of fallen humanity, can sympathise, and understand, and comfort. That is why Christmas means for every man: Emmanuel—God with us.

If I look at a rose I see God in its perfection of bloom and perfume. If I look at the buttercups and daisies, I see God around me in that glorious colored carpet. If I wander in my beloved woods, as I did when I was a wild gipsy boy, and watch the birds and listen to songs of seraphs wrapped up in feathers, I cannot only see, but I can hear God around me.

If I gaze up at the moon and the stars, that galaxy of light, that city of mystery and wonder, I see God above me. If I look at the vibrant earth, with all its marvels, and think of its hidden treasures, if I have a spark of poetry in my nature, I see God beneath me.

If I look at a waving field of corn, or at a table laden at this festive season with the overflowing products of His bounty, I see God before me. But when I look at that humble manger and into the faces of the sleeping Babe I see God with me—with me in every harassing detail, in every heart-break, in every problem of my life, in every temptation, in every need.

The dawn of Christmas means hope for the world, light for the world, harmony for the world. If only men will hush the noise of their strife and hear the angels' song, if only they will fall down and worship at the feet of the Holy Babe, if only they will listen to the music of His Gospel and enthrone Him in their hearts,

there will be peace on earth and harmonious fellowship among men.

"O Galilean, thou hast conquered!" cried Julian, the Emperor who made the restoration of pagan worship the great aim and controlling principle of his government. So man must ever find his ultimate triumph over the world, the flesh and the devil, not in the sharp sword, not in glittering prizes for sheer brute force, not in the powder magazine or in poison gas, not in dreadnoughts or submarines, not in countless millions flung away on devastation, but in the single enthronement of the Son of God, in capitulation at the feet of Jesus, with the cry, "O Christ, Son of Man, Son of Mary, Son of the God of Love—Thou hast conquered."

"NO ROOM IN THE INN"

(By Rev. Walter Thompson.)

St. Luke tells us "there was no room for them in the inn, so they laid Him in a manger." We would imagine from the use of the word inn that the house corresponded to our modern hotels. Nothing could be further from the truth. Let me tell you of an inn or khan I saw near the Lake of Galilee. As they were, and are, all alike, this one will describe the one in which the infant Christ was born.

This khan is a good specimen of these hotels of the East. Entering by an arched doorway, some fifteen feet high, we found ourselves within a square enclosure. In the open court the cattle stand in fair weather or are protected by a covered roof placed against one of the walls of the khan. The other three sides are appropriated for the uses of the traveller, and are disposed of in a manner adapted to his primitive wants. The lean-to, or paved floor of the recess, is raised several feet above the level of the outer court. There are several such recesses in the khan, and at night they are frequently all occupied. In that event the unfortunate traveller must make his bed in the outer court, and pass the night in the near neighborhood of camels, mules, cows, horses. Of course there is no furniture in the khan. Each person brings his own strip of carpet or matting, and such articles of food as he may deem necessary to his wants. In one of these compartments I found a straw matting, oil, and farm implements; in another, chickens and cows; in still another, two Bedouin women baking bread for the noon-day meal.

This khan is one of the most celebrated of Galilee, for here the Bedouins assemble on their journeys from plain to plain seeking pasturage for their cattle.

TAKE TIME TO PRAY

Take time to pray, take time to pray,
Commune with God alone each day.
Time spent in prayer is not in vain,
But brings the soul the richest gain.
We spend much time in things of earth,
Which often prove of little worth;
And thus amid our toil and care
We give but little time to prayer.

Take time to pray, take time to pray;
With prayer begin and end the day,
And through the busy hours that fly,
Take time to speak with God on high.
Oh, better leave some task undone,
Or lose the gain that might be won,
Than spend the hours in toil or play,
And find no time to watch and pray.

Take time to pray, take time to pray;
While days and moments pass away,
The years speed onward like the stream,
Then O, the precious time redeem
Amid the turmoil, rush and strife;
Make prayer the first thing in your life,
Pray earnestly, pray everywhere,
And God will surely answer prayer.

—P. N. Esnouf.

St. Lambert, Que.

OUR PILOT KNOWS

He knows, our Pilot knows the way,
So fear not, trembling soul,
Though sin's dark night assails,
And fearsome billows roll.

He knows, His hand is firm and sure
Upon the wheel of destiny;
He leads across Life's roaring seas
Into a calm eternity.

We fear the angry waves ahead,
And sinking sands gap greedily,
Keep Faith, cling to that beautiful thing,
The Pilot guides us steadily.

Past shoal, and bar, and jutting rocks—
("Keep Faith." How simple His commands.)
Poor stumbling feet, He guides us, on
Past other wrecks and clutching sands.

The storm-clouds fade, the tempests cease—
Behold, a smooth and lovely sea,
The bar at last behind us lies
On that best day. When shall it be?

Soon! Soon! Ah, strive to follow close,
Each day the promise is made new
Of wondrous joy beyond Life's main.
Then we shall understand He knew—
our Pilot knew.

—Alice McKay.

Malagawatch.

AS IT WAS IN THE BEGINNING

For the early Church—situated as she was—it would have been immediately fatal if her testimony to the power of Christ had been doubtful or obscure. The Church at the beginning, like Israel at the beginning, had to be separate. She had a humble origin and could not hope to persuade those who were outside by learned arguments—if indeed outsiders are ever persuaded in that way. She had only her life to show as the proof of her Divine source and of her Divine support. She needed to be able to point to a purer and sweeter life within her ranks than was enjoyed by mere people of the world. She had so to live that even enemies confessed that they had never seen such holiness, such sweetness and peace. "Behold, how these Christians love one another," was not always spoken in derision. It was, at first, the reluctant admission by a hostile world that Christians possessed something—something which brought light into their eyes, and willingness to hands and feet, a grace and distinction of speech and bearing; something which passed their understanding.

In short, the Church of Christ, in those first days, dared not be divided in her devotedness; she dared not—for her very life's sake—make compromises with the spirit of the world. Her testimony had to be decisive, unmistakable, unanimous. And because she was pure, within fifty years she had spread her influence, had sent missionaries, had preached the Gospel in every corner of the world as it was then known.

That Church will possess the future which to-day is bold enough to make the highest demand upon the character and obedience of those who are within her communion. And we best defend the Church of Christ and ensure her increasing power if we examine our own hearts, seeking to apprehend that for which we were apprehended of Christ.—British Weekly.

Oh, thou bounteous Giver of all good,
Thou art of all Thyself the Crown;
Give what Thou wilt, without These we are poor,
And with Thee rich, take what Thou wilt away.

—Cowper.

DO YOU LIKE THIS DEPARTMENT?

If you appreciate the matter contained in this department, then say so in the questionnaire on page 7 of this week's paper. Otherwise it may be curtailed by some more popular feature.

Christmas Greeting



Ever-living, ever-giving
Is that love to earth brought down.
All-enduring, all-forgiving
Is that grace this day doth crown.

—Lillian F. Lewis



For it was He, for Whom there was no room in the inn, He, that helpless Babe, Whose incarnation has inspired the most glorious music, the finest art, the greatest literature, the noblest service of the age, Who said, with serene confidence, as He trod His via dolorosa to the agony of the cruel Cross: "In the world ye shall have tribulation; but be of good cheer; I have overcome the world!" There is no good cheer worth having in comparison with that. The world has room for pleasure, room for business. Let it make room for the Prince of Peace!

Blow, bugles of battle, the marches of peace;
East, West, north, and south, let the long quarrel cease.
Sing the song of great joy that the angels began;
Sing of glory to God, and of good will to man!

There is but one story, and the whole place is open for the use of the wayfarer. The door always stands open, offering a welcome to all who desire its shelter. In the East, to build a khan is regarded as an act of devotion to God's service, just as with us the building of a church shows a zeal in the service of God. I have ridden miles without seeing any other building than these reception houses placed beside some fountain of pure water. In such a khan as this the Lord was born—born under the humblest possible circumstances. He was laid in the stable, in the manger of a village khan. The ox and the ass, its fitting occupants, beheld the advent of the Son of Almighty God. The khan was full, crowded to repletion—let this Galilean carpenter seek the shelter of the stable; let this nativity take place in the rock-hewn abode of cattle; let the Christ, the Anointed One, lie in the lowly manger.

Prayer

O God, we bow before the wonder of the Nativity, and praise Thee for the Gift of Love that shines adown the ages from Bethlehem. May the glad song of peace and goodwill sung by the angels find echo in our hearts without ceasing till the Day dawn and the shadows of earth flee away. In Jesus' name. Amen.

THE CHRISTMAS TREE

Trees are our green ambassadors
From earth to heaven, and in all lands
The tree God's grace divine implores
With lifted head, uplifted hands.
And he who looks upon a tree
Must upward look beyond, afar—
Shall in the selfsame vision see
Above the tree the sun, the star.

May we at Christmas learn the truth,
What man must be to be complete;
The little sapling in its youth
Strives for the heavens at God's feet,
And so must we, though rooted here
On God's gray earth, still strive to rise,
And through life's long and changing year
Still seek for heaven and the skies.

—Forestry Magazine.

The Rebirth of a World

THOUGHTS FOR THINKERS FOR SUNDAY, DECEMBER 27

(Many Sunday-schools, no doubt, took the lesson on the birth of Christ on the 20th of December, instead of the summary of the life of Paul, but that summary seemed necessary to the completion of the series of articles on Paul. And as the birth of Christ is the tremendous fact which underlies the Christian religion, it cannot be studied too carefully, and classes which have discussed it from one point of view one week might very profitably take it up from another point of view the next week. The subject could not be exhausted in a dozen weeks.)

When God created man He "breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and man became a living soul." Physically man is an animal; he is of the earth, earthy. Spiritually, man is a son of God, because his spiritual nature is derived directly from God; not by a mere act of creative power, but by the inbreathing of the breath, or spirit, of God; and so Luke tells us that Adam was "the son of God." (Luke 3:38.)

But man rebelled against God and forfeited his right to be called a son of God. His spiritual nature became deformed and morbid. He was spiritually dead in trespasses and in sins. He died to righteousness that He might live in sin. (See Eph. 2:1; Col. 2:13; 1 Tim. 5:6.) In self-assertiveness and pride of heart the world turned its back upon God and chose God's enemy to be its god. (2 Cor. 4:3, 4.)

God still loved man and still was determined to carry out His original plan by fitting men for companionship and cooperation with Himself. But how could men, who were spiritually dead, be made alive again? Only by another and fuller infusion of the divine nature into the man. And yet, the demoralization of man's spiritual nature made him unwilling to receive the gift which was necessary to his regeneration, the gift of the Holy Spirit.

It was necessary that in some way the man should be made to see himself from a different point of view, that he might feel the extent of his degradation; and that he should be made to see God in a truer light, and learn to think of Him as a loving father.

God's plan for revealing Himself to man and for awakening man's conscience was to send His Son into the world as a man; that He might teach men what constitutes true nobility and greatness; that He might warn them of the inevitable consequences of persistent rebelliousness, and that He might show them how great a sacrifice God was willing to make in His desire to reconcile them to Himself and bring them back into the path of obedience.

God's thoughts are not our thoughts; neither are our ways His ways. (Isa. 55:8, 9.) When he sent His Son to earth, He did not send Him in a glorified body or as a mighty monarch, but as a poor and helpless baby. God's plan for lifting man out of his degradation was not to stand over him and pull him up, but to get under him, so to speak, that man might climb up upon God. God humbled Himself to the utmost that man might be exalted.

And so, the Lord had breath, and wrought
With human hands the creed of creeds
In loveliness of perfect deeds.

The Son of God came to earth in the humblest way, "for His birth place was a stable, and His softest bed was hay;" but He did not come unheralded. Men who were out in the fields that night saw a glorious company of angels and heard a wonderful song, and men who lived in a far country saw a wonderful new star, or something that looked like a star, which told them of the birth of a wonderful King and brought them from their distant home to worship Him.

The host of angels and the supernatural light in the sky both testified to the legitimacy of the baby who was the Son of God and heir of all things. (Heb. 1:2.) At the baptism of Jesus and at the end of His life God gave personal testimony to Jesus by a voice from the sky; and at His death the whole land was darkened for three hours—from 12 till 3 o'clock—the veil of the Temple (which shuts the worshippers out from the immediate presence of God) was torn in two from top to bottom, the earth quaked, rocks were rent, and graves were opened. And finally, God gave the strongest conceivable testimony to the divinity of Jesus by His resurrection and visible ascent into heaven and by the outpouring of the Holy Spirit on Pentecost in fulfillment of the promise

which Jesus had given to His disciples.

The birth of Jesus was, in fact, a rebirth of the world. It was a new beginning by which God planned to regenerate human nature and bring it into harmony and vital relations with His divine nature. The first Adam became a living soul; the last Adam (Jesus) became a life-giving spirit. And as we have borne the image of the earthly Adam, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly Adam. (1 Cor. 15:45-49.)

The fact that the birth of Christ was a new beginning for the world is so evident that all the nations which know how greatly He has influenced the world instinctively date time, forward and backward, from His birth. And while it is sadly true that even in the countries in which the religion of Christ has taken deepest root the higher ideals taught by Him are very generally repudiated or ignored, it is nevertheless true that His teaching and His character are universally recognized as the highest standard of goodness. And because men cannot get away from that self-evident truth, their ideas of duty are necessarily influenced by it, even though they may refuse to be governed by it.

Thou shalt call His name Jesus for He (Himself—"autos") shall save His people from their sins. Note: the angel did not tell Joseph that Jesus would save His people from the punishment due to sin. That was not what the Son of God came to earth to do. Sin itself is the great curse, and in the end sin is its own punishment. "He that is filthy, let him be made filthy, still (or yet more, as the margin to the Revised Version has it. See Rev. 22:11.) Just think of having to live on, and on, and on, indefinitely with the cravings of our sinful nature growing stronger and stronger, but without any means of satisfying them! The confirmed drunkard's agony when he cannot get liquor is a slight foretaste of what such an existence would be.

God is glad to forgive sin when the sinner will give Him a chance to do so by confession and repentance, but forgiveness for the past would not help us if there is no change in our nature. Jesus came to save us from our sins, to give us a new nature. That is what He told Nicodemus when that good man came to Him for instruction: "Verily, verily, I say unto thee, except a man be born again he cannot see the Kingdom of God." Not merely, cannot enter into the Kingdom of God, but "cannot see" it. He cannot see the glory of it, cannot understand it.

That which is born of the flesh is flesh; and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit" (John 1:3-6.) We have not the power to put away sin because our nature is sinful. One may overcome this or that bad habit by a determined effort of the will. But the root of sin is alienation from God, and that we cannot get rid of, because our very nature is in rebellion against God. "The carnal mind is enmity against God, for it is not subject to the law of God; neither indeed can it be." (Rom. 8:7.)

Man's alienation from God is due in large part to a consciousness of his utter inability to meet the requirements of God's law, although the law was made for his benefit. He feels himself condemned and cannot help himself. His conscience must be cleared before he can be at peace with God.

And God's righteous law cannot be slighted. God Himself cannot ignore it. Its sentence of condemnation against the sinner cannot be revoked.

But the God-man, who Himself created man, could assume full responsibility for the sins of His own creatures and pay the penalty on their behalf, and could thus clear the conscience of the sinner by satisfying fully the demand of the law. And the sinner, by accepting the sacrifice of Christ as the payment of his debt can look up into the face of God and see a smile there; instead of a frown.

And this is just where the coming of the Son of God into the world meets man's utmost need. Christ's life and death and resurrection solve the problem which was apparently incapable of solution and makes manifest the wonderful wisdom of God. For faith in Christ awakens man's spiritual nature and opens the door to the Holy Spirit, who comes into the man and becomes a new life within him, a source of spiritual vitality. The Holy Spirit comes into the man to show him his sinfulness and help him in his conflict with sin, and to inspire him with love to God and with desire to win the favor of God.

And because faith in Jesus is the only key that will unlock the door of

man's hard heart and let in the Holy Spirit, it is the only door into the holy of holies, the place of intimate communion with God. "I am the way, the truth, and the life," Jesus said: "No man cometh unto the Father, but by Me." (John 14:6.)

Golden Text: There is born to you this day in the city of David a Sav-

our, who is Christ, the Lord.—Luke 2:11.

SCRIPTURE READINGS

Monday—Mat. 2:1-12; Tuesday—Luke 2:1-7; Wednesday—Mat. 2:13-18; Thursday—Mat. 2:19-23; Friday—Luke 2:25-35; Saturday—Luke 2:36-40; Sunday—Luke 2:8-14.

HYMNS OF CHILDHOOD

(By W. Henry Aitken)



WITH the advent of Christmas comes remembrance of some of the old-time associations which cluster round this day of days, and among these memories none are sweeter than those of childhood. Christmas is essentially the children's festival. It is the day of hope and expectation; of looking forward into the future with a wistfulness and longing experienced at no other season of the year. It is just as we are able to enter into this spirit of youth and expectancy that we fully appreciate the inwardness of Christmastide. We may not be youthful in years, but at least we can be youthful in heart, retaining something of the enthusiasm and love and innocence which marked our earlier years.

How old memories are stirred and awakened, for instance, as we join in singing the familiar hymns associated with Christmas in childhood's days! George Eliot was surely right when, in "Silas Marner," she inspired one of the characters to exclaim, "There's no other music equal to the Christmas music. Hark! the carol-angels sing, and you may judge, Master Marner, with the bassoon and voices, as you can't help thinking you've got to a better place already!" Through the long intervening years from childhood until to-day the Christmas hymns have remained the same. The old favorites are the favorites of our own day.

"O come, all ye faithful,
Joyfully triumphant,
To Bethlehem hasten now with glad accord!"

How many generations have sung the familiar words, each in turn catching something of the spirit of Christmas as they uttered the simple refrain. Through the centuries, it almost seemed, they had been wafted back to Bethlehem with its lowly manger and its heaven-sent Messenger of peace and goodwill to mankind.

"It came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old."

Have we, in the stress and strain of daily life, lost touch with the ideals which overshadowed our lives in younger days? It is at Christmas that we renew our faith and kindle our hope afresh as we sing.

"In the field with their flocks abiding,
They lay on the dewy ground,
And, glimmering under the starlight,
The sheep lay white around,
When the light of the Lord streamed
o'er them

And, lo! from the heaven above
An angel leaned from the glory
And sang his song of love!"

It has well been said by one notable writer that memories and impressions created in childhood remain vividly with us to the very end of our days. This, indeed, is strikingly realized at such a time as Christmas. The individual who has no such memories, living and inspiring, has lost much that would keep life noble and true. There are those who profess to despise or ridicule idealism, but in their secret heart, we rather fancy, they are not too sincere! At this Christmas season, if we have never done so before, let us pause and listen for the note of the angel-song.

"Hark! the herald angels, sing,
'Glory to the new-born King;
Peace on earth and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled!'"

UNEARTH SECOND TEMPLE

United States Expedition Reports Valuable Discovery in Palestine

The University Museum, Philadelphia, Pa., which recently announced the discovery by its expedition in Palestine of the Temple of Ashtaroath at Bethshan in which the Philistines placed the armor of Saul, has been notified by cable of the discovery of another temple to the same goddess.

The second temple was found under the stalwarts of the early one, and is believed to have been razed by one of the conquerors of Bethshan.

"It is not unlikely," said a statement issued at the museum, "that the progress of excavation may show that the Temple of Ashtaroath at Bethshan was a centre of worship for the Canaanites and the Philistines at the time when Abraham was a sojourner in the land of Canaan, about 2,000 B.C."

So nigh is glory to our dust,
So close is God to man,
When duty whispers low: Thou must,
The man replies: I can.



REV. DR. JOHN PRINGLE

One of Canada's best known Presbyterian ministers, who served overseas during the Great War as a chaplain, and lost his son there, is to spend his last days as a missionary at an obscure post north of Kamloops, B.C., where his charge consists of 35 groups of ranchers, miners, fishermen and lumberjacks. He spent 17 years as missionary in the Yukon, and is known as Pringle of the Yukon. He is now 73 years old.

A SONG IN THE AIR

There's a song in the air!
There's a star in the sky!
There's a mother's deep prayer,
And a baby's low cry!
And the star rains its fire while the beautiful sing,
For the manger of Bethlehem cradles a King!

There's a tumult of joy
O'er the wonderful birth,
For the Virgin's sweet boy
Is the Lord of the earth.
Ay, the star reigns its fire and the beautiful sing,
For the manger of Bethlehem cradles a King!

In the light of that star
Lie the ages impearled,
And that song from afar
Has swept over the world.
Every heart is aflame, and the beautiful sing
In the homes of the nations that Jesus is King.

We rejoice in the light,
And we echo the song
That comes down through the night
From the heavenly throng.
Ay, we shout to the lovely evangel they bring,
And we greet in His cradle our Saviour and King.

The word "man" is derived from the Greek word "anthropos," signifying "looking upward," standing upright, as only man of all animals has this habit or power.

Let us not be so busily absorbed in sectarianism that we have no time to be Christians.

Select Notes

By AMOS R. WELLS, LL.D., LL.D.

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FARM GARDEN AND HOME

One Color Gardens



DESIRE for gardens embodying a special scheme of decoration, and even for gardens in which a single color predominates is a recent development of the gardener's taste, says Helen Colt, writing in the London Daily Mail. Following such an idea, a purple garden is perhaps fashioned, where herbaceous borders may be arranged to give a display from February to November, beginning with purple crocuses and the early Iris reticulata and ending with Michaelmas daisies.

Again, there are the pleasures of flower-gardens or borders planted in shades of blue relieved by white and pale yellow. The season of these can begin with a beautiful show of the Siberian squill planted beneath creamy daffodils, followed by masses of forget-me-not Victoria planted as a setting to primrose wallflowers or a lemon-colored tulip.

Lupins and delphiniums of many shades, anchusas, comfrey, sky-blue flax, Fraser's and Young's oenothera, Alyssum saxatile, Madonna lilies, and achillea the Pearl—these will provide a few of the elements of beauty in a summer garden of the sort.

The thought of color-gardens in crimson and orange suggests at once so many flowers that a choice should be easy—or perhaps it will be called difficult, owing to the numbers available. Two conspicuous objects of beauty in the borders will be the intense orange of Lillium croceum and the warm July brilliance of crimson bergamot.

Green and golden gardens will be very largely composed of shrubs and shrubby subjects, such as hollies, privet, euonymus, gold, green, and variegated in form.

Tamarisk, a shrub which predominates in seaside planting, and Spanish brooms with their golden flowers and dark green leaves should be used freely. Then, if some of the best perennials in pale and medium yellow be introduced, and the borders edged with dwarf golden yew or gold variegated box, the effect should be brilliant.

Such a garden will suitably be laid out in formal fashion, the beds meeting in a central circle, with a stone vase or a tank for yellow water-lilies within.

Although quieter in coloring, yet no less delightful to the eye are gardens of grey and silver leaved plants, relieved by low-growing among them, and brier roses throwing long, vigorous growths abroad, only controlled by the placing of pegs in the ground, which serve but to encourage their shoots to a greater profusion of flowers.

Roses are there of every shape and kind, from the delicate grace of Frau Karl Druschki to the random beauty of Thalia and the Polyanthus type.

At either hand of this bank there are two wide pathways leading away westward, covered pergola-wise with climbing white roses, stretching over and along flat beams of wood. Dull red flag stones pave all the pathways, of which there are four in all, at opposite corners of the garden. Masses of white wistaria cover the pergolas on the two remaining sides, that of wistaria forming by its own gnarled and twisted growths the chief support for its blooming trusses.

The remaining beds of the white garden are arranged in double fashion; that is to say, three beds in front—excluding the touches of pink and heliotrope here and there. But to garden-lovers desiring an original feature in next year's scheme it will be perhaps most worth while to describe in some detail the planning and arrangement of a white garden.

Picture a cool and restful stretch of turf, circular in shape, in the centre of which there stands upon a grass-plat an old sundial of terra cotta, approached by well-trodden paths of irregular red brick, one of which leads at one end to a bed—or, more strictly, to a bank—of white roses, nothing but white roses, planted all over it.

Erect roses in standard form are surrounded and supported by three others behind, all laid in a setting of grass as green as emerald.

The beds, both in front and behind, are curved in shape, and the latter would indeed, form a complete circle were it not for the fact that they are interrupted at regular intervals by the pergola-covered paths and at the farther end by the rose hedge.

The large beds in front are filled with rather low and medium-growing flowers;

those behind with shrubs and flowers of a taller sort. Here and there a big white clematis emerges to break the line of smaller subjects, swinging out its growths upon a tripod of larch poles or over a chain connecting one post with another.

Big bushes of deutzia, syringa, viburnum, and, earlier in the season, of white lilac, stand erect and toss their branches also hither and thither affording shelter for planting a little way in front the tender flowers which appreciate this protection.

Rhododendron, white pearl, and large white azaleas are skillfully introduced; camellias also where these can be hardily treated.

And in two secluded corners a carpet is spread in spring of lily of the valley and the bell-like scilla from Spain, above which a hawthorn tree drops its silvery blossoms.

Much more might be done in the white borders of northern gardens by the introduction of half-tender shrubs, which can be brought on in the greenhouse and dropped in during the warm months in the year, being lifted and replaced under glass before the arrival of damaging frosts.

The large inner borders of my own white garden, says Mrs. Colt, will be edged with varieties of dwarf-growing saxifrage, white sea thrift, dwarf godetia, "The Bride," snow in summer, single and double arabis for an earlier display, and with perennial candytuft, and the annual variety of this dear old-fashioned flower to follow.

A complete edging of Mrs. Sinkins pinks will be planted around the shrubby borders, their glaucous foliage making a charming foil to the white flowers, while behind them come big bushes of lavender stand up here and there, in company with strong spikes of chrysanthemum maximum and the feathery beauty of astilbe japonica and spiraea filipendula.

Masses of every kind of hardy herbage-

ous plant and bulb can be employed to fill the spaces of the borders—from snowdrops and crocuses and narcissi to Oriental poppies and paeonies, fox-gloves and hollyhocks, tall stately lilies, galega, valerian, lupin, actillea, nidaicea candida, and phlox.

A host of annuals and biennials and half-tender plants will be joined to the above, including among many others masses of stocks, double and single, snapdragons, plume asters, dahlias, and chrysanthemums, and not forgetting gypsophila paniculata—the dainty little "gipsy" of London flower-sellers—for gathering to arrange with the bouquets which a white garden will produce.

AIR FOR HOUSE PLANTS

Probably half the plants lost by women who grow room plants die because the rooms are aired by the top and bottom sashes of the windows being opened a few inches. The lower draught blows directly upon plants on stands by the window that because of their indoor character are peculiarly susceptible to chill. All room plants should be given some fresh air daily, but they should be given it as comfortably as if they were human beings—or they will be injured more or less badly. To set them in the hall is generally even more dangerous than to leave them in the rooms; they should be put in the conservatory, if there is one, daily for an hour's light and warmed air, and always removed there at night if gas is used for the lighting of the rooms. If this is impossible, they should be placed on the floor.

These simple precautions would save thousands of plants annually, coupled with care not to stand pot plants permanently in saucers or bowls of water; with attention not only to regular watering of the roots, but to regular washing of the foliage in town rooms, if it is of a dust-collecting character—such as that of the aspidistra, for example.

Giant African marigolds can be raised from seed for forcing in the conservatory or greenhouse. With a little disbudbing flowers almost as large as chrysanthemums can be grown.

Another good plant for culture under glass easily raised from seed is Centaurea imperialis, which gives an abundance of

flowers on long, strong stems. There are several varieties, rosca, rose; purpurea, purple rose; lilacina, lilac; imperialis alba, white; armida, pink, tinged with white.

A New Species

Audubon in his diary tells of the joys of a naturalist in finding a new species.

While residing in Kentucky he was visited by the French-American botanist Rafinesque, and describes one experience of his visit as follows:

"He requested to see my drawings, anxious to see the plants I had introduced besides the birds I had drawn. Finding a strange plant among my drawings, he denied its authenticity; but on assuring him that it grew in the neighborhood, he insisted on going off instantly to see it.

"When I pointed it out the naturalist lost all command over his feelings and behaved like a maniac in expressing his delight. He plucked the plants one after another, danced, hugged me in his arms, and exultingly told me he had got not merely a new species but a new genus."

Roots Clog Drains

The clogging of drain tiles is a common nuisance. A frequent and sometimes unsuspected cause is the formation of "hair mats" due to matted growths of the fibrous roots of near-by trees.

The greatest offenders are species of willow and poplar, particularly the cottonwood. In certain sections the cottonwood is outlawed by city ordinance, and one of the principal indictments against the species was the clogging of drains by the fibrous roots.

Where the trouble occurs on the farm the best remedy is to locate and destroy the trees that are responsible. It is best to cut the trees as close to the ground as practicable and then apply a bucketful or two of dry salt to prevent sprouting, provided salt-hungry livestock does not have access to the fresh salt.

Root stoppage is most apt to occur in three or four inch tiles and this is one of the principal reasons why five and six inch tiles are increasing in popularity.

No one can serve men without at the same time and in the same deed serving God.—C. A. Beckwith.

Said President William Mather Lewis of George Washington University to his freshmen: "A prospective university student once said to a wise man, 'I am afraid I can not get through four years,' and the man replied to him, 'That is not the question. Can you get through twenty-four hours? That is all you have to live at a time.'"

Fortune gives too much to many, enough to none.—Martial.

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The Doctor's Clock

By William Aitchison

"Tick-tock, tick-tock,"—thus had the minutes been measured off for one hundred and forty years, since the old clock had first come into the possession of Dr. McClure's great-great-grandfather. Time and careless servants had left scars on the splendid old oaken case and enamelled face, and here and there a wormhole bore testimony to its genuine antiquity. What had once been a small hand indicating the days of the week was now amputated to a mere stump. Pieces of the case had been chipped out somehow, and yet despite all this sacrilegious treatment the clock possessed dignity and beauty as well as an almost human personality. In the doctor's household it was spoken of reverently as "The Clock," and its unerring accuracy was, like Caesar's wife, above suspicion.

Happening to revisit the old town of Gowan in the north of Scotland a short time ago, I called upon Dr. McClure to renew "old acquaintance." To my sorrow I found that his former comparative affluence had vanished and that quite evidently hard times had set in. The doctor himself was no longer young, his only son had been killed in the Great War, the practice was not what it was, and patients were slow to pay. In his hey-day Dr. McClure could have been seen any day driving along in a smart turn-out with two spanking greys as high-stepping as the best thoroughbreds, and a high dog-cart. But as time passed this equipage had gone its way, not to be succeeded by a car, for finances were pitifully low, and the daily medical visits were paid afoot.

I found the old Doctor and his sweet-faced wife in their charming old world sitting-room. They greeted me warmly and with evident pleasure after my long absence in Canada. I noted how gently time had dealt with their faces, how firmly they held themselves, as though untroubled with any ailments incidental to three score and ten. Yet I could catch a fleeting expression of anxiety at times on both faces. During a halt in the interchange of remarks I chanced to say how glad I was to see the old clock still on duty, and commented upon its age and appearance. To my surprise this innocent remark was like setting a match to paper. Both the doctor and his wife broke out simultaneously with a half stifled exclamation, "Aye, its a fine clock, and it's got to go at last. . . ."

To my puzzled look of enquiry the doctor explained how matters stood with them, and how as a last resort they had approached a well-known antique dealer, who had offered generous terms, and a bargain had been struck. This was the clock's last evening in the home where it had stood nearly a century and a half!

"I never thought to part w' the clock," murmured the old lady with a catch in her voice. "It has never been moved frae its place except for the spring-cleaning since the great-great-grandfather set it there a hundred and forty year gane," she continued, gazing at the oil painting of the original owner over the fireplace. This portrait represented a dour Scot of the old school with the side whiskers of his day. The doctor explained, "Fine, I ken what everybody will say, but I never thoct to see the day I couldna' pay my bills, and it's the only thing ye might term a luxury in the hoose."

"It wad be tellin' on some o' your patients if they were as ready to pay your bills," said the old lady with a touch of asperity, but the doctor only shook his head sadly. I sat still, mute with sympathy, but knew that nothing could change them from this plan now that it had gone so far, and an offer of a loan would be in the worst possible taste.

The rest of the story was told to me later. The antique dealer arrived on the day after my visit, and after a close inspection pronounced the clock in perfect order, and stated the sum he was prepared to pay. This amount was, of course, never divulged by the old couple. With tears in her eyes Mrs. McClure watched the removal of her most cherished heirloom, and McTavish, the antique dealer, used as he was to scenes of the sort, related to friends later in the day that "it fair made him greet to see Mrs. McClure take on so, with the tears dripping slowly down and her trying to wink them back." McTavish had a buyer in view for the clock in fact, he had long coveted it for an agent who came regularly to Scotland from America on the search for genuine relics of a century or more back. It took little time, therefore, for the clock to change hands once more, and its sojourn in an Edinburgh warehouse was brief. The mellow old case was given a thorough rubbing with beeswax, and the face was carefully polished before the final packing and crating was undertaken. In a week's time the clock was dispatched on its journey across the ocean.

Just six days after the sacrifice had been made, and the old doctor and his wife had become somewhat reconciled to their loss, although inwardly Mrs. McClure was bitterly unhappy, fate played one of its sudden and utterly unexpected twists of destiny. A long forgotten bill, owing for

nearly ten years by a patient who had disappeared leaving no address, was paid in full without the slightest warning, the patient in question even going so far as to add a sufficient sum to cover interest charges for ten years in compensation for his misdeed. Dr. McClure's happiness was complete. His first thought was to ransom the clock and without delaying an instant he made his way to the telegraph office to wire the dealer of his change of mind. In a few hours time the message came back in the laconic phrase: "Clock sold yesterday. Shipped today America." But this was not the end, although it was tragedy enough to the old people whose very lives were bound up in that cherished possession.

I did not hear the next chapter until the other day when I ran across a distant cousin of the doctor's who was passing through Montreal en route to the old country. After enquiring news of Dr. McClure and his wife, I added a remark to the effect that I had been so sorry to hear of the selling of that fine old clock, which was famous in the town, and what an irony of fate it was that they should have received money to tide them over their difficulties too late to buy it back. My friend nodded his head.

"It was a cruel misfortune," he agreed, "but I suppose you know that the ship on which the clock was sent to the United States struck a reef in a fog and broke in half, so that every bit of her cargo was lost?" I looked at him thunderstruck.

"Yes," he said sadly, "the clock was lost with all the cargo, and though we tried to keep the news from the old couple, in some way they learned of it, and it seemed to be an almost overpowering blow. Of course, it was insured, but the thought of that silvery chime and that handsome old case being at the bottom of the sea was too much for either of them, and I don't think they will last long."

I sat down that very day and wrote a note to the doctor, just a cheery letter enquiring for them both and asking for news if he felt able to write. The answer was not long in coming. The clock did not sink. It did not even get shipped. By some unexplainable mistake it had been packed in the wrong case and shipped to London in place of a far handsomer mahogany clock. The error was not discovered for some weeks, after which the Edinburgh dealer was notified of the exchange by an irate buyer who demanded "mahogany and nothing but mahogany." The clock was thereupon shipped back to Edinburgh, and in due time replaced in its accustomed nook. And peace and joy that passes all understanding is overflowing in two old hearts.

SO IN THE NIGHT

The strong hills keep the holiness
Of earth's melodious calms,
The shepherd's heart is tenderness
With pitying the lambs.

The stars are girt with steadfastness,
The changeful worlds above;
The lambs are waifs of gentleness
And speak in tongues of love.

So, in the night the messengers
The fondest tidings told;
And on the hills the harpers touched
Ten thousand strings of gold.

"O stars, the Light of Life is come!"
"O earth, the Lord is good!"
The shepherds, lambs, the hills and stars,
Rejoiced and understood.
W. D. GOUGH

Yuletide is celebrated in Australia and New Zealand as keenly as it is in the Old Country, but picnics take the place of parties. As soon as dawn breaks on Dec. 25 the families that cherish traditions of the day get up, pack their hampers, go to one of the beautiful spots which abound in those parts and spread out their tablecloth under the scorching sun. There they eat their plum pudding—cold.

Never leave anyone you are speaking to until you can see he is happier than when you started to speak to him, and never leave anything you are doing till you are satisfied it is done as well as it could be done, at least by you.

Faith is intuition triumphing over appearances.—Rainsford.

Seven pregnant and cabalistic words,
"And God saw that it was good."

The soul is force. The man with the lever is greater than the engine.

Stars may fade away, but thou, my soul, shalt live for ever.

Right depends not on the weather, but right is right forever.

MY TABLE TELEPHONE IS SO CONVENIENT



People everywhere appreciate the advantages of the table set. It is a real convenience. No wearisome standing up . . . long conversations can be carried on from a comfortable chair. You talk to your friends just as naturally and easily as if they were seated beside your table.

And the table telephone is good looking. It's an unobtrusive instrument . . . a slightly ornament for your desk or table.

The convenient, handsome table set has become standard equipment of the modern home.

Write for particulars to your Telephone Company or to our nearest branch house

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Northern Electric Telephones

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? Ask your friends this question ?

(Or mark it with your initials in the margin and hand or post this copy to a friend. A one cent stamp carries it to any place in Canada or the United States—Thank you.)

Do you want a paper of national scope with the courage of its convictions applying fundamental principles to the economic and social questions of the day?

The Witness is doing just that; and it is working with all its powers for the general welfare and to "make Canada a land to love"—its slogan. And it is fighting with all its powers

against the enemies of the general welfare, among which it accounts bigotry and prejudice, privilege and the traffic in intoxicating beverages as leading evils.

The more circulation it has, the more effective will its service be and the greater its influence;—in your environment?

TWO SPLENDID SERIALS

begin in the Christmas Number One of these is a story of early Canada down by the sea; the other is a story of the early days of Christianity and the awakening of the Goths of the north. A thrilling tale with historic setting. Don't let your friends miss it. Prompt action necessary.

Try the Witness during 1926. (\$2)

John Dougal & Son, Publishers, Witness Bldg., Montreal.

(The subscription should be sent through the friend whose initials are on the margin if he suggests it.)

Name

Address

CHRISTMAS

(By Alfreda Noddin Patterson)

It is Christmas in the country!
Merrily the sleigh bells chime.
All the friendly windows twinkling
"Welcome home for Christmas time."

It is Christmas in the city!
Eager faces, hastening feet;
Brilliant lights, and glittering windows,
All along the crowded street.

It is Christmas in the cottage!
Curly-headed dreamers lie;
Tiny stockings, fat and knobby,
Near the chimney hanging high.

It is Christmas in the mansion!
Mistletoe and holly bright;
Lights and music, joyous laughter,
Keep the merry Christmas night.

It is Christmas! Hail it gladly
Over all our land tonight.
For the star that shone o'er Bethlehem
Still sheds forth its glorious light.

"The past year has been the worst which shipping ever experienced," said Lord Inchcape, president of the Peninsula and Oriental Steam Navigation Company, and one of the prominent shipping magnates, at the company's annual meeting in London. The results of most voyages had been disastrous, he declared, owing to high running costs, heavy dock and labor charges, shortage of cargo and low freight rates.

"Keyed" Advertising

Remember that many advertisers use a slightly different address or box or department number in each paper they advertise in and unless you copy the address exactly the Witness and Homestead will not be recognized as the paper securing your interest. Lacking the exact address on your communication to them, your paper would be liable to lose the advertisers' support in future—and others who do not key their advertising would also drop out. It is to your interest to copy the addresses exactly.



Beautiful Farms Make Enjoyable Homes

VENTILATION IN BARN

Careful installation of the ventilating system in farm buildings should have the consideration of every farmer who is contemplating the construction of new barns this fall, according to R. L. Patty, head of the department of agricultural engineering at South Dakota State College. For satisfactory results, a ventilating system must include aerators or cupolas on top of the building and flues for bringing in fresh air and discharging foul air.

Fresh air flues should open from the outside, near the foundation, carry up on the inside, and open out into the stock barn high enough to avoid drafts on the livestock. They should be provided with check dampers to regulate the inflowing air.

The foul air flue should begin two or three feet above the floor of the barn and carry up to the cupolas with as few turns as possible. They should be made as smooth on the inside as it is possible to construct them and where they pass through a cold hay loft, they must be insulated from the cold. If the flues are to carry up along the outside wall, they should be built separately and installed on ties inside the studding and rafters so that they will not touch the cold outside wall at any point.

In barns equipped with good "cathedral" systems, the herdsman can shut the building up tight on cold nights, adjust the ventilating system, and be assured that there will be a quiet circulation of fresh air throughout the building without a direct draft on the livestock. The temperature of the building can also be kept more nearly uniform throughout the 24 hours. This is especially true of well-constructed buildings.

Frost and moisture which collects in non-ventilated buildings can be controlled to a large extent by the use of ventilators. The excess moisture in a ventilated building is carried out through the cupolas before it is allowed to condense. No ventilating system without rather elaborate insulation will absolutely prevent the deposit of moisture and frost in the stock barn.

ELEVATOR SCREENINGS FOR FEED

Stock feeders who contemplate purchasing screenings cleaned from the Western Canada grain crop and offered for sale by elevator companies at the head of the Great Lakes should take into consideration the several qualities or grades of such screenings that are available, and that may be purchased subject to inspection certificate if so ordered. Elevator screenings, as the total dockage removed is termed, according to Mr. Geo. H. Clark, Dominion Seed Commissioner, contains on an average 50 per cent. or more of chaff and fine weed seeds. By recleaning, this refuse material is largely removed and the balance, which has good feeding value, is separated into standard recleaned screenings and oat scalplings. The former consists chiefly of broken wheat and wild buckwheat in varying proportions with smaller quantities of barley, flax and other coarse grains present. Oat scalplings is composed chiefly of wild oats with a percentage of domestic oats, wheat, barley, etc., invariably present. Oat scalplings from the 1925 crop have been weighing between 35 and 40 lbs. per bushel.

Color of Cream

Color of cream at this time of year may be affected by any or all of three factors: namely, (1) breed, (2) season of year, (3) feed. The effect of breed on fat color is important, and Guernseys produce fat with the deepest yellow color. Jerseys are next, Ayrshires and Holsteins next. Fat is richest in color in Spring and Summer and faintest in Fall and Winter. Lastly color of fat in milk or cream is greatly affected by feed. Green feeds are

especially productive of high fat color, hence the greatest color when cows are on green pasture. Dry cornstalks, hay and other common winter feeds are lacking in this color influence. It is not uncommon, therefore, to find milk and especially cream at this time of the year that is very pale in color. Holstein cream from cows on dry feeds will be lacking in yellow color in late Fall and Winter.—J.W.B.

IN-BREEDING AND OUT-CROSSING

The Superintendent of the Cap Rouge, Que., Dominion Experimental Station, who is also in charge of the horse farm at St. Joachim, Montmorency county, where French Canadian horses are bred and developed, is a firm advocate of in-breeding followed by line-breeding, rather than by outcrossing. He says better headway is made by that method and quoted an instance of the product of three mares bred back to their own sons that have won first prizes and diplomas as best of the breed at Three Rivers and the Quebec Provincial exhibition in the face of strong competition. The rule, the Superintendent, G. A. Langelier, D.Sc.A., says in his report, should be to mate the best individuals irrespective of relationship, if both dam and sire have very strong constitutions and possess no defects in common. Davenport's remark that close breeding is the only way to pass from possibility to probability and from probability to certainty is approvingly quoted, with this addenda, that the man who uses this method must be particularly careful not to bring together an-

ing period, brood sows may be fed full rations after the pigs are about two weeks old. On the average farm, such rations ordinarily consist of corn and tankage or ground barley and tankage. In place of these a mixture of ground oats and barley or ground oats and wheat middlings may be used. The sows should not be fed for 24 hours after farrowing. Then the feed should be gradually increased to full feed at the end of two weeks' time.

Infestations of worms and certain diseases may be largely prevented by keeping the sows with their litters in pasture lots or fields that have not been used for hogs during the year previous. If the pigs can be kept free from worms until they reach a weight of 100 pounds, very little trouble is experienced from worm infestations.

After the pigs are three or four weeks old they begin to eat grain, and in order that they may be supplied regularly, feed should be offered to them in a creep.

WHEAT LANDS EXTENDED

New "Garnet" Wonder Opens Large Territory to Settlers in Northwest

A special despatch to the Manitoba Free Press from Ottawa says:

"The first effect of the discoveries of Garnet and other early-maturing wheats became apparent when the federal Department of Agriculture officially announced that the northern limit of agriculture in Western Canada had been forced back from 60 to 75 miles and a vast new empire opened up for productive purposes.



CANADIAN WINNERS AT CHICAGO LIVESTOCK EXHIBITION

Shorthorn cow and bull owned by James Douglas and Son, Caedonia, Ontario, that were awarded the South American prize known as the Carlos M. Duggan, Trophy, over a big list of international entries.

animals capable of transmitting common defects along with their apparent good qualities. Of thirty different mares of French Canadian breeding originally brought to the farm only fourteen are left, the others having been discarded because the mares could not produce offspring as good as or better than themselves.

METHOD OF HANDLING YOUNG PIGS

Provide sanitary quarters for both young pigs and their dams; feed sows with litters, generously; keep young pigs growing.

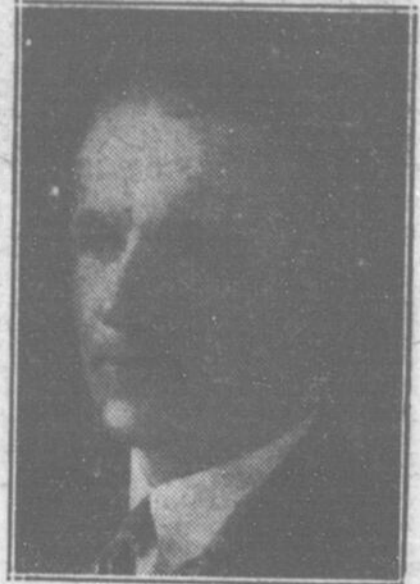
Undoubtedly, these are three of the most important considerations in the production of fall pigs. Since good fall pastures are not available on many farms, farmers are advised to feed a liberal ration properly supplemented with protein foods such as tankage, oil meal, skim milk or buttermilk.

Since some of the cheapest gains in young pigs are produced during the nurs-

"The announcement was not issued until the final reports had been received from the northland, where seed plots were cleared last spring and where Garnet wheat was planted. Although the seed reached these plots much later than usual, in every case it ripened and was harvested before the frost came.

"The full effect of this discovery can scarcely be imagined. A territory extending from east of The Pas on the Hudson Bay Railway to the Peace River district, and between 60 and 70 miles in breadth, now becomes good mixed farming country.

"Hon. W. R. Motherwell, Minister of the Interior, who issued the statement, declared that he was delighted with the work that has been done. He was delighted, too, with the opportunities now afforded for increased immigration—homesteads once more would be available in large numbers, he expected."



N. C. HENSON

Of the Saskatchewan Co-operative Creameries, Limited, and winner of the Gold Medal for unsalted creamery butter at the Dairy Show, London, England.

In feeding sheep to fatten, they should be given the quantity of feed they will clean up. They should eat the entire grain ration before they leave the trough. The feeding trough should be so constructed that it can be tipped over and back again before the next feed is given.

Aside from the fact that milk testing eliminates the unprofitable cow from the herd, it is also of great value in selecting only the very best animals for breeding stock. By raising the calves of the highest producing cows, the average production of the herd may be greatly increased from generation to generation.

Development of a new type of beef animal by crossing buffalo with Hereford cattle will be attempted by Milton Thompson of Lees Summit, Mo.

Remember the world does not make us, but we make the world.

A BRITISH IDEAL

This is our ideal—a land where you meet no drunkard staggering on the road towards his doom; a land where you have no slums for humanity to rot in; a land where you have two-thirds of its prison cells empty; a land with its work-houses vanished; a land with its children well-fed, well-clothed, well-trained, with their merry laughter ringing through the streets; a land where the curse of drink shall be driven from all hearts.—David Lloyd George.

STORM WINDOWS COST NOTHING

Numbers of people who purchased Storm Windows from us last year said they paid for themselves in the coal they saved.

LOWEST PRICES
QUICK DELIVERY

Save money buying direct! Immediate shipment on all standard sizes from stock. Special sizes made to order and shipped within ten days. **READY GLAZED.** Safely Packed. **FREIGHT PAID.** Write for price list.

HALLIDAY COMPANY LIMITED: HAMILTON

Compliments of the Season



Mirth to you, cheer to you, Joy to you, peace to you,
Gladness be near you, Love never cease to you,
Friends very dear to you, Riches increase to you
On Christmas Day; Ever and aye.

—ELIZABETH KNOBEL

THICK, SWOLLEN GLANDS

that make a horse Wheeze, Rear, have Thick Wind or Choke-down can be reduced with

A B S O R B I N E

also other Bunches or Swellings. No blister, no hair gone, and horse kept at work. Economical—only a few drops required at an application. \$2.50 per bottle delivered. **Box 3 A free.**

W. F. YOUNG, Inc., 104 Lyman St., Montreal, Can.

Our Needlework Corner.

ROPE BEAD WORK CHAIN

Mrs. J. Wilson Clair, Sask., has very kindly sent us the following directions for rope bead-work chain asked for by a reader:

Required, one bunch beads and one spool of buttonhole twist for nine inches of chain. Glue the end of your silk thread to the end of the thread on which the beads are strung and slip from one thread to the other. If using two or more colors of beads a needle must be used. Make a chain of six stitches and join to form a ring. Work in double crochet. Insert hook in first stitch. Slide a bead down, pushing it back of hook, thread over and draw through, work off as usual; repeat till you have five beads in the row. For the next and following rows slip the hook under first bead, pushing it to back of the needle, bring down a bead from the string, holding it tightly and finish the double as usual. Work round and round, keeping the beads on the outside and taking care to have the same number in each round.

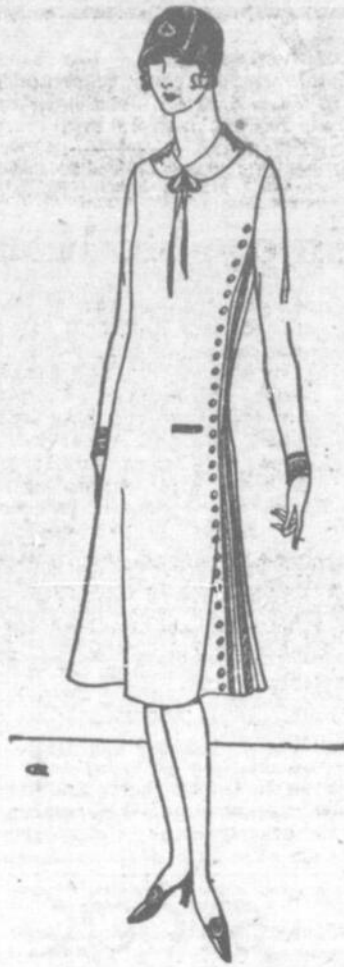
A Fashion Whim

If dainty frillings indicate anything, then the trimmed neck, collars and jabots will be extremely fashionable during the season, and velvet dresses will be seen with long jabots to the waist. Brown velveteen, with a jabot of beige-colored or bright apricot georgette as relief, is a charming idea, and imagination can readily picture delightful dress-schemes wherein plisse frills and jabots of the chiffon family are allied to the beauties of velvet and velveteen. Some of the new house-frocks seem to have been designed for the setting-off of frills, whereas, in the ordinary way, frills are mere trimmings.

Handy Boxes

Get a good-sized box (a nice tight one). Also get two hinges and four casters, and then on a rainy day have the casters fastened to the two cleats nailed across the ends, and if you want the hinges on a cover put those on or have the solid cover to lift off. This box makes the best place for extra bedding. I feel when my bedding is aired and put in this box dust cannot get to it, and if the box is covered with cretonne to match the hangings of the spare room it will look well and be just where you want it. Smaller boxes (coffee boxes) with casters, and hinges on cover are used for storing away winter clothes.

One box may be the baby box and contain clothes the older children have out-



MODISH STREET FROCK

Here is a modish new street frock, recommended because of its trim appearance and its slenderizing lines.

The material is wool crepe in black. Added smartness is given by the use of a line of tiny covered buttons down the side, with narrow bands of braid in gold, red and blue. The braid is repeated on the cuffs, and the collar is of white linen.

Navy twill, with braid in the same gay colors, would also make up effectively in this model.

grown, and yet their day of usefulness is not over, so when the littlest one needs something in the line of everyday clothes you can look through the box to see if it is to be found there before you buy. The old saying that "Necessity is the mother of invention" is all too true when raising a family.

A Pretty Baby Jacket

Cast on, on No. 10 bone needles, 200 stitches, putting all the stitches on to one needle. Knit 1 plain row.

2nd row—Slip 1, knit 1, *make 1 (by

"For of such as these"

LOOK into the trusting eyes of your children and you will never deny that there is a heaven on earth.

The Mutual Life of Canada is an association of men like you, who have children and the mothers of children to cherish and protect. There is no profit in it for anyone—except the policyholders themselves. All profits earned by the Mutual Life of Canada are returned to the policyholders, after all claims and administration expenses are paid.

Let us send you the Mutual Book. You'll thank us when you understand what Mutuality is.

The MUTUAL LIFE of Canada
WATERLOO, ONTARIO

829

The 'Witness' Pattern Service



This Pattern is cut in 8 Sizes: 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48 and 50 inches bust measure. A 38 inch size requires 4 3-4 yards of 40 inch material if made of one material. If made as illustrated in the large view it will require 3 yards of figured material and 1 3-4 yard of plain material. The width of the skirt at the lower edge is 2 1-2 yards, with plaits extended.

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

A GOOD STYLE FOR A SCHOOL DRESS
5314. Plaid woolen was used for the Skirt, and wool crepe for the Guimpe. This style is good also for wash materials, for flannel or gingham.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. A 6 year size if made as illustrated in the large view, requires 1 1-4 yard of 36 inch material for Guimpe, and 1 3-8 yard for the Skirt. If made with short sleeves the Guimpe will require 1 yard of material. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

STYLISH MODEL FOR A SCHOOL DRESS
5317. Flannel, jersey or wool rep could be used for this model. The right front overlaps the left front in a notched outline above a centre "kick" plait. The plait is repeated at the centre back.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. To make the dress as illustrated for a 10 year size will require 2 3-4 yards of 36 inch material, and 1-4 yard of contrasting material to face collar, cuffs and pocket opening. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Publishers, Montreal. COUPON PATTERN

Please send me PATTERN NOS.) No..... No.....
At the rate of, fifteen cents each.
Amount enclosedCents

Name
Address

..... Prov.....
(For Houses, etc., give BUST)
MEASURE in inches.)
(For Misses and Children)
(give age only in years.)

A PRETTY EVENING FROCK FOR YOUTHFUL FIGURES

5307. Embroidered chiffon is here shown. The design is also attractive in crepe, georgette, or taffeta.

The Pattern is cut in 3 Sizes: 16, 18, and 20 years. An 18 year size requires 3 7-8 yards of 40 inch material. The width of the dress at the lower edge is 52 inches.

A VERY ATTRACTIVE DRESS FOR MATURE FIGURE

5310. This model has slenderizing lines, and new style features. The revers and plaits give a very pleasing effect.



THE WORK OF THE QUEEN MARY NEEDLEWORK GUILD IN THE OLD LAND

At the Imperial Institute, South Kensington, London, a display was recently made of contributions to this guild, which does so much good work for needy families. The picture shows contributions from the King and Queen. The Guild has several branches in Canada.

throwing wool over as if for knitting), knit 1, slip 1, knit 2 together, pass slipped stitch over, kn't 1, make 1, knit 1, and repeat from * to end of row.

3rd row—Purl back and repeat the last two rows five times.

Body of jacket—Knit 1, purl 1, for one row, then purl where you knit before, and knit where purl before, in alternate rows, for 40 rows or more, according to the length required. Then divide the stitches on three needles—50 on the first, 100 on the second, and 50 on the third. The 100 stitches are for the back, and the 50 for each side of front. Work 30 rows in purl 1, knit 1, as before on each needle separately. Then knit two together right along, joining the stitches together on one needle, as at first. Knit in rib of purl 1, knit 1, for 8 x rows, knitting 2 together just where the needles joined for shoulder seam. Knit 2 together, throw wool over, purl 1 row; cast off loosely.

For the sleeve—Cast on 28 stitches, and work in pattern (same as beginning of coat) for 12 rows. Increase by knit 1, throw wool over, until 48 stitches are on the needle; then work in "moss stitch," as body of coat, for 48 rows, or more, as needed. Cast off, sew up the sides neatly and firmly, sew the sleeve into the arm-hole, made by knitting on separate needles.

Problems of Homemakers.

Making a Little Soap

Reader.—To make a little soap use the following recipe. Three tablespoons lye, one teaspoon borax, one teaspoon ammonia, one cup cold water, two cups liquid grease. Put together in order named, dissolving lye in water before adding grease. Put in pan or box lined with old cloth. Cut before it becomes too hard. Color depends on grease used. Mutton fat is good; doughnut fat that is too dark is used with good results.

SEND FOR DOLL.

HERE'S a Happy Surprise for some little one for Christmas. **BEAUTIFULLY COLORED RAG DOLL** all ready to cut out and stuff, given, for an empty "Dy-o-la Dye" package and 5 cents. Send today. Along with the Doll we will send you Helpful Hints on Home Dyeing.

JOHNSON-RICHARDSON Limited
74 St. Antoine St.
Dept. W, Montreal.



THE RAISING OF GESE

(By Mrs. Antonie Linderer, in Michigan Farmer.)

Undoubtedly some people are interested in geese raising, but think geese are hard to raise. I find it easy, and fun, to raise them.

Now is the time to select good, healthy, well-built geese, as nearly everyone who has geese to dispose of likes to get rid of them before the bad weather sets in. Anyone who intends to get geese for breeding purposes should take especial care to get the well-built, healthy birds. If one wants to raise geese for profit, he should get those of the big Toulouse type, because they do not eat any more, and require no more care than the smaller kinds; and they weigh more when it comes time to sell them.

I generally buy geese for breeding purposes as early as possible, and from as

near full-blooded and pedigreed stock as I can get. I always try to get a gander that weighs from two to three pounds more than a goose. I never get a crippled goose or gander for breeding purposes.

I never keep more than three geese and one gander, and can raise more than those who have a half-dozen geese and ganders. When there are many ganders in a flock, they do nothing but fight. I bought three geese and one gander in 1912, from which I never raised less than fifty goslings. Two geese laid two and three times in a year, and their eggs were nearly all fertile. In 1918 my geese laid 103 eggs, of which ninety-four hatched. I lost some of the goslings when they were small, but saved eighty-eight of them. I sold some for breeding purposes, and the rest I dressed and shipped to Chicago, for which I received thirty cents per pound.

I have been raising geese for twenty-four years, and would not like to be without them. I enjoy taking care of them, and the money I make from them comes in handy.

I have noticed in some of the farm papers and magazines, inquiries on what could be the matter with goslings that are weak in the legs, and that sit around a few days or weeks, and then die. The trouble is caused by nothing more than the lack of sand or gravel, which they should have at all times. I had some experience with this trouble, but I knew that, by watching the goslings carefully,

I could easily find the cause of the ailment without help from experts.

A young goose makes a good holiday dinner. Some people like them because of their tender juicy meat and low price. But we had better not forget to raise the good old-fashioned turkey, too.

OLD HENS FOR BREEDING

If you wish to breed from your own flock next year, it will pay to keep some of the old hens, even if they lay only a few winter eggs. You might cull the flock and keep the late moulters of good type and vigor. Then you can sell the remainder. It might also pay to cull the pullets enough to reduce the flock to the capacity of the hen house, if you wish to avoid building another house so late this fall.

It is very difficult to say whether a flock of old hens will pay through a winter or not. But it is of great value to have vigorous old hens of good laying ability, to produce hatching eggs in the spring. It is a general rule to feed about a third of the grain ration in the morning, and two-thirds at night. Cutting out the morning grain will stimulate the consumption of the laying mash.

Needing Capons

Birds that have been caponized should be fed on some soft food, such as a moist mash for a week or 10 days after the operation after which they may be fed on

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Healthier and
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1 1/2 lb. Cans - \$1.25
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a grain and mash ration, the same as other birds until time of fattening. If however, it is desired to keep these birds separate from the others an additional amount of cornmeal in the mash ration may be added.

A good fattening ration to use is one composed of 7 lbs. cornmeal, 3 lbs. middlings, 1 lb. bran and 22 lbs. of liquid buttermilk. This ration should be fed however, for only about two weeks during the fattening period.—R.H.H.

The mill can never grind again with the water that is past.

Royal Purple STOCK and POULTRY SPECIFICS and FOODS

FREE---

Don't fail to get a copy of our New Fall Bulletin. It gives full details of Stock and Poultry Diseases and how to treat them; how to raise 98 per cent. of your baby chicks to maturity; how you can raise calves at one-third the cost, without milk; how to build brooder and colony houses; how to heal a horse of gall sores or sprains while working; how to break up distemper; how to rid your stock of worms; how and what to feed; how to tackle your daily problems. A whole world of useful information. How we handle our own poultry for large production of eggs in Winter at our Royal Purple Poultry Farm. Write for one today.

ROYAL PURPLE STOCK SPECIFIC makes healthy animals, which are high producers. They are high producers because of their increased power of assimilating their food. When animals are brought from pasture and confined to the stables for the Winter, their whole mode of living is changed. They miss the sunlight, open air, and exercise. They miss the green, succulent feeds of the pasture. They are fed chiefly on dry, concentrated feeds. All these changes have upset their digestive system. They lose their appetite and they take an average of not more than 55% to 65% of the good from the food they eat. At this critical stage, by feeding **ROYAL PURPLE STOCK SPECIFIC**, you tone up the whole digestive system and compel the animal to digest its food. It will then use 85% to 95% of the available nutrients for body growth, body maintenance and milk.

ROYAL PURPLE STOCK SPECIFIC is not a dope. It is a high grade Condition Powder, made of pure herbs, roots, minerals, etc. We know they are pure because we import and grind every ounce of them ourselves. It does not contain any cheap filling material. Every ingredient that is used is put in to supply the animal with something that is essential to its best health and production.

We do not sell our high class Condition Powders in bags or pails. Any person that knows anything about medicinal roots and herbs will tell you that they rapidly lose their strength on exposing a large surface to the air. Our Condition Powders are put up in airtight tins, so that they keep their original full strength right down to the last dose.

Mr. Wm. Falls, of Belmont, Ontario, has used **ROYAL PURPLE STOCK SPECIFIC** for many years. Three years ago he used four large tins; two years ago he used six; and last year he used eight. He fed it to all of his 16 cows and sold their milk to the Powdered Milk Factory. They averaged him \$148.50 each. He claims that by using **ROYAL PURPLE STOCK SPECIFIC**, each cow paid him at least \$25.00 more than if he had not used it. For an investment of \$48.00 in **STOCK SPECIFIC** his return was placed very conservatively at \$400.00. It is the grasping of possibilities for profit like this, that makes some men successful, while their neighbors, seeing only the initial outlay, fail to make good. Hundreds of successful Stock Raisers attribute a large measure of their success to **ROYAL PURPLE STOCK SPECIFIC**.

For Horses:—When Winter comes your horses that have been working hard all summer are brought into the stable. Lack of exercise and heavy dry food causes severe digestion disorders, their legs swell, their coats become dry and rough, their heels crack and the yellow color of their urine indicates kidney disorders. This is the time when a 60c package of **ROYAL PURPLE STOCK SPECIFIC** will tone up their digestive system and put them in splendid condition.

Here are a few of the results of feeding **ROYAL PURPLE STOCK SPECIFIC**:—25% of your feeding cost is saved; Cows give two to five lbs. more milk daily; Steers and pigs fatten a month earlier, with a corresponding saving in feed and labor; Worms do not trouble your stock; It puts your poorest animals in condition; Costs less than 1-2c. per day for a cow or 2 pigs. Put up in 60c packages and \$1.75 and \$6.00 tins. See Special Offer below.

Royal Purple Poultry Specific

Makes sick hens well and well hens better. When birds are shut up for the Winter they miss the exercise, food and minerals that they get on the free range. They become unproductive, dull of feather, mopey, and off their feed. They need **ROYAL PURPLE POULTRY SPECIFIC** to tone up their whole system. It acts on the digestive organs and compels the birds to assimilate their food, which forms heat, body energy and eggs. On free range a hen picks up minerals, which are essential to egg production. **ROYAL PURPLE POULTRY SPECIFIC** supplies the hen that is shut up, with just the proper amount of the minerals she requires. It is a wonderful tonic. By feeding it with a properly balanced ration your hens will lay steadily all Winter. It does not overtax the strength of the birds, and render them useless after one season. It builds up strong, healthy birds that will lay naturally. On feeding it you can see the increased activity in your flock in a few days. Usually in two or three days there will be a marked increase in egg production. It increases the fertility of the eggs from your breeding stock, and the resulting chicks are vigorous and free from disease.

ROYAL PURPLE POULTRY SPECIFIC is sold all over Canada, by over 4,500 merchants, who handle our products. Put up in 30c and 60c packages and \$1.75 and \$6.00 tins.

Royal Purple Roup Specific

Your Poultry needs **ROYAL PURPLE ROUP SPECIFIC** NOW. During the cold, wet Winter months you never can tell when the germs of Diphtheritic Roup, Chicken Pox and Canker are going to enter your flock. These germs cannot live in the presence of **ROYAL PURPLE ROUP SPECIFIC**. It is a sure preventative and positive remedy for these diseases.

Your breeding stock should have it all Winter to ensure 100% efficiency this Spring. With ordinary sanitary precautions and **ROYAL PURPLE ROUP SPECIFIC** in the drinking water of your breeding stock and young chicks, you will be free from the ravages of White Diarrhoea, Intestinal Worms, Coccidiosis, etc. Put up in three sizes, 30c and 60c tins, postage paid; and the large 10-lb. tin at \$4.00.

Special Offer

One large \$6.00 tin of **ROYAL PURPLE STOCK SPECIFIC** or **POULTRY SPECIFIC** will be given FREE, with every order for 4 large tins of **ROYAL PURPLE STOCK SPECIFIC** and **POULTRY SPECIFIC**, or with every order for \$24.00 worth of **ROYAL PURPLE PACKAGE GOODS**. This special offer is made for one season only, to enable every keeper of Stock and Poultry to realize the tremendous advantage which is to be gained by the persistent use of our Condition Powders. This offer is good only until April 1st, 1926.

Breeding Cockerels

We have a few excellent Bred-to-Lay Barred Plymouth Rock, White Wyandotte and White Leghorn Cockerels for sale at \$5.00 each or three for \$12.00. These are descendants of some of the best Bred-to-Lay Stock on the continent. The above prices are only good for 30 days and as our supply is limited, we advise you to order at once.

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Blind River, Ont., July 16, 1925

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Yours truly

J. J. McFADDEN, LTD.

(Signed) J. O'Grady.

INFORMATION DEPARTMENT.

Mr. L. O. Glass, B.A.Sc., formerly of the Department of Agriculture, Ottawa, is in charge of this Department. Write to him for advice on your feeding problems. If you want information on balancing your own farm rations, how to increase your milk production, how to get more eggs, how to fatten your Stock or Poultry, etc., this Department is here to be of service to you.

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His Own Business

Christmas Story by Brewer Corcoran

(Continued)

There was nothing shambling about his gait as he raced up the hill toward the glowing lights of the church. He was not thinking of the party he had refused to attend, but of the frightened, broken-hearted youngster back there at Saxton's. Without pausing at the door, he bolted into the big room and pushed his way to Mr. Fairweather. "Want to see you a minute," he said.

"What's wrong, Jim?"
 "Nothin' much, I guess."
 "Let it wait, then. Come over and help the other fellows finish trimming the tree." Mr. Fairweather wanted to put the boy at his ease. He thought he knew why he had come and believed he had seen through a slender excuse.

"Guess I'd better talk with you first, sir."
 "All right." Mr. Fairweather smiled and, throwing an arm across the boy's shoulders, drew him into a corner. "Now, what is it?"

"Young Jack Bennett's messed things at Saxton's. 'Fraid he's goin' to lose his job. Wants you to help him. What's worryin' him most is forgettin' to give Cap'n Eben the parcel you were plannin' to send to Gull Island. The Quahaug saw the young minister's expression change. 'You'll do what you can, won't you?' he asked. 'He's nothin' but a kid, an' I guess his mind was up here 'stead o' on his work.'"

"I'm not worrying about Bennett," came the quick retort. "It's those poor youngsters up on the island. Thinking about his Christmas has cost them theirs."

"What do you mean?"
 "The best part of our Christmas party was buying those baskets of things for the Watsons. It's going to be hard to tell the boys Jack's carelessness has taken the joy out of two Christmases. Many had denied themselves in order to give to the Watson children."

"Sorter tough all round, isn't it?" agreed the Quahaug.

"All of that." He drew a long breath. "I'll explain to the fellows, then run down and see Saxton."

"Hold up a second," demanded the Quahaug abruptly. "How many kids go Christmasless down to Gull?"

"Six. Dinnerless, too, I'm afraid."

"Never been many Christmases down Gull way, I reckon," he said, thoughtfully.

"There's never been any for the Watsons, Jim."

"Never had but one myself. Sorter like to repay someone for that. Let's go!"

"What do you mean?"
 "I'll take that stuff down channel in my boat if anyone'll go long to tend sail."

"You can't make it in such a storm." The Quahaug looked at him. He wanted to remind him that he had said he had never offered his hand to anyone. But he laughed instead. "I ain't afraid o' the water. I'm good in a boat if I ain't good anywhere else. I'll make it. Get me two men an' I'll sure do it. Put it up to the fellows here. They know I can sail."

"I won't ask anyone to do something I won't do myself, Jim. We only need one more."

"Then give Jack his chance," broke out the Quahaug. "Don't let these chaps know he's fallen down."

For a second Mr. Fairweather looked at him evenly, then smiled, satisfied. "I'll make some excuse for leaving the party, Jim, old chap," he agreed. "Get Jack and the things and I'll meet you on the wharf. I want warmer clothes."

"You'll need 'em," prophesied the Quahaug and bolted without further conversation.

He was tying the last of his reef points when he heard the sound of singing. Listening, he thought it was coming nearer. Above the sweep of the wind he could hear an occasional word of the Christmas carol. Then the pound of many feet sounded on the wharf. A moment later and Mr. Fairweather stood above him, backed by all the fellows. "I had to tell them part of it, Jim," he explained. "They were bound to come. Where's Jack?"

The Quahaug bit his lip. The boys were crowding close to the edge. "Saxton wouldn't let him off," he said evasively.

"We should have a third. Who'll volunteer?" he called.

"Don't want anyone else." The Quahaug's voice was firm. He seemed entirely different now that he was aboard his boat. "Hand down those baskets and jump in, sir."

"But I rather—"

"Hurry!" broke in the boy. "Tide's due to turn soon. Don't want everything against us."

For the first time Mr. Fairweather guessed something of the chance he was about to take. The Quahaug might like a third hand, yet he had not intention of risking another life. As he leaped into

the cockpit, he faced the boy. "It's for you to say whether or not we go, Jim," he said evenly. "No man's a coward who stays ashore tonight."

"You're ready, ain't you?"
 "Yes."

"Cast off that line!" barked the Quahaug to the boys on the wharf. And the next moment the old catboat turned, then was almost batted flat as the full force of the wind smashed into her triple-reefed sail.

"Tend sheet an' act quick," ordered the Quahaug, feet braced against the rail and body swaying in rhythm to the bucking tiller. "Goin' to be bad outside."

"Worse than this?"
 "This ain't nothin'."

Ten minutes later Mr. Fairweather believed him. Around the point, and they caught the full racing, surging smash of the rising storm. The Quahaug's face was set, his eyes fixed ahead, his every muscle taut. The old boat creaked and groaned, but he eased her all he could as he fought her into the crested seas.

Mr. Fairweather, cool, alert, watched Jim. Had he needed confidence, he could have found it here. The boy was in his element; the wildness of the night seemed to have torn the mantle of shiftlessness from his shoulders, to have tightened the loose joints, to have squared the sagging jaw. All doubt as to the wisdom of their venture left the man. He began to hum, then his voice burst forth into the words of the Christmas carol the boys, back there is safety, had sung.

The Quahaug glanced at him a second, then his teeth set tighter. There might be "Peace on earth;" there was none tonight at sea. He held to his surging course until he was far across the angry sound, then, with a crash, they came about. "Two more an' we'll make it," he grunted.

The man smiled. "Good work!" he nodded encouragingly and pulled his collar higher. But the Quahaug only braced the harder and watched more anxiously the racing seas.

Across, then back again and half way across once more. Mr. Fairweather's feet were numb now. His lips were too cold to utter the words of the song. But the Quahaug did not seem to have changed his position except as they had come about. Yet something had changed in his attitude. There was a new expression dawning on his face. "Pump for awhile," he shouted above the gale. "We've shipped a lot of water."

The man obeyed instantly. The little suction pump was crude but it drew a steady stream. Three minutes and he

(Continued on page 32.)

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

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Large Toulouse Geese from prize winners Barred Rock pullets bred-to-lay. April May hatched. **FRED. ROSS,** Kinburn, Ont. 45-6
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A MAGAZINE PAGE FOR HOME WORKERS

ON CHRISTMAS DAY

God rest ye, merry gentlemen; let nothing you dismay,
For Jesus Christ, our Saviour, was born on Christmas day.
The dawn rose red o'er Bethlehem, the stars shone through the gray,
When Jesus Christ our Saviour was born on Christmas Day.

God rest ye, little children; let nothing you affright,
For Jesus Christ, your Saviour, was born this happy night;
Along the hills of Galilee the white flocks sleeping lay
When Christ, the Child of Nazareth, was born on Christmas Day.

God rest ye, all good Christians; upon this blessed morn
The Lord of all good Christians was of a woman born;
Now all your sorrows he doth heal, your sins he takes away;
For Jesus Christ, our Saviour, was born on Christmas Day.

—Dinah Mulock Craik.

GOD WITH US

(Nancy Byrd Turner)

There were three lights that night:
The star above the darkness, crystal fair,
The foremost angel's garment flaming white,
The baby's circled hair.

Three sounds: upon the hill
A sudden song; low drawn, a woman's sigh;
And, when the midnight deepened gray and chill,
A little, little cry.

Three woes: a witless lamb
Lost from the scattered flock; its mother's grieving;
The long, deep slumber of the townfolk—blind
And deaf and unbelieving.

Three wonders: dark-browed kings
Riding from far; young shepherds' lifted faces;
The silver beauty raining from the star
On Bethlehem's dark places.

There were Faith, Hope and Love:
Faith that had known, Hope that had waited well,
Love that had wrought; and in their trembling midst,
Immanuel!

—Good Housekeeping.

A PLEA FOR SANTA CLAUS

(By Ethel Clark Bickel)

Much has been said in the last few years for and against allowing children to believe in Santa Claus. Primary schools besides Sunday schools have taken up the subject of whether or not it is right to lead little folks into belief in the dear old saint. The first primary teacher in a certain well known school considers it very wrong and tells every one of her children "the real truth" as she sees it, and they rapidly spread the sad news to all their little friends. The superintendent of the Sunday school in another town is of similar opinion, and from every Christmas program in his school all allusion to Santa is omitted. No merry songs of mysterious sleigh-bells are heard there; no little red fireplaces, no tiny stockings ever decorate the stage for festivities in connection with that Sunday school.

I wonder how the readers of these columns feel on this subject? I for one am heartily in favor of Santa Claus. In my childhood, I happened to be one of a family of six children, and we were all told of "Santy" when we were scarcely out of babyhood. The happiness of Christmas time in our home will always be a cherished memory, and it was the "Santy" part of it that made it so joyous, for our gifts were never costly, in fact, compared with the toys that little folks receive nowadays, they were almost insignificant.

As for the "terrible disillusionment" that is so often suggested as the natural outcome of telling children of Santa Claus, we never suffered any such misfortune. As we grew older, and began to question, our mother explained to us very beautifully the real meaning of the dear old saint. "Santa Claus is the spirit of Christmas, somewhat as Jack Frost is the spirit of cold and frost," she told us. "Santa is the soul of good cheer and merriment, the spirit of loving and giving." Very easily she made us understand why we had been led to believe in him—just to make Christmas time more bright and

gay. Following her explanation, we were always ready to help foster the belief in younger children.

Now I have a little daughter of my own. Her father and I led her to believe in "Santa," for surely we should have been selfish parents had we deprived her of a joy that had meant so much to us. The year that Barbara was eight years old, I explained to her about "Santy." "Oh, Mother," she exclaimed happily, when she understood it all, "now this year I'll be Santa Claus to cousin John and Herbert and little Mary Elizabeth!" You see how thoroughly she grasped the meaning. No disillusionment, no feeling of having been hoodwinked!

Once, when Barbara was only a little over four, some child tried to shake her belief. "Well, of course," answered Barbara, "if you don't believe in Santy Taus, there jus' isn't any Santy for you, that's all!" Her father later confirmed her reply, and the danger of having to tell her at that tender age was averted.

I have never favored "dressing up" to imitate Santa. Rather do I favor the keeping of his personality delightfully mysterious and vague. Let the kiddies get their impressions of the jolly old fellow from colored pictures and verbal descriptions rather than from masked men. Then, when the time of revelation comes, one can make the story more charming by comparing Santa's red cheeks to the bright Christmas holly, his white beard to the snow and frost; his little fat form may be symbolic of laughter and jollity, and so on. Even his mysterious method of coming down the chimney may be made to symbolize the fascinating secrecy of the Christmastide.—From a series of articles issued by the National Kindergarten Association, 8 West 40th Street, New York City.

TRIMMINGS FOR THE TREE

When there are small children in the family, a Christmas without a tree is not to be thought of. Some mother may exclaim: "Oh, it is such a task!" and others, "But it is so expensive!" Still one feels repaid for the trouble and the outlay in the children's joy and pleasure. In fact, with a little co-operation on the children's part, the outlay for dressing the tree need not be great and they will enjoy it much more than if it is all done for them. Strings of both colored popcorn and cranberries are most effective and candies wrapped in the old-fashioned motto papers and suspended by wires or ribbons will certainly go far in the way of ornamentation.

Cornucopias of gold or glazed paper may be easily made for a few cents a dozen and decorated with Christmas scrap pictures or illustrations cut from holiday cards will furnish ideal receptacles for the home-made candy that the children will enjoy making as part of the Christmas preparation. English walnuts and pine or spruce cones, bronzed in various colors, or covered with tinfoil, add a bright spot to the tree and will answer in place of the more costly tinsel balls. These same shells can be made into dainty thimble cases that will answer admirably as inexpensive gifts.

With a sheet of scrap pictures (showing boys' and girls' heads), cardboard colored tissue paper and tinsel, a bewildering variety of paper dolls can be fashioned to delight the hearts of the little girls, while a few striped candy canes may be purchased for the boys and attached to the stoutest branches.

Small red apples (sometimes called Christmas or lady apples) are also very effective on account of their bright coloring, while further in on the branches small tangerines may be suspended, adding a bit of bright orange.

OLD CHRISTMAS CAROL

"Earthly friends may change and falter,
Earthly hearts may vary—
He is born that cannot alter
Of the Virgin Mary.
Born today, raise the lay,
Born today, twine the bay,
Jesus Christ was born of Mary,
Born to save.
Born to saye, holly wave,
Jesus Christ was born at Christmas,
Born a King,
Born a King, laurel bring,
Jesus Christ was born at Christmas.
Born for you,
Born for you, green leaves strew,
Jesus Christ was born of Mary,
Born for all.
Well befall hearth and hall
Jesus Christ was born at Christmas,
Born for all."

Right is right, and wrong is wrong, no matter what harm may arise from carrying out the former, or what good may accrue from the latter.

OUR PIONEERS

One gray November day I wandered
'midst
Old well-remembered scenes that through
long years
In fancy I had oft revisited,
Though forest, lake and boundless prairie
lay
Between me and the heaven of my youth.

The old stone church was statelier than
of yore
With high bell tower, memorial windows
rich

In coloring in old gray ivied walls,
And costly gifts in memory of the dead,
I wandered to the old graveyard where
sleep

Many old pioneers of other days—
Those brave, true men and women who
endured

The toil, the dangers and the loneliness
That we, their children, might, in this
new land

Find independence, comfort, plenty,
peace.

In olden days it was a pleasant spot
With drooping willows, murmuring pines
and flowers,

And winding paths where children loved
to roam;

Today the simple, moss-grown stones that
marked

The place where lies such sacred dust
removed,

And laid aside like ghastly spectres
grim

That a convenient thoroughfare might
span

That consecrated ground where loved
ones sleep.

Ah! shall we for our own advantage
quench

The gratitude that from our hearts
should spring?

And desecrate their hallowed resting-
place,

Or spare one quiet acre that may be
Kept sacred to the memory of our dead,
To whom we owe our glorious heritage?

I. K. B.

Belle Bonis,
St. Mary's, Ont.



DAME CHAMBERLAIN

Wife of Austen Chamberlain, who was specially honored by the King for her part in the success of the Locarno conference, by being decorated with the insignia of the Grand Cross of the Order of the British Empire.



An Extra Room in the Attic

Why waste the attic as a storeroom when you can so easily make an extra bedroom out of it or a playroom for the kiddies? The first thing to consider is the floor. Dominion Linoleum will transform it. Its beautiful colours and smooth, clean surface make all the difference in the world.

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floors will improve any room. Besides, they save you hours of housework. Light mopping or brushing keeps them spotless.

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HOME COOKING

The Christmas Dinner

First give a thought to the table decorations. Holly is always nice; the glossy green of the leaves and the brilliant red of the berries are true Christmas colors, but it is not easy to get in some parts of Canada. There are plenty of nearby woody spots where wintergreen can be found and twigs of fir balsam are beautiful and fragrant. A table basket filled with mountain laurel and smooth, shining red apples makes a most attractive centerpiece. If small individual gifts are to be given at the table the basket might be filled with these instead of the apples. Wrap each in plain red tissue paper and tie with narrow red ribbon, leaving an end on each long enough to reach out to a plate. If the gifts are to be placed at the plates, fasten a sprig of laurel to each. A big iced fruit cake sprinkled all over with tiny red candies and circled with little red candles will give another pretty touch of color as well as a delight to the youngsters. If the dinner is to be at night, tall red candles will give another pretty touch the whole effect.

With plum pudding and mincemeat, Christmas fruit cake and candies on hand the housekeeper will be thinking of the more quickly prepared parts of her Christmas dinner. After a Thanksgiving turkey she may decide on the roast beef of old England, a good fat goose, a brace of ducks or a pork stuffed and roasted, for the meat course. A rich meat course calls for no soup or a light one, to commence the dinner or a simple fruit cocktail.

There may be tiny home pickled gherkins, or the continental olives, celery and salted nuts.

For salad the favorite apple and celery salad with nuts may be moulded in lemon jelly in individual moulds ready to turn out.

Every family has its favorite vegetables and with the Christmas good cheer they may be served. The youngsters will still after their plum pudding, have appetite left for ice cream, fruit and candies but the older folk may appreciate a tiny bit of fine cheese and a plain little salt cracker with their coffee.

Banana, canned pineapple and orange make a good combination of flavors for the fruit cocktails. Moisten with juice of the pineapple mixed with lemon-juice, sugar and just a dash of grape-juice. Have the little individual glass cups or glasses filled with the mixed fruit on the table when the meal is served. As this first course decorates the table, each cocktail may be garnished with a bit of holly or evergreen.

If you have not banana or pineapple use grapefruit or any canned fruit and fruit juices that combine well adding enough lemon or orange juice to give an acid tang for if it be sweet or cloying it will fail of its mission as an appetizer.

Tomato Soup:—Have clear stock made beforehand and add to it one can of tomato soup or sufficient tomato paste to flavor it, a bit of butter, and when serving put a teaspoon of slightly salted whipped cream on each bouillon cup or serve with croutons, bread diced, tossed in melted butter and lightly browned in a moderate oven.

Oyster Consommé:—Cut the soft parts from a pint of oysters, chop the tough bits and, adding half a cup of water, simmer them for half an hour. Strain them through a double thickness of cheesecloth and add four cups of white stock (preferably chicken.) Season with salt and a little red pepper. When almost ready to serve add half a cup of thin cream and the soft parts of the oysters. Let heat until oysters plump up but do not boil. Serve at once.

Roast Goose:—After plucking the goose slunge it to get rid of any remaining down or hairs, then scrub well with a hard brush and baking soda and water until the skin is white and perfectly clean. Rinse well with clear water and wipe dry. What is called a "green goose" one from three to four months old, is generally cooked like game without stuffing. Season such a one inside with plenty of salt and pepper, add half a white onion and roast for one hour in a very hot oven.

A goose a year or more old should be steamed until beginning to be tender, or parboiled the day before, then finished to the browning point in the oven.

A covered roasting pan may be used to cook the goose until tender but it should always be well roasted in a hot oven with the cover off to finish.

Sage And Onion Stuffing:—Take 6 large, mild onions, 2 teaspoons powdered sage, 3 cups stale bread, salt and pepper. Peel the onions, cook 5 minutes, pour the water off and replace with fresh water. When the onions are tender drain and chop fine, add the sage and the bread squeezed out of cold water. Season rather highly.

Potato Stuffing For Goose:—Take 2 cups mashed potato, 1 cup soft, white bread-crumbs, 1-3 cup butter, and onion juice, powdered sage, salt and pepper to season to taste. Mix well.

Banana Stuffing For Goose:—Peel six bananas and chop them rather small, season with salt and pepper, and mix with one dessertspoonful of finely chopped parsley, four rashers of streaky bacon cut up small, a heaped-up breakfast cup full of breadcrumbs, and a teaspoonful of mixed savory herbs. Beat up an egg with a little milk, and stir it into the above, mix well, then stuff the goose with it, truss and cook in the usual way.

The breadcrumb and sage stuffing may be used to stuff a leg of pork from which the bone has been removed. Hot apple sauce or small roast apples should be served with either goose or pork.

Scalloped Onions:—Boil white onions whole, place in casserole or baking dish cover with a thick white sauce, cover with bread crumbs which have been stirred in melted butter and bake until golden brown in a moderate oven. This dish may be prepared a day or even two days beforehand and baked the day it is used. If liked a little grated cheese may be mixed with the buttered crumbs.

Creamed Cabbage:—Boil cabbage until tender but not soft and mushy. Make a sauce of one tablespoon of butter, one tablespoon of flour, melted together, and one cup of milk. Stir over fire until creamy and well-cooked. Season with salt and pour over the chopped cabbage in serving dish. Sprinkle paprika over top before sending to the table.

Christmas Caramel Cream:—To make this pudding, soften one tablespoon of granulated gelatine in one-fourth cup of cold water. Cook one-third cup of granulated sugar to a caramel, then add one-third cup of boiling water and cook until syrupy; remove from the fire, add the softened gelatin, one-fourth cup of sugar and a speck of salt, and stir until the sugar and gelatine is dissolved, then add 1-2 cups of rich milk or thin cream. Set the dish containing the mixture in a basin of cracked ice or ice-cold water, and when it begins to thicken beat in one cup of chopped nuts and the whites of two eggs beat-

Superfine Quality

"SALADA"

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in the cup reveals its outstanding merit. Its rich flavor will delight you. Try it to-day.

Fruit Cream:—Two bananas, 1 orange, 1-2 lemon, 1 cup cream, 1-2 cup powdered sugar, 1 tablespoon gelatin, 1-4 cup boiling water. Press bananas through a sieve, add orange, juice of lemon and gelatin which has been dissolved in hot water. Stir over ice water until the mixture begins to harden. Then fold in the whipped cream. Put in a mold and chill thoroughly. All molds should be dipped in cold water.

If with all the rest of the joyful rush of Christmas you cannot get the icecream freezer turned why not use a mousse or parfait instead. If it is cold enough you need not ever pack this variety of ice cream in salt and ice for it will be smooth and delicious if the mould is set out of doors in a shaded place to freeze.

Peach Parfait:—One cup cream whipped stiff, 1 cup crushed peaches, (canned or fresh) put through the potato ricer; 1 cup sugar, 1 teaspoon vanilla. Pack in ice three hours.

Angel Parfait:—3 cups cream; 1-2 cup water; vanilla; 1 cup granulated sugar whites of 2 eggs; salt and ice. If the weather is very cold this will freeze without being packed. Simply set it in the shade of a shed or any cold place.

Sunshine Parfait:—May be used as a foundation for all parfaits, using of course different flavorings. 1 cup sugar; 1 tablespoon orange extract; 1-4 cup boiling water; 1 pint thick cream; the yolks of 3 eggs. Boil the sugar and water until it threads, and pour in a fine stream on the beaten yolks of the eggs, return to the fire and cook over hot water until the mixture coats the spoon, stirring constantly. Beat until cold and add the flavor and the cream beaten solid. Pack in salt and ice.

Maple Mousse:—3-4 cup maple syrup; 1 cup cream, whipped; 2 eggs; pinch of salt. Beat the eggs and add to the syrup, put in double boiler and stir until it is hot and slightly thickened. Cool and add the cream whipped and the pinch of salt. Pack in salt and ice, stir once or twice during the first hour, cover closely and leave for four of five hours. Decorate with cherries. Coffee, chocolate caramel or ginger may be used for flavoring instead of the maple syrup.



TAILORED JUMPER FROCK

Kasha in brown, tan, and a still lighter tan, is the material used for this attractive tailored jumper frock.

The medium tan tone makes the overblouse, which is trimmed with bands of lighter tan and the brown. The skirt matches the brown bands, and has an inset pleat at each side.

With this is worn a brown felt hat. A straight brown kasha coat would complete a most effective ensemble.

Our Christmas Wishes



Without the door let sorrow lie;
And if for cold it hap to die,
We'll bury 't in a Christmas pie
And ever more be merry.

—George Walker

OFF IN A HURRY

Before the day's work drink a steaming cup of Camp Coffee to freshen and invigorate you.

CAMP COFFEE
Made in a minute.
R. Paterson & Sons, Ltd., Glasgow.

en stiff and dry. Turn into a mold and chill. For a sauce heat 1-2 cups of milk in a double boiler, add the beaten yolks of eggs and one-half cup of sugar, and stir and cook until it coats the spoon, then remove from the hot water, add flavoring, cool and chill also. Add a few candied cherries and mint leaves to the top of the pudding when it is turned from the mold, and pour the sauce around it.

Spanish Trifle:—The ingredients are a dozen small macaroons, two eggs, one pint of milk, 2 ozs. of plain chocolate, 2 ozs. of sugar. Grate the chocolate and boil half of it with a third of the milk; pour this over the macaroons and let them soak. Then arrange in a glass dish. Beat up the eggs with the remaining chocolate and milk, put into a stewpan and boil, stirring all the time until thick. Add the sugar lastly and let it dissolve. Pour this custard over the macaroons, put aside, and serve cold. The top of the trifle can be decorated with whipped cream and candied cherries.

Marshmallow Whip:—One-half pound marshmallows cut fine, 1 cup chopped walnuts, 1-4 cup maraschino cherries cut, 1 cup cream, whipped, and vanilla. Chill and serve in sherbet glasses.

Keep The Sink Shining

Soap jelly, which is made by dissolving a large bar of soap in two quarts of boiling water and two tablespoonfuls of kerosene is a great help in keeping the sink white and shining. I keep a glass of soap jelly on the sink shelf, and when the dishes are finished put a little on a cloth, kept for that purpose, and rub well over the sink. Then wash with clear water and the sink looks as if I had given it a good scouring.

"Ex nihilo nihil," nothing can be made out of nothing.

You may boil a quart of water down to a pint, it will still remain water.

It is worth a thousand pounds a year to have the habit of looking on the bright side of things.

Nothing makes a woman madder when she's sick in bed, than to hear her husband telling folks over the telephone that she's just fine.

BAKE YOUR OWN
BREAD
WITH

ROYAL
YEAST
CAKES

The standard
of Quality
for over 50 years



Hello!— Anybody Home?



A CHRISTMAS BOX

The term originally meant the box into which contributions were dropped to meet the cost of the Mass for the forgiveness of those who during the Christmas festivities had fallen into excesses. The Mass was Christ's Mass. The box was Christ's Mass Box.

This interesting suggestion is not mentioned in the New English dictionary, which, however, gives much more information about the word. It was defined by Colgrave (1611) as "a box having a cleft in the lid or in the side, for money to enter it, used in France by begging friars, and here for butlers or apprentices." Its ecclesiastical associations, therefore, seem to be confined to France. The first one hears of it in England seems to indicate a purely secular custom. The 18th century Christmas box was a collective affair, and the apprentices shared the contents among them when the box was full. The box was usually made of earthenware, and had to be broken to get the money out, a peculiarity which provided Bishop Hall with a caustic metaphor in a reflection which may still be salutary for those wealthy men who propose to rest their fame on posthumous charity.

"It is a shame," he wrote, "for a rich Christian to be like a Christmas box; they receive all and nothing can be got out till it be broken in pieces."

THE FIRST CHRISTMAS

Lord Jesus, who on Christmas Day
Wast born in Bethlehem far away,
Accept the songs the children raise
Who join to sing their Christmas lays.

We cannot haste where shepherds sped,
And bent o'er Bethlehem's manger bed,
Nor see the Babe beyond compare
In stable rude lie cradled there.

We cannot see the guiding star
That brought the wise men from afar,
But with the high and lowly now
In worship we can humbly bow.

We cannot offer spices rare,
Nor gold and gems, all bright and fair;
But here we give our hearts to Thee;
Thine, Lord and Master, may they be.

The Suspended Egg

To suspend an egg half-way in a tumbler filled with water is a very pretty trick, and yet is easy to do.

First, you must dissolve as much salt as possible in a quarter of a pint of water. Half fill a tumbler with this solution but take care that no undissolved salt accompanies it. Then into the salt water drop a fresh egg. It will float.

Next pour into the tumbler very slowly enough fresh water to almost fill the glass

Being heavier than the fresh water, and lighter than the salt water, the egg neither floats nor sinks, but remains between the two fluids, and, as there is no visible difference between either of these the secret of the trick is unlikely to be detected.

HOLIDAY GAMES

Poor Blind Bob: A blindfolded person is stood in the middle of the room, provided with a long, slender wand—made from paper rolled up and tied at one end. The rest march around him in a ring un-

til somebody says: "Poor blind Bob." They then come to a standstill, and the blind man tries to touch the one who spoke. If he succeeds they exchange places; if not, he must go on until he discovers a speaker. The ring must always come to a standstill directly a player speaks.

Detectives: Cut up a number of card-board tickets, mark one "detective" and three "burglars," the rest remain blank. The players sit round in a circle, and the cards are shuffled and put in a small bag which is passed round, each player dipping his hand in and taking one. The players glance at the cards they have drawn, but tell no one what they are, hiding them in their hands. The one who draws the detective card must go round asking questions, which may be answered in any way except yes or no. Should a player use either of these words the detective demands to see his card; if he happens to be a burglar he is out, if not he must pay a forfeit. Often a sudden question or a swift assertion, "You are the burglar, show your card," will take a man unawares. If the detective has not found the three burglars after going round three times he must pay a forfeit. The cards are again shuffled and dealt out before the game can go on.

TWO "GRAY-MATTER" GAMES

At winter house parties sports of the out-of-doors—snowshoeing, skating, riding—fill the hours with lively pleasure; but almost always it is the meeting round the fire that caps the day's enjoyment—that gives it the touch of good cheer that lingers longest in memory. In fact, the success of the house party may depend almost as much on the indoor as on the outdoor program.

A group of young people who make annual mid-winter excursions to the mountains have tried a great many games, and have found that the ones that bear repetition best are not those that are hilariously funny but those that require alertness. Two of the "gray-matter" games, as they call them, are general information and initial topics.

Both games require pencils and paper. In the first of them let each player write ten questions on any subjects, the only rule being that he must know the answers to his own questions. Cut each paper into slips, so that the questions are separated; put them into a hat and then have some one draw the questions and ask them round the circle, going in turn from one person to the next. Anyone who, taking his turn, answers a question correctly receives the slip; the one who receives the most slips wins. The zest of the game lies in the discussions that it causes. The questions cover all subjects—current events, history, geography, science, the Bible, art, music, and so forth.

For the initial-topics game, supply each person with an ample sheet of paper. Let each give a topic, and let everyone write

it down. Thus, in the end, you have a list of topics that reads, perhaps, something like this:

Author
Title of book
Article of clothing
Statesman
Tree

The leader chooses a letter—M, for example—and during a stated length of time everyone busies himself writing a name beside each topic. The name must begin with the letter that was given. One list might read, in accordance with the list given above:

Meredith
Molly-Make-Believe
Mittens
Madison
Maple

If any two persons have the same name for any topic when the lists are read, both must cross it out. The winner is the one who has the longest list at the end of the game.

CHRISTMAS REVELLE

(By Annie F. Weir)

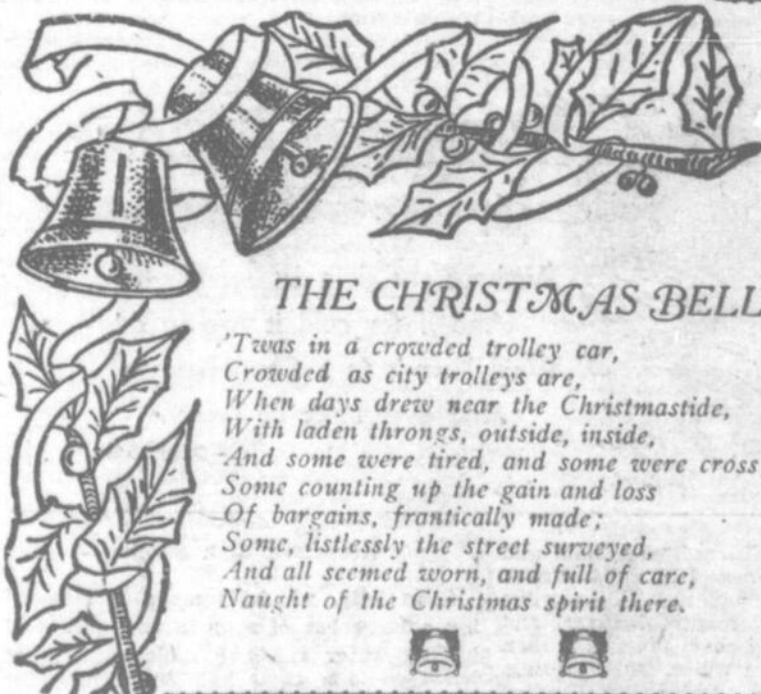
Oh, wake, dear children, wake,
The Christmas dawn doth break;
The Eastern sky begins to glow,
The morning star is fading now.
Oh, quickly wake and rise,
Light earth with starry eyes;
For this is Jesus' birthday morn—
The Lord of Heaven a Child is born!
Alleluia!

Oh, sing, dear children, sing,
Let earth with carols ring;
Swift-winged wind and echoing sky,
Will waft the blessed strain on high.
Sing out with gladsome voice,
Let child-like hearts rejoice;
For this is Jesus' birthday morn—
The Lord of Heaven a Child is born!
Alleluia!

He comes your own dear Guest,
Oh, welcome, Child so blest!
His manger lieth at the door,
Among the suffering and the poor.
Oh, haste, dear children, bear
Your golden offerings there;
For this is Jesus' birthday morn—
The Lord of Heaven a Child is born!
Alleluia!

WRONG TO RIGHT

A pleasant riddle is to turn one word into another by the changing of one letter at a time and making a good word at every step thereof. Thus we might change CAT into DOG by writing CAT—BAT—BAG—BOG—DOG, but a more short way would be CAT—COT—COG—DOG. Can you turn WRONG into RIGHT in the same manner? Can it be done in fewer than 20 changes? In changing one letter do not disturb the other letters.



THE CHRISTMAS BELL

'Twas in a crowded trolley car,
Crowded as city trolleys are,
When days drew near the Christmastide,
With laden throngs, outside, inside,
And some were tired, and some were cross;
Some counting up the gain and loss
Of bargains, frantically made;
Some, listlessly the street surveyed,
And all seemed worn, and full of care,
Naught of the Christmas spirit there.

Just then, a locomotive bell
Sent on the air its measured swell—
A fresh voice, jubilant and clear
Rang gaily out its note of cheer:
"Mamma, is that the Christmas bell?"
The child's voice wrought a magic spell;
Folks turned about to see the boy,
His face aglow with smiles of joy;
They had but heard the engine bell,
But he, the story angels tell!

Then, somehow, in that crowded car
Shone gleams of Bethlehem's holy star,
And echoes of the "peace, good-will,"
From radiant skies, re-echoed still.
Forgot the weariness, the care,
Love's happy tidings filled the air—
A little child had led them well;
They also heard "the Christmas bell."

—Eliza E. Hewitt.

THE OLDEST RIDDLE

What is the oldest riddle in the world? That one about the left side of a plum pudding must be pretty ancient, while the "why did the hen cross the road?" catch is not so young as it was!

But probably the most venerable of all is the popular old English puzzle known as Alcuin's Riddle.

There are several versions of this; one of them is as follows:—

Three noblemen, belonging to different political factions, with their three servants had to cross a river at night, in a small boat which would only take two at a time.

None of the noblemen would trust his servant alone with the other two, in case he should betray his secret. How did they all manage to cross the river and

yet each one keep with his servant and never leave him in another nobleman's company?

First of all, Lord A. rowed his servant over, then returned to the other side, where the remaining two servants took his place.

These having crossed, Lord A's servant rowed back again and stayed with Lord A. while Lords B. and C. went over. Lord B. and his servant returned. Then Lords A. and B. went over and Lord C's servant returned, and gave place to the servants of Lords A. and B.

Last of all, Lord C. returned to fetch his servant, and they were all together on the other side—and not one nobleman had been with another nobleman's servant.

It is not recorded if the servants told each other their masters' secrets!

AN ACROSTIC

A noble muse, first of the Sacred Nine;
A town in Portugal, famed for rich wine;
A Grecian isle, where music's God was born;
An ancient land, where Jacob's sons sought corn;
A mindless monarch, last of Assyria's kings;
A Scottish bard who of "the seasons" sings;
A sombre tree, whose mourning branches spread
Their lengthened shadows o'er the silent dead.
The initials, joined, will to your view present
A maiden's brightest, choicest ornament.
Answer to Last Week's Puzzle
A charade: I-tan-hoe.

For Young People

Sunny Jim's Christmas Family

By Ethel Gesner Rockwell

GET yer paper, Mister! Ev'ning paper! Record—Traveler—Tribune—all about the big subway accident—

Sunny Jim choked on the accident and rubbed the back of his cold little hand across his eyes. "Tribune, Mister!" he dashed to an office door and deftly twisted a paper into the hand of the man who came out. Jim knew him well. He came out of that office every night, and always by himself. Jim called him the man who walked alone.

"How's the kid?" asked the man. "Oh, they're mendin' him," said Sunny Jim hopefully, "but he's some done up, b'lieve me! An' say!" Jim wriggled between the man and the tearing wind "he'll be to the hospittle fer Christmas! 'Course he'll be all right, but d'yer know what fer he's worryin'?"

Jim crossed the broad office step and selected a paper for another homegoer. "He's got an awful homesick 'cause his mother'll be all alone," he confided when he was back again. "They always have a Christmas dinner together, Sandy and his mother. Yes, sir, you bet! Why last year they had sweet potatoes, and pork chops, an' cramb'ry sauce! Ain't it nice to be a real family!" Jim's eyes shone. "An' he's gettin' to have fever to go home!"

The man who walked alone blew his nose hard, for the night was cold, and Jim set up his shrill cry again as his friend swung on to his car.

On his way home after the long evening's work with extras, Jim knocked at the door of No. 5 Paradise Row. It was opened, and Sandy's mother drew him in to warm his hands at her fire. Jim always felt a part of the family when she did this. "An' did you see the liddle?" she said eagerly, her blue eyes shining.

"He's gettin' on slick," cheered the boy, wriggling his fingers to the baby stove's warmth, while Mrs. McQueen was already at work again on the shirts that grew by the slow dozen under her ever-stitching needle. "His foot's begun to grow together, an' his head's not swole half so big. If 'twant fer wantin' you so, an' his Christmas dinner—"

Quick tears drowned the shining blue patience of Mother McQueen's eyes. "Well," her voice quavered a bit, and she sewed faster than ever, "I'm hoping I can get along fast enough so I can take an hour off on Christmas afternoon and go up to see him."

"Hooray!" Jim hopped on one thawing set of toes. "That'll be bully!"

"But don't tell him," warned Sandy's mother; "let's s'prise him!"

And Sunny Jim climbed up to the seventh floor to his half a bed with Mrs. Marini's Tony, and dreamed of Sandy's Christmas surprise.

Next day he worked extra hard at noon-time, so he could take the visiting hour at the hospital to see Sandy. Sandy, white and big-eyed on his pillows, uttered a whoop of delight.

"Ain't you the brick," he cried. "But say," anxiously, "you'll be losin' a heap o' cash. Any gay sellin' fer you?"

"Don't you be worryin' 'bout the cash," said Sunny Jim grandly. "I got enough fer today, anyhow." He jingled the nickles and pennies in his pocket so it sounded quite rich and full.

A shadow hid the joy in Sandy's eyes. He grew suddenly quiet. "What's got you?" demanded Jim.

"Nothin'," protested Sandy.

But Jim knew better. After some man-aging Sandy finally told his biggest trouble—not the crushed foot, not the aching head, but Mother's Christmas shawl!

"It's costin' a dollar an' a quarter," he said hopelessly. "I've saved ever since summer, an' I got seventy-five cents. But I can't get any more now. It's some pretty—all white, and blue, like her eyes, an' she wouldn't shiver when she sews. It's in Risler's—"

Sunny Jim's eyes echoed the trouble in Sandy's. He hastened to the rescue. "Now look a' here, Kid, don't you be frettin' about that. I happen to have some spare nickles myself, an' I kin easy lift it to fifty cents by Christmas Eve. I'll get the shawl-thing then—that'll be time."

Sandy glowed. "Aw, say, Jim, that ain't fair," he faltered. "I couldn't let you—when you're wantin' it fer some one else—"

"Quit yer fussin'," said Jim grandly. "There ain't any some one else to me—it was just to do as I please with, an' I Nease to do this!"

He went away then, because Sandy showed signs of too much joy for the holding back of his tears.

Gravely Jim considered that night, but he figured that if the next two days were good ones, he could bring his small store up to fifty cents. "It's like 'longin' to y'

family," he said happily.

The night before Christmas Eve he went to see Sandy's mother again. She was counting a little pile of nickles and dimes when he went in. "You see," she said, "I'm not going to bother about any Christmas dinner this year so long's Sandy can't be here"—she choked a little "But I thought instead I'd get him one of those drawing boards, with all the little rulers and things. He's always making drawings; some day he's going to school and be one of those surveying men. I thought he could do a lot while he's in bed, when he can sit up. I've got a dollar and a quarter saved, but it takes a dollar and a half, and I can't get paid for this week's work till after Christmas!" Two tears rolled into the little heap of hoardings.

Jim gasped! He was going to straighten out one secret—could he do another? His family was growing. But he just couldn't stand it to see her feel so badly. "Let me in on that," he cried eagerly. Before he knew how he had persuaded her to do it, he had left with her the last needed quarter as his share of Sandy's Christmas gift.

He lay awake, wondering how he could get thirty cents over bed and eat money in just one day! He had had all but five—now thirty looked a fortune!

If it had been a good day, there might have been more hope. But the wind was icy, and about noon it began to snow. By six o'clock it was a real old-fashioned Christmas blizzard. Every one hurried, forgetting to buy papers. Sunny Jim invented enticing news calls, but the interested were very few. Their thoughts were on the last Christmas packages or their trees and parties, not on the news.

About nine o'clock most of the other boys gave it up and went home. Jim was as near despair as he had ever come in his life. He must have fifteen cents more—just fifteen cents. If he could sell the rest of this lot of extras—but they slipped helplessly heavy under his tired arm.

He leaned against an arc-light post and watched the crowded cars slipping by, their clangor muffled by the millions of soft-whirling flakes. Wild schemes flitted through his brain like the flakes through the air. But he was too world-wise to be deluded into thinking he could work them. He knew his trade.

A paper slipped from his pack to the pavement. As he picked it up it opened to the back page—pictures, jokes, real fun, every inch of it. His limp numbness stiffened with a jump—he counted the papers of that edition. Enough! If he could sell that bunch!

As quickly as his cold fingers would

let him he folded every paper with its last page out. Watching his chance, he wriggled into a car crowded with men just in from a long train from the West. Never had his sunny smile, which had earned him his name, been sunnier. He was radiant, shrewd, sure of success. "Get your evening paper," he challenged. "A whole page of fun for a penny, an' you need it on a night like this!"

He ducked and twisted his way through the car, offering his funny page, chuckling at the pictures with contagious glee. One by one faces lost their tired lines. Smiles came; many forgot to look for change, looking instead at the game little chap with the sunny smile and the blue, cold fingers.

When Jim at last dropped from the car, his arms were empty—every paper sold, more than the price of his Christmas offering jingling in his pocket.

The next afternoon there was a Christmas party at bed No. 5, Ward 20. Pink grew in the cheeks of the white little boy with the bandaged head and the splintered foot. His eyes shone as he eagerly fingered a drawing board with "all the little rulers and things." Beside the bed

sat Mother McQueen, smiling out of the suffiness of her wonderful blue and white shawl with a smile of great tenderness at Sandy, and at Sunny Jim, see-sawing back and forth on the hind legs of his tipped back chair.

The chair came down with a bump, and Sandy, Mother McQueen and Sunny Jim stared suddenly and long. Sandy's smiling nurse was bringing in a huge basket and setting it on the table beside the bed. And out of that basket came—well what didn't come! Everything you could think of for a real Christmas dinner. "A man brought it for Sandy and his family," said the nurse. "Sunny Jim came to first. 'Was he all by himself?' he demanded.

"All by himself," agreed the nurse. Sunny Jim whooped with delight.

"My man who walks alone," he triumphed. "He's asked about you ev'ry day! Ain't he the brick though!"

The surprise dinner lasted a long time. When they finally came to nuts and oranges, Sunny Jim crossed his legs in measureless content. "By cracky!" he sighed. "Ain't it nice to have a family!"—*Congregationalist and Advance.*

How Santa Claus Came to the Little House

By Ellen D. Masters



IT WAS Christmas everywhere. It had snowed very hard Christmas Eve, and Grandma and Uncle John knew that the snow would be too deep and the wind too cold, on Christmas Day, for Florry to be taken to the church, four miles away, to see the Christmas tree.

So when Florry had hung up her stockings, and was asleep in bed, Uncle John brought in a little cedar tree that he had cut in the green woods beyond the barn, and he and Florry's grandma put it up in the room and tied all the presents—that her stockings wouldn't hold—to its green limbs.

When Florry saw her Christmas tree all full of presents and oranges and candy and apples she thought it the prettiest tree that ever was—such a beautiful surprise, for she had expected to find only her stockings full.

"Oh! Grandma! Oh! Uncle John!" she exclaimed very often that Christmas morning, and sometimes she just said "Oh" to herself.

"I wish all those little children that live in that little tiny house beside the road to town could see it, Uncle John," said Florry.

"Why, Florry," he said, "if that crowd should come in to see your tree you would have to give them each a present, and that would about take your stock."

"I would give them each a present," said Florry. "I would like to give presents."



"Guess how many it will take to give them one apiece, Uncle John," said Florry, as she began to put things into the box.

Uncle John guessed about eight. It kept Florry busy a good while picking out the presents from her presents on the tree and in her stockings.

"Oh, Uncle John," said Florry, sadly, "we can't send the things till you go to town again."

"Why there he comes now!" exclaimed Uncle John. And Florry looked out and saw that it was the mail-carrier in the sleigh.

It was Christmas at the little house, and the snow was deep on the fields and the road. The children who lived there could not go to see a big Christmas tree, and they didn't have any little tree, and they didn't get anything in their stockings. They had given up all hope of Santa Claus coming that year, for it was already afternoon of Christmas Day, when they saw the two-horse sleigh coming down the road.

"Oh, there he comes! There he comes!" cried the littlest ones, their eyes very big and bright with wonder.

And when the sleigh stopped, and a box was left in front of the door of the little house, all their eyes were very big and full of wonder. The oldest ones knew it was the mail-carrier, but the littlest ones thought it was Santa Claus who brought the boxful of toys and cakes and candy, and they were as happy as little children anywhere that Christmas Day.

And the only little girl at the big farmhouse was just as happy as her Uncle John and her grandma could wish her to be.—*Child's Hour.*

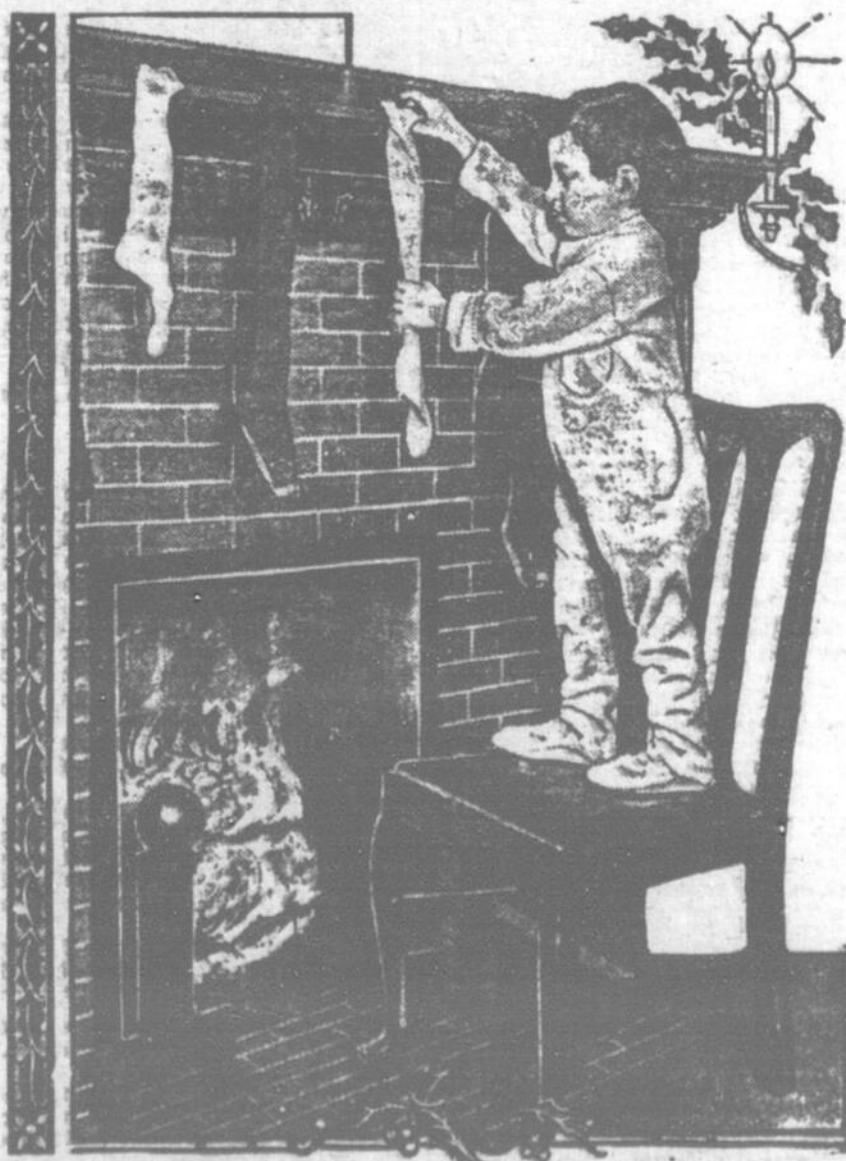
The Memory Game

For this a tray is needed. On it must be placed a number of small articles, such as a pin, a matchbox, a reel of cotton, a lump of sugar, a tin-tack, and so on—about a couple of dozen articles altogether.

When the players are seated with pencil and paper, the tray is produced so that all can have a good view of its contents.

For a minute they are allowed to look. At the end of that time the tray is removed and the players must write down the names of all articles they can remember. It is a splendid memory test.

So great an attendance is expected at the annual Sunday School rally of the United Church of Canada in Montreal on New Year's Day that three separate rallies will be necessary. They will be held in St. James United Church, St. Andrew's, Westmount, United Church, and Centenary United Church, Point St. Charles, respectively.



MIND
BODY

BOYS' PAGE

SOUL
SERVICE



Blow out, you bugles, over the rich Dead!
There's none of these so lonely and poor and old,
But, dying, has made us rarer gifts than gold.
These laid the world away; poured out the red
Sweet wine of youth; gave up the years to be
Or work and joy, and that unheped serene
That men call age; and those who would have been
Their sons, they gave, their immortality."

—Rupert Brooke.

An incident in the memorial service on H.M.S. Maidstone, for the 69 men of the submarine M1, which sank recently.

Ancient Health Laws

(Continued)

The Romans, who derived most of their civilization from the Greeks, carried sanitation much farther in their Empire. Rome was provided with an admirable sewage system, which was very well cared for, and flushed lavishly with water. Rome had also a large number of public and private baths.

But the principal sanitary works of the Romans were their aqueducts. Rome itself was provided with water by nine aqueducts of a total length of 250 miles. Similar works were built in all parts of the empire, as at Tarragona and Segovia in Spain, at Lyons and Nimes in France, and Cologne, Strasbourg and Metz in Germany.

To protect their water supplies from pollution, the Greeks and Romans entrusted their springs to the protection of various deities, even erecting temples on the sites of their intakes.

The fall of the Roman Empire brought about the neglect of public health measures, and this neglect was accentuated all through the period of the middle ages. In consequence we see Europe devastated by terrible scourges which spread over large territories, and which persisted for long periods. The aqueducts of the Romans were still used to some extent, but their yield was so diminished that the population had to resort to rain water, collected in cisterns, for drinking purposes. Public roads were not maintained in good condition, and all kinds of rubbish were allowed to accumulate on them. Waste waters were no longer carried away from the houses. Pigs were allowed to roam about the streets, day and night.

It was during the 19th century that public health really received the consideration which its importance warrants. Many cities, justly alarmed by disastrous epidemics, began to make laws to protect the public health and to prevent the spread of communicable disease.

But it was not until the last 75 years that public health laws could be made, which were based upon sound principles. Before the discoveries of the great bacteriologists of the last century, it was believed that the cause of communicable disease was the emanation of gases, the action of which was similar to that of poisons.

Bacteriologists, such as Pasteur and Koch, however, have shown that all infectious diseases are caused by specific germs, and have found special vaccines and serums to combat a number of these

diseases. They have shown also that water, milk and other foods could be analysed to determine if such foods contained germs of disease, or if they could be used without danger.

So it is that modern sanitary law has become established in cities within the past century. But with the growth of means of rapid communication and travel, even those cities provided with most effective health laws were no longer protected from transmissible diseases from the surrounding rural districts, and it became necessary for the central governments to make general laws to compel sanitation over large territories. This centralization of sanitary legislation is also necessary to protect expensive works made by the other cities to protect their own citizens or those of adjoining towns.

—The Municipal Review.

How To Make a Tent

The making of a tent is not as difficult as might appear, and it should not prove an impossibility for any live patrol.

A study of catalogues or inquiry at a local dry goods store will supply the information regarding the kinds and weights of tent material and cost. The sewing can be done either by machine or hand. Hand sewing with strong, well-waxed thread is preferable. A small model may be made first, the size of the sections being worked out carefully. It is then a good plan to construct a full-sized paper model, the sections serving as patterns for cutting the material. Or a tent of the desired size and model may be borrowed, and paper patterns cut with its help.

Waterproofing Tents

When specially made tent material proves too expensive for the patrol's resources, a very satisfactory substitute may be found in some light cotton fabric of close weave, the tent after completion being waterproofed. One simple process of waterproofing is the paraffine-turpentine method. Pare a one-pound cake of paraffine into a pail containing a gallon of turpentine. Place this pail in a larger pail or kettle of hot water, renewing the supply of hot water until the mixture is well heated. Place the tent in a tub of suitable size, and pour the hot mixture over it, working the liquid thoroughly into the cloth with the hands. Without wringing out, hang up to dry.

A second method, the alum-sugar or lead (acetate of lead) treatment, calls for the dissolving of four and one half ounces of powdered alum in a gallon of hot rain water and four and one half ounces of sugar of lead in another gallon of water.

The Canadian Castaways

A True story of Shipwreck and Adventure

Discovered By Robert Murray

(Author's note.—Somewhat over thirty years ago I spent a summer holiday in New Brunswick, and occupied "The Manse" of a "vacant congregation".

One day, while rummaging in the garret, I found a small barrel filled with old books, manuscripts, sermons, class exercises, etc. Among the latter the following story.

The writing is the same as in the sermons, and class exercises. So I conclude it was written by the minister, at the dictation of his father, or from memory of the story he told.

Sometimes it is in the first person, as if dictated; sometimes in the third person, as if written from memory. However, that may be a mere slip of the writer's. The writing is very fine and even, but somewhat hard to read, and in places becoming dim with age.)

CHAPTER I.

I was born in the Parish of Dornoch, in Sutherlandshire, Scotland, in the year 1795. My father had been a sergeant in the 42nd, and when he got his discharge, he returned home and married. I was the eldest son. He hoped to get a farm and settle in the old parish, but the county was overcrowded, and he found it impossible to get even a croft. His brothers had all fallen in the French wars, his parents were dead, and eighteen years' absence put a great gap between him and his old neighbors. So it was no great grief to him, after waiting four years for a farm, to pack up and emigrate.

He had served under Wolfe in Canada, and his thoughts turned to America, and learning that a ship was shortly to sail from Glasgow to the port of Pictou, we embarked on a small vessel sailing from Cromarty to Leith, and crossed the country by stage.

The voyage was tedious, and uninteresting; I remember it as a kind of dream, or think I do, perhaps because my mother often referred to it.

A little child among the emigrants died, and was buried at sea. She often spoke of the pathetic burial, and the poor mother's wail, as the little body slipped off the plank, and was left behind in the lonely waste of waters. Surely the saddest of all burials, it made an impression never effaced.

The early trials of the Colony were over before we came. The French wars were raging. There was great demand for timber, and for ships. Shipyards throbbed with life, like a busy hive.

My father knew nothing of such work. He wanted a farm.

The main highway from the town led up West River, and up the road he went exploring. He had some money, and he wanted a place already cleared in part, as he knew nothing of the pioneer work of carving a farm out of the green woods.

He bought a place that promised well. The owner, finding work in a shipyard more to his liking, allowed his farm to run to weeds, and was anxious to sell, and move his family to town, to be near his work.

Two weeks after we landed we moved into our new home. The house was of logs. There was a partition in the middle. One half was kitchen, with a wide chimney, well built of sandstone, of which there was abundance in the hill behind the house, as I later found to my sorrow. The other end of the house was divided into two rooms, each half the size of the kitchen. Then we had a "loft" reached by a ladder, but not used by us till more children were added to the flock.

Of the first year's operation I remember nothing.

CHAPTER II.

Of these early days one scene impressed itself forever on my mind. I was following my father who was building a fence round a new field. A huge tree lay where the wind had blown it, and as fences were not very straight round new enclosures, he was building the fence on top of the old windfall. There was a pool of water near into which I was tossing stones. The buds of the maples were showing red, and the birds sang their love song in the glorious spring sunshine.

That morning my soul awoke to the loveliness of the world.

Another scene, frequently repeated, was a great joy—burning piles. We generally fired the piles of logs, and rubbish in the evening, as the falling dew prevented the sparks from spreading the fire to fences, and forest.

Oh, the fun of watching the flames leap the sky, then, when the blaze died down

The two liquids are then mixed, and the whole poured over the tent in a tub. The tent is left to soak for two or more hours, then rinsed in clean water, wrung out

Prepared commercial waterproofing also may be bought.—The Scout Leader.

of stirring myriads of sparks skyward, in the gathering darkness. It was ever too soon to go home, and go to bed. But as I turned from the firelight I always found I was dead tired.

Though only little lads, our father taught us the Shorter Catechism every Sabbath evening.

Oh, those joyous summer Sabbath evenings. He often went for a walk with all the tribe at his heels. He never visited on Sabbath, nor had we visitors. They were not encouraged. I remember one visitor whose conversation was not appreciated, and mother began to read him a sermon of Erskine's, and he soon left, and did not bother us again. But those Sabbath evenings when our circle was complete, and we walked, and talked, and sang, and learned the Catechism, came to be the bright spot in our monotonous lives.

Having a good memory, I made such progress in the Catechism that when our minister catechised me, he gave me as a reward, a copy of The Pilgrim's Progress. It had small print, and a red paper cover. I think I prized it as my first book.

As I could barely read, father read it aloud to the family. This was my introduction to literature, not to religion.

It was a great story. I remember as he read the story of the fight with Apollyon, I turned my back to the light, and moved into a corner, so they would not see how excited I was. When he read that "Giant Despair sometimes took fits in sunshiny weather," I thought it at least very strange. I did not in the least understand the delicate humor of John Bunyan. But the fighting was great.

I wanted to read more, to read for myself. I had a great new incentive, and I learned fast. We had not many books. Some were Puritan literature. I read them all. Then one glad day, a neighbor loaned me, Robinson Crusoe. My father seeing me poring over the book, asked what it was. I told him.

"I don't approve of novels," he said, "let me see it. I heard about it, but never read it. I would like to look into it, before I allow you to read it."

He did look into it, and it, too, was read aloud to the family. This fascinated me. I would be a sailor, and see the wonderful foreign lands. Toils and dangers were an attraction.

So my life got a new incentive. Farm work was laborious. There was eternal chopping, enlarging the clearing. We had a great celebration when we chopped through to the line fence, and we could see our neighbor's house from our door.

However much fun it was to watch sparks at night, it was scorching hot by day, with black earth and ashes below, and a hot sun above, in a small clearing where little wind came, and when a gust did come, it whirled ashes in the eyes till the tears dissolved the potash and it burnt like fire.

Day after day I hoed in the new land. A great heavy hoe hammered out by the blacksmith was used for this rough work among roots. I made three little holes, put in three potato splits, and hilled it up. I hoed oats, and wheat, then turnips, and last of all buckwheat, and then began on the potatoes and turnips again.

I loathed the sight of a hoe. I hated burnt ground, stumps were an abomination to me. I would go to sea. To live like Crusoe would be paradise, compared to the monotony of the hoe.

When I was sixteen, I told my mother I was sick of it all, and wanted to go to sea. Of course, she did not approve, but like a wise woman she did not oppose, but offered a compromise.

How would I like to become a clerk in a store?

I would like anything that offered relief from the monotony of hoeing new land.

It was an awful wrench, however, when I came to leave home, though only going to the neighboring town. My little sisters cried. My next brother Donald, said nasty things, but I knew he said them because he was near crying too, but felt he was too big for that; father and mother were gentle, but very grave. They knew what we did not, that it was the beginning of the scattering of the flock, and would continue till we had gone to the ends of the earth.

(To be continued)

Do not miss the next instalment, telling of how our hero sickened of his new work and went to sea, only to be shipwrecked.

It is good news upon any day as it was upon one day, that Christ is born. That day comes always anew to them that are renewed in the spirit of their mind; and he is born every day to them in whose heart he lives by faith.—Bernard.

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A Story of Pagan and Christian

By TOM BEVAN

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Book 1

By The Danube's Banks

CHAPTER I.

A Prince of The Goths

Two warriors were breasting a hill in the afternoon of a spring day. The acclivities were steep, broken, and plentifully wooded. Now they swung themselves across the sheer face of a rock; anon they walked on the level, axe in hand to chop away the thick brambles that choked the faint semblance of a path. Not a living thing stirred save themselves; the primeval forest and a vast unplumbed silence shut them in. They, and the tiny flutterings of the old, green world to which their presence gave rise, seemed swallowed up in a motionless, soundless infinity. Yet they might have stood, these two, for youth and age amongst the giants. Both were of unusual tallness, and their limbs were Herculean in type. The elder, before declining years had shrunken his sinews a little, must have stood seven feet in his bear-skin shoes. For three-score years he had been exposed to all the winds of heaven; and five-and-forty summers of that time had been spent in hard hunting and harder fighting; his muscles were like ropes of steel, and there were few men whose ribs could stand a bear's hug from Erdric, son of Smid. The younger had hardly reached man's estate. Heaven-descended, with the "bluest" of Gothic "blue" blood in his veins, men already looked to him to uphold the brightest traditions of a race of warring giants.

He stood to Erdric in the relationship of pupil to master. Imperious and impatient of restraint, somewhat given to vanity, he was apt to prove untractable; and it was only the superstitious veneration in which any one in the direct line of descent from "All-Father Odin" was held that had saved him from many a chastisement at the hands of his grim old tutor. Nevertheless, there was strong mutual affection between the two, as many an incident had testified. To put his genealogy briefly, he was Balti, son of Balti, son of Odin.

That section of the Gothic nation over which young Balti's father ruled as king had long been settled on the south-eastern shore of the Baltic. Now, impelled by the national craving for roving and conquest, the warriors had left their homes and were moving steadily, summer after summer, through the great German forest towards the northern confines of the Roman Empire. Prince Balti and Erdric were the advanced guard of this movement; they had come to spy out the land. The white-haired son of Smid had already hacked at Roman legions when in the service of other chiefs. His wilful pupil had come south with him, because he was determined to behold the power of Rome, and deal one blow at it before any of his youthful companions; he claimed so much as his princely prerogative.

The first steep ascent was won, only to reveal a steeper which it had hidden. The Prince came to a halt with a gesture of impatience.

"How much farther, Erdric?"

"The better part of a league, my Prince."

The younger man's eyes turned to the west. "And the sun wants but three hours to setting," he said.

"We shall have light enough."

"To my mind the bank of the streamlet would have proved the better path. This trackless undergrowth is a sore trial to my flesh and my temper."

"The path of the adventurer is full of thorns; 'tis well that he should get used to them at the outset of his career."

"Nevertheless, I hold it folly to struggle through a thorn-bush when my object can be better attained by walking round it."

"So do I. And let me tell thee, Prince, that folly ne'er jogs with Erdric son of Smid, save when he tramps the world with an unwise companion."

The speaker drew himself up straight as a forest pine, and a flush of resentment deepened the brown of his cheeks.

"Must youth, then, have no opinion when age leads the way?" demanded the other, just as hotly.

"None, when age walks a familiar path

with youth following for a first time."

"Thou didst not say that the way was well known to thee."

"Have I stumbled along like a blind beggar, beating every bush with my staff? Have I turned aside or retreated a step since we set out?"

"No, thou hast walked with assurance enough."

"Then put a rein on thy impatience, and give to experience the meed that is its due."

"I am dumb. But forget not that youth and impatience are inseparable yoke-fellows."

"I have had youth in leading strings before today."

They breasted the second hill, and trudged along in silence. An hour went by. The last ascent was won.

The two Goths stood on the summit of the hill. Around them was a cleared space, and the blackened turf and scattered fragments of charred wood showed that the spot had been used for a beacon fire. Below them the Upper Danube rolled along its majestic course, the waters flanked by rich meadows, and these backed by dark rising masses of dense forest. The scene was magnificent in rich, natural beauty, and the young Prince, accustomed to the bare, bleak shores of the Baltic, felt his whole soul aglow at the prospect before him. With folded arms he leant on his spear in silent contemplation.

"And beyond that river lies Rome!" he murmured at length.

"Ay, beyond the river," echoed his companion; "but many hundreds of leagues to the south."

"And their power is felt so far from their city?"

"Men tremble at it at greater distances than this. Farther away to the south than this is to the north, farther still to the east and west, over seas and deserts, across mighty rivers and hills stretches the Empire of Rome; man hath not measured its miles nor counted its peoples. Towns and cities besprinkle it as the stars cover the face of the heavens, and its riches are uncountable."

A great sigh rose from the breast of the young Goth—

"Thou speakest of a race of giants!" he said.

"I speak of a strange people, Prince; they have the brains of giants, the souls of heroes, but the bodies of mannikins."

"They are not big men?"

"They are children beside us!"

"Then, by Odin, they are destined for our prey!"

"Wit is the master of sinew any day," said Erdric, warningly.

"Maybe. But the sons of Odin have brain as well as brawn. I tell thee," cried Balti, his eyes kindling with a fierce light, "I am for the south and Rome! Ay, I will go beyond Rome. Deserts, boiling seas, dragons, serpents, and roaring beasts shall know me. South it shall be, south for ever—until I come to Asgard, to the home of the gods, and the silver palace of All-Father Odin!"

The young Goth's voice rang like a trumpet, and he thrust his spear at arm's length before him towards the land of the noonday sun. A grim smile crept over the face of the veteran and lurked 'neath his grey moustache. "A boast worthy of a Balti," he said approvingly.

"A boast that a Balti shall make good," replied the other. "Hast thou anything more to show me?"

"Ay, a work of these Romans—and, maybe, a Roman himself."

"Then let us move on whilst daylight lasts."

The two descended the hill towards the river.

Less than half an hour's scrambling down the tree-clad rocks brought them to the edge of a wide, deep ditch. Its bottom was covered with pools from the recent rains, and from its opposite edge rose a huge, earthen wall; the latter was grass-grown and sprinkled here and there with seedling trees akin to those in the surrounding forests. From the bottom of the ditch to the top of the wall was not less than sixty feet, and the excavation itself was about twenty feet wide

"A brave piece of work," commented Balti.

"It would take thee a month of hard walking, Prince, to traverse the length of it."

"'Tis the way giants would wall in an empire. I am eager to get at hand-grips with these Romans. By Odin! they must be worthy the steel of the heroes of Valhalla." So saying the impulsive Goth leapt into the ditch, splashed across, and clambered up the steep rampart. Erdric followed him. Once on top it was possible to follow the windings of the structure for many miles and to get some idea of its immensity. Prince Balti looked to right and left in astonishment. The summit was broad enough for four horsemen to ride abreast, and about half a mile to the north-west it was surmounted by a tall palisade.

"And a man may walk th's for a month?" asked he.

"For a month."

"Surely the sons of men never piled a mightier work on the breast of mother earth!"

"Walk along with me a little way and I will show thee some of these valiant sons of men. There is an outpost of theirs just beyond yonder palisade."

Balti advanced to the fray gaily enough, strode beside his guide along the top of the grass-grown rampart. They had proceeded but a little way when the desire of the Gothic prince's heart was granted him; a Roman soldier appeared on the rampart just before them. Upon catching sight of each other, these hereditary foemen instinctively halted. A brief scrutiny decided the Goths, and they went forward. The Roman neither came sn nor retired; he placed his hand on his sword hilt and awaited their approach.

"An officer," said Erdric, as they drew nearer. "A captain over a hundred men, and, without doubt, the commander in yonder stronghold."

"Then he will stand," cried Balti, and he carefully scanned the brown, well-knit figure that fronted him, no detail in the gleaming helmet and mail-shirt of bronze, nor of the rest of his armor and weapons escaping him. The dark eyes of the Roman were no less keen than the blue ones of his northern adversary, and he quickly and shrewdly calculated the fighting possibilities in the Goth's huge limbs and the resisting power of his tunic of woven steel and close-fitting helmet, decked with ominous ravens'-wings. He had a consciousness that, if the meeting ended in blows, he would have only the younger Goth to deal with. The Centurion had served his Emperor along the German frontier for many years, and he was no stranger either to the vices or virtues of the marauding Teutons. When the strangers were within a hundred yards of him he called upon them to halt; the command, uttered in a widely-spoken Gothic dialect, was understood by both men. Neither obeyed it. The Roman drew his sword; the Goths made no show of following his example.

The Centurion tried another dialect. "Do ye come in peace?" he asked.

Balti answered him in the tongue he had first used.

"We are not come in strength to make war against Rome, but there is no peace betwixt any single Roman and me. I am going to walk along this rampart as far as it pleases me; if thou hast any stomach for a fight, thou hast but to oppose my path to bring my sword from its sheath; if thy heart be not tuned to battle, stand aside!"

Balti, who possessed a full share of Gothic bombast and contempt for alien warriors, waved his arm grandiloquently as he uttered the last words.

The swarthy cheek of the centurion flushed darkly, and his black eyes sparkled with anger. "Advance!" said he, "and I will show thee how the Roman eagle doth tear the cubs of Teuton bears."

The "cub" needed no further bidding; with a quiet growl of satisfaction he came limply on to the encounter. The "eagle," whose feathers he had no wantonly ruffled, watched his approach with angry intentness. Erdric, son of Smid, stopped short and leant upon his spear, being determined to take a philosophic interest in the fight; he measured the combatants with a critical eye, and he shrewdly guessed that his headstrong and overweening pupil stood an excellent chance of a sound drubbing.

Now the grim old Goth, in those days when he sallied forth, clad in wolf-skin, bear-skin or sheep-skin, from the swamps and pine-forests of the Baltic to try conclusions with mighty Rome, was hardly a man to spoil his child; yet Balti, son of Balti, son of Odin, was, in some respects, a spoiled darling. That he was handsome and brave no man might gainsay; with bright, flaxen curls, eyes of heavenly blue, skin like a peach, he had the head of a gigantic yet smiling cherub. His frame cast in the largest mould, he united the strength of a bear's cub and the heart of a lion's whelp to much of the fleetness of a young stag.

For three years before the time when our story opens, his father and the veteran warriors of the tribe had been absent from early spring to late autumn fighting against their Teutonic neighbors or attacking the outposts of Rome. Young Prince Balti, with other youths and striplings and a few greybeards, had been left in charge of the settlement. One by one the former had succumbed to him in all martial and athletic exercises, and the latter had stored his mind with ballad and saga, wherein were recounted the victorious doings of his long line of ancestors, real and mythological. Giants had bitten the dust, fierce beasts had fled like sheep, and whole armies had scattered like wind-driven chaff before the onslaughts of a Balti. Having conquered his Gothic companions in arms, themselves worthy sons of proved heroes, the young prince began to think with contempt of the warriors of other nations; and the sighs and blushes of the maidens, and the open flattery of the matrons, swelled his conceit of himself to a dangerous degree.

Now, his father, grimmest of warriors and sternest of men, had noticed the cock-o'-the-walk swagger that had crept into his son's stride, and he had forthwith taken counsel with Erdric, son of Smid. The result was a series of occurrences, wherein the prince figured to some disadvantage, and a consequent lowering of youthful self-appreciation. Erdric was hoping for a further lesson in humility as he stood on the Roman rampart and watched the preparations for battle.

Balti advanced to the fray gaily enough. True, the Roman officer looked as though he possessed both nerve and sinew, but he was, after all, a puny fellow. Erdric had told him how that he and a mere handful of companions had cut their way through a whole Roman legion, and Erdric was looking on; it behoved his pupil to make short work of one adversary. Getting within reach of his opponent, he dealt him a terrific blow with his long sword; but the Centurion caught it deftly on his shield, flung it aside as though it were a mere nothing, and then, with a quick movement got beneath his adversary's guard and pricked him in the arm. It was a fortunate thing for the Goth that the Roman's arm and sword were so much shorter than his own, the headstrong Prince was taken aback in more senses than one, and Erdric growled applause from the rear.

For some moments the combatants circled round one another, both keenly watching for an opening, yet neither getting in a blow. Irritated by the calmness of the Roman, the young Goth tried another furious rush, but the onslaught was met and foiled with the utmost coolness; his foe had the eyes of an eagle and wrists of iron. A time of dodging and feinting recommenced. Balti tried strategy; the Roman unflinchingly saw through every wile. The rumbling bass of Erdric's approval was most exasperating to the proud spirit of his pupil. Gathering himself for a mighty effort, he came upon his enemy like an avalanche; he almost beat him to his knees, and for a brief moment it looked any odds that the Roman would be cloven asunder, but with inimitable dexterity and agility he sprang from beneath the torrent of blows, got to the unguarded side of his assailant, leapt in like a wild cat, thrust him deeply in the shoulder and leapt back again unscathed. With a roar of pain and anger, Balti swung round with a flail-like blow to meet nothing but empty air. And now his active, well-trained foe circled round him as a terrier might circle round an ox; he was in and out again at front, flanks, and rear, his shield seemed placed to ward every blow, and nothing but the Goth's length of reach saved him from a dozen serious wounds: he got pin-pricks and flesh cuts innumerable, and at length, stung on all sides and unable to look to his footing on the rampart, he stepped over the edge and went headlong into the ditch. The Centurion made as though he would spring after him and administer the final blow, but Erdric suddenly interposed, spear in hand.

"Enough!" he cried. "Twas well fought and well won; the lad has had a lesson which will teach him to respect Roman arms and Roman valor. If thou dost attempt anything further I shall hold thee to account."

"I shall be ready for thee."

"Nay, thou wilt not. Thou art spent with

hard fighting. I am fresh. We shall meet again, either within or without yonder fort. I would not take a brave man at a disadvantage. I know thee, thou art Marcus Flavius, the Centurion. I am Erdric, son of Smid!"

"I will not fail to give thee an opportunity. At present let there be peace between us."

The Roman looked up in astonishment. "I have heard of thee. I shall be proud to measure my weapon against thine."

The Roman smiled, and bowed, and sheathed his sword. Erdric offered him his hand, and then leapt into the ditch from which the wounded and breathless Prince had just scrambled.

(To be continued)

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"CAPTAIN OF HIS SOUL"

By Agnes Lent Hall

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SUMMARY OF OPENING CHAPTERS

Hugh Forsythe settled in the vicinity of Domore Lake, Northern Ontario, twenty years before the story opens. Where he came from no one knew, and the villagers are interested in only one thing, the arrival occasionally of a mysterious iron-clamped box. They term him the Hermit. Angus Cameron, missionary, hears of him through the postmaster and the blacksmith, and pays a visit to the hermit's home where to his surprise he meets a refined family in anything but affluent surroundings. Angus, quick to size up the situation, recognizes that the family have seen better days, and as he bids Forsythe adieu, impetuously offers his friendship and faith, notwithstanding the hidden past. And thus is born a lasting friendship. The Forsythe family included Mr. and Mrs. Forsythe, a son, Kenneth and a daughter, Ellen. Kenneth was on the verge of manhood and was already troubling as to his future; Ellen, kind and sympathetic "standing with reluctant feet where the brook and river meet" welcomed Angus Cameron's frequent visits and was lonely for his return from College. He saw in the youth a promise of a great career, did the opportunity present itself, and he thought Ellen the most lovable lass of his acquaintance. "I'm going to be a surgeon," said Kenneth to his sister as they sat one day watching the Narrows, a point two miles down Crescent Lake, watching for the missionary's return. Kenneth reveals his dream to be a surgeon to his father, who is delighted. Angus Cameron now back from college term has plans all arranged and soon Kenneth is hard at work preparing for the coming exams and aspiring to the schoolmaster's desk, as a beginning. By close application and due attention to his studies and with the assistance of the young musician, now a frequent visitor to the house, Kenneth is ready for his examinations, to be held in the near by settlement called Lumsden. When the time arrives in the following spring, he sails forth, accompanied by Angus and Gladstone Harvey, the son of the postmaster of Dromore Inlet where the young missionary boarded. The boys reached Lumsden in good time. Next morning they wend their way to the high school where the examinations are to be held and are delighted with the surroundings. Kenneth however, runs afoul of the bully of the school, young Mover, the burly son of the lumber king, over the seating and in the ensuing set-to, wins the admiration of all the boys when he teaches that insolent youth a wholesome lesson in the many art of self-defence. Meanwhile Angus Cameron's work as missionary at Dromore Inlet is progressing wonderfully and even Mr. Jerome, the great criminal lawyer and one of the many summer tourists, and his wife become interested in it, and when he returns for his second summer's work he finds the material on the grounds ready for the building of a new church. But there is a fly in the ointment—the Solmes family—who want to run everything. . . . In due time the results of the matriculation exams are announced, when remarkably enough, Kenneth tops the list in mathematics, winning the Blackstock scholarship, while Gladstone Harvey captures the Towett scholarship in classics.

CHAPTER V. (Continued)

The huge bonfire brought out the whole village, and many of the near-by tourists, as well. Lawyer Jerome was asked to take the chair and as he made his way to the front, Blacksmith Slocum whispered in his ear, "Sence the village is beginnin' to take a hand in eddicashun, jest lay the hull business plain before us, skulleshups an' all, so ez we'll know jest egg-sactly wher' we're at."

And Lawyer Jerome did lay the system of higher education so plainly and simply before them, that they were all able to get an intelligent grasp of its workings, scholarships and all, to the intense gratification of everyone but poor, unhappy Mrs. Solmes. Mrs. Harvey's benign countenance, beaming with motherly pride, was a perfect rasp to her nerves. Lawyer Jerome's declaration, "We may well feel proud of these young men's success, it is no light distinction they have won, the competition for these scholarships being open to the whole Dominion," elicited deafening applause from the audience, but every word of commendation was as a goad in the heart of poor, jealous Mrs. Solmes. "If I'd knowed what the bonfire wuz fer, I'd never hev gone a step!" she snapped when she reached her home. "The hull village is jest makin' fools of Jane Harvey an' that kunceted son uv hers,—an' the minister's the very worst one uv the lot."

It was from such a house as this, an

atmosphere permeated with jealousy and illwill, that Harriet Solmes came, on the night of the final practice for the opening of the new church.

Harriet had been organist and choir leader since ever the organ was bought, and though no one, as far as the missionary knew, had ever been uplifted by the musical part of the service, from a mechanical standpoint anyway, it was usually a creditable performance.

As organist and choir leader, Harriet had, of course, selected the anthems for the great occasion. She had picked on a rather difficult piece for the morning service, chiefly because it contained a soprano solo she herself was desirous of singing. This was the last practice and the other members of the choir had not even begun to master their parts.

"Don't you think, Harriet, it would be better to sing something simpler?" suggested Gladstone Harvey, who was helping with the bass, "this is a regular high-roller! I'm afraid of the thing! We're not getting our part at all. . . . Here's this 'Ashamed of Jesus' that we've been practising for some time," he continued as he hunted through the music, unconscious that Harriet was like loaded dynamite, "let's take that!"

"Oh that old thing! The very idea!" retorted Harriet disdainfully, continuing to play the prelude of the difficult anthem.

"Yes! Let's sing that instead! We can't sing this properly!" chipped in sweet little Mary Slocum, whose knees had already begun to tremble at the bare thought of facing a crowded church with that difficult anthem.

"And Mr. Cameron says, considering the short time left for practice, that this is too difficult," persisted Gladstone, never dreaming that he was applying the torch.

Harriet wheeled round on him with an overbearing expression, regarded him for a few moments with a haughty stare, and snapped:

"If Mr. Cameron's going to pick out the music, he'd better do the playing, too!" then rose with what she considered becoming dignity, and stalked out.

"You did jest right!" declared Mrs. Solmes when she reached home. "Them Harveys think they're all ther' is to this Inlet!" Then she added apprehensively, "Perhaps Mr. Cameron'll get somebuddy else to play on Sunday!"

"No, indeed!" asserted Harriet confidently, secure in the knowledge that there was not another person in the village capable of playing the organ on such an occasion. "It'll jest bring Mr. Cameron to his senses, he'll be up tomorrow morning humble enough, you may be sure."

"Yes! an' when he comes I'll give 'im a piece uv my mind," said Mrs. Solmes decisively. "I'll jest let 'im know that ther's somebuddy else uv importance in this church besides the Harvey's that he's so fond uv dancin' attendance on."

CHAPTER VI.

The Church Opening

When Gladstone, on returning home that night, told Angus of the explosion in the choir, the missionary's sole reply was a groan. He had felt something like this coming for a long time.

In fact, he could read Mrs. Solmes like a book. He knew that she was not only insanely jealous of Mrs. Harvey's pre-eminence in the Inlet through Gladstone, but that in her blind envy, she had begun to resent his own natural and kindly interest in the young fellow. He knew also, just as well as if he had caught a glimpse of her secret soul, that at that very moment she was gloating over the thought that now she had him "on the hip", that now he would be forced to acknowledge whom the church was dependent on, and beg Harriet to come back. He knew full well what was in Mrs. Solmes's mind, but she, on her part, did

not know the man she had to deal with quite so well.

"Mrs. Solmes and Harriet have held the lash over this church long enough," he said to himself after long and careful thought; then he gritted his teeth as he came to what seemed to him, for the ultimate good of the little church, the only just and right conclusion: "Harriet Solmes shall not be approached to come back, if I have to raise the tunes and lead the singing at the church opening, myself."

Now, Dr. White, one of the ablest preachers of the North, had been secured for the opening services. The little church had received its finishing touches, and the whole village was agog with excitement over the coming Sabbath.

Once, therefore, just because of the very special nature of the services, Angus wavered in his decision not to approach Harriet. But only for a moment. "Mrs. Solmes and Harriet will keep this Mission at boiling point till one of two things happens. Either they must get some grace in their hearts, or the people must show them that they can get along without them. There will never be peace till one or the other happens, and the sooner the better," was his final conclusion. In fact, Angus Cameron felt that it was a crucial moment in the Mission's history, and Blacksmith Slocum confirmed him in that opinion.

"Don't yer hev a fear fer the Sabbath servuses, Mr. Cameron," encouragingly advised the blacksmith, the day after the explosion. "We sung 'The Lord's praises—to Hex likin' ennyhow—fore ever we seen an organ, 'an I reckun we ken do the same agin. Jest leave the fowks down the street alone a bit. . . . The Lord seems pertekler slow 'bout Hex work in sum fowks's hearts. . . . He's leavin' 'em in the nater! state so long, ter be a warnin' ter the rest uv us, I reckun, but," he added in an impressive whisper, "when He gits in Hex work in Mrs. Solmes's heart, she'll be a mighty power fer good in this 'ere commueneety."

That same afternoon Angus was returning by the Lake path through the woods from visiting a sick parishioner. He was thinking, of course, of the helpless state of his "remnant choir". "The explosion had to come. But it is altogether too bad, that it came just now!" he exclaimed aloud, emphasizing his disappointment by giving a tree along his path, a resounding whack with his walking stick.

"What is too bad, Sir Knight of the Doleful Countenance? Pray whom are you killing by proxy?" cheerily inquired a familiar voice.

Looking in the direction from which the sound came, Angus saw Mrs. Jerome comfortably perched on a fallen log, where she had been watching the gambols of some young rabbits.

Now the young missionary never discussed his parishioners one with another. But here was an outsider, moreover a tried friend; so going over to the log, he flung himself down on the leafy ground, and poured out his tale of woe into her sympathetic ears.

Certainly Mrs. Jerome found many amusing points in Angus's story which he altogether failed to appreciate. She laughed immoderately at his imitation of the haughty stare with which Harriet essayed to annihilate Gladstone.

"She is so absurdly self-important, that she is amusing," laughed Mrs. Jerome, when he had finished.

"Well, I haven't reached the funny phase of it, yet," retorted Angus grimly.

"That is because your vision is narrowed by your present need.—Oh wad some power the giftie gie her, To see herself as others see her,—"

"That is what your organist wants, Mr. Preacher. Don't go near her! That is the only thing that will cure her."

"But what are we going to do in the meantime?" he inquired ruefully.

"Can't some of the other girls take the organ? That sweet-looking little Mary Slocum, couldn't she?"

Angus laughed outright at the bare suggestion, and Mrs. Jerome laughed too till the tears rolled down her cheeks, as he described Mary's efforts at the organ on a previous occasion, when Harriet had unexpectedly absented herself, in high dudgeon over something. "Mary," he summed up, "mistakes noise for music. She must have made that organ actually jump on the floor with the force of her pumping, for I felt the platform tremble. I expected the bellows would burst at every tine. Honestly I feared the little machine would not hold out till we finished the last hymn."

"Well, there is no need of your looking so glum over the affair," she remonstrated brightly, "I might play for you—if you asked me."

"Will you really?" Angus eagerly asked, springing to his feet, and looking down at the dainty little lady perched on the log, as if she held his life in her hands.

"Of course I will, under the circumstances, if you think I can," she added demurely.

"Can! I know you can do anything you undertake! What a jackass I am not to have thought of you before!"

"I am on my way to the Postoffice now. Could we not have a short practice in Mrs. Harvey's parlor, before I go back?" And they did, Gladstone quickly gath-

ered together the remains of the choir—one tenor, two altos, and another bass. There was no soprano left, for Dotty Adams had seceded with Harriet. They decided to sing the much despised "Ashamed of Jesus" at the morning service, and Mrs. Jerome promised to sing a hymn in the evening.

As for Angus, he felt as if nothing clouded his sky, now. Indeed till the relief came, he had not realized how the matter had been weighing him down. Then, too, much as he regretted Harriet's foolish action, for her own sake, he knew as he listened to the rich, sympathetic voice of the new leader, that the musical part of the opening services had gained immeasurably by Harriet's withdrawal.

Dr. White, the preacher for the opening day, reached Dromore Inlet Saturday evening. Supper over, he and Angus had just settled down in Mrs. Harvey's parlor for a comfortable evening's chat, when the door bell clanged. It was Mr. Jerome to see Angus, and he plunged into his business without any preliminaries.

"Mrs. Jerome has been in bed all day, right down with a cold, hoarse as a raven."

Angus emitted a desperate groan. "She says to tell you that she will be here tomorrow to play, if I have to carry her down, but she won't be able to sing a note."

Angus revived somewhat. "With the organ to lead in the hymns, we can manage," he said to Mr. Jerome with forced cheerfulness, "but the people will be disappointed, of course. They expect something special in the musical line, on such an occasion as this; I—"

"Yes! Yes! I know," interrupted the lawyer, "but is there not someone among all these summer people up here, who can sing? I will go and see anyone you suggest—if it takes me all night," he added with grim determination for, like Blacksmith Slocum, when Lawyer Jerome took a hand in anything, it had to go, if there was any go to it.

"You are very kind, Mr. Jerome. But no! I do not know of a single person. There may be many, of course, but I do not know any. . . . Yes, I do know of a family that could help, but it would be useless to ask. Anyway I would have to see the parties myself."

Angus lingered at the door, watching the lawyer's tall figure receding down the street, irresolute as to his next step.

"The people have been so generous, so loyal, so enthusiastic in the building of the church, I would like for their sakes to have the opening services a complete success," he exclaimed under his breath, as he weighed the advisability of seeking help from another quarter. "At last I will not leave a stone unturned to make them so," he declared with sudden resolution. And returning to the parlor, to excuse himself from the Doctor, he set out immediately on a long, and what he had grave fears would prove a fruitless, journey.

Sabbath morning rose clear and calm, a perfect August day. The whole village seemed to be bathed in holy Sabbath peace. But, no! One family, the Solmes's, was full of unrest, their hearts seething with anger and disappointment.

The Harveys had been exalted during the past few weeks through that "exam.", till the very word had become hateful to Mrs. Solmes's ear.

But compensation, she felt, was at hand. The church was to be opened,—and THEY would shine. Harriet would play the organ,—no one else could. Harriet would sing a solo—no one else was capable. There was no though in their minds of the great blessing the new church, with its increased accommodation and better equipment, would prove. To both Mrs. Solmes and Harriet the new church was nothing more nor less than ampler grounds in which to exhibit.

Then came the ill-fated practice on the Wednesday night previous to the opening. Mrs. Solmes and Harriet confidently looked for Mr. Cameron all day Thursday till late Thursday night. Then they hopefully looked for him all day Friday till late Friday night. When Saturday evening came, and he had not made his appearance, they were literally dumb with amazement and disappointment.

Mrs. Solmes broke the sullen silence at the breakfast table Sabbath morning.—

"That kunceted Mary Slocum is goin' to play. I know she is! That's jest what Mr. Cameron hev been after all the time. Harriet!—jest to turn you down, an' put her in yer place. I ken see it all now, jest as plain as ennything."

"Just you take your rightful place, and play the organ as usual," growled Lumberman Solmes, who had returned from the camps late the previous night, and heard only his wife's garbled account of the affair. "Don't you allow yourself to be turned down and chucked under by any Cameron-Slocum-Harvey combine."

Harriet longed to act on her father's advice, for it was truly an awful disappointment to be deprived of the glory of playing the organ on such an important occasion, but her pride would not permit her. She took her notebook with her, however, intending to sit well up to the front, and fully decided that, if Mr. Cameron should, even at that late hour, ap-

proach her, she would take her accustomed place.

But, early as it was, the church was filled to the doors, when she and Dotty Adams, the leading soprano, arrived. Indeed it was with great difficulty that they secured seats even half way up to the front. This difficulty, however, made them all the more conspicuous; and they both enjoyed the consternation manifested by the inlets at seeing the organist and leading soprano of the choir, seat themselves among the congregation.

But their triumph was short-lived. Even their presence was soon forgotten, for the simple beauty of the church interior was making its impression on the people, as they waited in solemn silence. The ceiling, running up to the roof-tree, was finished in natural wood, the long monotony relieved by the finely finished supports. Below the dull, rich tones of the ceiling, the walls were tinted a soft gray. The chancel furnishings, the chastely carved pulpit, communion table, and chairs, were a gift from the tourists. And the mellow light which now shone through the softly colored windows, blended them all—chancel, walls, and ceiling—into one harmonious whole, the simple beauty of which soothed the people's sense, helping them to prepare for the service which was about to begin.

Softly the vestry door opened, and the choir entered, but no one saw them take their seats, for the eyes of the congregation were riveted on the group of four who followed, the Hermit, his blue-eyed, golden-haired wife, his dusky daughter, and fearless-looking son, stepping as unconsciously through the vestry door as though they had passed under its portals weekly for years.

The first thing that called the astonished inlets to a sense of their surroundings was the tall gaunt figure of Dr. White, bending over them in the invocatory prayer. Then he gave out the twenty-fourth psalm, "Ye gates, lift up your heads on high," and the organ pealed forth the majestic strains of St. George's, Edinburgh.

In vain Harriet Solmes craned her neck to see who was playing the organ. It was not Mary Slocum; that she knew from the first note. But who it was she could not tell.

It did not matter, however, her mind was fully made up. She was used to leading the singing, fast or slow as suited her own sweet will, for no one heretofore could withstand her powerful voice, and she was determined to show the congregation that she could still lead, whether she sat in the choir or not. First she sang a little faster, but she could not move the steady volume of sound that rose heavenward, led by a strange new power. She sang slower, with the same result. She had never been so outdone, so defeated, so humiliated; she could scarcely keep back her angry tears. Poor child! She might as well have let them fall, no one would have noticed her, for the whole congregation, led on by a royal, consecrated voice, were raising their hearts as well as their voices to heaven in that magnificent dedicatory psalm. On, on, they swept, gaining in passion and power with each succeeding stanza, till the last line was reached, the end coming all too soon, but not before more than one in that throng had opened the gates of his heart afresh, in the singing of that consecration Psalm, for the "King of Glory" to come in.

Then came the sermon. The Doctor's theme was "love". "God's love," and its reflection in man, "human love."

He gripped their hearts from the very outset. First, he caught them up with him, till there flashed into their souls, a fresh, an ampler vision of God's great love for them. Then while he held them there, sheltered, enfolded in the immeasurable love of their Father in heaven, he pictured to them what that same love in their own breasts could do for their fellow-man. With Christ's own passion for the souls of men glowing in his eyes, he showed that "love" was the dominating force in the world to-day, the mightiest power to uplift, strengthen, and ennoble mankind, and pictured its power, till their hearts burned within them.

But when he drew the contrast, when he painted with terrible vividness what the opposite passion to human love, "hate," with its twin sisters, jealousy and envy, could do, how it not only seared and hardened their fellow-man, but made their own hearts a veritable hell, more than one listener in that congregation recoiled from what he knew lay hidden in his heart, and prayed for forgiveness for past hate, and power forevermore to love his fellow-man.

Scarcely had the last words of the prayer, which concluded the searching sermon, fallen from the preacher's lips when the organ breathed out the first lines of the prayer hymn, "More love to Thee, O Christ."

What was there about the way Hugh Forsythe caressed the keys of that little organ that gave it almost human utterance? No one felt it strange for him to be there, they only heard the sweet and thrilling tones that dripped from his fingers. As the solemn notes of the familiar hymn rose on the hushed silence, Ellen Forsythe stood before them, her red tam-o'-shanter far back on her black curls,

the crimson glowing in her olive cheeks, and her dusky eyes glistening with emotion. She had just listened to the first sermon of her life, and it had stirred her to the very depths, lifting her to such heights of resolve that the words of the hymn were, verily, the prayer, the cry to God, of her pure young soul.

As her beautiful voice rose and fell, conscious of no listener but her God in heaven, head after head in that hushed congregation sank lower and lower before her. Harriet Solmes was visibly moved, great tears splashed on Dotty Adams' book; but perhaps Blacksmith Slocum summed up best the feelings of the whole congregation when he said, "Surely I'll never harbor a grudge ag'n, after the hearin' uv that sermon an' the singin' uv that hymn."

The evening sermon was as helpful as the morning, but it was the blacksmith's

whispered message at its close that crowned the day for the young missionary—

"Cud yer jest run inter Nabber Solmes's afore ye go to bed? They'll be wantin' ter see ye I know! Mrs. Solmes an' Harriet got a bran new lookin' glass this mornin', an' they're ketchin' fresh picters uv themselves. I bean prayin' faithless-like fer this very thing, but I tell ye, Mr. Cameron, the Lord hez brimmed over the measura. He hez blessed us mightily this day!"

As for Angus Cameron, he, too, felt that he had not asked large enough things for his people. The day had been truly great, one not soon to be forgotten by those who took part in the services, and the visible fruit of it was the beginning of a new and better era in the spiritual life of the Dromore Mission.

(To be continued)

FOR LEISURE MOMENTS

Curate (interestedly): "And what are you going to give your little brother for Christmas?"

Little Girl: "I dunno yet. I gave him the measles last year."

Assistant: "Is it a tie for a gentleman, you require, madam?"

Lady (shopping for Christmas): "Oh, no; it's for my husband."



CHRISTMAS IN THE FAR NORTH

Enterprising Esquimaux—"Sweep yoursnow, sir?"

—The Passing Show.

"The geese are going South."
"Aren't you rather hard on society people?"

Mother—How is it you don't know your lesson? Did you read it over to yourself, as I told you?

Elsie—Yes, mama, but I suppose I can't have been listening.

A little boy remarked: "I'd rather be a wild turkey and live on the prairie than be a tame turkey and get killed every year."

Ohio Paper—The opening selection was rendered by a mule quartet.



VOTING UNDER COMPULSION

At the last Australian election any voter who did not exercise his franchise was liable to punishment.

—News of the World.



SIMPLE TAILORED FROCK

The Kasha which comes to us from abroad is always lovely and soft in texture, and ever changing in its choice of colors and patterns.

Above is shown a simple tailored frock which achieves distinction through its use of a bold pattern, exploiting beige and brown tones.

The cloth is left a plain beige at the sides, while the blocked portion exploits a very light beige and a deep brown. A narrow belt of the fabric carries out the feeling of the narrow collar, which is simply a strip of the material.

Whistler, when a student, was dining in a Paris restaurant, when he overheard an Englishman endeavoring to give his order in French, and making a bad mess of it. Politely offering his assistance, he was met with the haughty reply: "Thank you, but I can give my order without your help."

"Can you, indeed?" said Whistler airily. "I fancied the contrary just now when I heard you ask the waiter to bring you a pair of stairs."

A CENTURY AGO

The other day I happened to turn the pages of a magazine which was published almost a century ago, and I found it recorded: "We had a discussion as to what was the great point and crowning glory of Christmas. Many were for mince-pie; some for the beef and plum pudding; more for the wassail-bowl"—alas, who talks of wassail in 1925?—"a maiden lady timidly said the mistletoe; but we agreed at last that although all these were prodigious and some of them exclusively belonging to the season, the fire was the great indispensable. Upon which we all turned our faces towards it and began warming our already scorched hands. A great blazing fire, too, is the visible heart and soul of Christmas. You may do without beef and plum pudding; even the absence of mince-pie may be tolerated; there must be a bowl, practically speaking, but it need not be absolutely wassail"—I wonder what absolute wassail maybe? In "Pickwick" somebody is made to talk of the rich, brown color of the wassail. But there is no recipe. "The bowl," my ancient authority continues, "may give way. But a huge, heaped-up, over-heaped-up, all-attracting fire with a semi-circle of faces about it is not to be denied us. It is the lar and genius of the meeting, the proof positive of the season, the representative of all our warm emotions and bright thoughts, the glorious eye of the room, the incite to mirth, yet the retainer of order, the amalgamator of age and sex, the universal relish. Tastes may differ even on a mince-pie, but who gainsays a fire?"

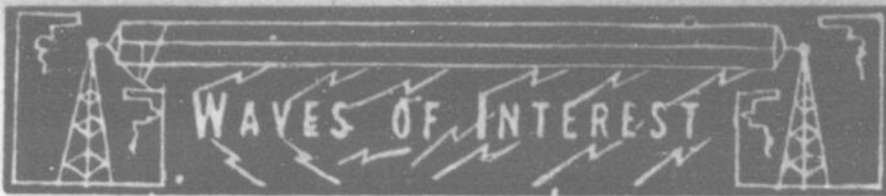
VITAMINS

Everyone needs them to support growth or to protect the body against germ-infection.

Scott's Emulsion

abundantly rich in vitamins is of great importance in all run-down conditions of the body. Scott's Emulsion builds strength.

Scott & Bowne, Toronto, Ont. 25-61



A Radio Christmas



HE "R" in Christmas stands for "radio" this season! The rush of shoppers to the radio stores and radio departments of large merchandise establishments is unprecedented.

Finished sets this year come in any style and almost any price, depending mainly, on the number of tubes used and the finish of the set and the cabinet. There are styles to match the interior of any home or room, this applying also to loud-speakers and horns which are offered this year in greater profusion, literally, than ever.

Shoppers in the main are demanding sets having no more than three dials, the one-dial and two-dial types, being about equally popular. In other words, as one dealer pointed out, the majority of shoppers nowadays are buying "all the year round entertainment" and not radio for the sake of matching their wits against a circuit or mechanical problem.

However, this is not to be taken as an indication that the "man who builds his own" is dead and buried. Not by any manner of means! The number and refinement of parts on sale indicate that set-building will be a "bug" with thousands for many years to come and it may be for as long as radio itself lasts.

These parts make ideal gifts to slip into stockings or under a Christmas tree in the home of a man or boy who enjoys putting sets together. In this connection, radio tools, etc., make excellent and very much appreciated presents, also.

"What kind of a set shall I buy?" is a query one hears on all sides these days. And it's a hard one to answer, too. First of all, make up your mind what price you want to pay for a set and what you expect to get for that price. And then stick to it.

You can't get "something for nothing" in radio any more than you can in any other line of purchase!

But you yourself will have to be the judge of just what you can expect to get for the amount of money you decide to use for these purposes. There is one thing certain, though; it generally pays to deal with firms and business houses of known and established reputation!

To mention all the various parts which go into a radio receiving set and which would be available as gifts would be to print a list that would look like an inventory catalogue. There are condensers, grid leaks, resistances, jacks, tip jacks, panels, tube sockets, wires of all kinds, antenna outfits, antenna accessories, rheostats of all kinds, coils of all kinds and for numberless uses, potentiometers, dials, etc.

There is no better rule to follow in "lining up" what is available as suitable and useful radio gifts than to study the advertisements which feature radio sets, parts and accessories. If you do not trust your own judgment or knowledge, consult competent friends or acquaintances and then use your own head and your own good judgment and taste.

"Over-talkative announcers are frightful bores. And these are usually the fellows who have the least to say in the way of disclosing the call letters of their station. The anxious listener, while forced to hear the announcer's gabfest, is kept in the dark as to the identity of the station. Now that DX weather is at hand thousands of fans will be suffering the nuisance of listening to stations whose call letters are kept secret by the announcer with guilty regularity. It would be a good idea for fans to write to the station manager, complaining about such ignorant tactics. The time of the offense should be stated correctly, to facilitate identification of the offender."—Radio World.

IMPROVEMENTS IN RADIO SERVICE

My radio has been in operation three years. We are now getting better results than ever before, due largely to improvements in broadcasting. Three years ago when we received part of a program from New York City or some other distant point we thought it quite wonderful and it really was wonderful. Today programs are sent from large central points over telegraph wires to the leading-broadcasting stations of the country. It should now be possible for a single program to be heard in every nook and corner of the United States, Canada and Mexico.

With only the extended use of wires and cables, why not cover the entire earth's surface with a single program? It can and will be done. However, a universal language would be necessary to make such an extensive program effective. I realize that it would be hard to get one

language into general use over all parts of the world, yet I do believe that a universal language would do much to secure the peace of the world.

Radio could do more than all other agencies combined to bring the problems of a nation to the people of other nations. When the common people of the world can understand how their neighbors live and understand their problems they will be more sympathetic.

Programs are improving in value. Experiment stations are now sending out advice to farmers on the planting, tending and harvesting of crops, kinds of crops to grow for special purposes and many other things. Market reports sometimes enable farmers to buy or sell to advantage thus saving money. Weather reports coming in time to be of value to the farmer, come only by radio. In some cases I have been able to protect and save valuable plants as a result of storm warning.

We get speeches, music and lectures. Only a few evenings ago I heard our Vice-president speaking at a distant station; this splendid entertainment was entirely beyond the reach of the farmer before the introduction of the radio. The most valuable thing I see in an educational way is the short course broadcast from universities and colleges. People beyond school age should follow these; they could add much to their present stock of knowledge and we need it.—Harlow Rockhill, in Rural New Yorker.

SHORT WAVE RECEPTION

(By E. F. W. Alexanderson)

One of the important steps in exploration of short waves was taken when the Radio Corporation of America installed six short-wave transmitters in its commercial long-wave stations to be used as supplements to the regular service. These transmitters were, to begin with, operated in the neighborhood of 100 meters. Similar transmitters were installed by the associated European companies. The first impression was that the short-wave transmitters gave remarkably good communication at certain times during the hours of darkness, whereas, in day time, the service was totally unreliable. Some of these transmitters were kept in regular service whereas others were modified in order to explore possibilities of improved results. Thus it was found that when the wave length was below fifty meters the night signals became weaker but on the other hand, service could be given during daylight hours. Tests with still greater reduction of wave lengths of a range between 15 and 30 meters proved that it was often impossible to give good service across the Atlantic Ocean at mid-day in the summer. The stations which

are giving the best all-around service at the present time operate at a wavelength of about 40 meters.

So favorable have these results been that the Radio Corporation is now installing a chain of short-wave stations to cover the Pacific Ocean supplementing the two long-wave transmitters at the Hawaiian Islands. This new chain of stations will include the Philippine Islands. The conditions for wave propagation over the Pacific Ocean are notably different from those on the Atlantic Ocean and as a whole easier. It is, therefore, confidently expected that a good short-wave surface will be established over the Pacific. The findings on the Atlantic circuit in regard to wavelengths will not necessarily apply to the Pacific Ocean and the stations will be built in such a way that the best operating conditions can be determined experimentally.

The experimental station built by the General Electric Company in Schenectady for the purpose of exploring these possibilities is now capable of operating with seven transmitters simultaneously with different wavelengths and different types of radiators, and observations from these transmission tests are being made all over the world. The object of these tests is partly to explore the propagation characteristics of different wavelengths and partly to make final tests of comparison between various types of radiators.—Boston Transcript.

Listen To the Mocking Bird!

Recently when a mocking bird sang at KGO trouble happened all over the map, according to reports sent into the station.

"Felix, our black cat," wrote one radio fan, "awoke from mousey dreams this morning and straightway dived into our loudspeaker, when he heard a mocking bird singing."

Another wrote: "Our pet terrier always sleeps near our radio. This morning he awoke with a start when he heard a bird singing, and tried to tear our radio to pieces, he was so mad."

A score of letters was received.

FOR THE SCRAP BOOK



A good many people think that they can buy almost any type of radio receiving set, and then proceed to listen in on every and all stations in the whole country. This is far from being true.

The favorite hook-up for the coming year calls for 5 tubes, and consists of one stage of radio frequency amplification, detector with regeneration, one stage of transformer coupling, and two stages of resistance coupling.

There is a growing demand for condensers that can be firmly attached to



Winter Resorts

On the Pacific Coast

For rest or play, winter in Canada's own land of equable climate. In Vancouver and Victoria you may play golf on splendid courses, motor on smooth highways, revel in the luxuriant foliage and charming vistas of mountain and sea.

Or holiday amid the romance and beauty of California, region of perpetual summer, where palm-bordered highways and leaf-bowered bridge paths are fanned by balmy breezes, laden with the perfume of growing fruit in the orange groves. Here velvet-smooth golf courses, shaded tennis courts, flowered boulevards and warm, sandy beaches combine their appeal in a land of incomparable loveliness.

The "Continental Limited" leaves Montreal daily for Vancouver. All-steel equipment and radio plus perfect service and delightful scenery make the train journey a most enjoyable feature of the trip.

Florida

Gay and sparkling land of tropical flowers, bathed in glorious sunshine; where one may play or rest in a well-nigh perfect environment. Golden beaches, fringed by stately and exotic palms, look out on the broad blue ocean. Golf courses, excellent beyond criticism, broad motor highways, historic landmarks, and charming resort hotels make Florida truly a heaven for the world-weary.

Convenient train service by Canadian National, from Montreal, Ottawa and Quebec, the Washingtonian provides through sleeping car service to Washington, with connections to all points south.



Reservations, descriptive literature and full information from nearest Canadian National Ticket Agent.

Trying to Get Station S-A-N-T-A



RADIO CATALOG

Our new illustrated Radio Catalogue is now ready for mailing. Complete line of sets and parts at exceptionally low prices.

Everything Guaranteed

Wilder Radio Limited
1446 Bleury Street, Montreal

the panel through a single hole drilled for the shaft.

Double and treble condensers and geared coils controlled by a single knob, while a real step forward in the direction of simplicity in manufactured sets, are not finding much favor among fans who "build their own."

On no account let the storage battery be exposed to so low a temperature that it freezes.

Inserting in series with the antenna lead a fixed mica condenser having a value of about .00025 or .0005 mfd., will sometimes work wonders in the direction of

greater selectivity. It affects the volume, however, to some extent, and reduces the wave-length.

In order to keep abreast of the times, the radio fan should have a short wave receiver, which will tune from 200 metres down. This requires the use of a very small variable condenser having a capacity of about 100 micro-microfarads, and a number of removable tuning coils.

The most advantageous length of antenna to use where there is not a station within two miles is about one hundred feet, including the lead in.

The positive pole of the storage battery is more likely to corrode than the negative pole. Ammonia may be used to get rid of this corrosion. It is also a good plan to put a ring of vaseline on the screw if the battery pole.

The tip of the electric soldering iron should be kept bright by sandpapering it. Be very sparing with paste when soldering and see that the iron is well tinned.

For the ground connection use a lead consisting of heavy water-proof wire, long enough to reach from the nearest cold water pipe, and connect tightly with a clamp.

When there is much squealing in a set try reducing the number of volts on the plate of the detector tube, turn back the rheostats, remove the by-pass condenser across transformer primary, or use a higher resistance grid leak.

In many sets using UV 201-A tubes, the reception is sometimes greatly improved by reducing the plate voltage on the radio frequency tube, say, from 45 volts to 40, 35 or even to 22 1-2 volts.

For the broadcast band the best combination of honeycomb coils would be 50 turns for the primary, 50 for the secondary and 36 for the tickler. The primary and secondary should be separated by about one-half of an inch.

Don't let the storage battery run down to the last ampere before recharging. Have a hydrometer handy for testing at all times. When fully charged the gravity is between 1275 and 1300. When the gravity falls below 1200 it is time to charge the cells.

Crystal detectors now in use include galena, zincite, with a crystal face from a piece of tellurium as counter contact, pyrite with fine gold wire as counter contact, carborundum, silicon and others.

What is wanted in a coil is inductance and nothing else. Among other things present, however, are self-capacity (often called distributed capacity), the natural resistance of the wire, skin effect in the wire due to the effects of frequency, and leakage and absorption in or through the insulating material upon which the coil is wound or with which the wire is covered.

One of the ways in which regeneration can be controlled is by the varying of the grid leak. If the set oscillates too freely increase the resistance of the leak. This impedes the oscillatory flow in the grid circuit. If the action is vice versa, decrease the resistance. The resistance can be reduced to such a point where only the plate tuning element will completely control the oscillations of that tube.

RADIO IN THE WORLD



The Advertising and Publicity Committee in connection with the Radio Conference at Washington reported in favor of a resolution urging upon all broadcasting stations the importance of safeguarding their programs against objectionable advertising.

A new copyright bill, designed to settle the present row between broadcasters and musical interests over royalties, will be introduced in the American Senate by Senator C. C. Dill, of Washington, early in the session.

Beniamino Gigli, tenor of the Metropolitan Opera Company, has signed a contract to broadcast through thirteen stations, on Sunday night, Dec. 27.

One of the largest radio broadcasting stations announces that broadcasting will be done on five different wave-lengths, all at the same time, and all below 110 metres.

The Montreal "Witness and Canadian Homestead" is printed and published at No. 222 Craig St. W., in the City of Montreal, by John Redpath Dozall and Frederick Eugene Dougal, both of the City of Montreal. Subscription rate, \$2.00 a year.

KFI learns that it has been received in Japan, and that the Japanese claim the dampness of their climate interferes with better reception.

The first official test of the new Rugby radio station in England, which when completed at a cost of \$5,000,000 will be used instead of the Leafeld station to transmit the British official press messages, resulted in the new station being heard at the New York Times radio receiving station in New York, at least 10 times clearer, in the opinion of the operator, than the Leafeld station. The Rugby station transmitted the code messages on an 18,200-metre wave length. The signal is GBR.

Some amateurs at the Naval Radio-Telegraphic School at Toulon were responsible for promoting the idea which has resulted in French radio enthusiasts adopting St. Joan of Arc as their patron saint.

The German Government has purchased for the sum of 43,500 marks 2,000 receiving sets, which are to be distributed among the institutions for the blind throughout Germany.

The Soviet Government has decided to construct near Moscow a new and very powerful station, to be known as the "Oktiabrshala," or October-post. This will be used solely for telegraphic communications. The Chabolorka station near Moscow is to be rebuilt and amplified and will be reserved for broadcasting and telephonic communications.

The well-known station at Nijni Novgorod is being fitted up with a government radio and short-wave laboratory. Recent experiments from this station led to

messages on wave lengths of 83, 102 and 104 meters being picked up clearly in Chile and on the west coast of the United States.

A new station will soon be on the air in Sydney, Australia, with sufficient power to be picked up by American fans under good weather conditions. The new station will be owned and operated by the Sydney Trades Hall, and will be licensed for an input power of 1,500 watts, on a wave-length of 280 metres. The maximum power is about 4,000 watts.

If you appreciate the matter contained in this department, then say so in the

questionnaire on page 7 of this week's paper. Otherwise it may be curtailed by some more popular feature.

Real winter has come to Sweden earlier than at any time in the last three years, icebreakers already are being used along the Baltic coast and instead of steamers and sloops, skaters are skimming over the inland lakes.

A demand of the students at the College of the City of New York for abolition of compulsory military training has been rejected by the faculty. The vote was 54 to 16, with 39 faculty members not voting.



CANADA

WARNING TO USERS OF RADIO

*All Radio Receiving Sets
MUST be Licensed*

Penalty on summary conviction is a fine not exceeding \$50.00

License Fee \$1.00 per annum

Licenses valid to 31st March, 1926, may be obtained from: Staff Post Offices, Radio Dealers, Radio Inspectors, or from Radio Branch, Department of Marine and Fisheries, Ottawa.

The proceeds from license fees are used to control broadcasting and to improve broadcast reception conditions

A. JOHNSTON, Deputy Minister of Marine and Fisheries

Westinghouse



*For Christmas
This Famous Radiola
With New Improvements*

RADIOLA IIIA has established itself as the most popular receiving set on the market. Now, with the new power equipment furnished by Westinghouse, it represents even greater radio value.

The addition of power amplifying tubes increases the volume of this set one hundred per cent. Tone is improved, greater selectivity obtained and more distance possible. To realize just what these improvements mean, ask any Authorized Westinghouse Dealer to demonstrate. He will also show you Westinghouse Batteries and Tubes, Westinghouse-Brandes Loud Speakers, Head Sets and Phonograph Attachment.

- RADIOLA IIIA
- equipped with detector tube and 3 power amplifying tubes.
- \$66.00 with headset
- \$90.00 with loud speaker
- Batteries not included

CANADIAN WESTINGHOUSE COMPANY, LIMITED
HAMILTON - ONTARIO

RADIOLA

Send To-Day for Our Complete Catalog of Westinghouse Radiolas

Convenient Terms of Payment on the Model You Select

THE WILLIAMS & SONS CO. LIMITED

145 YONGE STREET

TORONTO 2, ONT.

BANK OF MONTREAL

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING HELD 7TH DECEMBER, 1925.

The 108th Annual General Meeting of the shareholders of the Bank of Montreal was held in the Board Room at the Bank's Headquarters.

On motion of Mr. H. R. Drummond, Sir Vincent Meredith, Bart., was requested to take the chair.

Mr. E. W. Beatty moved, seconded by Mr. Henry Rawlings, that Mr. Hartland B. McDougall and Col. George R. Hooper be appointed to act as scrutineers, and that Mr. C. H. Cronyn be the secretary of this meeting.

This was carried unanimously.

THE PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS

Sir Vincent Meredith, Bart., President, in addressing the Shareholders, said:

In reviewing the business of the past year, our Balance Sheet indicates the general trend of events. Our deposits, as compared with two years ago, show a large increase, while our loans during the same period are considerably reduced.

Our profits are in consequence somewhat adversely affected, but we are left in an unusually strong position to meet any calls which increased activity in trade may make upon us. Notwithstanding these conditions, our dividend and bonus have been earned and taxes paid, and we have a balance to carry forward.

Increased demands for commercial funds would result in higher money rates than those which have recently prevailed. This should not be a cause for concern, for moderately high money rates are a healthy symptom, constituting a factor in justifying confidence in the business outlook.

There is no question but that the trend of business is slowly but surely upward. As an evidence of this, car loadings are the largest on record, while wholesale and retail business shows a fair degree of increased activity. Textile industries are well employed, and there is more demand in the leather and allied trades. Improvement is also shown in other lines of business, although profits are curtailed in the grocery trade. There is little improvement in the lumber market in Eastern Canada, but western shipments by way of the Panama Canal have substantially increased.

Agriculture is our leading industry and on its profitable outcome the prosperity of the country largely depends. While unfavorable weather conditions restricted harvesting to some extent, the crop that was garnered this year is a very large one and, at present prices, will prove profitable to the farmer. The marketing of the crop will bring at least \$500,000,000 of new money into Canada and will undoubtedly effect a liquidation in farmers' liabilities. This new money will flow into all channels of trade and be reflected in improved business conditions generally throughout the country.

The rapid movement of the crop to market required the use of a large amount of money. This the banks were able to supply without stress or strain of the currency system and without interruption of the use of credit for ordinary commercial purposes. In this accomplishment may be found a tribute to the excellence of our monetary laws and the adequacy of our banking resources.

CANADA'S FOREIGN TRADE

The figures of foreign trade are encouraging, the aggregate value of this commerce in the seven months ending October 31st last having been exceeded only once in the last seven years, viz., in 1920, when prices were at the peak. In the seven elapsed months for which returns are available, imports and domestic exports amounted to \$1,248,000,000, an increase of close upon \$200,000,000 over last year, and nearly 50 per cent in excess of this trade as recently as four years ago. Taken in the large, satisfaction can be derived from this bald statement, nor is this satisfaction greatly diminished by closer examination of the figures. The balance is on the right side, exports having exceeded imports by the large sum of \$181,243,000, an excess never before reached in a similar period. There is gratification also in the fact that farm products have made the principal contribution to the expansion of exports, these having had a value of \$420,602,000 in the last seven months, being no less than 60 per cent of exports of all kinds and a monetary figure higher than has hitherto been reached. In this circumstance may be found the cause of the larger prosperity enjoyed by the agricultural classes in Canada.

The balance of export trade is derived chiefly from two other sources: the forest and the mine. From forest products, including pulp and paper, came about 22 per cent of the foreign commerce of the seven months and from the mines 15 per cent. These items have shown gradual expansion in recent years and bid fair to contribute in the future a still larger proportion of Canada's exports.

The import side of trade returns calls

for no special comment. Since March last, imports have risen \$68,000,000 to a total of \$533,620,000, the increase occurring in all classes of commodities. This may be accepted as an indication of the moderate improvement in business the country over which has latterly set in.

Yet, satisfactory though the figures of foreign trade thus appear, the conclusion is irresistible that the situation will be bettered when the country exports a larger percentage of its forest and mineral wealth in the form of finished articles and not of raw material to be fabricated abroad.

FOREIGN COMPETITION

You may recall that two years ago I expressed the view that with the return of European countries to the gold basis, Canada would feel the effects of increased competition, both in her foreign trade and at home. This competition, which is now becoming increasingly apparent, is made possible through low labor costs, coupled with the longer hours and greater industry that prevail in European countries.

In my judgment, there are only two avenues of escape from the serious consequences of this competition. One of them is by manufacturers installing improved and efficient labor-saving machinery, so as to provide a larger turnover at small cost. The other being of a controversial political nature, I am debarred from enlarging upon its merits.

AMERICAN CAPITAL IN CANADA

Fear of the Americanization of Canada has been expressed by visitors from overseas because of the large sums of money coming from the United States for investment in manufactories and other enterprises in this country. I do not share this fear but rather welcome the flow of money, which must assist in the development of our natural resources, give employment to labor and increase our exports to other countries.

Nor does experience of like conditions in other countries give cause for apprehension, the investment of foreign capital in development of resources of an alien nation benefiting both those who give and those who take. The firm loyalty of the Canadian people to the British Empire has roots deeper than the pocket.

The exportation of pulpwood, power and other natural resources has been a much debated subject. My own feeling is that these resources should, as far as is possible, be retained and developed in Canada.

THE NATIONAL RAILWAYS

I make no apology for adverting again to the serious problem presented by the Canadian National Railways. The statement is officially made that during the last five years the capital debt of these roads has been increased \$572,825,000, a staggeringly large amount when it is remembered that not one dollar of net revenue has yet been available towards these new interest charges. Some progress in earnings has, indeed, been made, but for every dollar thus gained, there has been an offsetting liability in the shape of new capital obligations. I am persuaded that, of our national problems, none presses more urgently for solution upon Parliament than that of the railways.

IMMIGRATION

Immigration returns are distinctly disappointing. Newcomers to our country during the year reached only a very meagre total. Whether this is due to some restraining influence not apparent on the surface, or a want of activity on the part of immigration officials, it is difficult to determine. In any case, it is essential that our large areas of uncultivated lands should be settled and made productive. This would increase the demand for skilled labor in our industrial plants. By no other means can the burden of taxation be lessened, nor general progress and prosperity be so surely attained.

BUSINESS IN THE UNITED STATES

A gradually rising trend in business activity in the United States has been present in most of the leading industries, with the volume of production increasing

at a rapid pace to above, or close to, previous records. The undertone of this prosperity is apparently sound, with prices and profits in better relation than in some years, and speculation for the most part confined to the securities market and real estate. The country's transportation systems are efficiently handling the enormous traffic resulting from the greater business activity, and bank clearings, which go with increasing production and greater exchange of goods, are substantially large.

Ease in the credit situation has been marked, with banking resources ample at reasonable rates. With an enlarging demand of consumers for goods of all kinds, the practice of purchasing a variety of commodities on deferred payment plans is extending rapidly and has reached such proportions as to suggest the possibility of credit strain later. On the other hand, national accumulation of savings has been greater.

Let me, in closing, say one word about the future. I realize that prophecy is at all times a hazardous venture, but I think I may safely say that the signs are propitious for an expansion of business during the coming year.

After the great slump in 1921-23, when huge losses were made owing to depreciation in values, a hand-to-mouth policy was adopted and shelves were practically bare. Increased activity is now in evidence and forward buying is again being undertaken, though, so far, with caution and prudence.

The pressing necessity of restricting, so far as may be legitimately possible, all national expenditures is generally recognized, but unless it is followed by appropriate action which results in reduction in taxes, we cannot regard it as other than an ineffective gesture. If our expenditures should be so controlled that within a reasonable time Canadian taxes should not exceed those imposed in the United States, it would provide an important stimulus to industry and also an effective aid to immigration and colonization, the need for which is apparent. When I urge as strongly as I can that this measure of prudence and economy should be exercised, I do not do so with any feeling that lack of confidence in the country itself is warranted. In fact, I am more convinced than ever that the country, actually and potentially, possesses such wealth and opportunity that its future cannot be denied, and I deprecate most strongly expressions of opinion based upon local conditions and individual business which are perverted into pessimism as to the country's future when no real foundation for such a sentiment exists.

May I repeat, in the light of present-day conditions as I see them, what I said to you at our last meeting, that I look forward with the utmost confidence to Canada's future.

THE GENERAL MANAGER'S ADDRESS

Sir Frederick Williams-Taylor, General Manager, in submitting his address said: Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen:—

You have before you the one hundred and eighth annual statement of the Bank's position, and I beg leave to report that your Bank continues safe and sound, both strong and liquid, with a clean business and a satisfactory organization.

As you know, the good name we possess was never better than it is today. It is an asset which we value as we do our material resources, and which it is our duty as well as our determination to preserve.

We have gone through another year of business depression and this is reflected to the disadvantage of banking profits. Fortunately our great earning power continues, though obviously our profits would have been larger had the industrial situation permitted us to put out more money to the trade and commerce of Canada rather than to loan on call in London and New York, or to buy high-class investments with a lesser yield.

As to the future, my special message to our shareholders at distant points and abroad is that for several reasons, including a bountiful harvest, there has come about a better and more hopeful feeling throughout Canada. In consequence, there is ground for thinking that we have passed through the worst of our bad times and that we can look for better general conditions, in which, naturally, our Bank must share, especially as we have never been in a better or stronger position to undertake new business.

Canada now has one branch bank for every 2,200 people, as compared with one bank for every 3,700 persons in the United States and for every 3,000 persons in Australia. The Canadian town is indeed small that has not at least three branch banks in direct competition.

The service which the public receives from its bankers includes much beyond the mere lending of money, and competition has resulted in many of these extra facilities being extended below cost. This is a feature of the banking business which is not confined to our own country.

Our offices abroad and in the United States continue to progress satisfactorily. Reverting to the general situation in

Canada, during recent months conflicting statements have been published broadcast, ranging from rose color to black, respecting our business conditions and outlook, and in particular there has been much complaint because we are not now so prosperous as the United States. In consequence, the Canadian public, and those outside, but interested in Canada, may well have felt confused and uneasy.

Briefly, we find the facts to be as follows. Our foreign trade figures are readily available. We know that our exports exceed our imports for the year under review by \$333,000,000, which is satisfactory.

Turning to our internal trade, we know from experience that it has not been generally satisfactory, though the official aggregate figures are never obtainable for two years or more.

An outstanding and gratifying exception is the grain-growing industry of our splendid West, which this season produced over 400,000,000 bushels of wheat as compared with 235,000,000 bushels a year ago. Oats, barley and coarse grains also were a larger crop.

Bank clearings for all Canadian cities during our bank year show a decrease of \$850,000,000 from the figures for the previous twelve months. Bank amalgamations have naturally reduced the volume of clearings from time to time, and a more accurate indicator of business has been devised by compiling the volume of debits to individual banking accounts throughout the country month by month. These figures, I am glad to say, have indicated latterly a more active state of business.

Bank deposits in Canada are higher by \$184,000,000 than a year ago, while commercial enterprises are borrowing \$53,000,000 less.

This increase in deposits is a good sign up to a certain point, but if that portion of the increase which represents idle funds of industrial concerns on deposit with the banks were being actively employed by these concerns in their business, the country as well as the banks would in the end be better off. The increase in the Savings Department, which consists in the main of small accounts, is a healthy and encouraging sign.

Commercial failures for the twelve months ended 30th September were:

	Failures	Liabilities
For the previous twelve months	2,313	\$46,700,000
Railroad earnings afford an intelligent measure of a country's internal trade. The gross earnings of our Canadian roads for the past three years ending 30th September have been:		
1923	2,488	\$69,800,000
1924		\$442,000,000
1925		440,000,000
		410,000,000

Pulp and paper production and shipments are ahead of last year. Our exports under this heading have reached the large sum of \$160,000,000 per annum as compared with \$30,000,000 ten years ago. At present there is said to be a tendency to over-production in the newsprint trade.

In the recent development of Canada a most important feature has been the steady growth of the mineral industry. In 1913 the value of the products of mines and quarries amounted to \$146,000,000, while in 1924 it reached \$210,000,000.

Statistics for the first six months of 1925, as compared with similar figures for the corresponding period of 1924, indicate a further material advance in the wealth derived from the production of metallic minerals, and, with a return to more normal conditions in the coal fields the production of non-metallic minerals will also advance.

The fishing industry on both the Atlantic and Pacific seaboard has had a better year.

Lumbering results have been unsatisfactory. European and Oriental export business has fallen away, and the American and domestic markets have bought less.

In the manufacturing trades the general policy has been one of marking time. Textiles have recovered from lack of demand and relatively low prices. Iron and steel plants on the whole have been intermittently idle and active, with unsatisfactory results. Woollen, leather, and the boot and shoe industries have had an unsatisfactory year. The output of automobiles has been steadily on the increase. Wholesale dealers in dry goods, groceries, and hardware complain of lack of turnover and inadequate profits.

You will find in our published reports our views in detail regarding trade in our nine Provinces.

You will gather from the foregoing that conditions in the year under review were neither so good nor so bad as extremists on either side have stated. As to the outlook, it is true that, taking the national railways into account, we are not balancing out national budget. This must not continue. We must sometime and somehow contrive to live within our means and begin to pay off our debts. With good management of our affairs we should be well able to do this, and

we will do it as soon as our people wake up to the fact that public debt is a burden on the individual back and that the bigger it gets the more money it takes out of the individual pocket.

To this end I venture to repeat here what I have said before, that the systematic publication by the Dominion Government of concise and readily understood figures embracing all the national liabilities would stimulate a healthy public interest in this matter.

Before the war, conditions of living in the United States and Canada were much alike, and we had grown accustomed to that order of things; but the war put us behind and put the United States ahead, so comparison at present is futile.

This same condition of prosperity in the United States has also resulted in far too many of our people crossing the border. True, Canada is not the only country whose citizens are attracted by the prosperity of the United States, but speaking for ourselves, there has been a cause for emigration that is more disturbing than the fact itself. Living next door, we naturally stand in closest comparison and are more exposed than any other country to a drain on our population from the fact that at the moment we are carrying a heavy burden of debt, while our neighbors overflow with wealth. Against this, however, we have more than they to offer to the desirable settler who wishes to go on the land. Land hunger is a human instinct. We have good and cheap land in plenty, and eventually the tide of immigration will turn in our direction.

We have a fertile soil, vast mineral resources, inexhaustible fisheries, mighty forests, unequalled water power, transportation galore, and an industrious people—in fact, all that goes to make a great and strong nation—but prudent management of our affairs is fundamental. Without that all our manifold advantages mean nothing.

We should ever keep before us the fact

that Canada has immense potentialities, and that the mistakes of the past are repairable. Also, we have a splendid manpower east and west, with a loyal love of country and a unanimous determination to preserve our political independence.

REPORT ADOPTED

The chairman then invited discussion, but there being none, he moved, seconded by Sir Charles Gordon, G.B.E., that the Report of the Directors, now read, be adopted and printed for distribution among the Shareholders.

The report was unanimously adopted. Mr. Wm. McMaster moved, seconded by Mr. John Patterson, that Messrs. James Hutchison, C.A., and George C. McDonald, C.A., be appointed auditors for the bank for the ensuing year, and that the ballot for the auditors be taken at the same time as the ballot for directors is taken.

The Ballot for the appointment of Auditors and the election of Directors for the ensuing year was then proceeded with.

The Scrutineers appointed for the purpose reported that Messrs. James Hutchison, C.A., and George C. McDonald, C.A., were duly appointed Auditors, and the following gentlemen duly elected Directors:

Thomas Ahearn, D. Forbes Angus, E. W. Beatty, K.C.; His Honor Henry Cockshutt, General Sir Arthur Currie, G.C.M.G., K.C.B.; H. R. Drummond, G. B. Fraser, Sir Charles Gordon, G.B.E.; Sir Lomer Gouin, K.C.M.G.; C. R. Hosmer, Harold Kennedy, J. W. McConnell, William McMaster, F. E. Meredith, K.C.; Sir Vincent Meredith, Bart.; Maj.-Gen. the Hon. S. C. Mewburn, C.M.G.; F. W. Molson, Lieut.-Col. Herbert Molson, C.M.G., M.C.; James Stewart.

The meeting then terminated. At a subsequent meeting of the Directors, Sir Vincent Meredith, Bart., was re-elected President, and Sir Charles Gordon, G.B.E., was re-elected Vice-President.

gallons in 1923, valued at \$1,236,146, the destination being "other British West Indies," but in 1924 this dropped to 126,330 gallons, valued at \$528,050.

Last year, 1924, the United States was the biggest importer of Canada's liquor, the quantity being 325,910 gallons, valued at \$5,289,080, as compared with 206,928 gallons, valued at \$3,150,944. Last year Cuba got \$1,247,357 worth of liquor from Canada, while St. Pierre-Miquelon, in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, long regarded as a sort of clearing house for certain countries, last year got \$749,161 worth, and in 1923 it got \$1,257,191 worth.

More Distilleries in Action

There were thirteen distilleries in Canada in 1924, an increase of four over the previous year. Ontario had four in 1924, and three in 1923; Quebec, six and four; British Columbia, two and two, and Manitoba, one last year, as compared with none in 1923.—The Toronto Globe.

BRITAIN'S DRINK BILL INCREASING

Great Britain's drink bill last year was over \$1,500,000, an increase of over \$400,000, the Board of Trade estimates. Of this the Government took 43 per cent. or over \$680,000,000.

The increase was in beer for the continued high taxes on whiskey kept spirits consumption at a lower figure. Nearly 26,500,000 barrels of beer were disposed of. The milk consumption of the country was 700,000,000 gallons, but England spent \$13 on beer for every \$5 on milk.

The latest census shows that 397,000 men and women were employed, directly or indirectly, in getting the liquor to the consumer.

Wm. J. Bryson, 80, wealthy Chicago philanthropist, will marry Miss Elizabeth Tongue, 33, a nurse, who ten years ago cared for him during an attack of heart trouble. He is president of St. Luke's Hospital, to which she is attached.

After Eight Year His Biggest Surprise

Maspeth, N. Y. Mr. F. V. La Masson writes:—"I have been troubled with jaundice and liver trouble for the past eight years and after being treated by numerous cure-alls for same I was no better.

I was advised by a friend to try Carter's Little Liver Pills. I did so and after taking them for two months my symptoms have entirely disappeared and I feel much better."

Carter's Little Liver Pills physic the bowels, eliminating the poisons and put the system in a healthy condition. They do not contain calomel, mercury, mineral salts or any injurious habit forming drugs. All druggists, 25c, in red packages

for BURNS

FOR SCALDS, CUTS AND BRUISES. FOR COLDS, COUGHS AND BRONCHIAL AFFLICTIONS. FOR STIFF MUSCLES, SPRAINS AND STRAINS AND NUMEROUS OTHER AILMENTS COMMON TO MAN AND BEAST. THERE IS NOTHING SUPERIOR TO THAT OLD TRIED AND RELIABLE REMEDY.

DR THOMAS' ECLECTRIC OIL

RHEUMATISM REMEDY

WAIT'S HOMOEOPATHIC RHEUMATIC REMEDY

Remedy for Acute Rheumatism with painful hot swelling of the part, Chronic Rheumatism with lameness, stiffness and soreness of the part; Sciatic Rheumatism, with pain in the hip, knee or leg of the affected side; Lumbago, or pains across the loins or back; Old Rheumatic Pains or Lameness. Price \$1.50.

JOHN T. WAIT, Box 385, Arnprior. Send Registered Letter or Postal Note

Healed His Rupture

I was badly ruptured while lifting a trunk several years ago. Doctors said my only hope of remedy was an operation. Trusses did me no good. Finally I got hold of something that quickly helped me. Years have passed and the rupture has never returned, although I am doing hard work as a carpenter. There was no operation, no lost time, no trouble. I have nothing to sell, but will give full information about how you may find a complete cure without operation, if you write to me. Eugene M. Pullen, Carpenter, 179M Marcellus Avenue, Manasquan, N. J. Better cut out this notice and show it to any others who are ruptured—you may save a life or at least stop the misery of rupture and the worry and danger of an operation.

Here's the Way to Heal Rupture

A Marvelous Self-Home-Treatment That Anyone Can Use on Any Rupture Large or Small

Costs Nothing to Try

Ruptured people all over the country are amazed at the almost miraculous results of a simple Method for rupture that is being sent free to all who write for it. This remarkable Rupture System is one of the greatest blessings ever offered to ruptured men, women and children. It is being pronounced the most successful Method ever discovered, and makes the use of trusses or supports unnecessary. No matter how bad the rupture, how long you have had it, or how hard to hold; no matter how many kinds of trusses you have worn, let nothing prevent you from getting this FREE TREATMENT. Whether you think you are past help or have a rupture as large as your fist, this marvelous System will so control it and keep it up inside as to surprise you with its magic influence. It will so help you restore the parts where the rupture comes through that soon you will be free to work at any occupation as though you had never been ruptured. You can have a free trial of this wonderful strengthening preparation by merely sending your name and address to W. A. COLLINGS, Inc., 380-C Collings Building, Watertown, N.Y. Send no money. The trial is free. Write now—to-day. It may save the wearing of a truss the rest of your life.

LIVE STOCK PRICES

COMMENTS FOR WEEK ENDING DEC 10

On the Montreal cattle market casners sold from \$2 to \$2.25, and the cutters \$2.75. A few slightly better cows brought \$3. Common quality calves brought \$10 and \$10.50, and two or three good veals were picked out at \$11.25. The best lambs offered brought \$13.25, and poorer lots downwards to \$11.50. The general quotation for good quality hogs in mixed lots was \$13 to \$13.10, and select \$13.75. Sows sold for \$10.25.

At Toronto trade was quiet with early sales steady. Fair to good butcher cattle brought \$6.50 to \$7.25, while cows were steady at \$3 to \$5. And feeders sold at \$5 to \$6.25. Calves

were steady at \$12 to \$13.50 for choice. Hogs were 25 cents higher at \$13 off-car for thick smooths and at \$14.26 for select. Lambs were steady at \$14.50 to \$15 for the best with sheep at \$6 to \$7 a hundred.

Practically all classes of killing cattle continued to find a fairly broad outlet at firm prices at Winnipeg, but a slightly weaker undertone was apparent in the stocker and feeder divisions. The hog market was again unsettled. Thick-smooths bidding ranged from \$11.50 to \$11.60. There were only a few good lambs on offer, and these were readily absorbed up to \$11.50.

FROM THE CROW'S NEST

(Continued from page 10)

made against it. A person goes to the club, is served with "hard stuff," the information goes out, and then follows a raid by plain clothes policemen of the Liquor Commission. Before a conviction is gained it must be shown that liquor was being sold, and there is nothing more easy than to throw away a small shot of Scotch; it goes on the floor or down the throat of the waiter, and the necessary evidence is gone.

Then it is the person caught selling the booze who is arrested. He appears in the police court, pleads guilty, is sentenced to one month in jail, and there is an end of the case. But not an end of the "blind pig." Before he has been tried in some cases another waiter has taken his place, the hard stuff is circulating again, and the heavy profits are being raked in. The waiter, who is in jail has a month's rest, when he comes out there is a reward for him, and in nearly every instance his old job to go back to. He gets good tips, a month in jail does not worry him much—and the man behind the "blind pig," the owner, the real criminal, the man who sells cheap and in many cases dangerous liquor at high prices, goes free. He takes care to keep away from danger. A glance at many of the people who come in the dock in the Police Court will show that they are too poor to be anything but servants. Often they appear collarless, dirty, unshaven—they are only the pawns in the great game of supplying Montreal with liquor after hours.

SEVENTY-TWO IN RECORDER'S COURT

Seventy-two women, alleged keepers and frequenters of disorderly houses, appeared before Recorder Semple in the Recorder's Court this morning. This number constitutes a record (that has seldom been equalled). Fifty of the women were on hand to stand trial, their cases having been pending for some time past. The remaining 22 were arrested last night when the police morality squad under Captain Gregoire and Constable Vanini swept through the uptown residential district and raided nine alleged disorderly houses. The premises visited were small apartment houses on University and Stanley streets. Two women were arrested in each of seven houses while two other houses netted the police four each. Alleged keepers and frequenters of dis-

orderly houses arraigned this morning pleaded not guilty and were remanded for trial in a week. Bail of amounts varying from \$50 to \$200 was set for their release. Florence Daigneault, found guilty of keeping a disorderly house, was sentenced to six months in jail. In passing sentence Recorder Semple told the accused she was a menace to the youth of the city. The prisoner was the mother of five young children and pleaded for leniency on their account. "Keeping you out of jail would not do your children any good," the Recorder replied.—Montreal Star, Dec. 10th.

DISTILLING OF SPIRITS INCREASES IN CANADA

According to statistics of distilled liquor production in the Dominion for the years 1923 and 1924, total spirits production in 1923 was 3,659,779 proof gallons, while in 1924 it had jumped to 7,123,359 proof gallons, or an increase of nearly 95 per cent. Potable spirits increased from 2,628,825 proof gallons in 1923 to 2,492,847 gallons in 1924, or over 52 per cent. Ontario produced 74.47 per cent. of the total output in 1923, and 75.52 per cent. in 1924. The total value of distilled liquors produced in Canada amounted to \$4,226,465 in 1923 and \$10,771,801 in 1924.

Exports Show Increase

Compared with this production of distilled liquors in Canada in the two years, the grand total of exports of these products in 1923 was 1,190,679 gallons, valued at \$8,391,484, and 1,210,458 gallons, valued at \$10,964,486 in 1924. The largest quantity exported to any country was 233,821

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

FOR ALL KIDNEY DISEASES

RHEUMATISM BRIGHT'S DISEASE DIABETES BACKACHE

4087 THE PRO

Keeps Baby's Skin Healthy Prevents Chafing & Eczema

Dr. CHASE'S OINTMENT

Quick relief to BRONCHIAL SUFFERERS

Coughs, nasal and bronchial colds are relieved promptly by the vapor of Cresolene—the standard drugless treatment with forty years of successful use its guarantee. The most widely used remedy for whooping cough and spasmodic croup.

Vapo-Cresolene

Est. 1879 Sold by druggists Send for Descriptive Booklet N VAPU-CRESOLENE CO., Leeming-Miles Bldg., Montreal, P.Q.

SORE THROAT

Apply the liniment every few hours to throat and chest. Gargle with Minard's in warm water.

Splendid for Bronchitis and Asthma.

MINARD'S "KING OF PAIN" LINIMENT

FARMERS MARKETS

COUNTRY PRODUCE

A fair amount of business was done in eggs, there being a steady demand for supplies for immediate consumption, and as the offerings of all grades were ample to meet the requirements, there was no change in prices to note. Sales of strictly fresh specials were made at 80c, extras at 75c, and firsts at 62c per dozen, while storage extras sold at 46c, firsts at 41c, and seconds at 36c per dozen.

The feature of the dressed poultry trade was the stronger feeling in the market for turkeys and prices scored an advance of 2c per lb., which was attributed to the increased demand on account of the colder weather and the comparatively small supplies coming forward for the season. The market was fairly active with sales of good to choice quality lots weighing 12 to 15 lbs. each at 38c to 38c per lb., and 6 to 8-lb. birds at 32c to 35c per lb.

There was no change in the condition of the local market for other lines of poultry but the undertone was firm with a good demand for supplies, and as the offerings were ample to meet all requirements an active trade was done in geese at 18c to 20c per lb., ducks at 22c to 24c per lb., while chickens weighing five to six pounds sold at 27c to 30c per lb., three to four pounds at 22c to 24c per lb., two to three pounds at 18c to 20c per lb., heavy fowl at 22c to 24c per lb., and small fowl at 18c to 18c per lb.

The tone of the market for honey was steady with a moderate amount of business passing, and sales of No. 1 white clover honey in comb were made at 24c per section, No. 2 grade at 20c per section, No. 1 amber in comb at 21c per section, and No. 2 grade at 18c per section, while white extract honey in 30-lb. tins sold at 13c per lb., 10-lb. tins at 14c per lb., 5-lb. tins at 14 1/2c per lb., and 2 1/2-lb. tins at 15c per lb.

The trade in potatoes was quiet and in consequence an easier feeling developed in the market and prices in some instances were shaded. The receipts were light and the number of cars on track were small, but ample to meet all requirements. Car lots of Quebec varieties were quoted at \$2.50 to \$2.75 per bag, and New Brunswick Green Mountains at \$3 per bag of 90 lbs., ex-track.

THE DAIRY MARKET

There was a steady demand from local and outside buyers for supplies of butter and a fair trade was done. The tone of the market was firm with sales of No. 1 pasteurized creamery at 44c per lb., No. 1 creamery at 43c to 43 1/2c per lb., and No. 2 creamery at 42c to 42 1/2c per lb. for early makes, while current receipts of No. 1 pasteurized creamery were offering at 43c per lb., and No. 1 creamery at 42c to 42 1/2c per lb.

The cheese market was reported very quiet with an easier undertone owing to the falling off in the demand from foreign buyers for supplies and spot prices for western early makes were quoted at \$1 1/2c to 22c per lb., and current receipts at 18 1/2c to 19c per lb.

THE GRAIN MARKET

The trade in cash grain in the domestic market was rather slow, the demand being only for odd cars to meet immediate wants. In sympathy with the decline in future prices for oats in the Winnipeg market spot cash values were reduced 1c per bushel with car lots of No. 3 Canadian western quoted at 59 1/2c No. 1 feed at 56 1/2c, and No. 2 feed at 54 1/2c per bushel, ex-store, while Ontario and Quebec grades were steady with sales of car lots of No. 2 white at 53 1/2c, No. 3 white at 52c, and No. 4 white at 50 1/2c per bushel, ex-track, and Ontario-milling barley sold at 56 1/2c per bushel, ex-track.

Prices at Winnipeg:—
Wheat: 1 nor. \$1.55 3-8; 2 nor. \$1.47 1-8; No. 4 \$1.39 1-8; No. 5 \$1.30 1-8; No. 6 \$1.12 1-8; track \$1.54 1-8.
Oats: 2 C. W. 47 5-8c; 3 C. W. 43 5-8c; extra 1 feed 43 5-8c; 1 feed 41 5-8c; 2 feed 36 5-8c; rejected 34 5-8c; track 46 5-8c.
Barley: 3 C. W. 62 3-8c; 4 C. W. 57 5-8c; rejected 51 3-8c; feed 50 3-8c; track 62 3-8c.
Flax: 1 N. W. C. \$2.29 5-8c; 2 C. W. \$2.25 5-8c; 3 C. W. \$2.12 1-2; rejected \$2.02 1-2; track \$2.29 5-8c.
Rye: 2 C. W. \$1.01.

Foreign exchange department, Bank of Montreal, shows sterling 4.86 1-8 (par value 4.85 2-3).

New York funds 3-64 premium.

HIS OWN BUSINESS

(Continued from page 19)

changed to his left hand. "Ready about!" shouted the Quahaug.

The old boat protested in every plank as he drove her an instant before bringing her around. Then the sail snapped like sharp thunder and a wave came crashing over the bow. The boat met it bravely but her smartness was gone. "Take both hands to that pump," yelled the Quahaug.

As they heeled on the new tack, Mr. Fairweather glanced over his shoulder and the boy read the question on his face. For a moment their eyes met, then the man saw the set young lips move in the dreaded answer. The old boat was a leak. Her ancient seams had not had the strength to withstand the terrific strain put upon them. Without a sign Mr. Fairweather turned to face his task.

Over there in the darkness, three quarters of the way across the sound, lay the shore of Gull. Time had entered the race. The Quahaug drove his boat to her last ounce. Each second he expected something to give; each second he expected a crash; any second might be their last. If rope or sail gave way now, none would ever do more than surmise what their end had been.

Half way and Mr. Fairweather thought he was holding his own. Two-thirds and he knew his best was not enough. His arms ached, but he fought on.

Another comber crashed inboard. "Bucket!" shouted the boy.

Mr. Fairweather understood. It was more like scooping than bailing. Had Bennett come, two might have fought with some chance to win.

Ahead was only the blackness of the storm-torn night. Ashore it might be Christmas Eve, but here seemed only savagery and death. Smash! Smash! Smash! Sea after sea swept past, disappointed for the instant, but hissing as with the knowledge of coming triumph.

The Quahaug was on his feet now, eyes straining to pierce the cutting spume. He saw a monster wave charging down on them. With all his strength he threw the bow into it. More like that and there would be one slow, plunging dive, then utter darkness. He must be almost in now. He knew Mr. Fairweather was fighting desperately, but he knew minutes were more precious than his bucket.

Then, of a sudden, the man straightened. For a second he looked at the boy, then his arm shot out. Their hands met, gripped, and Mr. Fairweather returned to his work, a calm smile on his lips.

He wanted to do something. There was nothing more he could do. Unconsciously he began to sing. And what he sang

was that Christmas carol he had heard back there on the Green Harbor wharf. He did not know what he was doing until he heard Mr. Fairweather's rich tenor rising above the rush of the storm.

One verse while the old boat lunged onward. Half-way through the second and a biting sea snapped at the rail curled inward. They staggered, stopped dead, slowly righted. Then ahead the Quahaug saw a dull red glow. It was the lantern on Gull Island breakwater shining out like a Star of the East. He yelled, his hand pointing triumphantly. The man saw and understood. They were almost in. They might come through. The Quahaug measured his chance, took it. He gave his sail a full. The boat heeled, careened, screamed under the strain, then, like a wounded beast plunged around that line of saw-toothed granite and rode at ease in the safety of the harbor.

This time it was the Quahaug's hand which shot out. "You've done it!" he gasped. "You've brought their Christmas

through. See that light? It's Watson's. They're waitin' up, hopin'."

For a second Mr. Fairweather stared at the Quahaug dumfounded. Then that same slow, contented smile broke over his face. "They're not the only ones whose hope you've fulfilled, Jim, old man," he said. "You may be your own business, but you've found that business and found it solvent this Christmas Eve." —The Classmate.

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A. P. LESPERANCE,

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Montreal, November 24th, 1925.

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