

CANADIAN HOMESTEAD

The People's Paper

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79th Year.

Make Canada A Land to Love

ONTARIO

You are the Verdun of the great war defending your country against the destroying invasion of the liquor traffic.

Let the immortal word of the defender, General Petain, re-echo now throughout the province.

"They Shall Not Pass"

The Week's Outlook

Large Vote Expected

PRESENT appearances are that the vote on the Ontario Temperance Act will be a large one. At all events the wets are beating up every vote. The great guns of the wet press are pouring in a deafening barrage of canister containing everything destructive, so long as it is not true. Unchallenged, it will certainly deafen many to the truth. Almost ninety-six thousand names have been added to the voters lists in the City of Toronto alone and in the County of York about one hundred and six thousand have registered. A despatch to the Montreal Star states that many citizens feel so strongly on the issue that some of the voters are apt to attempt to register their votes in duplicate. The wets and the drys, it is said, are each taking steps to prevent partisans of the other side from playing this dishonest trick. The temperance people will welcome every precaution that can be taken to make the vote a fair one. The stoppage of fraud would be altogether a gain to their cause as the trickery would be all on the other side. So temperance workers at the polls will need to have all their eyes open. The main duty, however, for every one who has the good of Ontario at heart is to vote and to see that no vote favoring the Act is left unrecorded. The people of Ontario must lay it to heart that this plebiscite is much more important than any purely political election. The choice between two political parties is usually between one which is mixed good and bad and the other which is mixed bad and good. The choice which is presented to the voters in the plebiscite is something much more vital. It is no exaggeration to say that before Ontario is set the old choice between "life and good and death and evil" between "life and death, blessing and cursing." We would repeat with all earnestness the solemn words of Israel's lawgiver "choose life that both thou and thy seed may live"

Fruits of Control

EVERY one of the provinces which has yielded to Moderationist blandishments has a liquor problem, far more serious than it had when under prohibition. Bootlegging, far from being stopped, has become in hundreds of districts almost part of the general order. Drunkenness, so far from being eliminated, has gained and is gaining new victims. Respect for law, so far from being promoted, has received a deadly set back. Not one of the fair promises of the Moderationist has been realized. In Quebec, the leader of the fashion in Government Control, liquor cases have become so numerous and so hopelessly in arrears that a special court has been opened and a special judge appointed to endeavor to deal with them. The Liquor Department has established its headquarters, quite appropriately, in the old jail, which it is continually enlarging to accommodate its growing business. Everyone who knows Montreal and other liquor centres knows that drinking and drunkenness are fearfully rife, that the problems of poverty and of unemployment are further complicated and accentuated by the liquor factor. There are factories, offices and business houses which are at times disorganized because of the inroads of liquor. Agencies of the government for the sale of its wares are having a disastrous effect on the lives of young men and women. Liquor has a close alliance with all the evil underworld elements, and plays its part with drugs, gambling and impurity in blasting the lives of men, women and children. But, say the Ontario Moderationists, "Our Government Control will be something entirely different. It will do all sorts of things for the promotion of sobriety, morality and good order." Well—the very same promises have been made wherever Government Control has been advocated and in no one instance have they been fulfilled. As to that, we have the promise of the Prime Minister that if the act is retained it will be enforced with all the strength of the Government. No

matter how liquor is sold it will quite inevitably do its deadly work. The people of Ontario are called out for their own sake and for their children's sake to defend their province. A victory for the Temperance Act means that the principle of Prohibition will have so showed its strength that when its advocates in future go to the Government to demand improvements in the Act they will be listened to with respect. It means that the liquor invasion of Canada will be definitely checked and that temperance will once more move forward towards the goal of complete national Prohibition, in demanding which the disappointed provinces will be active allies. The future of Canada and of the world lies in the hands of the voters of Ontario. May they prove worthy of the trust!

British Parties

FROM the beginning of the general election campaign now going on in Great Britain it has been a fixed legend on the news pages that there was a saw-off coalition between the Liberals and the Tories, though that was flatly denied at the headquarters of both parties. Lord Beaverbrook who is notoriously working for such a coalition admits that there is none. The Labor leaders, confessing chagrin, insisted that the other parties were in this manner revealing the white feather; and the despatch writers, chiefly American readily adopted that theory in view of the facts. Certain it is that many constituencies which at the last election had to choose between three candidates are now only confronted with two. True, too, that in many of these it is either a Liberal or a Conservative who has dropped out but the reason is too obvious to need accounting for. It is only eleven months since the strength of the same three parties was tested under like conditions in the same constituencies and it is the reverse of strange that in many cases the weakest should drop out. If at that time L. got seven hundred votes and C. got fifteen hundred and S. got two thousand, it would surely be difficult to induce L., or any one in his place, to go to the expense and trouble of getting beaten again, no matter how much the party might want to keep the standard waving or might deprecate C. getting so much better a chance. This is sufficient to account for a good many simplified ridings without any log-rolling. No wonder either if there are more such surrenders in the two older parties than in the Labor party. Both within, and outside of that party it is believed that it has gained ground since it came into responsibility. It has certainly lost nothing in hopefulness. It feels itself in the ascendant and courageously puts on full steam ahead. With its complete organization and its multitudinous spontaneous zeal, Labor can take risks everywhere, at very much less cost than the older organizations.

Political Dispatches

LORD BEAVERBROOK, known in Montreal as Max Aitken, is imitating

Mr. Lloyd George in spreading himself personally in the press, not in splendid weekly syndicated articles, but in daily dispatches. He is under no need of getting a living in that way, nor is he capable of his forerunner's brilliant presentation of things, but he has ambitions of his own and views which he is able in this way to forward. Canadian protectionist, he is inclined to be a leader in some sort of commercialized Conservatism, repudiating on the one hand the impossible Die-hards, who spoil everything they politically handle, and, on the other, making war upon the Socialists, from whom respectability recoils, and with whom commercial privilege is at natural enmity. In this he sees himself thrown close beside Mr. Lloyd George, who, though a native radical, having early in the war been adopted by the Tories as their leader, has ever since shown himself extremely loath to give up that leadership, a craving which has led much to the dislocation of the Liberal party to which he has nominally all along belonged. Not protectionism, as aforetime, but Socialism is his present black beast; but not as Lord Beaverbrook and Clubland fondly imagine, because he has changed his views or his allegiance, but because the former dragon is slain and the new one seems too much alive. Despatches from Pall Mall are colored by what the moneyed classes want; and they, of course, want the Liberal party to go to pieces and to have a capitalistic party emerge. But the more that appears to the people the less it will appeal to them. As democracy advances, we must look for reaction. Tides do not rise with a single wave, but with myriad flows and ebbs, and the tide itself has bounds that it cannot pass.

The Boundary Commission Complete

IN the midst of the elaborate uproar, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald's government has announced the appointment of a third member to the Irish Boundary Commission. Mr. Joseph Fisher is identified with the Ulster Unionist party and was at one time editor of the Belfast News Letter, probably the most influential paper in Northern Ireland. He now practices as a barrister in London, but is still recognized as an authority on Irish affairs. Mr. Fisher is, as he was in his News Letter days, a loyal Ulsterite, but he is not an extremist and believes in conciliation as the true way out of Ireland's difficulties. The task he has undertaken is a thankless one and the chances that he and the other commissioners will succeed in it are regarded as small indeed. To add to the piquancy of the moment "Ulster," "Northern Ireland," or "the Six County Area," being still part of the United Kingdom, is involved in the elections for the parliament at Westminster. Mr. de Valera the "President of the Irish Republic" states that Republicans are going north to contest the elections there, as theirs is the only party in Ireland standing for the unity and sovereignty of the nation. The leader, who has done more to create divisions in Ireland than any man living, says that there could be no peace, pros-

perity, or stability in either part of the country while it is divided. Instinctively however, he recognizes a kindred spirit among the Ulster extremists. He declares that he admires the way the northern people defy English coercion. If, tomorrow, he declaims, there were an Irish call to resist any attempt at British coercion of any section of the people, north or south, there would be anyway one volunteer in the ranks. President de Valera, it may be noticed, is enough of an Irishman to perpetrate a first class "bull!" Continuing, the Republican President says that while the Republicans deny the right of any part of Ireland to secede they would help their countrymen to resist British coercion, and if Sir James Craig wants volunteers to resist British interference, he invites him, to come south for them. This invitation should be highly gratifying to the Ulster "die-hards." An alliance of the northern and southern extremists for defence against "British Coercion" would, perhaps, unite moderate Irishmen, north and south, for cooperation with Britain in her honest endeavor for peace and fair play.

Presidential Complication

THE machinery of American presidential elections perplexes those of us who are not to the manner born. The rules for it are the masterpiece of the fathers of the Constitution in their study of how to keep government out of the hands of the people. The people were not even to choose their chief magistrate. They were to choose electors, so many for a state, who should meet and in their wisdom select the President, who must have a majority of all the electoral votes. All that formality is still gone through, though it is only a form as the names before the people have long been those of the actual party candidates. There were no recognized parties when the wonderful plan was devised; but, so long as there were but two parties, it worked very well, as one or the other had the necessary majority. But the moment there are more parties than two with substantial following, which is liable to be the case hereafter, the whole complexity of the system comes in. The fathers made provision for the contingency of no one having a majority of all the electoral votes. In that case the choice passes over to Congress which, like the electors, must rule by state delegations. Here again a clear majority for one candidate is necessary. Failing this the presidential election is declared void and the vice president is declared president. Meanwhile the same deadlock has likely arisen in the election of vice president in the electoral college. The Constitution decrees that in this case the Senate must elect the vice president from one of the two candidates receiving the most votes in the electoral college.

What Would Result

IN the present election the hope of Senator La Follette is to win sufficient support to create a deadlock in the electoral college. The decision would then rest with the present, not an incoming Congress. As neither party has a majority in Congress, a deadlock would result, and the Presidential elections would be declared void. The Third Party, holding the balance of power in the Senate would support Mr. Bryan against General Dawes. The Nebraskan Governor would be elected Vice president and be immediately elevated to the presidential chair. Many impartial observers say that a situation similar to the above is very likely to occur in this case. Mr. La Follette, already strong in the North western states, is gaining considerably in the east and southwest. He was the prime mover in the investigation that exposed the oil scandals. The Radical Wisconsin champions the farmers' interests. He favors public ownership of railways, the curtailment of the powers of the supreme court. He is a high protectionist, but bitter against Wall street, the only one of the three candidates not in traceable relationship with the Morgan concern. With regard to foreign relations he is narrow in the extreme. Mr. La Follette, though a veteran, is making a whirlwind tour of the country, speaking

daily. The Democratic campaign led by Mr. Davis, is said by his opponents to be proving a disappointment. Attacks on corrupt administration, education on tariff and taxation, and adherence, with reservations to the League of Nations, are the big talking points of the Democratic candidates. Mr. Coolidge, a less impressive personality than either of his rivals, wisely refuses to tour. In an attitude of cool aloofness, he hopes to be borne to success on the capitalistic tide. The brunt of the Republican campaign has been borne by General Dawes, who has directed most of his efforts toward the farmers of the southwest. Mr. Hughes, the Secretary of State has made important contributions to the campaign. It is significant that his attack is directed not at the democrats but at the insurgent La Follette group, as being, in the circumstances described, the most to be feared.

Minor Parties

NOT three, but eight candidates are running for the presidency of the United States. Five of them have not the remotest hope of success. Yet each will have a following of patriotic citizens who will sacrifice their right as voters to some high principle which to them surpasses in importance all party interests and on whose behalf they are in protest against time-serving platforms. The oldest and most successful of these sacrificial movements is that of the Prohibitionists—successful, but not politically. For fifty-five years in various volume they have maintained their testimony, hardly at any time, even within sight of the mountain peak, their proposed objective. But see how their little despised fad has grown till it has engulfed the whole land. They are still in the field, though all the parties are now prohibitionist. Not one of those who, in this way went out into the political wilderness, whether alive today or in Heaven, thinks any of the votes he thus laid on the altar wasted. The other sects—shall we so call them?—consist of various shades of socialists, of which the Henry George movement is the most persistent and robust. It would probably demur to being classed among the Socialists. It has, however, replaced the name Single Tax on its banner by the title Commonwealth Land Party. Mr. William Wallace, who leads this crusade, is a wealthy eastern manufacturer, and represents the extensive class of capable and responsible men who have always recognized the truth of Henry George's central position, namely, that increment in the value of any part of the earth's surface belongs properly, not to the possessor, who may have done nothing to enhance that value, but to the community whose presence and activities confer that value upon it. A true principle is bound sooner or later to translate itself into law. Not forever will men be fined for making improvements which increase surrounding values. Revenue will be collected by the community from the value which the community confers upon the land itself, and which the possessor, therefore, owes to the community. Mr. Wallace adopts Mr. George's entire program, part of which is the abolition of customs barriers between nations, a position with which Christianity and common-sense agree. He would raise the entire revenue by taxation of the annual value of land, excluding improvements. This is ideal, but would involve modifications in a constitutional system which gives powers of taxation to municipal and provincial governments as well as to the national government. How would the single tax be divided among these? The Land Tax has the support of such successful men as Thomas Edison, Henry Ford and King C. Gillette, of razor fame. Ford and Edison are also joint authors of a somewhat unfathomable commodity money plan. It is, no doubt, disturbing to see money becoming continually worthless because gold, on which its value is based, is more and more easily produced. But these sages have not found any commodity or combination of commodities of value, more stable than that of gold on which to base it. Mr. Gillette's recent book "The People's Corporation" ridicules the present system of production and distribution, a condition which certainly invites condemnation. It is absurd that Mr. Gillette's own product, which costs the buyer over five dollars, should cost Mr. Gillette about thirty cents. It is notorious that the chief part of the selling cost of many necessary products is due to the cost of distribution, including advertising. Mr. Gillette claims that twenty per cent of the people could easily do all the work done by the entire popula-

tion, if properly organized. Without entering on the question of what proportion are now the "breadwinners" as we call them, and how the remainder are now employed, we would have to face a very pitiful and disastrous outlook for those not employing their full powers for the good of men. It is interesting at all events to have the shrewd and successful men adding to their great service in business by devoting their powers to eager and inventive thought on social betterment.

Election Funds

IT used to be said in informed Republican quarters in the United States that it took two million dollars to elect a President. That two million or more was the stronghold of the party, for it was not within the reach of the Democrats. If that was the figure in the piping times of peace long before the war, in the natural order to things it should take very much more now. But steps have since then been taken to enquire into slush funds and it is quite interesting to note how they have scuttled into corners. A Senate committee to enquire into campaign funds sitting at Washington under the chairmanship of Senator Borah, summoned the treasurers of the various parties, with this result; Republican campaign fund, \$1,714,314, a considerable portion of that being ear-marked for senatorial and other campaigns. Democratic western headquarters reported \$32,500 of which one of the leaders had contributed five thousand to help them through a pinch. The La Follette treasurer had handled \$190,000 collected mostly in dollar subscriptions. But then each state collects for its own use; so that, in no case does Headquarters know anything about what money is locally spent. It is, indeed, not possible for a Senate committee to investigate every local contest. All election funds ought to be open for investigation and for publication by any one interested in exposing them. Elections carried on by the general contributions of the voters themselves are to the credit of the parties so managed. It would be mightily instructive to be able to examine and publish where the money came from that has been making night hideous in Toronto with blazing lies, a singular tribute to the assumed stupidity of the Toronto people.

Election Contrasts

THE world, just now all alive to constitution building, is having an opportunity of comparing the British and United States systems of election. In Great Britain the people have to be consulted in every emergency. Parliament dissolves, the election is fought and won, and the new government in power all within a month. The American contests wait for their fixed periods and then drag almost over a year. First come the primaries, bitterly fought campaigns in the parties, themselves. These occur about six months before the election. Next are the big party conventions, turbulent and absorbing the nation's attention. Then comes the campaign. And when this is all gone through the nations cannot have the ruler it wants till some five months after he is chosen, possibly long after new issues have taken the attention of the people. The whole thing is planned so as to make the nations choose its rulers without giving them an immediate mandate, or, indeed, as was possibly intended, any instructions at all. Critics of the British system point to present day instability of governments, reciting the fact that the present British election is the third in three years. Well, annual parliaments was the third of the six demands of the Chartists well on for a century ago. The first two the people have long enjoyed, namely manhood suffrage and the ballot. The possibility of frequent reference to the people ensures that the government shall readily respond to the public will. The United States system is one of balances. Instances of the executive being faced by a hostile Congress are common. Under the British system, which is ours, the executive has to have a majority in the people's house and must, therefore, be in harmony with it. Business is said to be poor this year in the United States as it always is during the long turmoil of election years.

The Senate

THE Canadian Senate of today is commonly accused of being at the bidding of money. It is not at the bidding

of the people. It does not even represent any ancient and honored estate of the realm, as the House of Lords is still supposed to do. On contentious matters, it simply does whatever its party majority bids. The House of Lords had to be told that, though it was in parliament to obstruct, and to force the people's house to reconsider, it could no longer be permitted to thwart the well-considered wish of the nation. Mr. Mackenzie King proposes to tell the Canadian Senate the same thing. Mr. Meighen is distressed about it. Probably in the abstract he sees nothing but common sense in the proposed measure. But as he has the majority of the Senate at command just now he very much deprecates it. Moreover, what he sees going on is the influence of the Progressives over government increasing as he succeeds in withdrawing capitalized Liberals from its support, a process in which we wish him all success, and he sees no safety for his backers but in the Senate's obstinacy.

The World's Conscience

LET us get down to facts about the League as they have been shaping it. It has not become a physical force, a super-government to order the world's armaments by word of command. It is, and has proved itself, a mighty moral force to tell the nations what they ought and ought not to do. It speaks in the name of all mankind. It is the world's conscience. Conscience may command but cannot enforce; but when it is the pronounced conscience of all about one it possesses a very considerable weapon of enforcement. If one sees some one run over in the street, conscience may bid him run to offer help, and he is free to obey or disobey. This conscientious obligation increases in proportion to his capacity for helping, if, for instance, he is a policeman or a doctor who has some idea what to do under the circumstances. The public opinion of the crowd will greatly reinforce conscience. If the conscience of the nations is reinforced by a covenanted agreement between them it becomes a commitment not easily spurned. A commitment to what? So far as appears, simply to respect the finding of the League, and to do what one thinks right in the premises. What the League has done is to insist on bringing matters to it or to its tribunals for adjudication and to hold the power that falls in this to be an aggressor, under its condemnation, a condemnation in which civilized mankind would largely share and which would place the offending country more or less outside of the amenities of civilization—a condemnation too, in which many of its own people would share. That is surely a great step toward world peace. But it is short of accomplishment.

The Peace Guarantee

WHAT then about disarmament? That is the question referred to a coming conference. Are the nations around Germany going to disarm on the security of the world's conscience. The United States which is offering leadership in this matter of disarmament has been the most absolute in refusing to take injunctions from any League of Nations, from any power outside of herself, and determinedly refuses to be either physically or morally amenable to any outside organism, great as would be her own influence within that organism. It is, perhaps, to be expected that the greater and more self-contained powers should be the last to bow to the demands of world unity. They are conscious that to whom much is given of them much shall be required, and are specially shy of the obligation, or of taking instruction from lesser peoples. Acceptance of the new order is a work of faith and it is, perhaps, a psychological necessity that faith prevails where power fails. Strange to say, it is a fact that little Denmark, the first of the countries harried by Bismarckian Prussia has been the first, like young David, to lay aside the armor on which giants trust, and go forth in faith in the righteousness of God and the better conscience of the nations. She feels stronger unarmed than armed. Without forestalling the glorious vision of the coming disarmament conference, which will inevitably bring up again the question of the League's right of initiative, in coercive measures, we may at least say, here is a beginning of the good time of mutual confidence that is before the world. If the nations are on the march to the Kingdom of Heaven it may still be true that a little child shall lead them. The Kingdom comes not by force nor by machinery, necessary as that

is in a world of order, but by the warming and solvent power of the divine breath.

Right And Wrong in Business Hours

THE conviction so far of two minor executive officers of the Home Bank will have a much greater effect than the mere punishment of such lesser lights involved in that disgraceful crash. It will serve as a salutary reminder that individuals have responsibilities to outsiders as well as to their employers. Possibly these men may have been more foolish and thoughtless than dishonestly inclined. One man had no fear of arrest till its actual occurrence. But the little regarded fact remains that in the eyes of even earthly law all parties contributing to a crime are guilty. The orders of the "boss" may seem to be the only necessary guide to the employees' course of action. But if this action involves assisting in anything that injures an outside party in any illegal way, then the employee must be prepared to accept the possible consequences. In the case, for instance, of printed libel, the reporter, the editor, the publisher and the printer may all be involved. Usually only the person primarily responsible is prosecuted. But that is no excuse for contributing to the evil deed or action. Right is still right, and wrong, even in business hours. The only safe rule is the golden rule.

Bank Credit

NO infirmity in the Bank Act, but deliberate violation of it, is the burden of Judge Coatsworth's judgment in the case of Sydney H. Jones, who, as Auditor of the Home bank accounts, with ample material for knowing the facts, had failed to point out to the shareholders, his employers, its perilous condition. But for "utter neglect," the Judge said, "he might years ago either have headed off the disaster which finally occurred, or brought to a speedy termination the methods of business which could and did end only in ruin." Mr. Jones's failure, according to the judge, was due to incompetence. Judge Coatsworth, could not understand how the Bankers' Association had seen fit to recommend him to the Minister of Finance as one "deemed by them to be competent." The judge laid stress on the fact that Jones was a shareholders' auditor and as such had their interests in his care, and to that end had at command every source of information necessary for their protection, but "had failed entirely to exercise the care, skill, intelligence and caution which the shareholders were entitled to expect." He had "utterly neglected his obvious duty to report to his employers, the shareholders, the ruinous debt":—

"Sub-sections 17, 18, 19 and 20 of section 56 of the Bank Act, 1913, indicates clearly the wide scope of the powers, duty and authority of a shareholders' auditor."

Mr. Jones, who had had no training as an auditor, claimed that he had been under the impression that his duty was limited to finding that the work of the clerks in the bookkeeping was accurate and the vouchers certified by one of the higher officers and the securities correct in form, regardless of their value. The result was that "had he been employed by those in charge of the business transactions of the bank to protect them from the prying eyes of shareholders he could not more effectively have acted as their screen." It was, indeed, easy for Mr. Jones to suppose that he was doing his whole duty. The shareholders are imagined to be present at the annual meeting of a bank; but it is well-known that they are not. There may voluntarily be a few pragmatical persons there, or a few whipped in, but the management generally hold sufficient proxies to carry anything proposed. The so-called shareholders' auditor is selected by the management to whom he owes his position. He is not placed there to give them trouble, but to save them trouble, and so it comes that while the law prescribes a guardian of the shareholders interests the management engages an outside clerk. It will be remembered that the auditors in the case of other recent bank failures have claimed to have been under the same delusion as to their duties. Only the conviction and sharp punishment of one of them for negligence seems at all likely to make the bank's safeguard effective.

The Zeppelin Flight

THE transatlantic flight, that of the German Zeppelin ZIT 3 opens up 5

vista of wonderful possibilities. The day of the commercial airship is brought closer with its possible effects. On our civilization. It already touches political relations. We read of a Germany "drunk with joy" over the achievement. France, whose representative at the Washington Conference ridiculed the British suggestion for limitation of submarine and aircraft construction, is frankly apprehensive and demands the demolition of the celebrated German Zeppelin plant of Friedrichshafen. Immigration and customs officials of the United States are faced with new problems. Most important, perhaps, will be the realization that the United States is vulnerable to another form of attack, and that she is, therefore, vitally interested in the organizations now in force to prevent misunderstandings. Science may force politics to the conclusion that isolation of any section of the globe is no longer possible.

Our Timber

WE print Mr. Barnjum's eloquent and despondent letter, not to support the thesis of it, but on account of the stirring presentation of a very important interest of our country. At the dawn of Canadian industry was the fur trade. In geography books less than a century old Montreal was labeled and known to the world as "the chief seat of the fur trade." Great fleets of giant canoes holding seventy men and supplies left Lachine every year for the Mackenzie River and back. The next stage was the lumber trade. The middle of last century found the settler living by supplying the needs of the lumberman. To get ready money he sold potash off his farm. The land needed to be cleared; the tree was an enemy to be burned up. At certain seasons the processions of rafts of splended timber, such as is no more, down the St. Lawrence were almost continuous. That stage should not entirely pass away. We have very extensive wildernesses that will produce nothing else but timber. It is our positive duty to conserve and cultivate that crop as other nations do. There is no talk of timber exhaustion in Germany or Sweden, where the forests are carefully guarded and nursed, and where no one may light a match in them except in accordance with the strictest regulations. In comparison with this the facts as stated by Mr. Barnjum are appalling, and he is to be thanked for his frantic efforts to arouse the country to the terrible waste. It is necessary, however, to add that the remedy he insists on, and which he so unreservedly denounces the government for not carrying out, the condemnation applying equally to successive governments, is impossible, and would not accomplish the end if it were carried out. To put an embargo on any export is to open a new commercial war of infinite possibilities in which Canada would necessarily suffer most. There is no excuse for it in necessity or in safety. The embargo would not stop the fires which, according to Mr. Barnjum, have, in an extensive section robbed us of seventy-five per cent of our timber. It would not bid the bud-word cease its ravages. What is more to the point, it would not even check the slaughter of the timber by man. It is not explained why pulp mills will not pay in this country when they pay in the United States more remote from the supply. If it were true we would not hear of the largest plant of all being about to be erected at Three Rivers. The natural working of the embargo would be to give the Canadian mills the pulpwood at their own price, and thus to transfer the exploitation of it, still largely by Americans, to Canada; but not to reduce the tree destruction at all. Why Mr. Barnjum should sell out his timber lands, which he tells us are in a year or two about to go up in panic prices, he does not make clear to us. But what the country can learn from his excited statement is that the provinces, for it is a provincial matter, are allowing their chief government asset to go to waste, whether through graft or negligence or lack of means is not explicitly stated.

The Unusual Mr. Ford

THE wizard, who in the Prince's presence is said to have, in eleven minutes, as with a wave of his wand, produced out of countless parts a splendid chariot which the Prince could mount and drive, continues to add to his reputation as a remarkably unusual character. He has withdrawn his offer to acquire from the American government the huge water power developments "the Muscle Shoals."

These immense works were partly completed by the government during the war and were intended for the production of nitrates and other necessary chemicals on a gigantic scale. Cities, railways, huge factories as well as the enormous dams were included in the development. After the war the work stopped and the entire scheme was abandoned. For over three years the works were considered a white elephant on the hands of the government. Situated on the Tennessee river in northern Alabama, southerners were vitally interested in the completion of the work. They made strenuous efforts to interest capitalists in taking over the project. As a last hope a representative interviewed Henry Ford. The motor car king rushed for the next train. In a few weeks he made a gigantic cash offer to acquire the development for one hundred years. The American legislators have been considering his offer for two years. President Coolidge favors its acceptance; Cynias said Mr. Ford withdrew as a presidential candidate on that account. The offer was to have been dealt with immediately at the next meeting of Congress. Now Mr. Ford cancels his offer. There is consternation in Tennessee and dismay in Washington. Productive business cannot wait for two years for a decision that requires only one week, says the auto magnate. He proposes to substitute a mammoth electrical development scheme at his recently acquired coal fields in Kentucky. Henry Ford has a genius for shocking people. He is one of the world's richest men—yet a bitter enemy of Wall street. He favors the substitution for the gold basis of money, a currency based on annual crop values. Tightly pressed by Jewish bankers, he acquired the Dearborn Independent primarily to fight the Jew. He asserts that the city as an institution is doomed, claiming that factory production is destined to take place in smaller, healthier communities, and that coming transportation facilities and congestion will render the city impossible. He antagonizes the medical profession by establishing a hospital on a one-charge for all basis. He refuses to give charity but employs thousands of disabled men, unable to get work elsewhere. Mr. Ford openly defends the Ku Klux Klan. A noted democrat, he nevertheless monopolizes royalty. The author of the famous peace expedition, he now claims that in the event of another European war America should go in at once and "clean up the whole bunch." Truly, the unusual Mr. Ford.

Strenuous Lives

TWO game Britishers, and these the very highest, excepting the King, were spilled in one day. The Prince of Wales, at Toronto, went through his approved ritual of being thrown from a horse; at least so it was told of him; yet got up again and followed the hounds, danced in the evening, and pursued his royal calling of unceasing social functions without a break. The Prime Minister, equally in character, was precipitated with all his company by the collapse of a hustings—hustings is the proper word when the stuff vended upon it is election politics—and immediately found some new eminence from which to finish his speech, one of a dozen per diem, with which he was taxing his throat, the only rebel against his unceasing herculean labors. The throat, however, at length got the better of him and, much as his utterances were sought after and important as they were in the strife, he had to cease misusing his most important organ. Thus, filling very contrasted parts in our constitution, neither is sparing himself in the empire's service, the one as a magnetic centre of goodwill among men, the other as doing gigantic things in realizing and organizing goodwill between nations, each in the sphere of life in which he finds himself. People in the limelight are open to criticism, some of it called for. The King's son showed too much compliance by joining in a ball after Sunday midnight, even if among people who count that a festive day. But judge as we may, we find that the high places of service are strenuous, and on the other hand, that a life of ease accomplishes nothing worth remembering. It is, on the other hand, true that there is no condition in which, by whole-hearted and unreserved devotion to the service that is open to him, a man cannot be truly great. "We can make our lives sublime and departing leave behind us, foot-prints on the sands of time." There is, indeed, no simple act that is not eternal in its results and no one can measure its effects for

making or marring the ages to come.

A Unionist Message

IN view of the solemn decision which now presents itself before the conscience of individual Presbyterians, the Union Committee of that church has broadcast a circular setting forth that the union involves no disturbance of the life of any Presbyterian congregation that joins it or the abrogation of any of its usages or privileges. Membership in the pan-Presbyterian council will continue. Indeed, one of the Scottish general assemblies has already sent congratulations joined with the prayer for the richest blessing of God on the life and activities of the United Church of Canada. Separation from the Church that is entering the union means separation from the vast majority of the ministers, elders and people. Of the sixteen living ex-moderators only one is not for union. Separation would mean cutting loose from the west which is practically moving solid into union. It would be separation from foreign missions as more than ninety-five per cent of the missionaries are entering the union. The circular foresees visionless isolation and contentious unrest for congregations that cut themselves off from the forward movement of their church in this new day when all men are seeking to minimize differences and when the great needs of the country—so cry for united work.

No one can come to his best until he has learned to give his best.

STOLEN SHEAVES

I often go a-harvesting—
Some think I go in vain,
And mock me of my garnering;
They think I get no grain
Because I bear no sickle—I:
Their skeptic gaze deceives—
Were they not blind and could but spy
How winsome are my sheaves!

I often go a-harvesting
In fields I never sowed;
And strange!—though thick the sheaves I bring,
No one can miss the load:
Ay, though I reap my neighbor's hill
Of all I wish that's fair,
And ever harvest with a will—
None know that I've been there.

I often go a-harvesting—
Such plenty fortune sends,
Throughout the year from Spring to Spring
My harvest never ends:
Why, even the tares turn into wheat
Quite contrary to law;
And ah, the flour I grind is sweet,
Such bread you never saw.

I often go a-harvesting:
My barn is in my brain,
And there I thresh, and fan, and sing
Through sunshine and through rain.
As fancy plies her airy flail,
Between the dreamful blows
The loveliness of hill and vale
Again my spirit knows.

I often go a-harvesting—
It is a happy art;
I gather in my wandering
The food that feeds my heart.
Perhaps it is not truly right,
Yet who will term it wrong
Since all are welcome to my light
And little loaves of song?
—Samuel Minturn Peck, in Boston
Transcript.

CHINA'S CHRISTIAN ARMY

(By George T. B. Davis)

First in America, and later in Australia and New Zealand, I had heard reports of General Feng and his Christian army. Recently I travelled nearly half-way round the world to work in the army, and to give the men the Word of God. And now, after four months in Pekin; after studying the army at first-hand, from the private soldier to the commanding officer; can say—like one who long ago travelled far to see a famous man and his work in another Eastern land,—“The half was not told me.”

The more I study the army, the more I am amazed by the sheer marvel of it. Think of it! A dozen years ago a man was converted in Pekin. He was an army officer, a major in command of 500 men. He was not allowed to openly preach Christ to his men in the military quarters. He had to send them out of the barracks to the churches of Pekin to hear the Gospel proclaimed. To-day that convert of a dozen years ago is the Defender of Pekin; and his army—of whom probably two-thirds have openly avowed their faith in Christ—is not only the most inspiring native force for righteousness in China, but it is the strongest military influence for stability in distraught China.—It is the most remarkable army, morally and

spiritually—with the possible exception of Cromwell's Ironsides—in modern times. "This is the Lord's doing; it is marvellous in our eyes."

After an American military man had spent two weeks studying the Christian army, he said: "They are the best soldiers in China." But the army is not merely a military organization. It is a big Christian school for the common people, where the young men—for it is an army of young men—are given physical, industrial, mental, spiritual, and military training.

The Soldier-students, as they may be termed, enlist for at least three years, which is the equivalent in time of a four years' college course, for they have no vacations. There is a strict schedule of work and study from the rising bugle in the morning to "lights out" at night. In the summer the men rise at 4 a.m. The first order of the day after dressing is a bit of spiritual drill. They assemble by companies in the open air in the quiet of the early dawn. The captain leads in the singing of a Gospel hymn. Then all heads are reverently bowed while an officer or corporal or private soldier prays earnestly for God's blessing upon the army and the duties of the day.

Physical drill follows spiritual. Then the men go out for a twenty minutes' run, and clamber up and down curious little mounds with steps, to make them fit for mountain-climbing, and for the day's program of study and work. Then comes military drill, followed by various forms of physical training, industrial work, study of Chinese, moral lectures, a noon prayer meeting, and so on. From morning until night there is a varied program of study and work and worship.

The army is up-to-the-minute in physical fitness, as might be expected where there is an absence of immorality, wine-drinking, and cigarette-smoking. The men are alert, athletic, clear-eyed, strong-muscled.

Sir James Startin, a retired Admiral of the British Navy, who recently visited Pekin, was much impressed with the fine physique of the men. He was also delighted with the feats they performed on the horizontal bars. The other day I saw a soldier do the full swing nearly a dozen times in succession, just in their ordinary practice.

A striking feature of the army-school is its industrial branch. This was started by General Feng in order that many of the men might learn a trade while in the army, and have a means of support on their return home. As you pass through one room after another you see the young men busily engaged in making shoes and clothes, knitting stockings, weaving rugs, boiling soap, and making chairs and other articles of furniture. When one set of men have learned a trade, another lot takes their place. But the most interesting and striking phase of the army life is its spiritual side. In my early visit to the camp the thing that most impressed me was the sight of a hundred or more men standing outside a mess-room, before a meal, singing a Gospel Hymn. Then all heads bowed while someone led in prayer; not a few formal phrases, but an earnest petition, often of some length. And imagine my surprise when calmly informed that this was the custom throughout the entire army before each of the two meals of the day!

Later I witnessed a still more striking scene that occurs at noon each day. At twelve o'clock a gun is fired. At ten minutes past twelve the men gather by companies outside their various quarters for half an hour of Bible-reading and prayer. Sometimes the meeting is conducted by the captain; sometimes the companies are divided into smaller groups in charge of a Corporal. First a hymn is sung, then a chapter in the New Testament is read, verse about, often with brief explanations, followed by a number of earnest petitions from the men as well as the officers. It is really "family worship" for the day. Just as a father gathers his family about him for Bible-reading and prayer, so the captains and corporals of the army conduct the service for those committed to their care. And it is a singing as well as a Bible-reading and praying army. How the men love to sing the old hymns that are favourites at home! They sing the first thing in the morning, they sing at noon, they sing the last thing at night. They sing at meetings, they sing before meals, they sing as they march.

The favorite Hymn of the Army is "Onward, Christian Soldiers." Some others that the troops especially enjoy are: "Stand up, stand up for Jesus! Ye soldiers of the Cross"; "Room for thee"; "All people that on earth do dwell," and "O happy day." It was a joy and privilege to be called to labor among such a unique and interesting body of men, and to give them the Word of God.

—The Christian Herald.

Hard tack, similar to the war biscuit supplied to modern armies, was an article of food for the Roman soldiers in the second century.

EFFECT OF ALCOHOL ON LIFE

An Insurance Estimate

The following address was delivered by A. C. McEown, district manager of the Confederation Life Association at the monthly meeting of the Life Underwriters' Association, Saskatoon:

There are three classes of men that are not much in demand as salesmen at present: Those who do not tell the truth, those who spend part of their time in poker, and those who are addicted to the use of alcoholic liquors.

Mr. Chairman.—I do not wish to approach this discussion from an argumentative standpoint, but in a search for truth. The Good Book says: "The truth will make you free." Therefore if we can find from reliable sources the effects of alcohol on the human system we will be able to come to a reasonable conclusion for or against the use of alcohol for beverage purposes.

In "The World Book", published in 10 Vols. by W. F. Quarrie, O. E., Toronto, edited for Canada by Geo. H. Lack, Librarian, Toronto Public Library, referring to alcoholic drink, he says: "Of all substances in common use by mankind alcohol has proved the most defective. Taken ordinarily to stimulate and to strengthen its main effect is always to slow and depress activity and to weaken. The brief, temporary, deceptive effect of small and moderate doses, with many people, is to cheer and exhilarate, but this condition soon goes away to more prolonged phases of dullness and misery, ill temper and irritability. The Truth sets men free. Science is slowly analyzing and explaining all these contradictory effects, and the truth is growing clearer. Alcohol is being more and more banished from use. Its last stronghold in medical practice is fast breaking up. Staff physicians in leading hospitals are abandoning alcohol entirely and are using in its stead milk and other nutrients and other drugs of known physiological effects.

"There has lately been undertaken at the Nutrition Laboratory of the Carnegie Institute at Washington a very broad and comprehensive study of the effects of moderate doses of alcohol on the healthy and normal human body. The immense scope of the investigation planned may be judged by the fact that under physiological division of research, as laid out by Professor Raymond Dodge and F. G. Benedict, there are seven main sections and one hundred and sixty subdivisions. The program has been arranged after conference, either in person or by letter, with the leading physiologists of the world, and may take some years to complete."

Just a few further references: Emil Krepelin and his pupils have contributed more extensively to our knowledge on this subject. According to such authorities, a half to a whole litre of beer is sufficient to lower intellectual power, to impair memory, and to retard simple mental processes, such as the addition of simple figures, and the free associations of ideas are interfered with. It is now conceded that alcohol is not a real brain stimulant; but acts by narrowing the field of consciousness. By gradually overcoming the higher brain elements the activities of the lower ones are released, hence the so-called stimulation and the lack of judgment and common sense often shown by those even slightly under the influence of alcohol.

Decreases Organic Deficiency

According to the investigators, the effect is to "decrease organic efficiency." This should shut off such little debates as still persist with respect to alcohol having any value as a direct heart stimulant.

In 1914 at the annual meeting of the National Council of Safety, at which there were present representatives from several hundred large industries, the members unanimously voted to abolish liquor from their plants. It has been well stated by Queneel that "work and alcohol do not belong together", especially when the "work demands wide-awakeness, attention, exactness and endurance."

The restrictive and prohibitive measures of European Governments, and the warning uttered by Lord Kitchener and leading British statesmen, are sufficient evidence that the condemnation of alcohol represents the deliberate judgment of the world's strongest men.

One of the recent authoritative scientific summaries of the evidence relating to the effects of alcohol on mankind is the report of the Committee appointed by the Central Control Board (Liquor Traffic) of Great Britain headed by Lord Abercorn and composed of eight other eminent educators, physiologists and pharmacologists. The report issued in 1918 is entitled: "Alcohol in its action on the Human Organism;" and it is extremely conscientious and conservative in its tone, yet the following main conclusions were expressed:

- That the main action of alcohol (apart from the effects of its continued excessive use) is confined to the nervous system;
- That alcohol is narcotic rather than stimulating in action;
- That its nutritional value is strictly limited;

(d) That its habitual use as an aid to work is physiologically unsound.

Medical Men Favor Prohibition

At the meeting of the American Medical Association held on June 6, 1917, Dr. Charles H. Mayo, the noted surgeon, in his presidential address stated that the only legitimate use for alcohol was in the arts and sciences, and its use in medicine had become greatly restricted because less menacing drugs and remedial measures could be used instead. He stated that the medical profession would welcome national prohibition.

At a later meeting the House of Delegates of the American Medical Association passed the following resolution: "Whereas we believe that the use of alcohol is detrimental to the human economy, and whereas its use in therapeutics as a tonic or stimulant or for food has no scientific value; therefore, 'Be it resolved, 'That the use of alcohol as a therapeutic agent should be further discouraged."

Entirely apart from moral grounds, the judgment of the majority of scientific men is against even so-called moderate use of alcohol. They now boldly state that medical men, lawyers, business men and patriotic citizens who wish to best serve their country with efficiency in body and mind should stand behind the enforcement measure for suppression of the liquor traffic.

Dr. Arthur Dean Bevan, in his presidential address in June, 1918, said further: "I want to plead for the united action of the organized medical profession of this country to secure prohibition by law against the injury that drink is doing to our people, not as a political measure but as the most important public health measure that could be secured. There can be no doubt of the injurious effects of alcoholic drinks on both the physical and mental well-being of our population. There can be no doubt that the greatest single factor we can control in the interests of the public health of the nation would be the elimination of alcoholic drinks.

The researches of Hordin and Silva also have lately shown that there are, in fact, no vitamins in beer, as has been claimed, and thus disappears another alleged "food value." Beer is simply booze, and it cannot be shown to have any other claim on popular favor.

How Liquor Affects Life Insurance

What effect has liquor on the mortality in life insurance risks? Taking live British companies and one on the temperance and general plans, Mr. Roderick McKenzie Moor, actuary of the United Kingdom Temperance and General Provident Institution of London, England, has this to say, and the same will apply to the Scottish Temperance Life Company of Glasgow and the Manufacturers of Toronto, which took over the Temperance and General. He said: "The abstainers' class was not nursed or favored to produce a low mortality. So far as could be determined they were of the same general class as non-abstainers. They were written by the same group of agents, for the same kind of policies, for the same average amounts, and were in the same walks of life, and of the same financial condition. Both sections were about equal in number, and both sections were selected with care. The following were the result:

"The United Kingdom Temperance and General of London, for 33 years—the expected mortality, 100 p.c.; non-abstainers' ratio actually was 90 p.c.; abstainers' ratio actually was 65 p.c.; The Scottish Temperance and General Life of Glasgow, expected mortality for 35 years, 100 p.c.; non-abstainers' ratio was 70 p.c.; abstainers' ratio actually was 52 p.c.

"The actual experience of 43 American life insurance companies for the period of twenty years as to the comparative mortality among users of alcohol are as follows:

- Death rate among insured lives generally medico-actuarial table estimated. 100 p.c.
- Death rate among policyholders using two glasses of beer or 1 glass of whiskey daily 115 p.c.
- Death rate among policyholders giving history of past inebriation, but apparently cured. 150 p.c.
- Death rate among policyholders using more than two glasses of beer or one glass of whiskey daily, but regarded as temperate and standard risks 185 p.c.

The San Francisco Examiner says: "Success, in the usual sense, means success in business. The great businesses of the modern world are not founded on lies, nor cheating, nor profiteering, nor graft; they are founded on honesty, integrity, good faith and good will."

Mr. Babson's Testimony

The great banker and financial expert, Mr. Babson, of Chicago, speaking of what is success, said: "That he tried to create men rather than create profits, but in creating men he made for his bank a tremendous number of friends, and thereby developed a large and successful business. He sought young men who, he thought were grieved with the right principles and who had success qualities. These young men would almost without exception make good and they have to-day become the great merchants of the central west. Furthermore, he loaned only to enterprises which he believed were beneficial to the city, and which helped create in people the right desires, purposes and ambitions. He never would loan to the liquor interests; he backed only the more desirable theatres, and he recognized the needs of the better newspapers and other growing organizations. He believed that most bank losses come through loaning either to illegitimate enterprises or else to men who are not grounded in the fundamentals of righteousness."

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CONSIDER THE CHILDREN

Dr. Campbell Morgan Pleads With Ontario Voters to Safeguard Future Generations.

"The chance for the child is the slogan of God in man's march to the City of God," declared Rev. Dr. G. Campbell Morgan to a congregation which filled Dominion Methodist church, Ottawa, in connection with Dr. Morgan's special mission in Ottawa.

Preaching from Zachariah 8-5, Dr. Morgan practically made it a moral impossibility for any of his large company of hearers to vote for any going back on prohibition in Ontario. The text was: "And the streets of the city shall be full of boys and girls playing in the streets thereof." Dr. Morgan demonstrated that his text went to the roots of civic and home life. The streets of the city must be fit for boys and girls to play in, and the boys and girls must be fit to play in the streets. Dr. Morgan at the end of his powerful discourse said that he would far rather discuss principles than make application of them. "You can make the application on October 23," he remarked significantly.

"It is not a question as to whether you have a right to take wine," added the great preacher. "It is not a question of personal liberty. It is a question of whether Ontario is to be a province in which, at least comparatively, the little children are to be safe. Put your child in the midst, and have done with policy, and cunningness, and the right of the individual," thundered the preacher with tremendous emphasis. "Have done also with all that absurd argument, because some man broke a law, therefore that law is to be abrogated. Take your boy and girl and vote as if you think they should be free from everything that blasts and blights. The question has long been decided as to the influence of the liquor trade on the lives of children," said the doctor.

"Are you going to give the bairns a chance to play as near as you can to the ideal of God? In that is the whole question of the well-being of the city and province." Dr. Morgan said it was also a question of Empire, and he spoke as one born in a country where drink spread its blighting influence. "Friend," declared the doctor, "I would rather imprison you than let you blast and blight the children."

"Stand by the child and march a little nearer to the ideal of the City of God," was the doctor's final exhortation.

From Garden to City.

Dr. Morgan pointed out that the Bible opens with a garden and closes with a city. "The Bible is a record of man's persistent passion for a city, and his inability to build one; of God's determination that it shall be built, and its realization," said the preacher. In the end two cities are visualized. Jerusalem, "The Bride of the Lamb," and Babylon, "The Mother of Harlots." The last word of Babylon is "Babylon is Fallen, is Fallen." The last word of The City of God is: "The tabernacle of God is with men." That would be, said the preacher, when the city of God has been established on earth. To lose the vision of God's ultimate was also to lose inspiration for man's immediate, urged Dr. Morgan.

In introducing his theme the learned preacher remarked that probably there would be an element of surprise in some that the Bible says anything about play at all. There was probably further surprise that the Bible put boys and girls together in their play. Furthermore, additional surprise would be occasioned perhaps by the fact of the children playing in the streets. Dr. Morgan maintained, however, these were things of the Divine thought and the Divine intention.

"Woman's Sphere."

After indicating man's passion for a city, Dr. Morgan took a rap at the popular remark about: Woman's Sphere. "Woman hasn't got a sphere," said

the doctor, and lest that should surprise some of the women-folk, the doctor hastened to add, neither has man. "Man is a hemisphere," added the doctor, "and so is woman," and when the two were together God's ideal is realized. Dr. Morgan said he did not profess to explain or understand the Trinity. "But in God I see fatherhood, motherhood—the brooding spirit—and the Eternal Son."

Dr. Morgan later declared that all Hebrew ritual and ceremony was created by God in the interests of the child. Dr. Morgan instanced The Passover, and the memorial stones erected after the crossing of Jordan so that when the children asked: What mean ye by this, the parents should explain.

Dr. Morgan said that Abraham started out for the city of God. Isaiah had visions of it; so had John in his Revelation.

"But you would be desperately sorry for your children if they were to play in the streets of London, New York, or Ottawa, with all its beauties," added the doctor, who said that he would want to be directed to such cities as make their streets fit for children to play in.

"God's thought for childhood is that it shall play," was another of the doctor's striking declarations. Dr. Morgan defined play as the output of energy in response to desire without any idea of profit accruing.

A Day As a Child.

Dr. Morgan amid laughter urged those men present who were inclined to doubt the output of energy on the part of their children to stay home for a day and do exactly as their child did and see if the end of the day did not find them "dogtired." The preacher took a great drive at what he called "cornering play," or professionalism. "Cornering play is the damnation of play," declared the preacher. He said that all sports is cursed by professionalism and he spoke not as a kill-joy, but as a lover of sport. "If it can ever be," declared the doctor in another telling point, "that the children can ever have their proper environment, the children will play themselves into their work."

Dr. Morgan said that one of the curses of the present age is attempts to arrange children's play. Illustrating his point the doctor gave an instance of a boy of his acquaintance who was in high glee when the doctor visited his home at securing a book for which he had saved up "twelve halfpennies." Dr. Morgan said he thought the book must be some great story. To his surprise it was a first elementary primer on physiology. "Today," said the doctor, "that boy is chief medical officer in Calcutta."

Boys and Girls Play.

Dr. Morgan strongly depreciates keeping boys and girls apart in their play. According to his text that is not God's idea. The boy will give strength to the girl, and the girl exercise refining influences over the boy.

Demonstrating his points about the city being fit for the children to play in, the doctor said there would be no smoke, nuisance, drainage would be good, and the speed of vehicles would be strictly regulated, and the direction vehicles should be allowed to travel. This was the physical side of it. But on the mental side no books would be displayed to bring the blush of shame, and no placards to inflame the passions of youth and maiden.

As to fitness of children to play on the streets, Dr. Morgan said that would depend on the home life. From the home the child took such influences determined its fitness to mix and play with other children.

Dr. Morgan paid tribute to the beauties of Ottawa and urged that its citizens must labor to make it like the City of God. Its influence would then extend throughout province, Dominion and Empire. It was then Dr. Morgan urged no going back on the prohibition question.

Chancellor H. P. Whidden, of McMaster University, Toronto, and Rev. T. E. Holling chairman of the General Ministerial Association, with Rev. Dr. F. A. Robinson, conducted the devotional exercises.—Ottawa Citizen.

An honest Government can reduce bootlegging to a minimum; but who is to curb a liquor trafficking government?

The liquor interests dwell on the "MUST NOT" of Prohibition. Then they proceed to "MUST NOT" themselves by saying the people of Ontario must not keep out a dangerous foe.

Convicted as a menace to society the liquor traffic tries to regain a measure of public favor by appearing as the most effective measure of prohibition that can be devised or enforced. But it is the devil's own way to appear as an angel of light.

The Quebec Liquor Law--How It Works

Is This What Ontario Wants?

(By Judge S. P. Leet, in the Congregation- alist)

The liquor laws of the Province of Quebec are spoken of by their friends as "Government Control." The only thing that can in any way be called Government control is that strong liquors cannot be sold to be drunk on the premises. Although only one bottle may be sold at a time, there is no restriction as to the number of times a day a customer may buy a bottle.

The system in Quebec is simply one of Government sale. The Government uses all the ordinary means of advertising its wares and extending its business as were used under the license system. The permit under the present system is simply a license under the license system.

In to-day's Montreal Gazette there are advertised William Penn Whiskey, Sandy Macdonald, Canadian Club Whiskey, Hill & Underwood, London Dry Gin, Gilbey's Invalid Port and Young's Mountain Dew Scotch Whiskey. Now, whether the Quebec Liquor Commission directly pays for these Ads. or not, I do not know, but they are in the list of whiskeys sold only by the Liquor Commission. The Liquor Commission has issued a booklet, 6 1-2 inches by 4 3-4 inches, of 48 pages, with colored pictures of bottles of different whiskeys and wines, and suggestions how they are to be used, 16 pages of which is taken up with the price list of its goods, wines and whiskeys.

Beers are not sold by the liquor commission directly, but are sold by "permit" holders, who get their supplies directly from the brewers. The brewers have to render an account to the Government and pay the Government a commission of 5 per cent. Brewers are not allowed to sell to any but permit holders, but they do sell for delivery in places which are under prohibitory by-laws without let or hindrance by the Government. Last year Stanstead and Missisquoi Counties were under the Scott Act. Although the Provincial Governments are specially charged by the B. N. A. Act with the administration of justice in the Province, our Provincial authorities absolutely decline to prosecute in these counties, but said if the Scott Act is repealed we will see to it that the Liquor Act is enforced. The result is that more liquor is sold than before, and there is no practical difference as to bootlegging. I have a letter from a person in Missisquoi county, saying that recently a raid was made and some booze seized: a few hours after a new lot was received and the business went on as before. He says there are many places in the county where it is openly sold illegally.

The Government absolutely declines to do anything to prevent illegal selling in places where they cannot issue permits, illegal selling is quite as rampant as under the old license system.

In the old license days in the cities an applicant for a license had to get a number of signers to his application and it had to be posted in a public place, and there was provision for opposing the granting of it. In the rural parts the application had to be O.K.'d by the municipal council, and might be opposed. This is all done away with now.

Recently, it was rumored that the Liquor Commission was going to open a Commission store in Notre Dame de Grace ward, where there had never been a liquor store before. The parish priest and all the ministers in the ward made objection to the Commission, but to no purpose. The Commission said many had asked for it, but they declined to give the number or their names. The store was opened and is now doing business.

One of the worst features of the system is the changed status of the business. Under the old license system liquor-selling was considered an unsavory business, and bartenders and liquor sellers were under some disabilities, but now the business is a Government business and the sellers elevated to the position of civil servants.

While now strong liquors are not sold by the glass and no treating is allowed, probably public drunkenness arising from that custom is not as prevalent. I do not think that less of such liquor is sold, as it is now bought by the bottle and taken home to tempt and to be drunk by the whole family, which was very little done before.

As to beer and wine drinking, there is no doubt it has much increased. Indeed, the liquor commission has said publicly it desires to encourage the drinking of beers and light wines.

The present system is worse than the old license system in that—

1. The municipalities and the electors have less control of it.
2. Private prosecution is taken away.
3. There is little doubt that more alcoholic liquor is sold than under the license system.
4. The demoralizing effects on the public generally, and especially on the children and youths, is greater than ever before.

Montreal, Sept. 9th.

Note:—Judge Leet, for many years police magistrate and Judge of Sessions, Montreal, speaks with authority on the working of the Quebec Liquor Law.

FOREST RESOURCES OF CANADA

(To the Editor of the Witness)

Sir:—After spending the best part of the last three years, since my retirement from active participation in business, together with a very considerable fortune in trying to arouse Canadians to a sense of their duty in connection with our fast-vanishing forest resources, I have about arrived at the conclusion that the cause of forest conservation in Canada might as well be abandoned. I realize that the public is keenly interested but I find that an insurmountable stumbling block appears when it comes to the politicians and exploiters who can see nothing beyond their own petty interests and to whom the public welfare is a joke.

When I see the cold-blooded indifference displayed by the government at Ottawa it makes me ashamed of my Canadian citizenship. I have decided, therefore, to offer every acre of land, my pulp mills, farms, houses and whatever other property I own in Nova Scotia for sale to the first buyer who comes along and to join in the exodus to another country. I am so disgusted with recent revelations that I do this notwithstanding my conviction that timberlands will double in value within two years. When the interests become fully aware as to just how small the remaining supply really is there will be a panic in timberland prices, but nothing will compensate one for living in a country in which he has entirely lost all faith of its future.

I am convinced that the government, after paltering with this issue for many months, has no serious intention of dealing with it in the only way possible to bring relief, and that no restrictions will be imposed upon the shipment of unmanufactured wood from freehold land so long as there is a tree left in Canada.

Personally, I have no desire to live in a treeless country, a condition which Canada is fast approaching, and when I look around and see what other countries are doing for the preservation of their forests while Canada is doing nothing, there seems to be no good reason why I should.

But before departing from the land of my birth I want to leave a few serious thoughts with my fellow countrymen.

The present combination of politicians, exploiters and American gold are running and ruining Canada to-day. This combination is too powerful for the people in their present apathetic state to cope with. If the people really knew what was going on behind the scenes it would lead to a revolt. The members of the government, although paid by the people, are not their servants but their autocratic masters. Even the Bible speaks of "the servant when he reigneth." The interests of the people are entirely subservient to theirs; they must retain power regardless of its consequences to the country. When a by-election is on the word is passed around that it must be won no matter at what cost. Immediately Ottawa is depleted of its great galaxy of orators who proceed to the scene of action. Between their eloquence, their cajoling, their intimidation and their campaign funds the poor voter has little chance to exercise his intelligence. The spectacle is so humiliating to red-blooded Canadians that it is small wonder that the exodus from Canada the past year has been the greatest in the history of the country.

Criminal deception is being practiced with regard to the forest resources of Canada, and I challenge the Government to reveal the true situation.

Do the public know that an aerial survey of the territory north of the St. Lawrence and east of the Saguenay has revealed the astounding fact that that whole territory is seventy-five per cent. burnt?

Do the public know that in the Province of Quebec alone between six and nine million acres were burned over during the single season of 1923, instead of three million acres as announced by the Government of that province (which is, God knows, sufficiently appalling) and that despite this perfectly colossal shrinkage in our standing supply, exports of raw wood go on unchecked?

Do the people know that the very existence of the great pulp and paper industry is threatened, not only through the premature exhaustion of its raw material supply—but through ruinous competition brought about by the furnishing of cheap raw material to its competitors in the United States?

Do the people know that while Canadian mills have been reduced to operating

at 80 per cent. or less of their capacity, American mills, owing their existence entirely to imported Canadian wood, are running 100 per cent and upwards?

Do the people know there is not a pulp company in Canada that is making any profits—many being already in the hands of a receiver—or that the paper companies, if they were charging off adequate amounts for depreciation and depletion of their timber limits through insects, fungi, fire wind and cutting would be running at a loss?

Do the people know that pulpwood exported to the United States cost the Americans only \$9.77 per cord while the wood used by Canadian mills cost the Canadian manufacturers \$13.33 per cord? (These figures are both taken from the report of the Department of Trade and Commerce.)

Do the people know that a cord of exported wood leaves in Canada a matter of \$10.00 while a cord of wood manufactured into paper enriches the country to the extent of \$50.00 to \$60.00?

Do the people know that our wood-using industries are second only to agriculture as revenue producers and that the failure of the pulp and paper industry alone would bring this country close to bankruptcy?

Do the people know that the only measure that can possibly stabilize this industry to-day is an embargo on the exportation of its raw material?

Nature is proclaiming on every hand that this continent has already been overdenuded of forest cover. This is seen in the alternate floods, droughts, vast forest fires, tornadoes, late and early frosts and consequent failure and loss and damage to crops. In other words, Nature's whole equilibrium is being upset by the ruthless hand of the exploiter.

An expert witness to this condition is Gene Stratton Porter, one of the greatest Nature students on this continent, who says:

"The even temperature and the rains every three or four days which we knew in childhood are things of the past. Summer in these days means to scorch for

weeks at a stretch with unrelieved heat; and in the same state in which I was born, it has become necessary for the sons of the men who wasted the woods and the waters to put in overhead sprinkling systems in order to grow their garden vegetables while windmills and irrigation are becoming common.

"In my childhood my father planted grain with the same certainty of having a full crop that he had of having alternate day and night. To-day the farmer on my land has no more idea whether he will get a paying yield from the wheat, corn and potatoes that he puts into the ground than he has as to whether the next cyclone will blow his house into the lake or pass a few yards on the other side of it.

"We, as a nation, have already, in the most wanton and reckless waste the world has ever known, changed our climate conditions and wasted a good part of our splendid heritage. The question now facing us is whether we shall do all that lies in our power to save comfortable living conditions for ourselves and the spots of natural beauty that remain for our children."

Small as the supply in the United States now is, it is vastly in excess of the remaining stand in Canada, consequently this warning applies with double force to this Dominion.

I have no ambition to figure as a lone crusader. I have done what I could to call attention to conditions and to bring about an improvement. If the government is so indifferent to the country's necessities and so derelict in its own duties, there is no earthly reason why I should continue to exhaust my strength and give of my means to try to force upon them something they apparently do not want. This is why, after much careful consideration and much searching of spirit I have decided to dispose of everything I own in Canada and join the trek to another country.

FRANK J. D. BARNJUM.

Montreal, October 17th, 1924.

NOW! while the Iron Is Hot STRIKE!

The time has now come when those who believe in prohibition with all their hearts and souls must go forward. It is not enough to attempt to repel an attack here or an onslaught there. The best defence is offence. The whole line must go forward.

It is as poor strategy to confine effort to provincial prohibition as in the old days to focus effort on local option. These were but important steps to the goal. It is now essential to treat the problem as a national problem, that will only be effectively solved when Canada, from coast to coast, and when North America from the Arctic to the Gulf of Mexico, is utterly and completely dry. Let us go after an effective law—a Dominion law, now. It will be a long fight, and a hard fight, but it will be effective. In the end it will be a great, glorious and final victory.

There is work to be done. One of the first necessities is to spread the printed truth about the liquor traffic. The Witness can certainly claim its place in this. For generations, as far as the national newspapers were concerned, it was as a lone voice crying in the wilderness for

prohibition. It has never ceased to fight for this cause—never slackened its efforts. The Witness will continue to fight till full and final victory is obtained.

We do not ask your help in this. We offer co-operation with you in your efforts for your home, your community, your country. You likely realize that publishing a paper like the Witness is not a profitable venture. Only their outside resources enable the publishers to carry on at all. We, therefore, have no hesitation in offering you this opportunity of working through us—and by increasing the influence of the Witness of enabling us to work through you.

We do not doubt that you are anxious to do everything in your power to further this great cause, but now is the time. Take the tide at the flood. Strike now while the iron is hot.

In order to stimulate activity and make the Witness still more available, we offer the special reduced rates of \$1.35 to first year subscribers. Three such NEW subscriptions may be sent in at the rate of a dollar each. Subscribers sending their own renewals at the same time may do so at the rate secured by their New Subscriber, viz, \$1.35 or \$1 as the case may be.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON
THE WITNESS—MONTREAL

1924

Dear Friends:

I am glad to do **NOW** my share in publishing the Witness for this district. I have introduced it at the special rates to the following for a full year's trial.

NAMES	ADDRESSES
1	
2	
3	
4	

For Nation-Wide, Continent-Deep Prohibition!

I am, yours faithfully,

SENDER'S NAME

ADDRESS

FROM EUROPE TO AMERICA BY AIR ROUTE

Record Trip of the Giant Zeppelin ZR-3.

The ZR-3—all the reparations the United States won in the great war under the Versailles Treaty—arrived in America on Wednesday.

"Operating according to plan," Dr. Hugo Eckener brought the giant Zeppelin across the Atlantic in just 16 minutes less than the 80 hours he had calculated it would take to make the trip.

The airship flew 5006 miles from Friedrichshafen to Lakehurst in 79 hours and 44 minutes, landing gently at 9:55 o'clock. By 10:40 she was housed in the big hangar she will share with the Shenandoah.

Thousands acclaimed the end of the longest continuous flight ever made, and from President Coolidge himself came a message of greeting to Commandant Eckener.

The Commandant told newspaper men that the weather had been fine and that the only mishap he could recall was a mild heart attack which afflicted a machinist, a chronic sufferer. A rest from his strenuous attention to his engine and the man's vigor was restored.

The Landing

It was 9:16 when the airship first came into sight. She was merged in the morning mist so that she could hardly be distinguished. She floated easily and gently above a great, spreading forest of fir trees that lies north of the flying field. She was 1000 feet in the air.

Slowly the big bag neared the flying field, with thousands watching breathlessly. A streak of sun broke through the haze, and burnished her silver hull.

A moment later the faint hum of her engines could be heard, mingled with the louder roar from airplanes that stood by on the field.

The Zeppelin, arriving over the field, seemed to hang suspended for several minutes, hardly moving. It was evident that her officers were surveying what they saw below with great care, choosing the spot on which they would bring down the ship to rest in her new home.

Then came a military touch. Four

hundred sailors and marines, spick in their uniforms, marched out into the field, and took posts, ready to seize the drag ropes and bring the huge craft to earth.

The ship turned and headed down. She appeared to be headed straight for the ground for a moment, then righted herself and cruised about a bit. She continued this gradual descent, circling round, heading downward for a time, then straightening out, as though undecided about landing.

At 200 feet, as she hovered just over east field, her engines subsided to a dull hum and final instructions were given to the men who were to grasp the ropes as the airship neared the ground.

Slowly the Zeppelin began to float to the ground. So gentle was the downward drop that the ship appeared to be suspended by some strange force between the earth and the haze which hung far above. Occasionally she bobbed in the faintest of breezes.

Standing on her prow at an altitude of 50 feet, in plain sight of the watchers below, Dr. Eckener maneuvered her to a position within 200 yards of a hangar door, which had been thrown wide open.

He ignored the landing spot chosen by the field executives and, with scientific precision, picked out his target on the ground, megaphoned his decision downward, and waited hovering until marines cleared away spectators.

Suddenly a trap door in the bottom of the main cabin opened and a bundle of rope shot out. It twisted like a writhing snake as it fell in curls, gradually straightening. Another door opened and more rope shot down. The crowd began to cheer. Slowly the big ship came wafting down. When he was eight feet from the ground Commander Klein, of the air station, unable to wait longer, climbed through a forward window and dropped to the ground. Mrs. Klein rushed up to greet him. Officers shook his hand.

Captain C. W. Steele also left the dirigible before it had actually touched the ground.

The hush permitted those near by to hear the signal bells ringing in the cabin of the ZR-3 and the crisp orders of

officers to men as they directed the ground crew.

Sailors and marines caught the tow lines of the dirigible. In unison they tugged gently. With ease they drew the airship to the ground.

The ZR-3 landed—safely, without the slightest mishap.

Traveled 5,000 Miles

While it was not the first transatlantic trip of a dirigible, the British airship R-34 having crossed in July, 1919, it was a record one in point of distance traveled. It exceeded by far the distance traveled by the L-39, when, during the war, she flew from Germany to German East Africa, carrying munitions to the German troops embattled there. That cruise of the L-39 was less than 4,000 miles in length. The ZR-3's voyage from Frederickschafen to Lakehurst totalled 5,060 miles.

She did not sail a straightway course such as a crow might fly, but she did modify her route to a shorter one than at first projected, and by heading from the Azores to the Grand Banks of Newfoundland cut off so much of her journey that she arrived considerably in advance of the time that had been estimated.

The Voyage

Captain George W. Steele, who will command the airship, recounted the incidents of the voyage from Germany to Lakehurst.

The transatlantic flight began on 12th October, a foggy day.

"At 6 o'clock," said Captain Steele, "there was blue fog outside. At 6.25 the ground crew started to take the ship out; and at 6.35, the engines were started and we were off.... she at once rose into the fog and disappeared from sight.

"At four o'clock the watch was relieved. Evening fell over a calm sea, with a clear sky."

The course was laid for Cape Finisterre. At 7 p.m., Captain Steele and Dr. Eckener sighted the Spanish coast. At 7.40; Layesta lighthouse was abeam, and they sailed for the Azores, sighting

with torch bombs dropped from the ship.

Night was passed comfortably by those off watch and on the morning of the 13th they passed over a British steamer headed in the opposite direction. In answer to a radio query ZR-3 learned that she had drifted sixty miles southward of her assumed position. At 11.40 San Miguel was sighted on the port bow. At 2.20 they reached the southeastern end of Tercevia Island and flew over its length.

Upon leaving Tercevia they were compelled, in order to shift safety valves, to rise to a height of 5,000 feet.

They approached Pico Island at a height varying from 5,000 downward to 2,000 feet. "All we could see was its peak, triangular in outline, projecting above the clouds. From 3.20 to 5.30 we were passing through and over the islands of the Azores which lay along our course. They were all lovely.

"The night of the 13th was marked by adverse winds of considerable strength. A steamer on the horizon was asked for her position and ZR-3 found herself 120 miles to the north of her assumed position. Communication was also established with the Detroit, and course was laid northwest.

"At about half past 9 we passed directly above the steamer Robert Dollar. She hoisted her number in flags and ran up the British ensign. The ZR-3 then began to climb and rose to 8,000 feet. This was to lift the safety valves again.

In the early afternoon the ship ran through fog for several hours and close to the level of the sea, then climbed a few hundred feet above the fog until darkness set in. At midnight ZR-3 was skirting the southeast coast of Nova-Scotia. At ten minutes past one Seal Island was passed and the ship headed toward Boston.

Cape Cod was passed abeam at the 15 a.m. Eastern Standard Time and soon the ship was sailing over Boston. "A sight never to be forgotten. Millions of lights. If one looked closely downward one could see the buildings, but looking slantwise, nothing but lights."

MR. BABSON'S OPINION

Mr. Roger W. Babson, statistician, and authority on economics, says:

"The great improvement in business which followed the war was very largely the result of the influence of prohibition and the salvage of our former waste of 2,000,000,000 or more each year, due to the liquor traffic. I know of no other way to account for the great impetus in home building, tremendous number of new automobiles purchased, the larger volume of department store sales, accompanied at the same time by a continued swelling of savings bank deposits, when the tendency of business as a whole should normally have been downward."

Prohibition a Boon to Clothing Industry

Great benefits have come to the American clothing industry through prohibition, in the general opinion of the trade, according to the editors of the Clothing Trade Journal, official organ of the International Association of Garment Manufacturers, published in New York city.

Henry Simons, trade journal editor, declared that the quality and quantity of men's and boys' clothing, as well as that of women and children, has been vastly improved by changes attributable to prohibition; factory conditions are better, labor generally is more contented and the selling end of the industry is on a higher plane than ever before.

The Chamber of Commerce of Des Moines announces that prohibition has encouraged home owning in Iowa's state capital. It announces that 20 years ago Des Moines had 86 saloons, 1,630 renting houses, and 1,466 home owners. To-day with saloons outlawed, the city has 1,574 renting houses and 4,872 owned houses.

THE BIBLE AND STRONG DRINK

"It is true that the Bible does not endeavor to remedy moral evils by human legislation, but addresses itself to the individual conscience, seeking to convert men one by one—to regulate details of conduct by Christ's law of love.

"The Bible, however, recognizes human rulers as ordained of God for the punishment of evil-doers, and if it can be shown that the traffic in intoxicating drinks inflicts incalculable evils on society, (greater, it has been said, than those of war, famine and pestilence combined), it becomes the clear duty of the government and legislature to prevent the inflictions of such miseries on the people for the selfish gain of the few."—From "Testimony of Scripture regarding Wine and Strong Drinks," by Sir William Dawson.

How Booze Controls



Old Ontario Wants None of This "Control"

Let us Hold What we Have

Electors Must Not Allow a Lawless Traffic to Dictate the Law

IN eight years The Ontario Temperance Act has brought such beneficial changes that the old days of licensed liquor sales seem but an evil memory. Rural Ontario will not let down the bars at the behest of the law-evading elements now posing as friends of temperance. Rural Ontario knows that booze, once sold, cannot be controlled.

Booze Out to Kill O.T.A.

The liquor trade never has observed any law that aimed to restrict the sale and consumption of strong drink. The liquor interests recognize in the O.T.A. the greatest forward step in temperance reform in Canada. Hence their determination to destroy it.

Booze, with its staggering economic waste, can come back only by the votes of Ontario electors who either quit cold before a bluffing, defiant liquor traffic, or who are fooled by promises that cannot be kept.

Ontario Must Kill Booze

Red-blooded Ontario citizens will not play liquor's game. They will not lie down to a self-seeking minority. Nor can they close their eyes to the ghastly farce of "government control" elsewhere in Canada.

Ontario has no ambition to become another tax-burdened bootleggers' paradise, like British Columbia, Manitoba and Quebec.

Make the majority for "Continuance" so overwhelming that the prosperity of Ontario will not again be challenged by the booze trade.

Mark Your Ballot thus :

1	Are you in favour of the continuance of The Ontario Temperance Act?	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>
2	Are you in favour of the sale as a beverage of beer and spirituous liquor in sealed packages under Government control?	<input type="checkbox"/>

The Ontario Plebiscite Committee

2 Toronto Street, Toronto

G. B. Nicholson, Chairman

Vote for the O.T.A. — Oct. 23rd is the Day

MODERATION—AND COMMONSENSE

Moderation

"Let us try to show you,
In a friendly sort of way,
Just exactly what we mean
When "be temperate" we say.

You know the Book enjoins us
In all things we may do,
To never fall in temperance,
And that old book is true.

So we are merely asking you
To take that simple word,
And in all things just be moderate.
No need to get so stirred

About the other fellows
Who can't do things that way.
We're not concerned with them at all.
But here is what we say:—

If any fellow uses sense
He ought to be allowed
To get a swig when'er he likes,
Alone or in a crowd.

All gifts of God, we say, are good,
And alcohol is one;
If used in moderation
No harm is ever done.

Of course some fools WILL eat and drink
Too much for their own good,
But then that isn't 'moderate',—
To gorge one never should.

Drink if you like but don't get drunk,
It's not good form, you know.
Do anything you want to do,
So long as you 'go slow.'

Common-sense

Pray, tell me, Temperate pleader,
Is there any reason why
I shouldn't follow that advice
In ways that I might try?

"You must not legislate," you say,
"To thwart one's liberty."
All right, but then there's many things
That might appeal to me.

That you would never want to do,
And might find hard to bear.
I wonder, brother, would you grant
My liberty right there.

If something that was merely fun
For me alone would prove
To be the curse of hell itself
For one whom you might love.

If what I craved, and could endure,
Made ruin for your son,
Or cursed your winsome daughter,
Or damned your sacred home,—

I wonder would you say, "All right,
But try to use the rein,
You must not be denied your flogging,
Though I may suffer pain?"

I rather think not, brother,
I think I hear you say,
"Just clamp the lid on mighty quick,
There's danger in the way."

And so I claim the privilege
To shut down tight on you,
If what is maybe safe for you,
My boy or girl may rue.—G.M.C.

THE CHILDREN'S WOE

Whicker so fast, little shoeless feet,
Little shoeless feet, so blue and cold?
Pause in your flying, and hark, my child,
What is it you seek, wide-eyed and wild?
In sodden rags and with shoeless feet
That leave their mark on the miry street;
Little one, tell me; I fain would know?
The small feet paused in their flight—"I

go
To seek a voice that shall tell and tell
Till the whole world knows, and knows it
well;

A tale that the whole world ought to know,
The pitiful tale of the "Children's Woe."
"And what is the Woe, little child," I said?
"And whose is the voice that you go to
seek?"

"The voice is yours, if you will but speak,
And the "Children's Woe" is the nation's
still.

Look into its pitiless depths, there lie
All the best and brightest our small lives
knew,
All the light and gladness that were our
due,

The roses that bloomed in our cheeks, the
bread

That nourished our frail little bodies, the
care

That was ours by the holiest birthright
claim,

The home and the mother-love, dear and
true;

The fathers who wrought for us all are
there,

In the dark, dark depths of that pit of
shame.

O! the world is cold, its drizzle and sleet
Have chilled us through, and heaven seems
far

From the child whose home is the miry
street,

Whose life is shadowed by bottle and bar.
For love of the little ones, will you go
And help to banish the "Children's Woe."

ISABEL SINCLAIR.

Toronto.

A MODERN MIRACLE AND A BIG QUESTION

IN A PUBLISHED STATEMENT "THE ENGLISH REVIEW" tells a most astounding story. In all my experience of journalism I never heard its match and yet I have had lifelong association with a paper which has had a most remarkable series of wonderful experiences.

We certainly do not know of any other paper of established character and circulation which could say that its circulation had been quadrupled during the past year. What was the secret of such phenomenal growth?

The English Review claims several qualifications for which the Witness—a truly Canadian Review—is so well known to you.

Both papers claim to be "independent and to be edited without fear or favor, and free from outside dictation of any kind;"

Both papers claim to "aim at the cultivation of a vigorous patriotism;"

Both papers claim to "uphold all that is robust and wholesome against whatever is decadent and morbid."

But The English Review and the Witness differ fundamentally on some very important matters:

The English Review is published in Britain.

The English Review appears to be an ultra Conservative ultra capitalistic advocate of privilege, with little understanding of, or sympathy with, "the masses."

The English Review circulation has been quadrupled during the past year.

The English Review is fourteen shillings a year, (\$3.14), twelve issues.

The English Review says to its readers: "You will give valuable assistance towards the attainment of its ends by recommending it to your friends." And lo and behold its circulation is quadrupled in a year's time.

The Montreal Witness says exactly the same thing to its readers and its circulation is but slightly increased.

This raises the Question:

IS IT THAT THE ENGLISH REVIEW IS MORE DESERVING OF READER CO-OPERATION THAN THE MONTREAL WITNESS IN YOUR ESTIMATION?

The only way the people can have a people's paper is for the people to publish it. And the only way most people can do this is to select the best paper they know and introduce it to new homes, thus becoming in very deed, the publisher, of their particular district or neighborhood.

And we make this statement from lifelong experience and study of the subject. If people leave everything in the hands of the publishers of their papers they will get the kind of paper that studies first the buttered side of its own bread; they will develop the kind of publishers and editors who have courage only when they know the majority are behind them. Courageous constructive leadership they could not expect.

Must the Witness turn from the weekly field to the monthly?

Must it turn from a low priced to a high priced paper?

Must it turn from the cause of the oppressed to serve the more appreciative privileged classes, who today are beginning to feel the need of championship, and are ready to co-operate with papers which will serve their interests?—or must it toady to some popular whims, selfishness or bigotry?

Must it do such things to get circulation?

No, it would die first!

That is not on its program, and after reading what has been achieved by an independent organ of privilege I believe that Witness readers will show that they too can be depended on to become, effectively, the publishers of the Witness in their respective environments.

In 1845, nearly eighty years ago, the late John Dougall, realizing that he could multiply his efforts for the welfare of mankind through the use of printer's ink, started THE MONTREAL WITNESS. The result is that many thousands of families scattered all over the Dominions, and for three succeeding generations, have been "brought up on the Witness." Thus Canada has been greatly influenced by its ideals and helped by its championship of every good cause.

In 1925 it will be eighty years in the wholehearted service of its readers and country. No other paper of national scope, with such broad sympathies, and championing so many reforms yet without the support of party, sect, organization or any outside interest whatsoever has had such a record.

Should it not have by this time eighty thousand circulation? Would it not be better for your environment, for your country if it had?

If it should have it could have! Its circulation today is almost 20,000. That circulation is wide-

ly distributed through four thousand Post offices and uncounted Rural Routes. But it directly reaches only an average of about five families in each locality. Would it be too much to estimate that there are at least four times that number, the average, in each of the post office environments it now reaches, who would appreciate the Witness for themselves and be glad to "get behind it" and "stand shoulder to shoulder" with its editor in furthering its influence throughout Canada? For the sake of Prohibition, and for the general welfare will you not recognize your part in this courageously altruistic adventure?

Are you going to be the individual and particular publisher of the WITNESS & HOME-STEAD in Your District?

Election Campaign in Britain

Number of Candidates 1,393, Actually the Same as at Last Election.

Nomination of candidates for the election to the new Parliament took place on Saturday in England, Scotland, Wales and Northern Ireland. The complete list of Saturday's nominations gives a total of 1,425, made up as follows:

Conservatives, 534.
Laborites, 509.
Liberals, 339.

Constitutionalists and other parties, 33. Unopposed candidates total 32, comprising 16 Conservatives, 9 Laborites, 6 Liberals, and 1 Nationalist.

Excluding the acclamations, the number of candidates is actually the same as at the last election, namely 1,393.

Many candidates who were caught abroad when the Government's defeat occurred, are hurrying back to their constituencies at full speed. Brig-Gen. E. L. Spears, Liberal M. P. for Loughborough, in the last Parliament, reached Southampton on Saturday afternoon from the United States on the liner Homeric. Fifty minutes later he left by airplane for his constituency, where he was welcomed on arrival by a large crowd. General Spears was in Chicago when the news of the dissolution reached him.

The leaders of the Conservative, Liberal and Labor parties, having been given and taken advantage of the opportunity to address the nation at large by wireles, the Communist party now announce their intention to ask the British Broadcasting Company to extend the same privilege to them.

The general expectation is that it will not be granted.

Labor is making an attack on Dover, which is regarded as a Conservative stronghold. Twice since November, 1922, Major J. J. Astor has been returned unopposed as Unionist member for Dover, but on the present occasion he has to fight a Socialist opponent in Allan George, who is a lecturer in economics.

From the close of nominations until the polling on Wednesday, October 29, the electoral campaign promises to be very lively.

Women Candidates

Forty-one women were nominated, twelve by Conservatives, six by the Liberals, twenty-two by Labor and one by an independent group. This is seven more than last year. The eight women who sat in the dissolved parliament, Lady Astor, Miss Margaret Bondfield, Mrs. Wintringham, Mrs. Hilton Phillipson, the Duchess of Atholl, Lady Terrington, Miss Dorothy Jewson and Miss Susan Lawrence, are all standing again.

Among the most interesting of the new aspirants to parliamentary honors are Miss Jessie Stephen and the Hon. Mrs. Bertrand Russell on the Labor ticket, and Dame Helen Gwynne Vaughan, and Miss Irene Ward as Conservatives.

Premier's Message

Premier MacDonald sent to Reynold's newspaper on Saturday a message in which he said:

"Labor in this election is faced with a combination of interests, parties and newspapers which has never been known before in the history of political contests. It stands alone, and single-handed almost, fights its battle. This should win for it devoted support, not only from the working classes but from all who see in such combinations a menace to freedom of thought and independence of political action."

Mr. MacDonald was accorded a magnificent reception at the opening of his campaign in Aberavon. He declared that "little tattle will play a great part in this election and the trouble is that being without a great and widely-read press, we are going to be at the mercy of those who speak recklessly and tell what it is not true."

"Constitutional Rebellion"

Stanley Baldwin in his speech at Cardiff said it was intolerable insolence to look to Russia for a gospel suitable for a progressive people who had fought for their rights eight centuries ago, while the Russians had been given their freedom only within the lifetime of many people now living. It was Great Britain's duty to lead the world and not to follow anyone.

Mr. Baldwin referred to the election manifesto issued by the leaders of the trades unions, which mentioned "constitutional rebellion." Those two words together, he said, meant nothing. "You can no more speak of constitutional rebellion than you can speak of chilly hell," he added.

The Russian Loan

Lloyd George, answering an accusation made against him by the Daily Herald, the Labor organ, that he himself had traded with Russians on terms similar to those connected with the Labor Government's proposed Russian loan, told an audience amidst roars of laughter, that "to assist those fishermen who had behaved so heroically in the North Sea and around the coasts during the war, we bought from them in 1920 a quantity of herrings. They were pickled. We looked out for customers, but the herrings remained on our hands for about a year. Nobody would buy them. Eventually, however, we sold them to the Bolshevik Government, and we got excellent timber in return, but we then found out that the Russian Government had sold us timber belonging to somebody else. I have never objected to trading with Russia in the ordinary way, but that is no justification for our guaranteeing a loan to Russia."

Lloyd George declared that the British could double the present yield of the country's soil if they had the proper encouragement, with more state aid for increased production.

SEEKS STRAIGHT PARTY FIGHTS

Apprehension of another era of Labor Government has driven the older parties to an accommodation that all appeals in the past have failed to accomplish, namely, to the avoidance as far as possible of three-cornered contests giving parliamentary seats to minority candidates.

The headquarters of the Conservative and Liberal parties officially disavow that any such accommodations had been arranged, and assert that anything of the kind, if it exists, is the work of local election organizations. Nevertheless, clearly there is a good understanding and this is seen in the unionist predictions already

enumerating the large number of Labor seats which are expected to be captured in London and elsewhere by avoidance of triangular contests.

The first fruits of this understanding appeared in the withdrawal of the Unionist candidate at Paisley, leaving H. H. Asquith, the Liberal leader, with a straight fight against the Laborite alone. Similarly in the Tradeston district of Glasgow, the Unionist candidate has withdrawn and the Liberal nominee has been left to contest against Thomas Henderson, the Labor candidate.

GERMAN LOAN RAPIDLY SUBSCRIBED

The response made to the offer of the British portion of the German external loan—£12,000,000—proved fully as great as had been expected.

Prospectuses were obtainable at the Bank of England's loan office at 9 o'clock on Wednesday morning, and long before that hour a queue numbering well over 1,000 had assembled outside the building, the large proportion of the crowd being composed of messengers from offices of brokers and other city houses. The scene when business began was a very animated one.

The loan was fully subscribed in the first few minutes, but the bank authorities kept the lists open until 1 o'clock in order to give all the intending applicants an opportunity to lodge their applications. By that time the oversubscription had reached very large proportions so that the task which devolves upon the bank in making the allotment will be a heavy one.

The Swedish portion of the \$200,000,000 Dawes plan loan to Germany was covered within a half hour after the subscription list opened.

France's £3,000,000 share in the Dawes plan loan to Germany was entirely applied for by would-be subscribers before it had been offered to the public.

The road to success should be posted with this little thought for the fellow who can't stand prosperity: "Danger! Sharp Curve Ahead!"

The famous University of Bologna at Bologna, Italy, was founded in the eleventh century. Its foundation by Theodosius the Great in 425 A.D. is legendary. This is the oldest university in the world. The University of Paris is the next oldest. Harvard is the oldest university in the United States.

Frontier Dispute With Turkey

The British Government has sent an official request to the Secretariat of the League of Nations asking that special session of the Council of the League be called to interpret the controversy between Great Britain and Turkey over the status quo boundary between Turkey and Iraq.

It is hoped that the matter may be settled without convoking a special session of the Council. It was officially stated at League headquarters that the Council's records show that the status quo line fixed by the Treaty of Lausanne was intended to apply, and not the territorial situation of Sept. 30, as the Turks contend.

Great Britain also insisted that the status quo frontier fixed by the Lausanne Treaty, and referred to in the armistice, was the line to be followed. The Turks, however, have always argued that the status quo frontier meant the administrative frontier of the Mosul vilayet. This latter question may be sent to the World Court of Justice.

If it is decided that a special meeting is desirable, some State which is a member of the League will invoke Article XI, of the covenant which authorizes a special session of the Council when circumstances arise affecting international relations or threatening war.

FRENCH INTERNAL LOAN TO BEAR 5% INTEREST

Announcement is made in Paris of the terms of the internal loan with which Finance Minister Clementel will this year seek to meet the budgetary deficit and extra-budgetary expenditure which is estimated between 2,500,000,000 to 3,000,000,000 francs.

Five per cent. 1,000-franc bonds will be issued at par payable in 10 years at 1,500 francs. As in the case of other French rentes they will be exempt from taxation.

It was at first intended to limit the issue to the amount required to meet expenditure, but it is understood the loan will now be unlimited. M. Clementel believes the time ripe for a loan of this kind and that it will be largely oversubscribed.

The presence of J. P. Morgan in Paris keeps speculation rife as to the possibility of a French loan in New York, but it is stated authoritatively that any announcement even of the possibility of such an understanding would be premature.



PARTY LEADERS WHO ARE FIGHTING FOR THE PREMIERSHIP OF GREAT BRITAIN

After a hectic career of nine months, Ramsay MacDonald's Government was forced to appeal to the country to either support or reject its policies. In the above layout is shown the most famous seat of government in the world: the British Houses of Parliament. This view was taken looking across Westminster Bridge, and shows the Thames River. The inserts are, from left to right: Rt. Hon. H. H. Asquith, Liberal; Rt. Hon. David Lloyd George, Liberal; Rt. Hon. J. Ramsay MacDonald, Labor, and Rt. Hon. Stanley Baldwin, Conservative. All are former Premiers except J. Ramsay MacDonald, who is the present Premier. While Labor expects to have quite 500 candidates at the polls the number of candidates definitely adopted by local Conservative associations is 544, as compared with a total of 538 last year. The Liberals are certain to be a bad third, and it does not look as if they will be in a position to put more than 350 candidates in the field.

THE PRINCE IN MONTREAL

His Royal Highness, the Prince of Wales received both an official and a popular welcome on his arrival in Montreal on Sunday night. Representatives of the Province, the City and local military headquarters extended the official greetings, and a great mass of people gathered in and about Bonaventure Station gave the heir to the throne a most enthusiastic welcome. The station was decorated with a profusion of flags and bunting, and the Prince's crest was picked out by electric lamps.

EXTRACTS FROM IRISH LETTERS

Thanks for the World Wide and other papers. They are very good. That was a very interesting article in the Witness about George Fox. I send some Irish papers. I do not read anything about the boundary. Everyone thinks they can settle everything until they try.

The weather here has been dreadful. Such a storm as we had on Saturday night! H— had gone out to fish but about 9 o'clock the storm came down suddenly, and as he came home the big branches of the trees were crashing down and chimney pots were flying about. It is a long time since we had such a storm. I really thought our bed-room windows would be blown in, but everything was all right, and when we looked out in the morning it was a smiling morn with plenty of sunshine. B— and A— went for a country walk. A great many trees were blown down and others looked badly shattered. H— has the fishing craze just now. He caught a conger about a yard long last night at the back of the west pier. He saw another about six feet long, and says he will catch him. . . . The girls miss Portobello (Barracks) church. It is a great loss to them. Both it and Arbor Hill are Roman Catholic chapels now. They were well washed with holy water and blessed by the Roman Catholic bishop. It was a great ceremony. I read about it in the paper. . . . J. C. and I had a lovely trip to Glendalough by motor on Friday. It was a glorious day, and the sun shone brightly. Of course we crossed the lake to St. Kevin's Bed. We had great fun. Everyone was very happy in the car—all Irish tourists. We stopped at Avoca for a short time. One priest went and washed his hands at the meeting of the waters, and said he was sure to be a poet after that. Avoca is a beautiful spot.

A BOGUS "TONIC"—IRON IN STOUT

The advertising of stout as nourishing and good for invalids is a regular thing with the liquor traffic. The belief placed by simple people in the virtues of stout is quite extraordinary. Unfortunately, many mothers and expectant mothers drink the stuff, believing it is doing them good. Many medical men have pointed out that the drinking of intoxicants in these cases results in the poisoning both of the mother and the child.

It may be of interest if we state how much iron is usually put into the stout, thus providing the feeble peg upon which the liquor traffic hangs such a weight of argument. Taking a brew of 1,800 gallons, which equals 14,400 pints, the practice is to put into this quantity 3 lbs. of sulphate of iron. There are 21,000 grains in 3 lbs. of sulphate of iron, consequently there are less than 1½ grains of sulphate of iron to the pint of stout, and its vaunted tonic properties amount to next to nothing.

To our mind steps should be taken to prevent this vicious advertising of intoxicating beverages with a view to inducing women to make use of them. The suppression of this kind of advertising should cover not only stout and spirits, but the quack tonic wines which amount to nothing more than wine with not enough medicament in it to give it any medicinal value at all. It is common knowledge that the alcoholic appetite has been fostered by the administration of these medicated wines.—The Vanguard.

Because of the large number of Liberal withdrawals in the British nominating Saturday, there will be straight fights between Conservatives and Laborites in no less than 247 contests.

NEW ZEALAND RADIO HEARD IN LONDON

The 13,000 miles of space between London and New Zealand was bridged for the first time on Thursday night and Friday morning when two British amateurs exchanged radio messages with low-powered home-made apparatus.

The Radio Society of Great Britain announced the feat, naming E. J. Simons, whose signal is G20D, as the man who talked across the world's top on his home-made set. Mr. Simons was astonished Thursday morning when he heard Morse call ZVAG calling the American amateur UEARB, and realized that ZVAG was 13,000 miles away in New Zealand. The Englishman's reply was picked up in New Zealand



ON OFFICIAL VISIT TO BERLIN

It is reported that Senator Dandurand, one of Canada's delegates to the League of Nations, is in Berlin on a mission to investigate the possibility of trade relations between Canada and Germany.

Friday morning, according to a cable received in London on Saturday.

Soon after dawn on Saturday morning another British amateur, named Goyder, distinctly heard his signal G2FZ being sounded by New Zealand amateur ZVAG. The message from the far Pacific was:

"Please convey to the Radio Society of Great Britain greetings from New Zealand."

The colonial man also asked Mr. Goyder to tell Mr. Simons that his signals were reaching New Zealand strong.

Too often a hasty reading turns an instruction book into a destruction book.

Not thunder, but heat and moisture-laden atmosphere, sours milk, says a professor of agriculture in Illinois.

Three hundred and fifty thousand tons of sugar are used each year in the making of candy in the United States.

"A buck"* in the pocket is worth more than a "kick" in the stomach.—Rev. A. D. Wrenshall, Sask.

*Western slang for a dollar bill.

Prohibition treats alcohol as an enemy. Government Control treats it as an ally. —Janet M. Armstrong, Parkhill.

RARE BIBLE MANUSCRIPT

A manuscript copy of the four Gospels, in Armenian, an early copy of the first Armenian version made after the Council of Ephesus in 433 A.D., is the most recent treasure added to the Museum of Eastern antiquities now being built up by the Co-operating Theological Colleges of Montreal with the help of the McGill University Librarian, Dr. G. R. Lomer.

The copy, which is a rare theological "find," was brought from Marash, Turkey, by the Rev. E. C. Woodley, M.A., B.D., at one time a missionary in Turkey. The book bears the marks of age and in some places, of the vicissitudes and perils through which it has passed in the long centuries and in the midst of much war, yet it is in a fine state of preservation.

It is beautifully written on vellum with simple but striking illuminations, the writing probably having been done with a sharpened reed or quill, and has an ancient and beautifully embossed binding of leather, probably the original binding now much pierced by the insects which cause much damage to books, ancient and modern.

The manuscript is a translation from the Syriac version of the Scriptures, the Peshitto. Dr. D. L. Ritchie, principal of the Congregational College, states the first Armenian version was made after the Council of Ephesus in 433 A.D., and this is a very old copy of that version. A feature of the manuscript version now in the possession of the Theological Colleges is that it omits the usual ending of the Gospel by Mark, Chapter 16, verses 9 to 20, that is, the portion of the authorized version which scholars now know to be prefaced by the name of Ariston, an early scholar and copyist.

John, Chapter 7, verse 53 to Chapter 8, verse 11 is also omitted, that is the portion of Scripture dealing with the incident of the woman taken in adultery. This incident is first found in an Armenian version in a manuscript dated 789 A.D., with the additional information that Jesus wrote upon the ground, "The sins of the men who judge the woman."

The Authorized Version merely records "Jesus stooped on the ground and wrote." The fact that the whole incident is omitted in the copy now to be added to the Museum at McGill University is therefore a proof of its very early date. Dr. Ritchie points out. A further feature is that John 19, and 20, reads "in the Dalmatic tongue" instead of "in Latin." "But we know," Dr. Ritchie comments, "that Latin was called Dalmatic by the Armenians in the fourth century." Luke Chapter 22, verses 43 and 44, omitted in many Armenian versions is included in this version.

The manuscript also contains the Colophons, devices at the ends of chapters, common to most Armenian versions. These colophons indicate the received opinion regarding the authority and the date of each Gospel.

Another treasure, now in the library of the Congregational College is a fine copy of the Breeches Bible, printed in London



HON. J. B. M. BAXTER

The Crow's Nest Rates decision pleases the Ex-minister of Public Works in the Meighen Cabinet. He says neither East nor West should enjoy special privileges.



PREPARED CROW'S NEST REPORT

A. C. Boyce, of the Board of Railway Commissioners, who prepared the majority report in which Chief Commissioner McKeown and Commissioners Calvin Lawrence and Nantel concurred, which disallows the Crow's Nest Pass rates and requires them to withdraw from operation within fifteen days from October 14th.

in 1599. This Bible is somewhat rare and much sought after especially by American collectors. The Breeches Bible gets its name from the fact that in Genesis, Chapter 3, verse 7, the translation states concerning Adam and Eve after the fall: "And they sewed fig leaves together and made themselves breeches." The authorized version substitutes "aprons" for "breeches."

This Bible is of value as a curiosity rather than as an instrument of scholarship.

The affiliated Theological Colleges are building up a considerable Museum of Eastern antiquities and have already gathered many treasures for Canada.

"The colleges are rendering a fine service in bringing to a new country treasures from the storied past," Dr. Ritchie points out.

LIQUOR ADVERTISING

(To the Editor of the Witness.)

Sir,—I wish to call attention of all temperance workers throughout Canada to an advertisement of the Moderation League in one of our leading journals (MacLean's Magazine). Of course, we understand the price paid for that two page advertisement would be enormous, but if the liquor interests' money is going to be of more influence than the temperance people, then our country is doomed, as far as the liquor traffic is concerned. MacLean's call themselves Canada's National Magazine; if that is their aspiration, and they are going to sell themselves for a mess of pottage it is time for the temperance people to wake up and show their influence.

As a member of the Sons of Temperance I feel I would be next door to breaking my pledge to continue my support to a paper that printed an advertisement with a pointer to show the people how to vote for the liquor interests, and I think all temperance workers should feel the same.

I don't know of any publication in the world that makes so bold and manly a fight for the cause of all righteousness as the Montreal Witness, and it deserves the credit and support of temperance people in Canada. **ALBERT O'BRIEN.**
Noel, N.S.

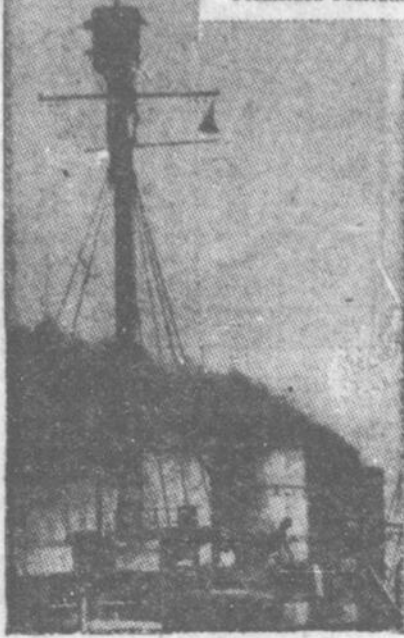


HIS POINT OF VIEW

Porter Ramoay: "All right, lady, I'll be back for the others later on." —The Passing Show.

From the Crow's Nest

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



Premier Taschereau's Telegram

The Editor of "The Crow's Nest" has been spending several weeks in Ontario helping in the Plebiscite Campaign.

At Sudbury he gave an address which was heard by a number of the local Moderationists. These men, after the meeting, communicated with Mr. Cyril D. Boyce, the Secretary of the Moderation League of Canada.

In The Sudbury Star of Oct. 4th appeared the following advertisement under the name of the Moderation League of Canada:

GOVERNMENT CONTROL IN QUEBEC.

Regarding the statements made in Sudbury on Wednesday evening by Rev. Dr. Hart, of Montreal, with reference to the operation of Government Control in the Province of Quebec, the Moderation League of Ontario, following the address, reported some of the outstanding statements made by the speaker to Premier Taschereau of Quebec, and asked for his reply. The following telegrams speak for themselves:

The Charges.

Toronto, October 2nd, 1924.

Honourable L. A. Taschereau,
Quebec City, Que.

Reverend Dr. Hart, of Montreal, delivering an address last night in Sudbury, made the following remarks: More slums in the City of Montreal than in any city of Europe or America. The brewers rule the Province of Quebec and not Premier Taschereau. I would gratefully appreciate a contradictory statement from you by return wire so that erroneous impressions being created by Dr. Hart of conditions in Quebec may be offset. An immediate reply will be gratefully appreciated.

CYRIL D. BOYCE.

Secretary Moderation League of Canada.

The Answer.

Quebec, October 3rd, 1924.

Cyril D. Boyce.

Toronto, Ont.

Reverend Dr. Hart, I am sorry to say, is repeating in your Province statements which he knows to be untrue. The Mayor of Montreal has publicly repudiated his slanderous statements on Montreal. Our liquor law has been an unqualified success, both from financial and moral standpoints. Drunkenness has decreased fifty per cent. and Federal statistics show more arrests in dry Ontario than in Wet Quebec. See editorial in to day's Montreal Gazette on feeling of English element of our Province on question.

L. A. TASCHEREAU.

Moderation League of Canada.

Our Reply

The Premier of Quebec says that I have repeated in Ontario what I know to be untrue—in plain English, I have lied.

This is a stereotyped answer which the Premier makes to all who have the temerity to criticise his pet policy of Government Control. Therefore I do not take the Premier seriously when he says that I have been repeating untruths to the people of Ontario in my addresses for I do not believe that the Premier, being an intelligent man, is serious in making this statement. He certainly knows better.

Denials and generalizations such as those given in the telegram cannot alter obvious facts,—facts which can be substantiated by all thoughtful social work-

ers who know intimately Quebec conditions.

THE MAYOR OF MONTREAL

One misstatement of the Premier is that "the Mayor of Montreal has publicly repudiated" my "slanderous statements on Montreal".

I have not yet seen such a repudiation. I know that the Mayor repudiated the words of an Ontario clergyman made in London, Ontario, a few months ago reflecting upon Montreal. I wrote a letter, in reply, to the Mayor supporting this clergyman and asked him to accompany me through the city some night, assuring him that if he did so he would see enough to warrant the recalling of his repudiation. Up to the present the Mayor has not yet taken up the challenge.

The best answer to the Premier and the Mayor of Montreal regarding the moral conditions of Montreal and Quebec is:

(1) The necessity of such a body as the Committee of Sixteen which deals with the Social evil.

(2) The statement of Dr. Haywood, Superintendent of the Montreal General Hospital, that Montreal is the only city on the continent that now has a recognized Red Light District.

(3) The recent Bandit trials in Montreal, in which some twenty criminals were involved, and which showed the close relationship existing between the licensed drinking places of the city and vice and crime.

(4) The sickening revelations which are being made through the present judicial probe into Police affairs in Montreal.

(5) The multiplying liquor cases in the Courts of Montreal which necessitate the demand for the appointment of a judge to deal with liquor cases exclusively.

SLUMS OF MONTREAL

Mr. Boyce in his telegram to the Premier refers to my remarks upon the slums of Montreal. I have heard more than once experienced and travelled social workers state that the slums of Montreal were worse than those of London or Paris or any other city that they had visited and investigated.

At Sudbury I repeated the statement of the Secretary of the Catholic Social Service Guild, made in connection with the Annual Report of that body, February 9th, 1924, which is as follows:—

"Housing conditions are growing worse instead of better. Rents are abnormally high and the overcrowding in unhygienic quarters produces discouraging results physically, morally, and socially.

If the way our people live is a true index of their civilization, then Montreal must be very low down in the scale. The slums are growing at an alarming rate and in every direction."

While the Premier was boasting loudly last year of \$4,000,000 in profits from the liquor business of the province the Federated Charities were urgently appealing for \$400,000 for the poor of Montreal. This year they are asking for \$465,000. Each year under Government Control increases the amount of the appeal made for the charities of the city.

IS GOVERNMENT CONTROL A FINANCIAL SUCCESS

The Premier in his telegram to Mr. Boyce solemnly declares that Government Control in Quebec has proved an "unqualified" financial as well as moral success.

It undoubtedly has proved a success to the brewers. Brewery plants have been enlarged to twice and even thrice their former capacities and brewery stocks have risen several hundreds of per cent. In one case brewery shares rose from \$20.00 in 1918 to \$199.00 in 1919. I challenge the Premier to name one standard and useful line of business, apart from those more or less associated with the liquor traffic, in Quebec that has increased its plant and its shares even fifty per cent since the inauguration of the present liquor policy.

Would the Premier kindly explain the report of R. G. Dun & Co. on business failures in Canada for 1923? That report states that out of 3,247 business failures, 1,171 or about 36 per cent. were in Quebec, and that Quebec's share of the total liabilities in connection with these failures was about half.

Would the Premier also explain how

it comes that the Bank clearings of Montreal have fallen from \$7,109,189,038 in 1920 to \$5,493,105,775 in 1923 while those of Toronto have increased and are now the highest in Canada?

If general business is so good in Quebec why is it that storekeepers are putting placards in their windows with these words upon them "Business is good." In really prosperous times did we ever hear of a business man resorting to such devices? It is like the becalmed sailor of China who whistles to raise the wind.

ONTARIO vs QUEBEC ARRESTS.

In his telegram to Mr. Boyce the Premier points to the Federal statistics which show more arrests for drunkenness in dry Ontario than in wet Quebec. The reference is quite correct but the Premier does not explain the difference. The difference is due to the low standard of law enforcement which obtains in Quebec. In Quebec no one under the influence of liquor is arrested unless he is violently, boisterously or most helplessly so—and even then he is often ignored by the police. It would not do for the Government to arrest frequently those who are among its best customers and who have been made drunk by its own liquors. It would be bad for business and bad for the impression made upon the world of the operations of Government Control. If the Police of Quebec did their duty the number of arrests for drunkenness would be twenty times as large as they are—and that is putting it very low.

THE BREWERS' RULE.

In my address at Sudbury I declared that the Province of Quebec was run by the brewers and not by the Taschereau Government. To those who live in the Province this is very obvious. If this is not a fact, how comes it that the Government is quite content to take a five per cent. tax on all sales made by the brewers and not demand the whole? Brewery properties were very low in 1919. Why did not the Government appropriate them when they undertook Government Control? The Control of liquor in the province is divided and much to the advantage of the brewer. He is allowed a free hand in the scope and method of advertising his products and even in their delivery.

His huge posters appear in dry municipalities as well as in wet—and no one can stop him. His big wagons daily traverse local option territories and supply their citizens—and local councils and authorities can do nothing. He is the biggest bootlegger in the province but no one has the courage to proceed against him. The Frontenac Breweries' Public Ale Test, lasting three nights, in the spring of this year, was the most debauching thing ever held in the annals of drink in Canada. 45,000 quart bottles of ale were freely distributed in Government Control Montreal on those nights, and hundreds of men and women were made drunk—and no one could hinder it—not even the Government. The Government was appealed to, but all that the Government could do was to promise an investigation—an investigation which has not yet been held. The Brewers sit in the political saddle of Quebec and they are a law unto themselves. The Liquor Commission is their tool and through it they even defy the Provincial Legislature and proclaim their independence of the representatives of the people by withholding information that is demanded.

A great and powerful army of political henchmen of the brewers is being formed in Quebec under Government Control who will keep the Taschereau Government in power only so long as it is amenable to their will. Let the premier ever sincerely express his independence and he will soon be relegated to political Limbo.

CARDINAL BEGIN

The best commentary on Government Control in Quebec is to be found in the pastoral issued by Cardinal Begin of Quebec last winter. I quoted his significant utterances at almost every meeting I addressed in Ontario. What has the Premier to say regarding their truthfulness. Will he put the Cardinal in the same category as myself?

"You know what a vigorous battle has been fought for the virtue of temperance in our diocese by our beloved coadjutor and the group of ecclesiastical and lay apostles who aided in his efforts.

After about fifteen years of work they had almost conquered the enemy, and we were overjoyed in foreseeing the end of the destruction caused by the excess of alcohol. But alas there is now spreading everywhere the intolerable abuse which we denounce, and in particular the surreptitious fabrication of an alcohol more harmful than any other to the health of the body and soul."

No one knows the situation in Quebec

better than Cardinal Begin. His words do not indicate that Government Control "has been an unqualified success, both from financial and moral standpoints," or that "drunkenness has decreased fifty per cent."

TEMPERANCE LECTURE

The pamphlet "Government Without Control" by Dr. E. I. Hart, can be secured at the Quebec Prohibition Federation Office, 222 Craig St. W., Montreal, both in English and French. Single copies 5 cents. \$2.00 per hundred.

SCIENCE AND ALCOHOL

The Waste of National Resources
(By a Medical Correspondent of the London Observer)

What was said of Pasteur's work might be said of the present scientific position regarding alcohol, "his accumulation of facts was looked down upon by that category of people who borrow assurance from a mixture of ignorance and prejudice." The gradual accumulation of facts enables us to claim that alcohol is a racial poison.

That is to say, taken in excess it can act upon otherwise healthy human tissues and through either parent damage the unborn child. There is evidence, that short of so-called excess it may act as a fostering or accelerating factor in the perpetuation and expression of inborn or hereditary weakness. The work of Forel, Bertholet, Agnes Bluhm, Mott, Weichselbaum, Kostich, Pearl, and Stockard has revealed the fundamental fact that of the destructive action of alcohol upon sex glands and germ cells. The question is a vast one, and readers may be confidently referred to the section in the second edition of "Alcohol, its action on the human organism" (pages 110-114) from which the following is quoted:—"The patient and carefully controlled experiments of Stockard have now for some years been available for criticism, and their soundness has not been called seriously into question. In their bearing on the results of parental alcoholism for the immediate offspring their significance is clear . . . the production of weakly and defective offspring . . . this influence is transmitted by heredity to further generations not exposed to alcohol." These words throw a great light on a recent report of the medical officer to the Board of Education. Writing of the 600,000 backward children of school age in England and Wales, he says "they are unable to respond with proper benefit to our educational system, they add 50,000 recruits to our industrial army every year, who are not only unprepared by mental retardation to meet effectually the demands of a full life, but who furnish society with the bulk of its inefficient adults, criminals, paupers, mendicants, and unemployables. It is a serious national issue." Hereditary predisposition, faulty environment, syphilis, and parental alcoholism form the great quadrilateral underlying this appalling waste of national resources. It is, indeed, a serious national issue. In spite of all that has been said, a number of actual and potential parents are still consuming alcohol and even giving it to children, under the impression that it is "doing them good" that it is a valuable food. We need to drive home our claim, that while alcohol is theoretically a foodstuff, in that it is oxidisable and can yield energy which the body can use, these actions are entirely overshadowed by the narcotic and other negative, no less than positive, actions of alcohol.

Dr. Pousson of Christiania University sums it all up when he writes "the effects upon the central nervous system most certainly deprive it of any value as a real food." If, as may be confidently stated, the foregoing statements are based on experimental scientific facts, it is not surprising that we can reach the sixth assertion. The total abstainer enjoys, so far as health is concerned, an advantage over both the moderate and excessive drinker, and especially in his power to resist disease. Thus, Drs. Capp and Coleman investigated 3,422 cases of pneumonia under their care, and found at all ages, and in each year, the abstainers had a far lower mortality. In one age-period, for example 30-39 years, the death rate was: Abstainers, 18 per cent.; moderate drinkers, 29 per cent.; excessive drinkers, 43 per cent. . . . Alcohol at the bar of experimental scientific investigation stands condemned.

It constantly tends to modify life adversely.

It is from first to last narcotic. It co-operates with other factors in producing disease.

It is a racial poison.

It is not a practical or useful foodstuff. It predisposes those who take it to an increased risk of death.

We venture to close with some words of a great physiologist, Claude Bernard:—"When you meet with a fact opposed to a prevailing theory, you should adhere to the fact and abandon the theory, even when the latter is supported by great authorities and generally adopted."

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

ACKNOWLEDGMENT

Thanks to Mrs. Little, Ont., for her copy of "Mabel Ashton's Dream." It is too long to publish. Mr. G. Shaver has kindly supplied the information that this tract can be procured from the Christian Witness Co., 1410 N. La Salle, Chicago, Ill., upon the receipt of five cents.

HALLOWE'EN GAMES

Bluebell, Ont.—Having interest in your page, namely, "Questions and Answers," I took the courage to ask a few questions and expect some answers. Would you please give me a list and description of a few good games that could be played at a Hallowe'en social in a church.

Ans.—See Witness of last week for Hallowe'en suggestions.

PURCHASE OF DISEASED CATTLE

Subscriber, Ontario, asks: Last May I bought two steers from a dealer, one of them did not put on any flesh and became so thin in July that we destroyed it. On examination, we found one lung very badly affected. The other one now shows some signs of going the same way. They were sold to me for healthy stock and were on good pasture. 1. Have I any legal right to claim redress from the dealer? 2. Are there any regulations or laws in Ontario regarding the sale of cattle affected with tuberculosis, to farmers, or in the market?

Ans.—1. You may have a right of action for damages for misrepresentation. We would suggest that you see a lawyer, personally, and instruct him for the collection of same, but not to venture upon suit unless he is satisfied that you have sufficient evidence available to prove the fact of the misrepresentation complained of. 2. There are The Public Health Act (Revised Statutes of Ontario, 1914, chap. 218 and Amending Acts) and regulations made thereunder; but we do not see that they would assist you.

SUNDAY SCHOOL HYMN WANTED

Mrs. Edwin Hunt, Ont., requests the words of a Sunday School hymn that goes thus:

Between me and my Saviour three mighty mountains rose,
That all the way and ever my coming did oppose.
These mountains, dark and gloomy, undied a loving Lord.

The mountains were unbelief, fear of falling, and wanting to do.

I would like to sing this hymn to the old ladies in the Widows' Home and others as I go to see people.

POEM WORDS SUPPLIED

Miss A. McLatchie, Que.—Am sending the words of the poem asked for by Miss B. Alexander, N.S., in your issue of Sept. 17, 1924.

WATSON'S ELEGY ON TENNYSON

Low, like another's Mes the laureled head;
The life that seemed a perfect song is o'er;
Carry the last great bard to his last bed,
Land that he loved, thy noblest voice is mute,
Land that he loved, that loved him! never more
Shadow of thine smooth lawn and wild sea-shore,
Gardens of odorous bloom and tremulous fruit,
Of woodlawn old, like Druid couches spread,
The master's feet shall tread.
Death's little rift hath rent the faultless lute—
The singer of undying songs is dead.
The seasons change, the winds they shift and veer;
The grass of yesteryear
Is dead; the birds depart; the groves decay;
Empires dissolve and people disappear;
Song passes not away.
Captains and conquerors leave a little dust
And kings a dubious legend of their reign;
The swords of Caesars, they are less than rust;
The poet doth remain.
Dead is Augustus; Mars is alive;
And thou, the Mantuan of our age and clime,
Like Virgil, shall thy race and tongue survive,
Bequeathing no less honeyed words to time,
Embalmed in amber of eternal rhyme,
And rich with sweets from every muse's hive;
While to the measure of thy cosmic rune,
For purer ears thou shalt thy lyre attune,
And need no more the hum of idle praise
In that great calm our tumults cannot reach,
Master who crown'st our immelodious days
With flower of perfect speech.

Miss A. McLatchie asks: Could anyone send me the words of a poem beginning:

They that find gold, find care,
And yellow dust is, after all, but dust.

WORDS SUPPLIED

Mr. J. E. K., Ont.—I noticed in the Witness, Oct. 1st, a request for a poem entitled "This Shall Pass Away." I am enclosing one which I have written from memory, but think it is all here; perhaps it is the one that is wanted; am also enclosing "The Worn Wedding Ring," which was asked for some time ago. Hoping you will get many new subscribers to your valuable paper.

EVEN THIS SHALL PASS AWAY

Once in Persia reigned a king,
Who, upon his signet ring
Carved a maxim true and wise,
Which when held before his eyes,
Gave him council at a glance
Fit for every change and chance,
Solemn words and these are they:
"Even this shall pass away."

Trains of camels, through the sand,
Brought him gems from Samarand;
Fleets of galleys through the seas,
Brought him pearls to match with these,
But he counted not his gain,
Treasures of the mine or main,
"What is wealth?" the king would say,
"Even this shall pass away."

In the revel of his court,
At the zenith of the sport
When the palms of all his guests
Burned with clapping at his jests,
He amid his figs and wine
Cried, "Oh loving friends of mine,
Pleasures come but not to stay,
Even this shall pass away."

Towering in the public square,
Twenty cubics in the air,
Rose his statue, carved in stone,
Then the king disguised, unknown,
Stood before his sculptured name
Musing meekly "what is fame?
Fame is but a slow decay,
Even this shall pass away."

Struck with palsy sore and old,
Waiting at the gates of gold,
Said he with his dying breath,
"Life is done, but what is death?"
Then, in answer to the king,
Fell a sunbeam on his ring,
Showing by a heavenly ray,
Even this shall pass away.

THE WORN WEDDING RING

"Your wedding ring wears thin, dear wife; ah,
Summers not a few,
Since I put it on your finger first, have passed
O'er me and you;
And love, what changes we have seen—what
joys and pleasures, too—
Since you became my own wife, when this old
ring was new.

"Oh, blessings on that happy day, the happiest
of my life,
And, love, what changes we have seen—
When, thanks to God, your low, sweet,
'Yes,' made you my loving wife;
Your heart will say the same, I know, that
day's as dear to you,
The day that made me yours, dear wife, when
this old ring was new.

"And O, when death shall come at last, to bid
me to my rest,
May I die looking in those eyes, and resting
on that breast,
O, may my parting gaze be blessed with the
dear sight of you,
Of those fond eyes—fond as they were when
this old ring was new.

—William Cox Bennett.

Miss M. E. Forgie, Sask.—I wonder if any
reader could supply the words of an old song,
containing these words:

"Pin the Red Rose on my grave, Mother,
The flower that I used to love,
For I'm going to the angels,
They're waiting for me above.

I am enclosing the words of a poem which
was asked for in the Witness some time ago.

THE OLD MAN GOES TO TOWN

(By J. G. Swinerton)

Well, wife, I've been to 'Frisco, an' I called to
see the boys.
I'm tired and half deafened with the travel
and the noise;
So I'll sit down by the chimbley, and rest my
weary bones,
And tell how I was treated by our 'ristoratio
sons.

As soon's I reached the city, I hunted up our
Dan—
Ye know he's now a celebrated wholesale busi-
ness man.

I walked down from the depo'—but Dan keeps
a country seat—
An' I thought to go lone with him, an' rest my
weary feet.

All the way I kept a thinkin' how famous it
'ud be
To go 'round the town together—my grown-up
boy an' me,
An' remember the old times, when my little
"curly head"
Used to cry out, "Good night, papa!" from his
Little trundle bed.

I never thought a minit that he wouldn't want
to see
His gray and worn old father, or would be
ashamed of me.
So, when I seen his office, with a sign write
out in gold,
I walked in 'thout knockin'—but the old man
was too bold.

Dan was sittin' by a table an a writin' in a
book,
He knowed me in a second; but gave me such
a look!
He never said a word o' you, but axed about
the grain,
An' of I thought the valley didn't need a
little rain.

I didn't stay a great while, but inquired after
Rob.
Dan said he lived upon a hill—I think they
call it Nob;
An' when I left, Dan, in a tone that almost
broke me down,
Said, "Call and see me, won't ye, whenever
you're in town?"

It was ruther late that evenin' when I found
our Robert's house,
There was music, lights and dancin' and a
mighty big carouse.
At the door a nigger met me, an' he grinned
from ear to ear,
Sayin': "Keerds ob invitation, or you nebber
git in here."

I said I was Rob's father; an' with another
grin
The nigger left me standin' and disappeared
with in.
Rob came out on the porch—he didn't order
me away!
But he said he hoped to see me at the market
place next day.

Then I started fur a 'avern, fur I knowed
there, anyway,
They wouldn't turn me out so long's I'd money
fur to pay.
An' Dan an' Rob had left me about the streets
to roam,
An' neither of them axed me if I'd money to
git home.

It may be the way o' rich folks—I don't say 'at
it is not—
But we remember somethings Dan and Rob
have quite forgot.
We didn't quit expect this, wife, when twenty
years ago,
We mortgaged the old homestead to give Rob
and Dan a show.

I didn't look for Charley, but I happened just
to meet
Him with a lot o' friends of his'n a-comin'
down the street,
I thought I'd pass on by him, for fear our
youngest son
Would show he was ashamed o' me, as Rob
and Dan had done.

But as soon as Charley seen me, he right afore
'em all
Said: "God bless me, there's my father!" as
loud as he could bawl.
Then he introduced me to his friends an' sent
them all away,
Tellin' 'em he'd see them later, but was busy
for that day.

Then he took me out to dinner, an' he axed
about the house.
About you an' Sally's baby, an' the chickens,
pigs and cows;
Then he axed about his brothers, addin' that
'twas very queer,
But he hadn't seen one on 'em fur mighty
nigh a year.
Then he took me to his lodgin', in an' attic
four stairs high—
He said he liked it better 'cause 'twas nearer
to the sky.
An' he said: "I've only one room, but my bed
is pretty wide,"
An' so we slept together, me an' Charley, side
by side.

Next day we went together to the great
mechanic's fair,
An' some o' Charley's pictures was on exhibi-
tion there.
He said if he could sell 'em, which he hoped
to pretty soon,
He'd make us all a visit, an' "be richer than
Muldoon."
An' so two-days and nights we passed, an'
when I come away,
Poor Charley said the time was short, an'
begged me fur to stay.
Then he took me in a buggy an' drew me to
the train,
An' said in just a little while he'd see us
all again.

You know we thought our Charley would
never come to much;
He was always readin' novels, an' poetry, an'
such.
There was nothing on the farm he ever
seemed to want to do,
An' when he took to paintin' he disgusted
me clear through!

So we gave to Rob and Dan all we had
to call our own,
An' left poor Charley penniless to make his
way alone,
He's only a poor painter; Rob and Dan are
rich as sin;
But Charley's worth the pair of 'em with all
their gold thrown in.

Those two grand men, dear wife, were once
our prattling babes—an' yet.
It seems as if a mighty gulf twixt them an'
us is set;
An' they'll never know the old folks till life's
troubled journey's past,
An' rich an' poor are equal underneath the
sod at last.

An' maybe when we all meet on the resur-
rection morn,
When our earthly glories fallen, like the husks
from ripe corn,
When the righteous Son of Man the awful
sentence shall have said,
The brightest crown that's shining there may
be on Charley's head.

SONG WANTED

Mrs. Taylor, Ont.—I would like very much
to get the whole of a song called, "Needle
Cases, or Jack Now So Poor,"—that was in
use forty years ago.

Mr. Henry Campbell, Que., writes.—I wish
to get the poem by G. Lochart, son-in-law of
Sir Walter Scott, "Of some good ten of Bern-
ado, his chosen men hath appeared."

Engineers have developed a new alloy
whose use it is expected will enable at
least four words to be sent over a submar-
ine cable for every one that it is now pos-
sible to send. As a means of transmitting
signals the cable is much slower than land
wires. This new discovery, however, will
increase its speed somewhat.



H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES ARRIVING IN TORONTO

This photograph shows "Baron Renfrew" as he stepped out of the Union Station, Wednesday morning at 9.30. The Prince and his party stepped into motor cars and were whisked away to Sir William Mulock's estate, near Aurora, for a fox hunt. The Prince fell from his mount, "Killdare," owned by George Beardmore, but remounted none the worse for his mishap. The fox was killed an hour after the hunt started. In the above photograph are shown, from left to right: General Trotter, George Beardmore, Master of the Fox Hunt, next is His Honor Lieut.-Governor of Ontario Cockshut, and the smiling Prince of Wales.

Sunday Home Reading

THE GLORY OF WORK

Work! Thank God for the might of it, the ardor, the urge, the delight of it—Work that springs from the heart's desire, setting the soul and the brain on fire.

Oh, what is so good as the heat of it, and what is so glad as the beat of it, and what is so kind as the stern command challenging brain and heart and hand?

Work! Thank God for the pride of it, for the beautiful, conquering tide of it, sweeping the life in its furious flood, thrilling the arteries, cleansing the blood, mastering stupor and dull despair, moving the dreamer to do and dare.

Oh, what is so good as the urge of it, and what is so glad as the surge of it, and what is so strong as the summons deep, rousing the torpid soul from sleep?

Work! Thank God for the swing of it, for the clamoring, hammering ring of it, Passion of labor daily hurried on the mighty anvils of the world;

Oh, what is so fierce as the flame of it, and what is so huge as the aim of it, Thundering on through death and doubt, calling the plan of the Maker out;

Work, the Titan, the friend, shaping the earth to a glorious end;

Draining the swamps and blasting the hills, doing whatever the spirit wills, Rending the continent apart, to answer the dream of the Master heart,

Thank God for a world where none can shirk, thank God for the splendor of work.

—Angela Morgan in Chicago Labor News.

The Darkest Sin In The Universe

By BERNARD C. CLAUSEN.

Size and magnificence do not make sins great, to be really an outstanding success, a sin must be disguised as a virtue. Once identified, labeled, known by its right name, a sin loses more than half its power. It can achieve greatness only by remaining under an assumed name.

For this reason we are spared a weary and gruesome search. We need not investigate the classic instances of men's sins at their worst, for the very fact that we recognize them as such proves that they have lost their initial influence over men. Our first impulse, as we think of the darkest sin in the universe, is to explore the horrifying corners of men's fiendish lust at its lowest. Brutal malicious delight in another's suffering, colossal demonic pursuit of one's basest desires, orgies of cruel wantonness in slaying and laying waste, or those delicate deviltries which combine callous inhumanity with deliberate and ingenious refinements in exquisite selfish designs—these things throng our minds as we roam amid sin's blackest achievements. But the very fact that these things throng our minds betrays them. Such sins are known for what they are, and are shunned for what they represent. They have become classic because men everywhere unite in abhorring them and combating them. The darkest sin in the universe seems at first glance like a very innocent thing with a glint upon it of much that looks like beauty. Therein lies its fiendish subtlety. That is the way for a sin to succeed. The prime art of sin is the art of disguise. More men go down to soul's death at the lure of a demure and pleasant smile from a simple unpretentious wistful little sin than ever succumb to the combined lures of those brutal vices whose names are unmentionable but whose nature we know.

The Depth of Dante's Hell

Suppose you discovered that a glance at the word-index of the Bible reveals this sin and its opposite virtue as making up the most considerable body of reference involved in the entire collection. Mentioned more often than any other sin, contrasted more often with its corresponding virtue, it wins its way to importance by sheer bulk in the Old and New Testaments. Suppose you found that when Jesus, Master of the Book, summed up His teaching in what He called His two commandments, He aimed both of them directly at this sin, and promised that obedience to these two dictates would constitute fulfillment of the law and the prophets. Suppose that this sin is revealed with unmistakable plainness as the root of the root of all evil. Suppose that the one irremovable bar to God, the one barrier which prayers cannot overleap, the one bulwark through which the human spirit cannot pierce toward God is this same sin. Suppose you found that the most widely quoted chapter in the Bible, the final summing up of the abiding things in the philosophy of Jesus, named this sin as the chief enemy of man, and its opposite as the greatest of all things that last. Suppose you discovered that when Dante's imagination constructs his hell, he can find no depths too low for the fiendish creatures who sold themselves to this hateful thing; that Olive Schreiner in her magnificent modern visions of spiritual truth places in the midst of the agonies of outcast life, the blasted victim of this sin. Would you not be eager to study this viper, to describe his markings, to reveal his habits, and to spare mankind from any more unnecessary writhings under his pitiless attack?

His aliases are legion. He calls himself according to his best advantage. He parades often as patriotism; he wears the guise of enthusiasm; he boasts sometimes that he is the original lover of high ideals and the sworn enemy of all that is lower; he sometimes assumes the air of culture, rants about his keenness of intellect which makes it impossible to impose on him; and at his very worst he has been known to use the disguise of uncompromising saintliness, which cannot abide near guilt without contending for the things of faith. But whatever his masks, those who once know him can usually detect the malicious subtlety of his devilish device. His proper name is Hate. We may call him by his common title Distrust. He is the darkest sin in the universe.

Distrust Defeats Prayer

When Jesus announced the summary of His code within the scope of two commands, He wasted no words naming or defining sins. But He did His best to persuade men to love—love God, love fellowmen—and we are left to conclude that the greatest sin He knew anything about was the sin which violated every implication of His love-laws, by hating and distrusting. If we are not yet convinced, echoes from almost every sentence of His conversation can be used for evidence. From every theme He finds Himself working back toward His central message of love. He is talking one day about prayer. He is attempting to account for men's confessed failures to get through to God in prayer. He insists first upon a confidence in God Himself, as the very starting point of prayer. But He does not stop here. He explains that the men who claim to trust God, but distrust their fellowmen,

The capeshaft of scriptural comment is the message of that beloved hymn of ecstasy, that psalm in praise of the Christian quality of life, Paul's thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians; the psalm to love, favorite of generations of Christians. Here hate is dethroned by the enthronement of love. Here trust becomes beautiful as you watch it against the background of suspicion. Here the manners of the friendly life are exhibited and the trophies of kindness are displayed, and the climax of the symphonic motif is reached in that final verse, which groups in an eternal triangle of abiding things—faith, hope and love—all three of them the opposites of distrust.

The faith here named is not a blind, unreasoning blunder of innocence, nor is it the ability to believe something you know to be impossible. It is simply a friendly confidence in God. It is all you know, plus a cordial determination not to condemn the universe until it is proved guilty. It is the capitalization of the results of what we are sure are our best moments, as opposed to the conclusions of what we know to be our worst moments. It is the tabulation of the experiences of previous ventures in faith into a willingness to venture yet again.

The Absurdity of Faith

If this seems like a difficult demand upon the incredulous human mind, I can call attention to a significant fact. At 9.30 on Sunday night, a thousand radio sets turned on to station WFAB and listened. They were turned to receive something which nobody can explain, with utterly inconceivable powers and implications, and which must yield to the first attack of logic. Yet you tuned in and waited. And you heard. You know that there is something in it, because the results have come. But I caught you in the absurdity of an act of faith, when you sat there waiting and turning that dial. Any man who can trust a universe of mystery for an inexplicable sermon out of the miles of darkness, waiting Sunday night after Sunday night for it to come in, and yet finds it impossible to give God a chance to prove himself by a decent experiment in listening in, deserves and receives my sympathy.

The second of the lasting things is hope, says Paul. And hope is nothing more than trust in tomorrow. Without it the fabric of civilization is ruined. Every worth-while life is a life of hope, for only hope makes it possible to invest one's efforts in a result which one cannot himself enjoy. The hope of "The Covered Wagon," and "Vandermark's Folly," and "The Hawkeye"; the hope of Fulton and Morse and Steinmetz; the hope of Johnny Appleseed who pioneered the new West and planted apple orchards wherever he went, knowing that he could never pluck their fruits, but knowing that somebody else would be glad when they found shining apples on green boughs; the hope of the men who plan schools and work for good roads and lay out rows of oaks—this is simply a genial confidence, a friendly trust in tomorrow. It results in the "substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen."



REV. DONALD MCGILLIVRAY, M.A., D.D., LL.D., Shanghai

Editor of the Presbyterian Missionary, and an eminent scholar. He has been engaged in writing literature in the Chinese language for missionary purposes, and supplies most of the Presbyterian schools and colleges in China with religious and classic literature in this form. He is now in Canada on furlough and while here will attend a number of church conferences.

tured into their circle of fun. Ewald began to explain about the tradition and treasure of Jewish life, about Moses and Abraham and David, and Jesus. Then they started out together, father and son, to search in the dark streets for the Jewish lad, hoping that they could find him and tell him they were sorry. They came home baffled, but the lesson of the search had burned itself on the mind of Ewald's boy.

That night, as the father and mother stood over their sleeping son, he seemed fretful and nervous, wakeful and restless. The mother said, "Carl, I am afraid our little boy is sick!"

Ewald replied, "Don't worry, mother. It will be all right. I know what is ailing him. I have just inoculated him against the meanest disease in the universe!"

Smite then this foulest sin in all the category of men's vices. Lord, I believe—help thou my unbelief! Lord, I hope—help thou my gloom! Lord, I love—help thou my distrust! Do you know the world is dying, for a little bit of love?

Everywhere you hear them sighing, for a little bit of love.

For the love that rights a wrong, Takes a blow, and dares a song; They have waited, O so long, For a little bit of love.—The Baptist.

THE "HIP POCKET FLASK"

We Want it in Ontario!

True some Ontario men carry it; but they do so in defiance of law and the best sentiment of every locality. When discovered they are prosecuted and punished.

Under Government sale the hip pocket flask is a legal institution. The stores advertise them. They are price-tagged and displayed in the windows. Big ones; little ones; common glass ones; leather covered and silver mounted ones—all sorts of styles and prices; and young men get them for Christmas gifts, and out of these treat their dance partners and the girls they take motoring.

Andrew Blyth, Vancouver Justice of the Peace, says of his own city:—"It is to-day more wide open than ever before, and any night may be seen cabarets in which no liquor is said to be sold, but in which fifty per cent. of the people show signs of intoxication. Dance halls are a public scandal, with young girls slipping from the dance hall to the back alley to take a drink from the hip flasks of their escorts."

If you want Ontario to make legal the "Bottle on the Hip"—then endorse Government Control.—Ont. W.C.T.U. Leaflet.

The Salvation Army has just opened a new, clean, inexpensive and "homey" hotel for elderly and middle-aged women workers in a former saloon, on what used to be, before prohibition, one of the hottest corners in Hell's Kitchen—the northwest corner of 27th street and 10th avenue, New York city. The place was formerly known as "The Goats," and it enjoyed a reputation which it would be hard to duplicate, even in this notorious section.

There is no enemy can hurt us but by our own hands. Satan could not hurt us, if our own corruption betrayed us not; afflictions can not hurt us without our own impatience; temptations can not hurt us without our own yieldance; death could not hurt us without the sting of our own sins; sins could not hurt us without our own impenitence.—Bishop Hall.

Prayer

O God of all grace, help my infirmities: restrain my wandering thoughts: make me mindful of the things which concern my eternal welfare. Be merciful unto me, O Lord, and forgive my sin, for it is great. Rejoice thy servant with the light of Thy countenance, and show me Thy salvation. For Jesus' sake—Amen.

are unquestionably wrong in their claims. He demands that before we attempt the form of praying, we forgive, we reconcile, we purge our hearts of all remembered wrongs, all festering rancor, all smoldering hate. "Suppose you are praying, and in the midst of your prayer you remember a brother who has something against you, (Ah, how often prayer leads to exactly such recollections) stop praying, and find your brother, and make it right with him. Then come back and pray. For if you distrust or hate, prayer will be a futile mockery." So spoke our Jesus, who knew the secrets of communion with God. He knew that distrust defeats prayer as nothing else does.

The Climax Virtue

Last and greatest in the trinity of Paul's abiding things is his climax virtue—love, charity, friendliness—toward fellowmen. It is nothing more mysterious than this same friendly trust which we are determined to exhibit toward God and toward tomorrow, leveled now at those about us. Never did we need it more than now. Race and sectional prejudices, castes and cliques, are dividing us into self-conscious groups of hate and suspicion.

Carl Ewald in his book, "My Little Son," tells of an evening when his boy came home boasting of his part in the hounding of a Jewish boy who had ven-

The Greatest Story Ever Told

THOUGHTS FOR THINKERS FOR SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 2

The art of story telling has been cultivated in all ages and countries, and there have been many famous story tellers, but one story stands out as the greatest of all stories. Jesus, who told the story of the Prodigal Son, told many stories which have come down to us, and a number of His stories have become current coin, so to speak, in many lands: who does not know the story of the Good Samaritan and the story of the Rich Man and Lazarus? But the story of the Prodigal Son appeals to the heart more than any of the others and has been the means of salvation to multitudes of prodigal sons. It is an epitome of the history of the human race.

Why is it that the mind shrinks from the thought of God's presence and intimate knowledge of all our thoughts as well as our words and actions, and prefers to forget that God exists, or to think of Him only as an impersonal and impassive being living only in some very distant world? It is because, like the Prodigal, we want to feel free to do as we like without the restraint of the all-seeing eye.

Writing about the gods of China, in China's Millions, Mr. Arthur Moore, of Shuntekfu, says that the kitchen god is supposed to go up to heaven at the end of the year to report the doings of the family during the year to the supreme god. On the 24th day of the 12th month a chicken, or a picture of a chicken is sacrificed to the kitchen god that he may have it to ride up to heaven on, and then the god's picture is torn down from the wall. And as the picture of the new kitchen god is not put up till the first day of the first month the Chinese have six joyful days in which they can do as they like, because there is no kitchen god to report their conduct to the supreme deity. What a relief that must be to their minds!

Unfortunately the superior enlightenment which has banished such superstitions has left the white man without even a paper god to report his words and actions, and he is able to live through the whole year as free from the consciousness of God's presence as the Chinese are during the last week of the year.

"Father, give me the portion of goods that falleth to me," said the Prodigal. He claimed a share of his father's wealth as his rightful inheritance, but he did not acknowledge his father's rightful claim on him for service and obedience. He claimed the right to do as he pleased and to use a share of the wealth that his father had accumulated in any way he chose to use it. Is not that a true picture of man in his relation to God? Man thinks he has a right to do as he likes with his own time and his own abilities and with all the privileges and advantages which he enjoys by the favor of God, and he does not recognize God's claims upon him. He gathers to himself all that God has given him or provided for him, and takes his journey into a far country, mentally, living without any consciousness of God's presence.

And in the far country he squanders his rich inheritance by wasting his time and abilities in the pursuit of material and worldly gains and advantages without any care for the development of his spiritual nature; which becomes stunted and stifled. He is like Bunyan's muckrake, who was so intent on raking together sticks and straws that he could not look up to see the crown which an angel was holding above his head. And so the man in the very act of striving to fill his life with all good empties himself of all that is best in him. It is said of the Roman emperor Titus that when a day had passed in which he had not accomplished some useful work he exclaimed, "Diem peridi." (I have lost a day), but those who live only for pleasure or for the attainment of any selfish ambition lose their lives. That is what Jesus meant when He said, "He that loveth his life shall lose it."

Solomon is the typical prodigal son of history. No man ever started out with brighter prospects. He had everything that heart could wish. He had power, wealth, health, great ability, and boundless opportunities. His fame was spread far and wide. And above all, he enjoyed the special favor of God, and had the assurance of God's special protection. And what did he make of it all? Read his summary of his own life in the book of Ecclesiastes. He had tried hard to find full satisfaction in selfish pleasures, but found to his disgust,

that, like the Prodigal in the story, he was only living on pig feed. "Vanity of vanities!" he exclaimed at last, "all is vanity and vexation of spirit." Vanity means emptiness. And so he wrote that book as a perpetual warning to others to steer clear of the pit into which he had fallen; for "what can the man do that cometh after the King?" If I with every conceivable advantage could not make a self-seeking pleasure-loving, life pay, you can't hope to do so, he tells us.

"When he had spent all, there arose a mighty famine in that land." That is the way things are apt to happen. It is when we are least able to face trouble or temptation that it comes upon us with greatest severity. And we see in this parable the reason why it is so, for that famine brought the Prodigal to his senses. If times had been prosperous he could have earned his living, and pride would have prevented him from returning to his father. It was necessary that he should be half starved to make him sick of his sin and to knock the foolish pride out of him. God likes to drive His children into a corner where they will have to listen to His voice, speaking to their consciences.

"No man gave unto him." The false friends who had flattered him and pretended to love him as long as he had money to spend turned their backs on him as soon as his money was spent. Shakespeare tells this part of the story of the Prodigal in his drama, "Timon of Athens." Timon was rich and he spent money lavishly entertaining his friends and made them rich presents. When his money was exhausted he sent to each of them to ask for a loan, but they treated his request with contempt, or with hypocritical pretense of inability to help him. The friendship of those who sponge on rich spenders is always hypocritical.

Then at last the Prodigal came to himself. He had acted like a lunatic, but hunger brought him to his right mind. Then he realized that he had sold himself to the Devil for nothing. And then he remembered how kind his father was, and instead of wishing to run away from his father, he was anxious to go back, and was quite willing to confess humbly that he had disgraced himself and his father.

There are three parables of lostness in this chapter. There is the lost sheep, the lost coin, and the lost son. The poor, stupid sheep had wandered away unwittingly; the shepherd went after it and searched till he found it. The coin was lost by accident, and the owner searched till she found it. But the son lost himself purposely, because he wanted to be away from his father. The father did not search for him, but left him to find out for himself what a fool he was. But the father's heart went after the son, and knowing what would be the result of the son's attempt to find satisfaction in self-indulgence, the father watched hopefully for his return.

"And when he was yet a great way off, his father saw him," and pitied him, "and ran to meet him, and kissed him." God always meets the returning sinner more than half-way. He is even more glad to welcome the returning prodigal than the prodigal is to be at home enjoying the abundance of the father's wealth and liberality. Jesus concluded the parables of the lost sheep and the lost coin with the remark: "Likewise there is joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth," and in the parable of the Prodigal Son He tells us how the father called for a feast and merry-making, "for this, my son, was dead, and is alive again; he was lost and is found." God does not only forgive the sinner who seeks forgiveness in Christ's name; He welcomes the penitent with exceeding joy. At an awful cost He has purchased the right not merely to forgive but even to justify the returned prodigal without any sacrifice of His own honor, or any compromise of the demands of justice.

Notice that although the father must have understood his son's motive in asking for his fortune he gave it to him without even a protest. He knew that the only way a wilful and disobedient heart can be educated is to let it find out by experience the folly of its disobedience. God does not want forced service.

The story of this Prodigal leaves us with the impression that ever afterwards the penitent younger son loved the father more and served

him more heartily than the older son who had never gone away from home. And that thought is confirmed by our Lord's story of the two debtors, by which He taught that he who had been forgiven most would be likely to love most. (Luke 7:37-47.) But this truth does not shut out any human being from becoming a member of the company who love most, because every one needs to be forgiven much and it is not so much a question of the degree to which we have erred from the right road as it is of the degree to which our consciences have been awakened—the frankness with which we have recognized our sinfulness and need of forgiveness.

Golden Text: I will arise and go to my father.—Luke 15:18.

SCRIPTURE READINGS

Monday, Oct. 27—Luke 15:11-24; Tuesday—Mat. 18:7-14; Wednesday—John 10:11-18; Thursday—2 Chron. 6:36-39; Friday—Acts 17:22-31; Saturday

UNDER THE SHADOWS OF THE PYRENEES

The Work of a Colporteur in Spain

Early in October I left Barcelona, where I had already done some amateur colportage, to establish myself in Jaca, a historic and commercially-important town in the extreme north of Aragon, only a few hours' journey by motor-car from the French frontier. There is a great contrast between Aragon and Catalonia, the province of which Barcelona is the capital. The latter is the Lancashire of Spain, but its soil is poor, both as regards arable land and pasture. The valleys of Aragon present a bare, treeless aspect. The picturesque Pyrenees are denuded of timber. But the soil is rich, especially in the basins of the chief rivers. Poverty there certainly is, but appearances are deceptive. The Aragonese is no great spender of money; he bears the reputation of being, like Barkis, a "little near."

My trip involved a journey of two and a half hours in a public motor to Hecho. From this point a tramp over mountain tracks and stretches of snow would bring you to the pass which leads into France. The only inn at Hecho proved clean and quite comfortable. Over the open kitchen hearth a large black pot hung by a chain. In such a posada, after your supper, you all sit on the settle by the wood-fire, and, if the folk allow it, you produce your books, explain their contents, and sell copies. Here, however, a very voluble pedlar of cheap jewellery was staying at the inn and held the floor. Because he was a son of the soil and could talk ten words to my one, I had not a "look in." I spent a day in working two distant mountain villages, gave the next day to Hecho, and then started down the valley, visiting all the towns on my way. The people were hospitable and friendly; when I knocked at their doors they were quite willing to come down and look at the books and hear about them—even when they did not buy. In one small town, I was selling from door to door during the festival of the Virgen del Pilar, the patron saint of Saragossa and the whole province, when a man in black (as Borrow would have said) confronted me. "What are you doing here?" he demanded. "Selling the Scriptures." "Let me see. Ah! I thought so. Every copy you sell here will be burnt and I shall instruct the town-crier to publish the order."

In one small town I found only a few women at home; the men were away at work in the fields. One young woman had bought a Testament the year before. It was in a rather grimy state, and had evidently been considerably mauled by the children, but its excellent binding had held good. She said to me, "My friends wanted me to burn it, but I thought it a pity to do so when I had paid a peseta (ninepence), for it." I pointed out various important passages, and she turned down the leaves.

The landlord of a cafe gave me permission to sell to his customers, and I was received in the kindest manner. All the customers suspended their conversation to listen to me. The landlord himself recommended the books to them. Some already possessed copies, and although none of the others purchased one they were evidently interested. The landlord came to the door with me, and as we shook hands I remarked how respectful and quiet the young fellows had been—in marked contrast to many others I have met in cafes. He replied, "I should not have permitted anything else."

My very brief experience in this province has filled me with admiration for the thorough way in which the Bible Society's colporteurs have penetrated with the Scriptures to the most out-of-the-way places, under the able and enthusiastic leadership of Don Adolfo Araujo, superintendent for Spain. In nearly every place where I have visited the seed had already been sown by these devoted men of God.

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A PANTHER HUNT

It had been a great hunt, and two fine large panthers had been bagged. During the evening as we were sitting around the camp fire watching some Bhils skinning the panthers, one of the hunters, a Colonel of the Poyal Artillery, blurted out, "I don't believe in Christianizing these Bhils. I like to see them as we saw them to-day; they were both friendly and helpful—look at them now, how nicely they handle their sickle, and how easily they use it in lieu of a proper skinning knife. They don't grumble at all, although we have kept them out all day and nearly half the night."

"I am so glad to hear you say that," I replied, "because those men skinning the panther are Christians, and eighty per cent. of your beaters to-day were Christians too; but had you attempted a hunt here years ago when we first came to the jungle, the Bhils would most probably have looted you, instead of helping you to hunt the panther as they have done to-day. The Gospel of Jesus-Christ which you so much despise has made the difference."—Rev. H. H. Smith, Mendha, India.

"Statements that there is as much drinking now as before prohibition are really silly," said Judge Luxford, of the Denver County Court. "There is not one-tenth as much drinking in Denver now as before the Volstead Act became effective."

WHERE WOMEN ARE BOUGHT AND SOLD

(By Miss De Hailes, of Bolobo)

All Congo women and girls, with the exception of some who have Christian parents, are really slaves; they are sold, often as tiny children, to men for their wives. When the girl grows up she often objects, but as the money is paid, she is the property of that man and his family. If her husband dies she is not free, and all the money that he has given for her must be repaid with any money he may have spent for her, on clothes, medicine, etc. If she cannot pay, or get someone to pay for her, she must marry in that family, often a man she hates.

One case I had to settle was that of a Christian widow. The elder brother of her late husband, a man with four wives, a heathen, said she must become his wife or pay 150 francs. I asked what he had paid for her, as State law only allows to be repaid what is given. For a long time he would only say he wanted 150 francs; then he owned that he had not paid that money, but had paid for two burials in the family, the woman's father and mother. She says it was her husband who did it. The burials came to 15 francs, but he was at last quite pleased to take ten, so that the poor woman was set free for 2s. 6d. She was indeed thankful to God for the deliverance. She had three girls, all of whom were married without any money being paid for them; for she and her husband, being Christians, refused to sell their children.

To live amongst those people is to gain them and win them for Christ. The native teachers cannot reach them, but the women will come out to be taught by a missionary. In one village I was told it was useless to call a women's meeting; there would only be three present at the most. I said I would have the three. My girls went and invited the women, and we had fifty-five. In another village where I was told none would come, we had the church crowded out with women, and several said they wished to learn more about the Saviour, and follow Him.

—The Missionary Herald.

In the old days the money changers in Italy counted their money on a table, known as a "banco." If one of these men were unable to pay up, his table was smashed and he was spoken of as "banko rotto," from which comes our word "bankrupt."

FARM GARDEN AND HOME

FIELD ROOTS FOR SEED GROWING

Mangels, Sugar Beets, Carrots, Swede and Fall Turnips are all biennial plants, i.e., need, as a rule, two years to develop seed. During the first year, the roots are developed and stored with food which, during the second year, is utilized for the formation of the seed-bearing stalks.

When selecting from an ordinary field, roots to be used as "seed roots" for the following year, care should be taken that the roots picked for the purpose are perfectly healthy, smooth, and even. Roots having undesirable characteristics such as pronginess and large neck should be carefully avoided. Above all, care should be especially taken that only such roots are selected which in general appearance come as close as possible to the ideal type of the variety from which they are picked. Roots which in shape and color deviate from the type of the variety should under no circumstances be set aside for seed production. The rule must be most scrupulously observed, as the value of the seed depends, in the first place, on its purity and trueness to name.

It is not necessary to select, for seed production, the very largest roots. This practice, which is sometimes advocated, is really poor economy. Medium-sized roots are easier to handle, take up less storing room, generally keep better than very large ones and produce just as good seed as far as both quantity and quality are concerned.

Roots selected for seed production should be left as intact as possible. That is to say, their ends and rootlets should not be chopped off, as is the practice with roots harvested for feed. As, furthermore, the seed-bearing stalks are developed from the crown of the roots, it is evident that too close trimming may result in injury to the crown, thus diminishing its seed-stalk developing ability. To be on the safe side, the tops should be cut off, about three or four inches above the crown.

It is also of importance that the selected roots be handled as carefully as possible. Rough handling, for instance loading on a wagon with a pitchfork, is not to be recommended, as injured roots are more susceptible to rot during the winter, and also, on the whole, produce seed of a poorer quality than do perfectly sound and uninjured roots.

Storing during the winter

The roots should be stored during the winter in such a way that they are not injured by frost and at the same time, not damaged by heating.

To protect the roots from freezing is a comparatively easy matter, to prevent them from heating and, as a result thereof, rotting, is often a far more difficult problem. Both difficulties can, however, be successfully overcome, whether the roots are stored in cellars or pitted outside.

A good root cellar should be dry and well ventilated. It should also keep a uniform temperature a few degrees above freezing point. A most essential thing is that good ventilation be provided for and that the temperature can be kept fairly low in the spring. This is the period when there is most danger of the roots heating and beginning to decay.

Where no root cellar is available, the roots can be pitted outside.

For successful pitting outside it is essential to select a dry, well-drained place for the pit, to cover the pit properly, to regulate the covering according to climatic changes during the storing period, and to provide for necessary ventilation.

A slight elevation or a hillside, where water cannot accumulate, will prove a good location for a pit. The building up of the pit may then be varied according to local requirements.

A convenient-sized pit should not be made more than 5 or 6 feet wide, with the roots piled up 3 or 4 feet above ground level. If the roots are piled up higher, it may be difficult to regulate the temperature properly, especially towards the spring.

When the roots are stacked, they should be covered with a layer of straw; later in the season when the cold weather sets in, a layer of earth should be put over the straw. In order to provide for ventilation, the straw should be left uncovered in spots about 4 feet apart, or special ventilation shafts inserted.

The thickness of the covering layers of straw and earth will depend on the severity of the winter. For colder parts of Canada a 12 to 18-inch layer of straw covered with a layer of earth 6

to 9 inches deep will provide ample protection during the coldest parts of the winter.

In the spring, the layer of earth should be gradually removed and, generally speaking, the thickness of the covers be modified according to the temperature.

Selecting and Preparing Land for Seed Growing.

A rich, warm soil, can be used to advantage for seed growing. Especially well adapted is a somewhat sandy loam or loamy clay. Heavy clay does not give as good crops as lighter soils. The only roots which can be grown satisfactorily for seed on comparatively heavy clay are Swede turnips, but even for these the loams are to be preferred.

As a general rule, a soil which grows good crops of certain varieties of feed roots will also prove suitable for seed roots of the same varieties.

The soil should be well drained. The sooner the surplus moisture is drained away in the spring and early summer, the better and safer will the seed crop be.

A liberal application of well rotted manure to the land will materially increase the yield of seed. This should if possible be incorporated into the soil during the previous season.

On soil deficient in lime, a good application of ground limestone will prove most beneficial. The seed crop is also likely to be materially increased if a commercial fertilizer somewhat rich in phosphates is applied a short time before the land is to be planted with the seed roots. Too much nitrogenous manure tends to retard maturity.

The land should also be as free as possible from weeds especially Couch grass, Canada thistle, and others possessing a perennial root system. The presence of such weeds is most undesirable, as a field occupied by seed roots can be cultivated only a short time in the spring and early summer. Later in the season, the development of the seed stalks will prevent thorough cultivation, at least where large fields are allotted to the seed growing.

The value of the seed produced depends largely on its purity. Not only should the seed be free from weeds, but, above all, be genuine, i.e., it should, when sown, produce a perfectly pure root crop, uniform in type.

The maintenance of the varietal type should under all circumstances be a prime consideration. A seed lot which when sown produces a mixture of different types is worse than useless. This has been quite clearly realized in countries where root seed is grown extensively. In Denmark, for instance, there has even been passed a law to the effect that certain root seed offered for sale must be strictly genuine, the penalty for offence in this respect being heavy fines, and compensation to the unfortunate buyer.

By careful selection of the roots which are to be used for seed production, the grower can to a great extent avoid raising mixed seed. There may, however, arise, during the flowering time of the seed roots, a possibility of the purity of the seed being endangered which should be carefully guarded against. This danger lies in crossing with other varieties.

All kinds of Beets, including mangels, sugar beets and garden beets, readily cross. This being the case, it is evident that a farmer who grows say a certain variety of mangels for seed, should grow neither other varieties of mangels nor any varieties of sugar beets or garden beets for seed, unless the seed plots can be located so far away from each other that danger of crossings between them is entirely out of the question. About 300 yards is considered a safe distance between beet fields growing different varieties for seed.

The different varieties of Swede Turnips and Fall Turnips also cross-fertilize each other easily, and should therefore, when grown for seed, be kept far apart. The danger of cross-fertilization between Swedes and fall turnips or between different varieties of either is, as a matter of fact, generally considered greater than between different kinds of beets, and it is therefore recommended that seed fields of Swedes and fall turnips belonging to different varieties be located not less than half a mile from each other.

Carrot varieties are cross-fertilized as easily as Swede varieties, and the distance from a seed field of a certain variety to a field growing another variety of carrot should therefore not be less than half a mile.

Beets, turnips, and carrots do not interbreed, i. e., crosses between beets and turnips, beets and carrots, and turnips and carrots are utterly impossible. Consequently, beets, turnips and carrots, can be grown side by side without there being any danger of crossing.

Time for Planting.

Mangels and beets are planted as soon as the soil is in good shape, i.e., generally speaking, at the time when Mangels and Sugar Beets are sown for ordinary farm use.

The roots are generally planted in rows 24 to 30 inches apart, with 20 to 24 inches between the roots in each row. For very rich soil the smaller distances can be recommended, for ordinary soil the greater distances are likely to give better results. Sometimes the distances between both rows and roots in the rows is made 24 inches. This method has the advantage of allowing horse-cultivation in either direction.

The distance having been decided upon the roots are planted either with a spade or after the plough. When the first method is employed the cost of planting will be lessened if two men work together thus: One man starts to dig holes at the distances decided upon; the other man follows, placing one beet in each hole. When the first row has thus been dug and supplied with roots, the second row is worked in the same way. The soil, dug up from the holes in the second row, is used to fill the holes of the first row, in which, as explained, a beet has already been placed. The soil is packed around the beets carefully. The third row is then started, the soil dug up from it being used to fill the holes occupied by beets in the second row, etc., until the field is completed.

Planting beets after the plough is generally cheaper than planting with a spade, but should be used only where the soil is comparatively light and easy to work.

It is absolutely necessary, whether the beets are planted with a spade or after the plough, to make the holes or furrows, whatever the case may be, so deep that the roots become completely covered with the necks barely protruding from below the surface of the soil.

During early summer, the field should be carefully cultivated. Horse cultivation should not be employed after the seed stalks have reached a height of from 12 to 18 inches.

The harvesting takes place when the seed clusters have taken on a brownish-green color. The very top of the roots is then cut off with a sharp spade, and the seed stalks left on the ground, for a few days, to dry. They are then tied together in small sheaves which are placed in rather loose and open stooks. These are left for about two weeks, after which time they are ready to be hauled from the field, providing, of course, that the weather has been favourable. As the seed clusters easily shatter in dry and sunny weather the hauling to the barn should not be done in bright sunshine if it can be avoided.

Methods of planting turnips are practically identical with those described for mangels and sugar beets.

It is of great importance that the land be kept in good condition throughout the summer and that weeds be eradicated as thoroughly as possible. Special care should be taken that a certain kind of wild mustard, generally called Charlock (*Brassica campestris*, L.) be entirely destroyed both in the turnip fields and in their vicinity. This particular wild mustard is so closely related with the turnip that it crosses very readily with it. When turnip flowers are fertilized by the wild mustard, just mentioned, they will develop seed which when sown produces perfectly useless roots.

When the seed pods have assumed a yellowish-brown tint and the seed has turned brown, then it is time to harvest. The seed stalks are cut off with a sharp and strong knife or with a sickle. This operation should, if possible, be undertaken in the early morning or in the evening when the pods are covered with dew, because then the least quantity of seed is wasted. The seed-bearing stalks are tied together in small bundles which are then placed together in open stooks. These are left on the field until the stalks are almost dry. In hauling the crop to the barn the greatest care should be exercised. As the pods very easily shed the seed, rough handling should be avoided, and the wagon on which the crop is loaded be lined with tarpaulins or strong cotton cloth in which the loose seed can be gathered.

Seed carrots should be planted in the spring as early as possible. They are set out as described for mangels, the difference being, however, that the distances between the rows and between the plants in the rows need not be so great. Twenty-four inches between the rows and 16 inches between the roots in the rows is ample.

The land should be well cultivated until the seed stalks are about 2 feet high. The carrot seed grower should above all be on the lookout for wild

carrot plants, which, when present in or near the seed field, readily cross-fertilize the flowers of the seed carrots. Seed, originated from a cross with a wild carrot, is worse than useless. All wild carrot plants found in the neighborhood of where carrots are grown for seed, should therefore be destroyed. In a district badly infested with wild carrot, no seed growing should be undertaken.

Carrot seed cannot be harvested like mangel or turnip seed. It must be hand-picked several times during the ripening period, because the individual seed clusters do not ripen at the same time. The seed clusters should be picked when they have assumed a brown colour.

On account of hand-picking being necessary, a large carrot seed field should be provided with roadways between every four rows, so that, at harvesting time, ready access is given to all rows.

WINTER MULCH FOR PERENNIALS

The season is at hand when we must turn our attention to the winter protection for our perennial borders, and plants generally, where they are likely to suffer from frost and drying cold winds. Coarse stable manure — that is, manure containing a goodly quantity of straw — is one of the best materials for mulching, though newly fallen leaves are also excellent for our purpose. The two are sometimes mixed and used together, but the best plan is to put the leaves on first with the manure on top; this will prevent the leaves from blowing away. Where leaves are used alone, it is necessary to use brush, stakes or anything that will keep them in place; I generally use wire netting for the purpose. Hay is utilized to a great extent where it is plentiful, as cut from marsh land, but it is not so good for the purpose as manure or leaves. The two latter, besides keeping out more cold, are better for the plants.

The winter mulch serves a double purpose: it excludes cold and also lessens the bad effect of rapid thaws by excluding heat. It is the continual change from freezing to thawing conditions that makes the mulch so valuable. These alternations in weather have a tendency to heave shallow-rooting plants out of the ground. The soil is solidly frozen one day, then along comes the thaw and the soil opens, exposing the roots and gradually throwing the plant out. The mulch prevents the heat from penetrating the soil quickly, so that it thaws out gradually and normally. The exclusion of heat also keeps the plants from starting into growth too early in the spring, such early growth being liable to be nipped by late frosts.

What Perennials Need

The mulch should not be put on until the ground is frozen. It then acts as cold storage to the plants, as it prevents the soil from thawing, precisely the condition we are striving for.

Certain perennials require special treatment in mulching. Foxgloves, hollyhocks, pansies, gold dust and others which retain their green foliage must not be covered heavily or with any material that will hold the moisture, as it is liable to cause rot, the plants going off at the neck, or crown. This is more likely to occur in a mild winter than when the frost and cold is continuous for two or three months. The best protection for the plants named is to apply the manure between them, not over and covering them, then to cover lightly with a few dry leaves, holding the latter in place with twiggy brush or pine or other branches. Aim to keep them dry, just giving sufficient covering to protect them from the sun.

Hardy bulbous plants, such as lilies, should have a mound of ashes placed over them to shed the water from the roots. In exposed positions a further protection of leaves with a tight-bottom-

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THE CULTURE OF VETCH

(By M. E. McCollom)

In this article the culture of common vetch will be discussed from three standpoints—the seed crop, the cover crop and the forage crop.

Soil location influences greatly the yield and quality of seed. Fertile loams on bottom land, as well as muck soils, are to be avoided for a seed crop. The tendency on these soils is to produce a rank growth with little seed.

Uplands soil, sandy lowland soils and clay lowland soils are best suited to seed production.

A well-worked, fairly smooth seed bed is desirable when a crop is planted for seed. Trash, such as pieces of sod, roots or corn stubble, left on the field, will cause considerable trouble at harvest, whether the vetch is sown with oat, or alone. Vetch is a rather difficult crop to cut at best and a rough trashy seed-bed offers added labor which is quite unwelcome at the time.

Fall seeding has secured higher yields of seed than spring seeding. The best average date for fall seeding is Oct. 15, and for spring seeding March 1. Fall seeding is much preferable to spring seeding from the standpoint of seed production. If common vetch is seeded alone, 90 pounds of seed per acre will give a good stand, and this amount may be reduced to 80 pounds if a drill is used. The vetch is very often sown with oats, so that the crop will stand up better and thus be easier to harvest. In this event, 60 pounds of vetch with 50 pounds of oats per acre is the proper rate of seeding.

Deep drilling, that is four inches—has produced the highest yields of seed, and is to be preferred to shallow drilling or broadcasting. However, if care is taken in broadcast seeding to cover the seed well, this method is satisfactory.

Winter Loss

Sometimes an objection to vetch has arisen because it has not come through the winter with a full stand. There is no question about vetch being resistant to usual winter temperature in the coast districts, but there is danger on some lands which heave seriously, destroying the vetch by heaving. This so called "winter killing" can largely be remedied by deep seeding and seeding the vetch in the early fall rather than in November. For seed can be determined by examining

The best stage in which to cut the crop for seed can be determined by examining the lowest pods on the vines. They should be brown in color and the seed in them should be hard and fully ripe. Later cutting usually results in much loss of seed by shattering.

Cutting

The vetch seed crop may be cut with a mowing machine either with or without a swather attachment. Without the swather it is necessary for two men to follow the mower for the purpose of rolling the vetch aside to allow space for the horses and machine on the next cut. The swather attachment is of considerable help, since it disposes of the cut material by rolling it to one side without the additional man labor.

When planted with oats the vetch crop can quite conveniently be harvested with a grain binder, the bundles of oats and vetch being shocked in the same manner as grain.

Shattering of the seed is to be guarded against after cutting, and the less the vetch is handled the better. A crop which is cut with a mower is best left in the swath to cure unless the stand has been thin and the swaths are very light. In this case it will be best to cock the material to prevent excessive drying and shattering.

A grain thresher may be utilized for threshing vetch seed but it will be necessary to remove several rows of concave teeth to prevent cracking the seeds. Common vetch threshes out slowly and a large bulk of straw yields a correspondingly small amount of seed. For this reason threshing costs are high, usually about 20 cents per bushel.

The legal weight of common vetch seed is 60 pounds per bushel. From 600 to 800 pounds of seed per acre is considered a fair yield, while 1,000 pounds or over is a high yield.

Aside from the seed yield, there will be from one to two tons of straw. This is usually palatable to livestock and is a nutritious feed.

Common Vetch As a Cover Crop

The demands of a cover crop to precede field crops or for seeding in berry fields and orchards are best satisfied by common vetch. It is seldom that the vetch is sown alone as a cover. Either

rye, wheat or oats is sown with it to enable the crop to grow erect, as ploughing under is thus facilitated. Winter rye is most commonly used as the companion crop, although on the more fertile soils the rye makes so fast and rank growth as to be undesirable. Where this trouble is experienced winter wheat could be well substituted. In fact, winter wheat makes a growth more equal to that made by vetch in most any location, except on the more sandy soils.

Winter oats usually grow slower than the vetch and do not give the necessary support during the growth of the cover crop.

Satisfactory varieties of winter grain to plant with vetch are Rosen rye or common winter rye. Red Russian wheat and Gray Winter oats. A good cover will result from a seeding of 40 to 50 pounds of common vetch with 70 to 80 pounds of the grain per acre.

A very convenient implement for cover cropping in a berry field is a small one-horse grain drill having five cups. This will seed down the space between the rows very effectively. Such a drill may, of course be used for other purposes as well.

The cover crop should attain a growth of from eighteen inches to two feet before ploughing under. Fall sown vetch will ordinarily reach this growth in April. The crop may be allowed to become more mature than this, but increased difficulty in ploughing it under may be expected. Attaching a chain from the rear of the plough beam to the end of the whiffletree so that it will act as a drag, helps greatly in turning under the crop.

Benefits to Soil

Apparently some confusion exists as to the benefits exerted by leguminous crops such as vetch on the soil. Assuming that a cover crop of vetch when ploughed under yielded at the rate of five tons green weight per acre (top and roots), this would mean that about 2,000 pounds of organic matter (dry weight) had been added to the soil. In addition to this, and probably the most valuable feature, is the gain in nitrogen. Legumes utilize atmospheric nitrogen largely, and, therefore, do not exhaust the supply of this element in the soil. A crop of vetch as mentioned above would increase the plant food in the soil by adding to it the nitrogen which it secured from the air. This would amount to about 40 pounds of nitrogen per acre with the above yield of vetch in mind.

Common Vetch As Silage, Hay and Green Feed

The yield of common vetch alone is smaller than when mixed with one of the grain crops. A mixed crop has the advantage, too, of standing up better than a crop of vetch alone. For these reasons it is the general practice to seed rye, wheat or oats with the vetch for forage.

A proportion of 70 to 80 pounds of Red Russian wheat, Rosen rye or Gray winter oats, with 40 to 50 of common vetch is recommended as a mixture for winter pasture, green feed, hay and silage.

Oats and vetch, or wheat and vetch, is most desirable for hay. Rye and vetch make the most satisfactory crop for green feed or pasture, while either rye and vetch or wheat and vetch yields the heaviest silage crop.

The greatest value of a mixed crop of grain and vetch for silage appears in the fact that it can be handled as summer silage, being utilized when the winter supply of corn silage or roots is gone.

The average yield of mixed grains and vetch, when raised on upland soil at the coast and cut for silage, will give an idea of what to expect from these crops. The seed has been sown in the fall in the proportions recommended above. Rosen rye and common vetch has yielded 11.2 tons per acre; Red Russian wheat and common vetch 10.4 tons per acre and Gray winter oats and common vetch 7.9 tons per acre. Common vetch, when sown alone, yielded 6.7 tons per acre.—Farm and Home.

The way to avoid variations in the composition of milk is to feed the cow regularly and to make no violent changes in the system of feeding. For instance when cows are turned on pasture in the spring it is well to feed them grain, hay, and silage in the morning and continue to feed what may be termed the "barn ration" until the cows begin to get a sufficient supply of grass to sustain their needs. Again, when the pastures begin to grow short they should be supplemented with silage, hay, and perhaps grain.

No license, no "control."
Prohibition is our goal.
—W. H. Scott, Oshawa.

PROMINENT JUDGES FOR WINTER FAIR

The various committees of the Royal Winter Fair, set for November 18-26 inclusive, in the Royal Coliseum, Toronto, have gone far afield this year in their selection of judges. The best judges to be found, all of national and international repute, will be on hand to place the ribbons according to merit of the various classes of livestock as they see them in the judging ring. Prominent in this year's line-up at the Royal Show will be J. McGillivray, of Scotland, Thomas A. Buttar, also of Scotland, who are coming to Canada, the guests of the Department of Agriculture at Ottawa. They are coming direct to the Royal Show, at the close of which they will go to the International show at Chicago where they will act in a similar capacity. Mr. McGillivray who has a wide experience across the Atlantic will judge Shorthorns, and Mr. Buttar will officiate in the Shropshire and Suffolk sheep classes. Following are the judges recommended:—

Horses—Clydesdales, Shires, Light and Heavy Draughts—Dr. T. H. Hassard, Toronto. Standaard Bred—Dr. J. A. Sinclair, Cannington. Thoroughbreds and Ponies—Robert Graham, Toronto. Hackneys—Dr. W. J. R. Fowler, Guelph. Percherons—W. G. Hill, Queensville, Ont. French-Canadian—Dr. J. H. Vigneau, Three Rivers, Que. Belgians—William Merryfield, Ridgetown. Six Horse Teams Light and Heavy Draught—Dr. T. H. Hassard, Toronto, Wm Merryfield, Ridgetown, and W. G. Hill, Queensville.

Beef Cattle—Shorthorn—J. McGillivray, Scotland. Dual-Purpose Shorthorns—Prof. H. Barton, Macdonald College, Que. Herefords—A. Wood Harris, Harris, Mo. Aberdeen Angus—Dean Skinner, Indiana University, Peru, Indiana.

Dairy Cattle—Holsteins—Ward W. Stevens, Liverpool, N.Y. Ayrshires—W. W. Ballantyne, Stratford. Guernseys—George B. Rothwell, Ottawa, and J. W. Trueman, Truro, N. S. Jerseys—Prof. McNutt, Durham, New Hampshire. French-Canadian—Adrien Morin, Quebec.

Market Cattle—Pure Breds—J. McGillivray, Scotland. A. Wood Harris, Harris, Mo., and Dean Skinner, Peru, Indiana. Grades and Cross Breds—George Rowntree, Toronto.

Sheep Breeding—Cotswolds—Norman Park, Tavistock, Dorsets, Cheviots and Lincolns—Graham Walker, Chazy, N. Y. Hampshires and Suffolks—D. H. Kelly, Shakespeare, Ont. Leicesters—James Douglas, Caledonia. Shropshires and Southdowns—Thomas A. Buttar, Scotland. Oxford Downs—J. C. Duncan, Lewiston, N. Y., John Gardhouse, Weton; P. J. McEwen, Wyoming; Fred Gurney, Paris, and Everett Mark, Little Britain, Ont.

Market Sheep—Pure Breds—Pure Bred Judges in respective classes. Grades and Cross Breds—F. G. Sherwood, Union Stock Yards, Toronto.

Swine Breeding—Yorkshires—Prof. Wade Toole, O. A. C. Guelph. Berkshires—Guy Hulbert, Medicine Hat, Alta. Tamworths—R. G. Knox, O. A. C., Guelph. Chester Whites and Poland Chinas—R. H. Harding, Thorndale. Duroc Jerseys and Hampshires—J. O. Duke, Ruthven, Market Swine—Prof. Wade Toole and G. W. Bonner, Union Stock Yards, Toronto.

IMPORTANT TO FARMERS

The agricultural knowledge slowly gathered by devoted masters of the world's oldest science will be made available to the farmers of Eastern Canada by means of an arrangement just entered into between Macdonald Agricultural College, St. Anne's, and Marconi radio station CFCF.

If a farmer has a problem which needs solution, or is anxious to have advice upon some phase of his work, it will only be necessary to write to Marconi station CFCF, Montreal, and the matter will be turned over to the college for attention.

The replies to the inquiries thus received will be broadcasted, together with the inquiry, from station CFCF during the Monday and Friday evening broadcasts, at an hour which will be published later. In this way not only the original enquirers, but other farmers who possess radio sets will benefit from the advice given out from the college.

This new step forward in radio service was made possible through the whole-hearted co-operation of Professor F. C. Harrison, principal of Macdonald College, who has offered to assist in every way to make the scheme a success.

Citizenship has been described "as a right ordering of our several loyalties," and surely loyalty to the Self, to the home, to the Nation and to God, all alike demand a quickened sensitiveness towards the facts and problems of Alcoholic indulgence.

Let every poll in Ontario tell a better tale than at the last Plebiscite. That is the way to settle the question once for all. Let the easily safe polls work hard to make up in the grand total for those which are confessedly wet.



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TWO METHODS OF FARMING

A western farmer, some 30 years ago, visiting in Massachusetts, called upon a farmer and found him cutting a field of hay with a scythe. This method of making hay looked insignificant to this farmer from the Mississippi Valley, as well as slow and tedious. In the course of his remarks he said, "Out West we leave more hay in the fence corners than you will gather from this whole field." The Massachusetts farmer reflected for a moment and then replied, "Perhaps if you would gather the hay in your fence corners you'd be able to pay the mortgages you owe us in Massachusetts."

There was a heap of meaning in the reply of the Massachusetts farmer. It has been our observation that the farmers who seem to make progress, who build good homes, and free their farms from mortgages, are the ones who find no job too small for them to do. They save everything the farm produces and apply themselves quite as much to little things as to the big ones. Many times the only profit obtained comes by saving the small crops which are many times wasted on the big farms. Let us not despise doing the small things, no matter in what industry we may be engaged. — Hoard's Dairyman.

DAIRY CATTLE IN BRITAIN

(By O. E. Reed, Michigan Agricultural College)

The live stock in the British Isles was greatly depleted during the war but it has come back to about the pre-war level. The ministry of agriculture on completion of their survey in 1923 reported that "the stocks of cattle are back to the pre-war level, and as the number of cows and heifers in milk or in calf is the largest on record, the increase is likely to be continuous and it is to be hoped progressive."

Practically every breed of dairy cattle known is to be found in England today, but the dominant breed is the pedigreed and non-pedigreed milking Shorthorn. Many of these cattle impress one as about the equal of the common Durham cow seen on the average farm in the corn belt of America, but they produce a larger quantity of milk. There are many Holsteins (called Friesians), Jerseys, and Guernseys found scattered over England, while the Friesian, Shorthorn, and Ayrshire represent the dairy breeds in Scotland. In Ireland the Shorthorn is gaining in numbers on account of the stimulation given to this industry by the government. Many government owned bulls have been placed at the disposal of the Irish farmers and a great development is being made in improving their live stock. The dairy qualities of the non-pedigreed have been improved through a slow process of selection by the farmers as she is in more general use than other breeds.

The Ayrshire is the only strictly dairy breed, as we know them in America, to originate in Great Britain. They are found in Southwestern Scotland where they originated. This breed has been making great progress in recent years and they are now spreading over Scotland and much interest is being manifested in the breed in England. Many dairymen in England are buying Ayrshire cows for their dairies.

Decreased Farm Values

"United States farm land values have shrunk more than \$18,000,000,000 since 1920," says a report of the Sears-Roebuck Agricultural Foundation.

"This big slump in land values involves all States except three, but the greatest loss has been felt in the Midwest, where grain and live stock are the principal crops and, in fact, the great bulk of our food supply is produced.

"Good plow lands in Iowa that averaged \$257 an acre for the entire State five years ago are now valued at an average of \$169 an acre. Good plow lands in Ohio shrunk in value from \$132 per acre down to \$98 during the same period. The equivalent figures for Illinois are \$213 in 1920 and \$148 in 1924. South Dakota shows a shrinkage of 59 per cent.

"Western irrigated lands make the best showing taken as a whole. Several of these States have nearly held their own as to land values. This is largely due, no doubt, to the new irrigation projects that have been going through the improvement and investment stage during the past five years.

"A number of the Southern States have also made a good showing. Texas and Oklahoma, for instance, are credited with average land values slightly higher than the 1920 estimates. New Jersey edges her way into this class also. The strictly cotton-producing Southern States like Georgia and South Carolina have, however, shown sharp declines in land values, despite the high price of cotton."

The \$18,000,000,000 shrinkage on farm lands, as a whole, is figured on the basis of the 1920 census valuation. The total value of farm lands and buildings for that

year is given as \$66,316,000,000. The 1924 value as estimated from reports of the Department of Agriculture figure at about 72.5 per cent of the 1920 valuation. This gives a total calculated shrinkage amounting to \$18,237,000,000.

This decline brings farm land values back practically to the 1916 level.—Washington Post.

INDUSTRIAL OUTLOOK IN WESTERN CANADA

(By John Sweeting.)

There was little change during the month of September in Western conditions. The gathering in of the harvest has needed the concentration of all interests and has necessarily been the most prominent factor in determining the prospects of early winter business. An improvement is visible and spoken of as likely to continue. Volume of trading is not yet great enough to show any very large increase in merchandising, but it is believed to be on the verge of considerable expansion. The situation does not call for any particular diagnosis, as it is on a par with conditions as are usual at this period of the year in the West. There are of course, many prospects and possibilities, but the actual development of them, at present, is difficult to define.

Construction work has not shown any material increase and is not in accordance with early prediction. The Coast Province has been the most active, and still has a program to be finished that will last well on to the end of the year. The lumber business is showing a better tendency; mining is quite active; the pulp and paper mills busy.

On the Prairies, apart from the harvest and other agricultural products, there is little that is new. The Canadian Pacific Railway has carried out its somewhat extensive building programs, but apart from this, there has been little construction work of magnitude. This notwithstanding, there is a very large amount of work to be done, but most of which will now have to be transferred to next year, which gives promise of much greater activities.

The Development Program

A development program from now on will include extension of power plants at Kenora, Winnipeg, Calgary, Vancouver and Vancouver Island; flour mills at Saskatoon and Calgary and several smaller ones at country points; two or three proposed new manufacturing industries adjacent to Winnipeg; the completion of the Central Steamheating plant in that city; expansion in the Northern Manitoba mineral belt, additional activities in the Saskatchewan and Alberta gas and oil areas; and prospective new developments in regard to the McMurray tar or bituminous sand areas; a grain handling plant; additional jetties, wharves and storage warehouses at the Coast; with new work and bridges on the Provincial highway through the mountains. British Columbia mining continues to be extremely active, each week showing new properties, under investigation or development, with many of the old properties being reopened.

As a matter of fact there is a good deal more activity in the West than the casual observer is disposed to credit. The visits during the summer of the British Scientists and other representatives of commercial and industrial organizations, has marked a greater interest in the possibilities of investment on commercial development and has led to a better appreciation of the value of the resources which are available for utilization. It must not be overlooked that the considerable progress which is undoubtedly being made each year in increasing our land settlement, and with it the influx of new capital, is bringing nearer the period when very active work on the resources of the West will be undertaken, with the obvious result of an extremely large increase in our volume of trading, in what may easily be a very short period of time.

No Set-back in General Progress

Over a period of years changes in trading and development have not been of such a nature as to suggest anything but a steady advancement in Western progress. The point of view may at times construe the situation into one of a somewhat despondent nature, but the fact very clearly remains that there has been no set-back in the continued progress in relation to settlement, production and interest in new developments. After all, it is the steady rate at which the West is advancing that counts, rather than hectic developments which formed part of the Western program some years ago. Conditions are of course comparative, but the difficulty always is to construe comparisons with conditions existing at various periods of development in such a vast country as Western Canada.—C. P. R. Review.

If by some mischance the O. T. A. were defeated the Government of Ontario would get so mixed up with the liquor interests that it would be hard to tell which from

DRAINING THE GREAT LAKES

(The Youth's Companion)

It is apparent that the level of the water in the Great Lakes is steadily falling. The decline is not yet alarming if expressed in figures. In Lake Superior it is hardly noticeable, and in Lakes Michigan, Huron and Erie the level is perhaps only a foot lower than it was a few years ago; but it seems still to be falling. Out in the middle of the lakes the decline is a matter of no consequence, but alongside the docks at Buffalo, Cleveland, Detroit and Chicago and in the channels that connect the various lakes it is a matter of great importance. A good many vessels that ply through the Great Lakes were built to draw twenty-one feet. The largest vessels could be loaded to draw even a foot or two more; but they are now permitted to load only to nineteen feet, which is six inches less than last year. There is not water enough in the shallowest places to permit anything more. If the water continues to fall, the boats will have to take smaller and smaller loads. Water transportations will become more costly, and an appreciable part of the economic value of the wonderful chain of lakes will be lost.

What is the matter? The people of Canada are inclined to attribute the change of level to the diversion of water through the drainage canal at Chicago, and they want the city to be forbidden to take water from Lake Michigan for that purpose.

It is probable enough that the canal has some influence of the sort; but it is not the only or the greatest source of trouble. Some authorities believe that the deforestation of the peninsulas of Michigan and the lake shore of Wisconsin has decreased the rain-fall over those regions and the consequent run-off into the lakes. That is possible, though the cutting of forests cannot be shown to have a very marked influence on rain-fall on land no higher than the Michigan peninsulas are.

But the cutting of a deep-water channel from Lake Huron into the St. Clair River and from Lake St. Clair into Lake Erie has definitely increased the outflow of water. There used to be twelve feet over the bars at the entrance to the St. Clair River. Now there is a channel a third of a mile wide that was intended to be twenty-two feet deep. The water from the northern basins is pouring out a great deal faster than it used to pour. Taken with the diversion of water at Chicago, that is quite enough to account for the changes.

The situation is not beyond relief. When the government widened and deepened the channel of the St. Mary's River between Lakes Superior and Huron it also built "compensating works"—dams intended to stop the flow of water except through the channel itself. As a result, Lake Superior keeps its level. No more water goes out than formerly went. It only flows through a narrower and deeper channel.

Works of the same sort could be built at the foot of Lake Huron to prevent the escape of water that now flows through the St. Clair River outside the ship channel. It would be a costly undertaking, but the time may come when it will be a work of necessity if the enormous freight traffic of the lakes is to be kept in vessels of the present size.

SHEEP ARE PROFITABLE

The general usefulness of sheep about the farm is quite well understood, but on many farms they are not managed in a way to secure all the good which can be obtained from them. Thus, sheep will make a large amount of wool and mutton at no cost for feeding material when allowed to graze on weeds about the fence corners in corn fields and similar situations and in brush lands. The forage thus obtained would otherwise go unused and be wasted and if left uncut make the fence rows foul and unsightly.

Sheep clean such fence rows; and after a few years the native grasses or standard cultivated grass crops such as blue grass, red top and white clover will come in, making the fence rows both useful and beautiful. Many farmers are afraid if sheep are turned into corn fields that they will eat and damage the growing corn. Not so, as everyone knows who has given the sheep the range of such fields.

Let the sheep show how much good it can do in ridding the farms of weeds. The price that now prevails both for wool and

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mutton is fair and will give a farmer who maintains a flock in the simple manner here outlined a sure profit. We have no surplus production of sheep. This line of animal production never presented so encouraging prospects as at present. Start with a small flock.

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AUTUMN POULTRY POINTERS

Feed And Caring For Hens.

Sometimes the wheat in certain sections will contain a lot of smut, and poultry men wonder if the smut will injure the hens. I have fed smutty wheat with no injury to the flocks and it seems to produce as good growth and egg production as clean wheat. Sometimes it is possible to buy such wheat at a discount and it makes an economical investment for feeding poultry.

Be very careful however, about buying wheat which has been salvaged from fires after being thoroughly soaked with water. I know of an instance where such wheat proved to be sour and it killed a lot of laying pullets before the poor quality of grain was found to be the cause of the losses.

Oats for Sprouting.

In buying oats to use for sprouting or in the scratch grain ration try and obtain large plump oats. Some oats contain so much papery hull in proportion to their digestible food contents that they are a poor investment for feeding hens. I like to feed oats in the fall when they can be placed in galvanized pails and left to soak on the range. They soften and swell and are relished by the hens. I like corn and wheat better than oats for winter feeding and do not think a scratch grain ration gains much by the addition of oats. If they are raised at home they may be economical to work into the poultry ration. But if you have to buy your grain, I think wheat is a better investment.

If screenings are fed to the poultry it pays to scatter them near the poultry houses and not over a large area of lawn or soil that will later be used for vegetable gardening. Feeding screenings in hoppers may be the best method in some cases. This will prevent saturating the soil with a variety of noxious weeds which it may be difficult to eradicate.

I have never found it paid to try and force chickens to eat rye grain. Sprouted rye is relished by the hens and ground rye may be mixed with other ground grains in the dry mash. If rye is sold and the money invested in other grains for poultry feeding the egg yield is apt to be higher. There is no economy in starving hens to eating feed which they do not relish.

Keep the House Clean

Clean the old litter from the hen-houses and fill them with fresh straw before the cold fall rains. Then you can have the flock of young stock under control in a clean house when the weather is bad. This is better than having the pullets huddling all around other farm buildings to escape cold winds. During such storms it is difficult to give the flock good care unless they are in winter quarters. Late housing for fall retards egg production when the demand for fresh eggs is the greatest of the year.

Even if the droppings board can not be cleaned every day it should be scraped while the droppings are still moist and before they have dried to the board and produced a lot of fine, dry dust. Scraping dusty droppings stirs up a fine dust in the poultry house and this is unhealthy and unpleasant for both the caretaker and the poultry.

Keep the cleaning tools on nails just inside the door of the laying house and it is a constant reminder to keep the droppings board clean. If the tools have to be assembled each time from other buildings it is very easy to neglect such work for more pressing duties.

My droppings board cleaning equipment consists of a broad metal scraper, a garden hoe, a stiff broom and a bushel basket all hung on nails inside the door of my largest laying house. The droppings are removed by the bushel and emptied in a wheelbarrow when they are spread on the garden or in a wagon if they are to go to more distant fields.

The broad metal scraper makes more rapid work of cleaning the boards than a small hoe. The hoe is only used when hard scraping is needed on certain parts of the boards during cold weather. The occasional use of the stiff broom removes dust and particles of dirt and broken feathers which are not readily scraped together.

Care of Litter

If shredded corn fodder is used for litter in the poultry house there seems to be an increased danger from crop-bound as the hens will eat the tough corn leaves which clog the crop more easily than broken bits of straw. However the shredded corn fodder absorbs moisture readily and is successfully used as litter by some poultry men. Feed plenty of dry mash regardless of the kind of litter used. Also feed plenty of green feed. Then the hens will not be tempted to fill up on dry grass, tough leaves or rubbish and there will be fewer cases of crop-bound birds.

When you have to buy straw it is very handy to have it in bales. This cuts down the storage space required and it is easy to provide fresh litter on top of the old straw by wheeling up a fresh bale, cutting the wires and scattering the pieces over the house where they will soon be torn to pieces by the scratching of the hens.

I do not try to place all the winter supply of litter in the poultry house in the fall. The first straw is scattered around to a depth of about 6 inches. This is soon packed down. A few weeks later more straw is added to provide loose scratching material in which to hide the grain ration. Whenever the straw becomes packed but not damp I think it all right to add more litter without removing the old supply. The more packed straw over a cold concrete floor, the greater the distance of the hens' feet from the cold stone.

If there are no windows in the back of the henhouse to keep the straw from working toward the rear, it pays to have a straw fork and occasionally fork the litter forward. This prevents the hens from working heaps of straw back under the droppings board and leaving the front of the house nearly bare. They usually face the light when scratching so they can see the grain. Naturally the bulk of the straw is gradually kicked in one direction.

In my houses I prefer to fork over the litter occasionally rather than have windows in the back of the house. I think the back windows in farm poultry houses increase the danger from drafts and thieves. They are one more thing to be broken and must be sealed very tightly in winter to keep a draft from going across the floor from the open windows in front.—R. G. K., in *Indiana Farmer's Guide*.

STANDARD BREED DIFFERENCES

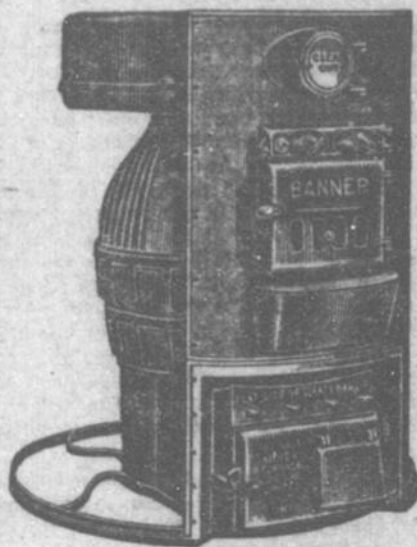
In an interesting paper read at the congress on "International Standards," Mr. C. S. Van Gink said there are:— (1) Differences created wilfully in order to give the breed a special character, and differences which find their origin in motives based upon principles of a speculative or commercial nature. (2) Differences which are due to climatic and other conditions. (3) Differences caused by an acquired national taste for certain markings, shades or types in some breeds or groups of breeds, mostly finding their origin in the existence of these markings, shades or types already existing in other breeds, related or not. (4) Differences caused by lack of knowledge of the original standards.

Mr. Van Gink's conclusions are:—That any change made in the recognized standards hereafter in other countries which are without absolute necessity must be considered not to be to the benefit of the world's standard-bred poultry industry, and be discouraged by all means; that steps should be taken that such changed breeds cannot be shown at international exhibitions without indicating by addition of the name of the country where the change was made, or in some other way indicating that the breed is different to the standard adopted in the country of origin. Such appears to be as far as it is possible to go, and has been already adopted with manifest advantage, for we speak of English Leghorns, American Leghorns, Danish Leghorns, and so on. At Barcelona a resolution was adopted that there should be communication of standards adopted by the country of origin to poultry federations and associations of all countries. A further resolution which was intended to require that at international exhibitions the standards of the country of origin should be on the basis of judging, and that measurements should be introduced, was rejected.

Foot Troubles

Quite often a bird will go lame and examination will show a hard spot in the middle of the foot pad. This may be a corn or it may be a bruise often spoken of as bumble foot. If a hard corn, soak the foot in hot water until it is soft and then paint the spot with iodine. If this does not cure it within a few days, again soak the foot in hot water and put on a poultice that should soften it and draw

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it to a head. Then take a sharp knife, make an incision, take out the core, dress with iodoform and bandage. Keep the bird on soft floors for a few days and repeat dressing two or three times. Turkeys flying from high roosts and striking the hard ground or alighting on a stone are very apt to get a bruise that will develop into bumble foot.

FEEDING FOR WINTER EGG PRODUCTION

(By Mrs. George R. Shoup, Poultry Specialist.)

Take careful inventory of conditions at the beginning of winter and watch every step lest there be errors that inevitably bring on a partial moult.

Any flock of pullets will lay well the first three months of production. This brings them to their ninth month of age and since most of them are March or April hatched the slump may be expected in December or January. The relatively few January and February pullets produced show their tendency to rest and partial moult in August and September. Why should fowls do this? Primarily, eggs were laid to reproduce the species, but man has domesticated the fowl and has persistently encouraged longer and longer periods of lay without natural setting between, until, in Leghorns especially, most people have forgotten that they too inherit this fowl characteristic.

When production slides to 50 per cent, and then to 40 per cent, it shows that many birds are resting and if this is continued three weeks, feathers on the dropping boards announce the arrival of the dreaded "false moult." Some flocks show broodiness first, followed by the partial moult unless laying is resumed.

A healthy flock in comfortable quarters running 60 to 70 per cent lay during late fall, should, with the advantage of moderate winter weather, be using close to the following schedule:

Cold Weather Rations

- For 100 Leghorn pullets laying 60 to 70 eggs a day.
- 7.00 a.m. Sprouted oats . . . 8 to 10 qts.
- Made from 4 to 5 qts. dry oats. Fed in clean litter by artificial light if needed.
- 8.00 a.m. Clean water, not ice cold 12 qts.
- 8.30 a.m. Clabbered milk or butter-milk 6 qts.
- 3.30 p.m. Mixed grain 8 to 10 qts.
- 3.30 p.m. (or later) Give artificial light.
- 5.00 p.m. Fresh water, not ice cold.
- 5.30 p.m. Lumpy wet mash . . 5 to 7 qts.
- 7.00 p.m. Kale 2 large stalks.
- 5.00 p.m. Lights out.

Sprouted oats are those having 1-2 to 1-4 inch sprouts, usually run through the sprouter in four days.

Running water, of course, is the best arrangement, but not absolutely necessary to success.

Milk is altogether the most important of all animal proteins and helps to maintain the health of the flock.

The usual grain mixture is two sacks of wheat to one of corn, varied to about half and half in winter and three to one in summer.

The seven quarts of lumpy wet mash are made by dissolving two teaspoonfuls of salt in three pints of water, adding there to one pint of fresh blood (or 1-2 pint of fish or meat soaked in one pint of water three hours) and mixing stiff with five quarts of dry egg mash. A handful of clean, coarse sand is added to the above amount. In hot weather the fresh blood must be gotten twice a week. Its keeping quality is helped by putting one pound of salt in each 10-gallon can in which case no more salt is added when mixing the wet mash.

During cold snaps two pounds of green ground bone instead of the blood is the extra leverage to hold production steady and where no blood can be obtained clabbered skim milk is the natural substitute.

Sand at the rate of five pounds to the hundredweight may well be added to any dry mash as an aid to digestion.

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POULTRY of ALL KINDS WANTED
Good quality preferred, and better. We also buy feathers and fresh eggs. Write for prices. P. POULIN & CO. LTD., Bonsecours Market, Montreal.

FARMERS' WANTS & SALES

ADVERTISING RATES.—Under this heading advertisements will be inserted without display at a cash-with-order rate of two cents per word per insertion (minimum charge 10c per insertion). SIX consecutive insertions will be given for the price of FOUR (minimum rate for six insertions one dollar). A number of a single letter is counted as one word. When replies are to be addressed in care of the "Witness" Office, an additional charge of twenty-five cents is made.
Copy for insertion in these columns should be in the "Witness" Office not later than Friday morning to secure proper classification in following Weekly Edition.

Logic of Feeding Schedule
A fowl's appetite is her only incentive for working, so her feeder suits her instinct to his purpose by controlling the supply with which she satisfies that appetite. Since the longest period that food is unobtainable is the night, a feeder, wishing to get eggs, must, above all, see that this night's supply is the kind that will last. Therefore, the feeding day is begun with a palatable form of grain (sprouted oats) which by previous processing has had the hull softened and the grain content changed from dry grain to tender, succulent growing seed. The germinating has nearly doubled the bulk, so while Biddy's breakfast is "filling," still it will readily digest, thus fostering a growing appetite through the day. As long as it is daylight and various hoppers and founts are filled, there is no danger of the egg machinery running out of material, the hen's natural curiosity and desire to eat leading her from place to place where she eats and sings. None of the hoppers are grain, however, but are mash, shell and grit, all of which are necessary for eggs but not completely satisfactory.

To Increase Mash Consumption
To increase mash consumption use scant morning feed and to decrease mash consumption feed so heartily at breakfast that the fowls are ready to sit about on perch or floor. After about an eight or nine-hour period the second feed of the day is begun, and a flock of good laying form should be given all the grain they will eat and enough extra to allow a grain here and there until after breakfast next morning. This is the incentive to work the litter over and over, since no bird will work where there is no feed as a reward. Just as people finish a dinner with a dessert, so laying fowls relish a wet mash and even if satisfied by their grain they will eat a few bites of a well-flavored wet mash. (A dry mash just moistened with water has not enough change to attract them).

The most craved food, from a hen's standpoint, is greens, and to be sure that Biddy will eat at a late hour, the most desirable greens, preferably kale are given after all other feed, and being large leaved and showy, it is able to attract the attention of even those birds that have gone to perch, thus inducing a greater consumption than would a less conspicuous green feed.

Where kale is gone and the alfalfa-mangel combination is substituted, these must be given early in the morning since they will not bring sleepy ones down nor will they be eaten as quickly as kale.

When the last round of the caretaker is made at night to dim the lights, the opportunity of judging one's schedule is at hand and just in proportion as the privilege is neglected so are faults in feeding likely to creep in. Contented full-cropped birds interrupted in their work to go to bed are an ideal picture and mean "All's well," but the flock half to bed and a third huddled under the droppings boards or in bunches about the room, with only here and there a bird working at bed time is the sure enough danger signal that only the feeder that is willing to make the night inspection will sense in time to save the flock from the slump of probable false moult resulting therefrom.

As a between-season feed, dried alfalfa in combination with mangels helps out. In freezing weather, to thaw greens, put leafy plants in a room of 50 deg. to 60 deg. Fahr., several hours before time to feed. To thaw roots, put them into a tub of cold water half a day.

Scratch Feed.

Wheat is the most palatable and most convenient of all poultry feeds. Unfortunately, a scratch ration composed solely of wheat often causes the black-tipped combs which are the first signs of liver trouble and indigestion. For this reason it has always been advisable to mix cracked corn with the wheat ration. During cold weather the birds require, and will readily consume, a larger amount of cracked corn in the scratch. Care should be exercised in storing cracked corn, as it will heat and mould very easily and is then a certain poison to poultry. Probably a two weeks' supply is all that is safe to carry unless it has been mixed with wheat, in which case it will keep all right.

Pumpkins and home-grown sunflowers in season are great helps to pullets. Pumpkins are halved and set skin down so the birds can eat the pulp and seeds and are fed at the rate of one medium size pumpkin to 300 pullets from ten a.m. to two p.m., three times a week. Sunflower stalks, besides being bent down when grown in the yards, should be brought in from the fields and arranged so the fowls can pick off the leaves and pull the seeds out for themselves—should be fed between ten a.m. and two p.m., as are pumpkins.

Potatoes are not a safe poultry feed—containing a form of starch that is hard for birds to digest, although extremely palatable.

Green feed in some form must always be included in a laying schedule. After all, the poultryman who offers the greatest

possible variety of feeds is most likely to be the one whose fowls keep normal health and give capacity to lay.—Farm and Home.

"No cow ever got fat by sucking herself."
—Mrs. P. G. Brown, N.S., urges this proverb against the argument of the Moderationists that a province can be enriched by selling drink to its citizens.

With the temperature of the egg at 103 degrees the temperature of the embryo varies. In the first week it will be 101 degrees, but as life develops it will rise to 102 degrees in the second week, and 103 degrees in the third.

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Spare Parts for Most Makes and Models of cars. Your old, broken or worn parts replaced. Write or wire us describing what you want. We carry the largest and most complete stock in Canada of slightly used or new parts and automobile equipment. We ship C.O.D. anywhere in Canada. Satisfaction or refund in full our motto. SHAW'S AUTO SALVAGE PART SUPPLY, 923-931, Dufferin St., Toronto, Ont.

POULTRY

CAMPINES

Silver Campine Cockerels, April and May hatched. Price, \$2.50 and \$3.50 each. AUGUST JOHNSON, Halleybury, Ont. 38-6

LANGSHANS

Black Langshan Cockerels—Newbert Strain—May hatchings, average weight, 3 1-3 lbs, \$18 for 12 or \$1.25 to \$2.00 each. REV. L. S. THROOP, Mallorytown, Ont. 38-6

LEGHORNS

Quality bred-to-lay S. C. White Leghorns. Choice May hatched pullets, \$1.75 each. Guaranteed yearling hens over the moult and ready to lay, \$1.25 each. Large vigorous cockerels, \$3 each. EDWARD DOODY, De-Lux Poultry Plant, Cobourg, Ont. 43-2

PLYMOUTH ROCKS

Unity Barred Rock Cockerels, bred from stock from Macdonald College, 3 to 5 dollars each. A. B. REEKIE, R. R. 3, St. Catharines, Ont. 43-6

MISCELLANEOUS

Exhibition Bantams, Buff Cochins, Black Rose Comb and Black Wyandottes, pairs, \$3.50; trios, \$5.00. ARTHUR HURLESTON, Font-hill, Ont. 40-6

Grand Show and laying stock Brown Leghorns and Pekin Ducks. Winners at Ottawa, Kingston, Richmond and other shows. G. H. A. COLLINS, 14 River Road, Eastview, Ottawa. 43-6

Rolyat Poultry Yards' Annual Bargain. Sacrifice Sale of quality poultry. We must have the room and will sacrifice for quick sale. This list will not appear again. Birds crated free, shipped f.o.b. Toronto, Ont.

25 Single Comb Yearling Minorca Hens, sisters to second pen Canadian National, two fifty or six for twelve dollars. Two Minorca Cocks, slightly frosted, long backs, low tails, good breeders, seven or two for eleven dollars. Pen Minorcas, three hens and cock, twelve dollars. Three light Brahma pullets and cockerel, bred from first C. N. Pen, twelve dollars. Light Brahma cockerels and pullets, two fifty up Three Buff Leghorn and Cock. Parents first C. N. Pullet, twelve dollars. Unrelated cockerel and pullet. Dark brown Leghorns, seven dollars. Yearling cock, two hens, dark brown Leghorns, ten dollars. Trio Exhibition R. C. Reds, twelve dollars. S. C. Red Cock, very dark but clear, seven dollars. Three Langshan hens and male, same blood as our C. N. winners, fifteen dollars. Langshan hens, two fifty up. Langshan cocks, five dollars up. Trio Plover ducks, beautifully penciled clay white shelled eggs, eight dollars. Pair Toulouse geese (2 yrs. old), eight dollars. Successful breeders. Bants' pair Golden Seabright, seven dollars. Pair Buff Cochins, young, three dollars. Pair Black Red O. E. game Bants, young, three dollars. Hens or pullets, one fifty up. Trio, Buff Cochins Bants, nine dollars. Pigeons, pair (Greenfields) magpies, four dollars; black male, one fifty. Muff Tumblers, any color, four dollars pair. Pair Blue Bar flying homer, two dollars. Show homer cock, five dollars. Red Exhibition flying homer cock, one dollar. Black Ball head tumbler, male, (Greenfields), one fifty. Pair black Fantails, exceptionally good, ten dollars. Pair black Pigmy Pouters, seven dollars.

POULTRY AND EGGS WANTED

Wanted—Old Hens, all weights, crates loaned free.—WALLER'S, 707 Spadina Ave., Toronto, Ont. 38-6

Newlaid Eggs, Live Fowl and Chickens, Honey, Dairy Butter, etc. Write for prices. Prompt cash payment. Satisfaction guaranteed. GUNN, LANGLOIS & CO., LIMITED, Montreal. 42-6

POULTRY SUPPLIES

If You Want Winter Eggs you must get rid of vermin. Your hens can't lay while supporting thousands of lice and mites. We have discovered the simplest, easiest, surest way of keeping our poultry lice-free. No spraying, dusting or handling. Just give a little of our preparation "Suredeath" in drinking water. This works out through the oil glands and every louse leaves the birds. Is also valuable tonic and conditioner. Safe and harmless. A few days' treatment each month will keep your flock clean and healthy. Two pound package (enough for several months) postpaid for one dollar. Results guaranteed. Send to-day. ERINDALE POULTRY FARM, R. 2, Erindale, Ont. 42-6

Fortify Your Chickens against fall and winter diseases as roup, cold in head and eye, diphtheria, canker, etc. Best Disease Preventative. Rolyat Internal Lice Killer and Disease Preventative. Is almost a perfect safeguard against contagious diseases. Lice and mites will not stay where it is used. Prevention is better than Cure. Avoid disease by prevention. Keeps your whole flock healthy. A small quantity in the drinking water does the trick, makes fowls rosy red, active and producers. Inexpensive to use. Trial bottle, 6 ounces, fifty cents; mail, sixty. Wine pint bottles, one dollar; mail, one twenty. Advantages: Keeps fowls healthy, free from lice. Healthy, happy contented fowls. Lay eggs. Makes layers out of non-layers. Note.—Positively no taste in flesh or eggs. If your dealer cannot supply, write direct, TAYLOR PHARMACOL CO., LTD., Birchcliff, Ont., Can.

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CATTLE

JERSEYS—Sixty head of pure bred Jerseys for sale. All ages and sexes. Apply to W. D. MUNRO, Martintown, Ont. 38-6

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Thoroughbred Holstein Bull, Bargain.—3 years old. Very quiet, nine-tenths white. Grandson of the greatest of Holstein bulls, "Rag Apple the Great," out of first class cow. In first rate condition. Dehorned. Price, \$75, F.O.B. Abbotsford. Address W. DOUGALL, Abbotsford, Que. 43-7

Jersey Bull for sale, 7 months old. Will give register papers. F. A. PAYEAN, Merrickville, Ont. 42-7

I will sell at auction on Tuesday, October 28th, the following choice breeding stock: 20 Scotch Shorthorns, mostly English Ladys, 4 bulls and 16 females. All calves by the noted show and stock bull, "New Year's Gift." Also 30 Leicesters, 18 ewes and 12 rams. GEO. B. ARMSTRONG, Teeswater, Ont.

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Ferrets, finest strain, hundreds to select from, write for prices. SUNNYSIDE FUR FARM, Elmwood, Ont. 42-6

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Easy Steps in Fox Farming. Send twenty-five cents for booklet describing proved methods of making fox farming pay big profits. J. M. MCGILLIVRAY, fox rancher, Priceville, Ont. 43-6

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White Siberian Rabbits, 3 months old, \$2 a pair. JOHN PHALEN, Glenkeen, Guys Co., N.S.

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Oxford Down Lambs.—Registered, both sexes, from imported sire, R. G. BOURNE, R. 3, Perth, Ont. 42-6

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Strawberries Pay—125 vigorous, heavy yielding plants, postpaid for \$1.00. H. TINNEY, Route 3, Havelock, Ont. 38-6

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A Reliable Sales Agent Wanted for every unrepresented district; good pay, free equipment. We are the largest growers of fruit and ornamental trees in Canada. Sell for a nursery, not for a jobber. You will be successful. PELHAM NURSERY CO., Toronto. 32-13

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Near St. George—120 acres good land; good brick house, good barns; 5 acres of orchard, 10 acres of bush; owner retiring; good stock farm. Address A. E. GREEN, St. George, Ont. 38-7

THREE Bearing Orchards, with crops of Stark, Delicious and other good varieties, near railroad town; modern improvements; fine climate; at \$6,000, \$9,000, \$18,000; easy terms. OVERBROOK ORCHARD CO., Saluda, N.C., U.S.A. 38-6

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For Sale.—Farm, situate Glen Rock, N.J., on county road, consisting of 54 acres, large 11-room house and barns, other outbuildings, in good repair; 35 acres tillable and rest in pasture and timber; excellent opportunity for chicken or dairy farm; price \$20,000; terms upon application. R. de YOUNG, St. R. M. O. 2, Ridgewood, N.J. 39-6

460 Acres of timber and farm land for sale, 4 miles from village of Burk's Falls, must be sold. Address MISS R. LAXTON, Burk's Falls, Ont. 39-6

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For Sale or Rent.—Good fruit and dairy farm with or without stock and implements. FRED. THORNTON, Promontory Flats, Box 210, Sardis, B.C. 42-6

80 Acre Farm in Laird Township, Algoma, close to school and post office; good location. For particulars, apply MRS. ALF. GIBSON, Laird, Ont. 42-6

For Sale.—85-acre farm, near State road; plenty of fruit and extra good running water; poultry houses. Write FRANK GREGORY, Rockdale, N.Y. 43-6

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Selling Farm, with stock and machinery; good water; no crop failure. Price, write BOX 114, Guernsey, Sask. 43-6

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For Sale or Rent—Chopping mill, water power, house barn, stable, pig pen and 6 1-2 acre land. Apply A. WRIGHT, Croydon, Ont. 42-3

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Salesmen.—We offer steady employment and pay weekly to sell our complete and exclusive lines of guaranteed quality, whole root, fresh-dug-to-order trees and plants. Attractive illustrated samples and full co-operation, a money-making opportunity. LUKE BROTHERS NURSERIES, Montreal. eow

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Agents—Sell low priced kitchen necessity. Quick sale. Square deal, PREMIER MFG., CO., Dept. Q-5, Detroit, Mich. t.f

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Hotel Grosvenor — European. Private Baths. Dollar up. 481 Yonge, Toronto. Take Yonge car at depot. 23-23

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Wanted—Rock Elm Logs, 20 to 35 feet long, 12" and over diameter top end. Maple logs, 10 to 16 feet long, 22" and up diameter top end, sound, straight and free from knots. Inspection at point of shipment, terms net cash. BRADLEY COMPANY, Hamilton, Ontario.

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A MAGAZINE PAGE FOR HOME WORKERS

IS IT NOTHING TO YOU?

Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by—
Is it nothing to you that the drunkard
should die?
Is it nothing to you that his struggles are
vain,
That daily the tempter adds strength to
his chain?
Is it nothing to you that the heart of his
wife
Is torn by hardship, and sorrow and strife?
Is it nothing to you that his children lack
bread?
Is it nothing to you that his home joys are
fled?
Is it nothing to you that the young of our
land
Are surrounded by dangers on every hand?
It is something to you, for aught that you
know
Your boy may be next to succumb to the
foe—
Then "Up and be doing!" lest deeply you
rua
That ever you thought it was nothing to
you.

IDLE WOMEN

One of the subjects which people never seem to be tired of discussing is the dear old theme of the advantages men have over women in life, says a correspondent of the Daily Telegraph. Though often debated, the topic never seems to be worn out. Somebody is always restoring it to its former freshness by calling it "The Sex War," or by seeking to solve its ancient problems by psycho-analysis. To my mind the one real advantage which men can claim is that in the mass they live busier lives than women, and have less inclination or opportunity for complete idleness. A doctor recently gave his views on this subject to the Press. Nothing, he said, is so tiring to the mind or the body as idleness. The constitution of the mental apparatus is immensely strong; it thrives on hard work, and will sink into heavy lassitude if it is called upon to do too little. If you take a mental look round among the women of your acquaintance, you will find it is always the do-nothings who suffer from perpetual indispositions and ill-temperers. Their view of life is jaundiced.

The men of another day, and their traditional attitude, are, of course, largely to blame. "Curly-locks, curly-locks, will you be mine?" asked the gentleman in the little ditty we learnt in our nurseries. Notice how he continued: "You shall not wash dishes nor feed the swine, but"—heaven help her!—
Sit on a cushion and sew a fine seam,
And feed upon strawberries, sugar, and cream.

There is no second verse to that rhyme. The materials for it are too tragic. I can see Curly-locks soon after marriage, beginning to yawn over the "fine seam," concentrating more and more upon the "strawberries, sugar, and cream" part of the program, and finally sinking into a heavy lassitude from which her doctor was too weak-minded to wake her with the bracing advice of the modern leech quoted above.

There is an improving little fable which I once read which comes in rather appropriately here. There was a certain king of the olden time who used to go about among his subjects and show a kindly interest in their lives (no doubt on the advice of his prime minister, and for the same reasons as the modern actress does things at the instigation of her Press agent.) And one day, crossing a damp field full of sheep, he found the shepherd asleep under a wet tree. He woke him, and inquired how he managed to do that without catching his death of cold. The shepherd seems to have behaved very well, considering the violence of his awakening; perhaps he suspected the king's identity; anyhow, he threw off one of those poetic little aphorisms which shepherds of those days seemed to keep always on top—something about a free

life under the winds of Heaven, you know. He added that he was in the habit of sleeping in wet fields. The king gazed with wonder upon a frame so hardy, and offered his new friend the post of Court Shepherd, the chief duties of which were to wear a musical comedy pastoral costume and to play, when requested upon the pipe. The shepherd accepted the job, but after a year of it he went out by chance into the garden before the dew was off the grass, got his feet wet, and died of chill. There is a moral here for idle women; but if any such read these words their heavy lassitude will probably prevent them from seeking it out.

WHITE COLLAR JOBS AT A DISCOUNT

The girls have taken the places of the young men in commercial life to a very great extent. In banks, in insurance offices and in business offices you see girls behind the desks, where the young men used to be. The higher positions are still occupied mostly by men, partly no doubt, because the girls get married and leave their jobs. But what are the young men to do?

It looks as if they would be compelled to become mechanics and so earn more than they could in offices even if they could find places. As mechanics they would also be more independent, and would probably find the work more enjoyable and more conducive to good health.

The following article from the New York Herald indicates that there is already a trend in this direction:

Is the young man power of America turning away from the desk jobs back to constructive labor? That is the question that arose in Miss Rose C. Feld's mind as she talked with the men on the night shift in the Duquesne steel mills. In trying to discover the result of the new eight-hour day on the steel workers, Miss Feld, who is considered an expert on industrial relations, went on with the night shift at 11 o'clock, and in the long hours before dawn in the glare and heat of the giant furnaces talked intimately with the men about the new day.

In describing these talks in the October Century, the reaction of the workers to the eight-hour-day, and what they are doing with their "leisure." Miss Feld describes the youngster of twenty-two

CHILD'S DRESS OF BEIGE KASHA IS TRIMMED WITH TOMATO LEATHER APPLIQUES



The smart little dress sketched here is made of beige colored kasha. It is perfectly plain, with rounded neckline, and skirt gathered on to a low waistline.

The trimming is of soft suede leather in tomato red. This appears in the form of bands at neck and waist, and is used as appliques on the side of the skirt and on the sleeves.

The same model would be effective in green jersey with deeper green suede for trimming.

or twenty-four, of good family and college education, who worked by day in the mill because he "loved it," and studied at night.

"I haven't thought about it," he replied after a moment's silence. "But it seems to me it ought to. I think we're getting away from the white collar idea. There's something, a satisfaction in being a part of this that you don't get sitting behind a desk. Or so it seems to me. I think other fellows are getting this. The hours and the tales they heard about the work might have scared them off before. I think more will be willing to try it now. It's not so easy to start with, let me tell you, but once you get the swing of it, then you feel the sense of power. I like it."

"He expected to tap his heat at five in the morning, he told me, and invited me to come and sit with him after that. He'd be through then until it was time to leave. What he said is food for thought. Men were getting away from the white collar idea and turning to the satisfaction of accomplishment in constructive labor. Is that true? Or does the satisfaction lie primarily in the fact that a twenty-two-year-old boy in an office draws a salary of about \$25 a week, whereas the twenty-two-year-old in work such as this can get a pay envelope of \$80 for two weeks' work?"

NO MORE SCRUBBING

The goodbyes are being said to the scrub brush and the down-on-the-knees method of scrubbing. In fact, scrubbing the kitchen floor is becoming an unnecessary task in many homes. The floors are being made non-porous so that grease and dirt spilled upon them cannot be absorbed. Kitchen floors are going to repel, rather than absorb dirt.

Housewives have striven to keep the kitchen floor clean, immaculate and sanitary. They have succeeded well with their efforts but they have paid the price. Many an hour has been spent in scouring and scrubbing and much strength has been used in the accomplishment of the task.

Linoleum and similar washable material makes a very satisfactory covering for the kitchen floor. It can be laid in almost every kitchen unless the boards are extremely uneven. Even then, they can be leveled so that the material can be put down with good results.

Inlaid floor covering of this kind will last a lifetime if properly placed upon the floor. Of course, it will wear out if the seams are not closed tightly so that the water cannot run underneath and if the edges are not securely fastened so that they cannot bend back and crack.

Suppose you wish to cover your kitchen floor. What will you do first? By all means, take the measurements of the room and secure sufficient heavy builder's felt for the lining. You may choose to use old newspapers instead of felt. When you buy the material, the dealer will be able to supply you with the cement and paste needed in putting it on the floor. If he hasn't it in stock, he will be able to get it for you.

You will need two brushes to apply the paste and cement. One eight inch brush is just the thing for the paste while a five inch brush is better for the cement.

The lining is spread evenly on the floor and pasted down. It should fit closely to the baseboard. If there is a molding it can be removed and placed back after the floor covering is down. The strips are placed on the floor, overlapping at each seam so that by cutting with a sharp knife the pattern may be matched.

The paste is then spread in the underside of the covering to within three inches of the edges. The cement is placed on the edges. The purpose of the paste and the cement is to fasten the floor covering securely to the floor.

Pressure is needed, particularly on the seams. A good way to secure the necessary weight is to fill a wooden box with bricks, fasten a rope to the box for a handle and then pull it back and forth over the covering, particularly up and down the seams. A board weighted down can be laid over the seams for twenty-four hours to hold the cement firm.

When this is completed the floor will look well but it will be very hard to keep clean unless the work is properly finished. There must be one good scrubbing with hot water and soap suds.

While the floor is warm from the scrubbing with hot water, it should be dried with a soft cloth and paste wax applied, as much as the floor covering will take. This wax will melt into the material, filling the pores and making a surface which will repel dirt.

Then no more scrubbing! Not more than one mopping a week is necessary and

no scrubbing are needed. After sweeping the kitchen with a soft broom, the waxed-mop should be brushed over the surface twice a week to keep plenty of wax in the pores. Once a week a flannel cloth upon which some liquid floor wax has been poured, can be tied over the mop and rubbed over the floor.—Successful Farming.

NAVY BLUE REP COAT FROCK IS LINED AND TRIMMED WITH WHITE SILK SERGE



Navy blue rep makes an ideal medium for the dress that can be worn for any occasion of the day.

The frock shown here is of the coat-dress variety, and it may be worn with or without the white linen stock at the neck.

White silk serge makes the lining, and this reappears in the form of narrow piping across the front width of the frock. The buttons are covered with matching white silk serge.

"God That Giveth The Increase."

It matters not who spoke the word; Enough that someone spoke and someone heard!

And if some soul receive the Life divine Thereby, the glory is not yours, nor mine: Nay, let us hide behind our work, and own That honor is the right of God alone.

The Westminster Gazette declares that when the Russian Soviet executive meets on Wednesday it is likely to denounce the Anglo-Russian treaty.

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HOME COOKING

GETTING READY FOR THANKSGIVING

Clover Leaf Rolls.—Two cups scalded milk, three tablespoons butter, two tablespoons sugar, two teaspoons salt, one yeast cake dissolved in quarter-cup luke-warm water, flour. Add butter, sugar and salt to milk, when luke-warm add dissolved yeast cake and three cups of flour. Beat thoroughly and let rise until light, cut down and add enough flour to knead, and let rise until light. Turn on a floured board and cut in pieces the size of a walnut. Shape in little balls and place three of them in each compartment of gem tin, previously buttered. Brush rolls with melted butter and let rise until light. Bake for twenty minutes in moderate oven.

Raisin Bread.—At noon scald together two tablespoons flour, two tablespoons sugar, two tablespoons salt, add three mashed potatoes, three pints potato water. When cool stir in dissolved yeast cake, as many raisins as desired, and flour enough for a stiff batter. At night mix in a hard loaf. In the morning shape into loaves.

Squash Muffins.—Two-thirds cup of cooked squash, one cup of milk, one-fourth cup of sugar, two and three-fourths cup of flour, one-half teaspoon salt, one egg well beaten, three teaspoons of baking powder, and two tablespoons of melted butter. Add the milk to the squash, then the sugar and the egg, sift together thoroughly the flour, salt, and baking powder, and add to the first mixture, then add the melted butter. Beat well and bake in buttered and floured gem pans for twenty-five minutes.

Cranberry Puffs.—Sift two cups of flour, with three teaspoons of baking powder, and half a teaspoon of salt into a basin. Rub four tablespoons of butter into this. Beat up two eggs with one cup of milk or cream. Add two cups of cranberries. Pour into buttered cups, cover with buttered paper and steam for one and one-half hours.

Raisin Puffs.—Beat one-half cup of sugar and one teaspoon of butter to a cream. Beat one egg, add one-half cup of milk, one and one-third cups of flour, two teaspoons of baking powder, one cup of chopped raisins and spice to taste. Steam for three-quarters of an hour in cups half full.

Plum Pudding.—One and one-half pints of bread-crumbs, one pint chopped suet one box of raisins, one box of currants, one cup sugar, half teaspoon of salt, half teaspoon nutmeg, two teaspoons flour, mix with sweet milk, five eggs, half cup of molasses. For sauce, one-half pound butter, half-pound sugar, one egg.

Mincemeat.—Chop together 3 lbs. raisins, 1 lb. orange peel, one dozen tart apples, 1 lb. good beef suet, add one teaspoon each of cinnamon and cloves, a quarter teaspoon of pepper. Mix well and add 6 lbs. of good beef or lean pork, previously cooked until tender, allowed to cool and chopped fine. Put all in granite stewpan, add 1 lb. of sugar and one quart of sweet cider, or half as much apple vinegar, diluted with one pint of water. Stir well and bring to boiling heat, set aside to cool before making pies. Half as much sweet butter may be substituted for beef suet.

Mock Cherry Pie.—Cook together 10 minutes 1 tablespoon flour, 3-4 cup sugar, 1-2 cup chopped raisins, 1 cup water and 1 teaspoon butter. Add 1 cup cranberries cut in halves, let them cook until tender, cool and put in pie crust. Bake as usual.

Thanksgiving Fruit Cake.—One pound of brown sugar, one pound of butter, twelve eggs, one pound of flour, one-half teaspoon cloves, one teaspoon each of nutmeg and mace, two teaspoons of cinnamon, two cups of raisins, four cups of currants, four cups of chopped almonds, four cups of chopped citron, juice and rind of one lemon, and one-fourth cup of berry or fruit juice. Cream butter, add sugar, eggs, well beaten, and remaining ingredients. Pour into buttered and papered pans. Steam three hours and bake two hours. Ice with a white frosting.

Fruit Cake.—One-half pound of butter, three cups of sugar, one teaspoon of baking soda, two cups of sour cream, four eggs, six cups of flour, one grated nutmeg, a pinch of powdered mace, 1 lb. each of currants and raisins, one-half pound of chopped citron one-half cup of nut meats, chopped fine, one teaspoon of vanilla extract, and a pinch of salt. Cream the butter and sugar together, add gradually the yolks of the eggs, well beaten, the soda mixed with the cream, flour, salt, spices, the grated nutmeg, fruit and vanilla, and lastly the beaten whites of the eggs. Bake until well done and ice with a white frosting. Decorate with nut meats and candied cherries.

Creamed Walnuts.—White of one egg, one teaspoon of cold water, three-fourths teaspoon of vanilla, one pound of confectioner's sugar, and walnuts. Beat egg, add water, vanilla and enough sugar until stiff enough to knead. Shape in balls, flatten and place half a walnut on each side. Sometimes all the sugar will not be required.

Date Candy.—Take four cups of white sugar, one scant cup of cold water, butter the size of an egg and boil slowly until ready to candy, rot too hard. Wash and cut dates; remove the seeds. Close them again and lay on a well buttered platter, in rows, one inch apart, each way, pour the boiled candy over, and while cooling cut into squares, so that a date will fit in each square.

Rummage Pickles.—Two quarts green pickles, one quart ripe tomatoes, 2 1-2 bunches celery, three large onions, two sweet green peppers, two sweet red peppers, three pints small green cucumbers, one-third cup salt, one quart vinegar, two cups brown sugar, one tablespoon mustard seed, one tablespoon cinnamon, one small hot red pepper. Chop the vegetables or put them through a food chopper. Combine thoroughly, cover with salt (one-half cup) and let stand over night. In the morning drain well and add the spices, sugar, salt and vinegar. Let this mixture stand for five or six hours; then put over the fire and cook until clear; seal hot in sterilized jars.

Watermelon Pickle.—3 pounds of brown sugar, 1 quart of vinegar, 1-3 watermelon rind, 4 1-2 tablespoonfuls of cinnamon, 1 tablespoonful of cloves, 1 tablespoonful of allspice. Pare the rind and cut into inch pieces. Wash and

set aside to drain. Cook the sugar, vinegar and spices together and boil for one hour, then add the melon rind and cook until tender. Drain off the pieces of melon and pack into stone crocks. Continue boiling the syrup for 15 minutes, then pour over the melon.

Small Cucumber Sweet Pickle.—Place the cucumbers in a dish with half a pint salt to 2 quarts of cucumbers; cover with boiling water and let stand over night. In the morning drain off brine, place in a granite kettle, cover with vinegar, to which has been added whole mustard seed, whole cloves, and cinnamon and one cup sugar. Let come to the boiling point, but do not let boil. Bottle and seal while hot.

Pickled Butter Beans.—To a peck of butter beans take two quarts of vinegar, five cupfuls of brown sugar, half a cupful of mustard, a cupful of flour, a quarter of a cupful of celery seed and salt to taste. Turmeric is a nice addition to this pickle if one likes the flavor. Cut the beans in small pieces and boil them in plenty of salt water till tender, then drain and cool. Add the sugar and celery seed to the vinegar and cook for a few moments. Then mix the mustard and flour to a paste, with the turmeric if it is to be used, with a little cold water, and add to the boiling vinegar. When smooth and slightly thickened, pour over the beans and pack in jars.

Dutch Pickled Onions.—Select one peck of small white onions and then grade for size. Cover with boiling water and then peel, dropping into pan of water. When onions are all peeled, place in a large crock and cover with brine, made of salt and water. Use one quart of salt to one gallon of water. Allow the onions to stand in brine for four days and then remove and wash in plenty of cold water. Place in preserving kettle and cover with boiling water. Boil for 12 minutes and then place in sink and let cold water run over the onions for half an hour. Let stand in the cold water for two hours. Drain and then pack into all-glass half-pint jars and add one tablespoon of pickling spices to each jar. Fill the jar to overflowing with white wine vinegar and seal jars securely. Place in hot water bath and process for 20 minutes. Remove and let cool and then store in dry, cool place. These onions will compare favorably with the fancy imported pickled onions. This may seem an elaborate method but as the work is carried on along with the ordinary work in the kitchen it takes but a little time.

Ripe Cucumber Pickle.—Pare and remove seeds from ripe cucumbers. Cut into strips about 3 inches long. To 7 pounds of cucumbers allow 1 quart vinegar, 4 pounds sugar and 2 ounces whole spices. Cook until tender, put into glass jars and seal tightly.

Ripe Cucumber Relish.—One dozen large ripe cucumbers, 1 large cabbage, 4 cups chopped onions. Peel, remove seeds and chop cucumbers, chop cabbage, then mix the three and add 1-2 cup salt. Allow to stand till next day. Take three pints white wine vinegar, 4 cups white sugar, 1 teaspoon celery seed, 4 teaspoons mustard, 1 teaspoon turmeric mixed with a little vinegar, let boil. Mix one cup of flour with cold vinegar and add to boiling mixture. Press liquid well from vegetables and add to boiling mixture. Bring to the boil and bottle.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS

If boiled frosting has been cooked too long, it may be rendered smooth again by adding a piece of butter the size of a walnut before beating it.

If you have to pack medicine bottles in a trunk, tie in the corks and wrap them in several layers of newspaper, then in soft towels, garments, etc., and place in the middle of the trunk.

If you are caught in a shower and get your hat wet, take it off and turn it upside down to dry. The trimming will not be so apt to sag.

When you put up the cellar-way shelf don't forget to supplement it with a mouse-proof, fly-proof, ant-proof safe suspended from the overhead beams. This safe can be made from a wooden box, with wire cloth in the door and another strip in the back to provide ventilation. It should contain two or three shelves, removable for easy and thorough cleansing. Placed half way down the cellar stairs, it saves numberless steps, and is one of the busy housewife's greatest conveniences.

THE DESSERT PROBLEM

For some reason or other a good dessert cook is a rarer bird than a good meat and vegetable cook. It is the sweet course in our dinner that falls short of our hopes oftener than the other courses.

The only remedy for this trouble is to have a good recipe book and to read it, or to keep on the look-out for dessert recipes in the women's magazines or in the newspapers. Once in a while you will find one that will seem on perusal to be something that would serve your purpose. Make it, and if the people for whom you cook or plan like it, don't, for pity sake, make it again next week. Keep the recipe and have it perhaps two weeks from now or a month and then save the recipe for future use. Meantime try something else.

An ordinary cook should know how to make at least forty desserts. This does not mean that she should have these by rote. For she is never so situated that she cannot refer to a note book. And it does not mean that they should be absolutely different. Five out of the forty may be based on a plain boiled custard. Five can be various sorts of creams, based on the combinations of gelatine and whipped cream with some sort of flavoring. Five can be kinds of pie, five can be ice creams or desserts made with the addition of a very little ice cream. Then there are all the fruit desserts, and pudding and cake desserts—it isn't hard to find forty.

Especially trying is this dessert problem for the woman who cooks or plans for a family of but two. There are not so many things that will do for just two. Most recipes are written for six or more portions. However, it is possible to work out these recipes for two in most cases and it is a good plan to do this on paper and then to save the paper for future reference every time you want to have that dessert.—Evening Post.

Mushroom Ketchup

Mrs McD.—Mushroom Ketchup.—4 quarts of mushrooms, 6 oz. of salt, a good pinch of mace, 1 oz. of Jamaica pepper, 1 oz. of whole pepper. Pick the mushrooms on a fine day, choosing ripe brown ones only. See that the mushrooms are clean, wiping them with a cloth if necessary, but do not wash them. Cut the earth pieces off the end of the stalks, then break them into small pieces, and put them into a

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large earthen jar or china bowl. Scatter the salt among them, and let them remain until next day. Leave them in the salt for three days, and give them a good stir three or four times each day. Now put the jar into a very moderate oven for twenty minutes. Take out of the oven and drain off all the juice from them; let it just drain off as you would currants for jelly, and do not press the mushrooms. Put the liquor into a stewpan, bring it to the boil, and boil for ten minutes. Then add the mace and peppers and continue boiling until it is reduced to about half the original quantity. When cool, bottle it in clean dry bottles and seal the corks.

Mushroom Pickle.—Select small button mushrooms; remove stems, rub off the skins with a flannel cloth moistened with salt water, and throw them in a weak brine allowing them to stand five hours; then drain dry. Place in a porcelain-lined kettle and boil ten minutes; pack in glass jars; cover with boiling vinegar, and when cold, seal.

Sealing Catchup

R. S.—Grape juice and catchup can be sealed to keep for years in quart bottles with ordinary stoppers. After the bottle is filled with the properly prepared mixture the cork should be pushed in tightly, then the corked end of the bottle dipped into melted sealing wax.

When the contents of the bottle is desired the sealing wax can be readily removed by gently cracking it with a knife handle. Melted paraffin may be used in the same way, but it does not have the enduring quality of the sealing wax and will sometimes melt away in a year or two, whereas the sealing wax will last indefinitely.

Canned Salmon

Reader.—You might use any of the following recipes using either canned or fresh salmon.

Salmon Souffle.—Separate one can of salmon into flakes, season with salt, paprika and lemon juice. Cook one-half cup of soft stale bread crumbs in one-half cup of milk ten minutes and add to salmon, then add the yolks of three eggs beaten until thick and lemon-colored, and cut and fold in the whites of three eggs beaten stiff and dry. Turn into buttered baking dish and bake until firm. Serve immediately.

Salmon a la Creole.—Cook in two heaping tablespoonfuls off butter one fine-chopped green pepper, one minced onion and one chopped tomato (or half a cup of canned tomatoes), add one cup of milk; stir until pepper and onion are soft; add one can of salmon, drained and minced; serve hot.

Salmon Loaf.—One can of salmon, one-quarter cup of bread crumbs from the inside of the loaf, half a cup of milk, three-fourths scant teaspoon of salt. Free the salmon from skin and bone and break it into fine pieces using a silver or wooden fork. Cook the bread with the milk to a fine pasty consistency. Add the seasoning, salmon and beaten egg and when mixed pour in well buttered individual moulds or one large one. Set the moulds into a pan of hot water and bake. This may be served either hot or cold.

Diver Thinks He Found Lost City

Off Arkona, at the northern extremity of the Battle Island of Ruegen, deep-sea fishermen have discovered on the sea bottom the remains of a large mediaeval warship, with many of her old guns still on board. From their workmanship it is thought that the vessel was a Danish warship.

The diver who brought up the guns maintains that near the ship he saw dimly the remains of immense walls. This has started the theory that the site has been discovered of the long-lost city of Vineta, which was swallowed up by the Baltic 825 years ago, about the time when the North Sea engulfed the Isle of Lomea and formed the Goodwins Sands.

The legend of lost Venita has been sung in German verse. Fishermen on calm nights often say they can hear the sunken city's bells.—Washington Star.

135 Wolves Killed to Save Caribou

A new campaign to exterminate wolves in the district east of the Great Slave Lake, northern Canada, where they have been preying on caribou to the extent of sixty caribou a year to each wolf, launched exactly a year ago, has produced remarkably successful results. Two experienced wolf hunters were sent into the district by the Canadian Department of the Interior.

As an incentive they were given, besides the usual bounty of \$20 a head, wages of \$50 a month and rations for each man for the term of the engagement, but the pelts of the wolves slain became the property of the department.

The two wolf hunters returned after a year's absence with the pelts of 135 large wolves, of which number 110 were entire, prime and salable. These 110 pelts were sold in the open fur market and realized \$4,376.

The experiment resulted in the killing of 135 wolves, whose prey would have been more than 8,000 caribou. The wolf bounty has recently been increased from \$20 to \$30, conditional on surrender of the pelt.

LONDONERS LIVE LONGER

Londoners to-day are living twenty years longer than their grandparents. This fact was disclosed in the report of the Health Committee of the London County Council which states that the average expectation of life of male Londoners is greater by 19.2 years than eighty years ago and of woman by 20.8 years.

The average male Londoner today lives to 53.3 years and the average woman to 59.1.

The death rate in 1923 was 11.4 per thousand, the lowest on record, and infant mortality was 61 per thousand, also a record. The report says that London is one of the most healthful cities in the world.

HOTEL INCREASES SIZE

When the Deshler, the largest hotel in Columbus, O., was opened, there was a bar attached. Prohibition, both state and national, got rid of the bar, which brought about a temporary lessening of receipts, but this was soon made up by increased restaurant sales.

And now, with prohibition in effect in Ohio for five years, and prohibition in the United States in effect four and one-half years, the Deshler, which has 400 rooms, is starting an addition which will give it 600 rooms more.

Mothers, fathers, sisters, brothers,
Could you vote to licence beer
When you see somebody's darling
Starting in that down career?
—Barbara Hamilton.

BRITISH MEDICAL ASSOCIATION CONDEMNS CERTAIN FOODS

At the meeting of the British Medical Association at Bradford in July, 1924, the refining of flour and cereal foods was severely and unanimously condemned as a danger to civilization and as a cause of cancer, tuberculosis, goitre and other of the terrifying diseases of civilized peoples but from which savage peoples do not suffer at all.

Sir W. Arbuthnot Lane of London, one of the most noted surgeons in the world, has sent a letter to the London Daily Mail condemning these foods and advocating a return to old fashioned whole grain, home cooked cereals.

Dr. Jackson's Roman Meal is a combination of whole wheat, whole rye, flaxin and bran, proportioned to make a balanced human food. It is taking Britain by storm, aided by the doctors' propaganda. It is surely the very best cereal food sold and quite delicious in either porridge or baked products.

It is especially valuable as a food for children and for nursing and expectant mothers, because of its growth promoting properties. Prevents indigestion, positively relieves constipation. At grocers.

Clark's Beans With Pork

Why spend time and fuel preparing home-made beans, when you can have Clark's Beans with Pork which are always perfectly cooked and are ready to heat and serve.

"I at the Clark Kitchens help you."

For Young People

A PARLOR TRICK

Let the young hostess giving the party invite one of the boys to "perform a trick of magic." Of course, this has been pre-arranged, and it does not take the young hostess long to provide the accessories necessary for the performing of the trick. The boy asks for a slate and pencil and a lead pencil. These are brought. The magician takes his place beside a table at one end of the room, lays the slate and pencil upon the table and asks the guests to write a word on the blank sheet of paper, making this statement: "After you have finished writing the words, fold the paper and hand to some one in the room. He shall act as judge. Then, without looking at the paper, either after or before your writing, I will write on my slate those very words."

At this statement, each guest smiles incredulously, for each thinks the magician has vowed to do the impossible. Determined to prove he cannot possibly perform the trick he boasts he will do, the guests—one at a time—write a word on the sheet of paper, folding the top part of the paper over the word so that the next writer will not be able to read it. In this manner, each word is written and immediately hidden from the next writer will not be able to read it. In this manner, each word is written and immediately hidden from the next writer. After each has written a word the paper is folded and handed to the chosen judge. He holds the paper in his hand, waiting for the magician's instructions. The magician, after asking if each person present remembers his word, and being answered in the then, inviting the judge to open his paper and prove whether or not he has performed the trick he turns the slate towards the guests, so that they may all read what is written there. In exaggerated letters run these words: "THOSE VERY WORDS."

Then the joke is on the "doubting Thomases" among the guests, and they confess to being beaten.—Detroit News Tribune.

A YELLOWSTONE GRIZZLY

In August, 1916, writes Mr. N. W. Frost in Outdoor Life, I learned what a real grizzly can do. At the end of a fishing and sight-seeing trip we came into the Yellowstone National Park by the trail along the east side of the lake and camped near a number of automobile parties at Indian Pond about four miles from the Lake Hotel. Some distance from the main camp we put up a tent for the family I was guiding, and Shorty, the horse wrangler, Jonesy, the cook, and I made our beds around the pack containing the provisions.

At about midnight we were aroused by blood-curdling yells. Raising myself in my sleeping bag, I saw that a huge grizzly bear had Jonesy by the back and was shaking him bed and all, as a terrier shakes a rat. I threw my pillow, and when the white mass landed just in front of him, the bear flung Jonesy to the ground and started back. His fiery little eyes caught sight of me as I waved my arms over my head in a vain attempt to scare him; then he made a lunge for me.

Throwing myself back and jerking the bedding over me, I drew my knees up and held the covers over my head and throat. I felt his fangs rasping on my knees almost with the first impact. Time after time he hurled me through the air, always getting farther from camp into the dark shadows of the thick timber. That I am alive today is owing to a lucky fluke. After shaking me repeatedly, he finally got a mouthful of sleeping bag and with a vicious fling threw me out of the bag, like a potato out of a hole in a sack. I went heels over head for several yards, and landed under some low-hanging jack-pine branches, which I grasped, and climbed hand over hand to the top of the tree.

The bear was busy looking for me in the bed when Jonesy, still yelling, upset the stove and table with all the dishes in camp, and the noise drove the old boy off into the woods. The minute he was gone, Shorty hustled to the automobile camp, and within twenty minutes we were on the way to the Lake Hotel. Jonesy had to have four wounds in his back sewed up, and his face was knocked sideways where old bruin had stepped on it. For my own part, I had six big wounds in my legs, in one of which the main artery was exposed for two inches.

OLD-TIME ADVISERS

Mr. Peachem in the "Compleat Gentleman," written early in the seventeenth century, addressing himself to young students, says: "With the gown you have

put on the man. Your first care should be the choice of company. Men of the soundest reputation for Religion, life and Learning, that their conversation may be to you a living and a moving library. For recreation seek those of your own rank and quality." In "Home Life Under the Stuarts" further quotations from the work are given.

To keep good company he enjoins as of the first importance. Frugality and a moderate diet are to be recommended. "Affability in Discourse" has a paragraph to itself: "Giving entertainment in a sweet and liberal manner, and with a cheerful courtesie seasoning your talk at the table among grave and serious discourses with conceits of wit and pleasant inventions, as ingenious Epigrams, Merry Tales, witty Questions and Answers, etc." It must be admitted, however, that the specimens of wit which he gives do not seem to modern taste in the least funny.

From the letters of Lady Brilliana Harley to her son at Oxford we get a glimpse of the home side, of the anxieties of a very careful and tender mother, her advice as to health and religion, and her provision for his comfort. She writes:

"Deare Ned, if you would have anything send me word; or if I thought a cold pye, or such a thing, would be of any pleasure to you, I would send it to you. But your father says you care not for it, and Mrs. Pirson tells me, when her sonne was at Oxford, and shee sent him such thinges, he prayed her that she would not."

Her son seems to have set her mind at ease on the subject, for the next year she writes:



The Funeral

A Story for Little Folk by Amy Carr.

In front of the Stoner's house two little girls, children of a neighbor, were playing with their dolls, when suddenly the younger of them said:

"I'll tell you what—let's play funeral."

"How?"

"Well, we can play that my Josephine Maude Angeline dolly died, and that we buried her."

"That will be splended! Let's have her die at once."

Immediately after the death of Josephine Maude Angelina her grief-stricken mother said:

"Now, Katie, we must put the crape on the door-knob to let folks know about it. You run over to our house and get the long black veil mamma wore when she was in mourning for grandpa."

Katie went away, and returned with the long, black mourning veil. It was quickly tied to Mrs. Stoner's front doorbell; then the bereft Dorothy's grief broke out afresh, and she wailed and wept so vigorously that Mrs. Stoner put her head out of an upper window and said:

"You little girls are making too much noise down there. Mr. Stoner's ill, and you disturb him. I think you'd better run home and play now. My husband wants to go to sleep."

The children gathered up their dolls and playthings and departed, sobbing as they went.

Mary Simmons, who passed them a block on the other side of the street, supposing the children to be playing at sorrow, was shocked when she came opposite the house to observe the crape on the doorknob.

"Mr. Stoner is dead!" she said to herself. "Poor Sam! I knew he was ill, but I had no idea that he was at all dangerous. I must stop on my way home and find out about it."

She would have stopped then if it had not been for her eagerness to carry the news to those who might not have heard it. A little further on she met an acquaintance.

"Ain't heard 'bout the trouble up at

"I have made a pye to send you; it is a kide pye. I believe you have not that meat ordinarily at Oxford; on halfe of the pye is seasoned with on kind of seasoning, and the other with another. I thinke to send it by this carrier."

Again she writes: "I like the stufe for your cloths well; but the cullor of those for euery day I do not like so well; but the silk chamlet I like very well. Let your tokens be always of the same cullor of your cloths."

DELAY

(By Alice VanLeer Carrick)

I thought to do a kindly deed,
Time slipped away too fast,
The deed is still undone, ah, me!
My chance forever past.

I meant to speak a cheering word,
Before that word was said
The idle world walked by, and now
The friend I loved is dead.
cjs fheatmF eta

OUR PUZZLE CORNER

LABYRINTH OF PROVERBS

L I N G S L F A L O R D S O F R
L R E H T A R E T A I L F R A E
O S A T O H T E T F B O H E F H
R N G E N A H B S I E C T A E T
A O M O S S A N N O N K T O G E

By starting at a certain letter, and following a certain regular path, three familiar proverbs may be spelled.

Answers to Last Week's Puzzle

Chestnuts:—When it is farthest from the bark; 2. When Autumn turns the leaves; 3. Slippery elm; 4. The Beech; 5. The Palm; 6. Balsam.

"I went over to the Stoners' soon as I heard 'bout poor Sam," she said, "an' if you'll believe me, there was Mrs. Stoner hangin' out clothes in the back yard. I went roun' to where she was an' she says, jest as flippant as ever. 'Mercy! Mrs. Peavy, where'd you drop from!'"

"I felt so s'prised an' disgusted that I says, 'Mrs. Stoner, this is a mighty sel-emn ting,' an' if she didn't just look at me an' laugh, with the crape for poor Sam danglin' from the front door-bell knob an' she says, 'I don't see nothin' very solemn 'bout washin' an' hangin' out some of Sam's shirts an' underwear that he'll never wear ag'in. I'm goin' to work 'em up into carpet-rags if they ain't too far gone for even that.'"

"Mrs. Stoner," I says, "the neighbors will talk dreadfully if you ain't more careful," an' she got real angry, an' said if her neighbors would attend to their own business she'd attend to hers. I turned an' left without even goin' into the house."

The Capbury Weekly Star, the only paper in the village, came out two hours later with this announcement:

"We stop our press to announce the unexpected death of our highly-respected fellow-citizen, Mr. Samuel Stoner; this afternoon. A more extended notice will appear next week."

"Unexpected! I should say so!" said Mr. Samuel Stoner, in growing wrath and amazement as he read the announcement in the paper.

"There is the minister coming in at the gate," interrupted his wife. "Do calm down, Sam. He's coming to make arrangements for the funeral, I suppose. How ridiculous!"

Mr. Havens, the minister, was surprised when Mr. Stoner himself opened the door and said:

"Come right in, pastor, come right in. My wife's busy, but I'll give you the main points myself if you want to go ahead with the funeral."

For the first time he saw the crape, and taking it into the house, he called to his wife for an explanation. Later they heard Dorothy Dean's childish voice, calling:

"Please, Miss Stoner, Kate and I left mamma's old black veil tied to your door-knob when we are playing over here and I'd like to have it again."—In San Francisco Call.

A SPLENDID BULL

The climate of India is vigorously, if not quite logically defended in Bulls and Blunders by a certain Irish colonel.

"Bad climate!" roared the irate warrior. "There's no better climate in the world; but there are a lot of young fellows who come out to India, and they eat and drink, and they drink and eat, and then die! and then they write home and say that the climate has killed them. Of course lots of people die in India. Tell me where they don't and I'll go and end my days there."

UNDER THE SNOWBALL BUSH

(By Celia Thornton.)

"When are you going to see the little girl round the corner?" Letty's family asked her.

Letty looked bashful. "I want her to come to see me first," she said.

"Strangers don't pay the first call, you know," her big brother, Roger, reminded her. "That's not the way to do."

But Letty shook her yellow head. "I've been far as the gate twice," she said. "And I just can't get any farther. Don't ask me to."

"Tut!" said her grandfather. "And all this time the little girl may be very lonely."

"Then why doesn't she come to see me?" asked Letty quickly.

"Maybe she has come — as far as the front gate," said Roger.

Letty laughed outright; she could not help it. But still she did go to see the new little girl.

That afternoon on her way to the post office she kept craning her neck to look in to the new people's yard, on Prescott Street, which was just round the corner from her own home. She wondered what the little girl's first name was, and whether she liked to play.

"Now where can she be?" she asked herself crossly. "If she'd only come out she could walk with me under my big umbrella."

But there was no little girl to be seen; perhaps the threatening clouds had driven her into the house. Letty sighed.

By the time she started home a few drops of rain were falling. The wind was blowing hard, and, though she grasped her umbrella with both hands, it was all she could do to keep her hold on it.

"O dear, I'll just let it down and not mind the rain!" she said; but the umbrella would not come down, though she tugged and pulled hard at it. There was nothing to do but go on with it as it was. "For never, never in the world," puffed Letty, "will I lose my mother's best umbrella!"

the Stoners', have you?" she asked.

Mowatt

"What trouble?"

"Sam Stoner is dead. There's crape on the door knob. I was in there yesterday and Sam was up and around the house; but I could see that he was a good deal worse than he or his wife had any idea of, and I ain't much s'prised."

"My goodness me! I must find time to call there before night."

Mrs. Simmons stopped at the village post office, ostensibly to look for a letter, but really to impart her information to Dan Wales, the talkative old postmaster.

"Heard 'bout Sam Stoner?" she asked.

"No, I did hear he was gruntin' round a little, but—"

"He won't grunt no more," said Mrs. Simmons, solemnly. "He's dead!"

"How you talk!"

"It's right. There's crape on the door."

"Must have been dreadful sudden! Mrs. Stoner was in here last evening, an' she reckoned he'd be out in a day or two as well as ever."

"I know. But he ain't been well for a long time! I could see it if others couldn't."

"Well, well! I'll go round to the house soon as my Mattie comes home from school to mind the office." The news was spreading now from another source.

Job Higley, the grocer's assistant, returning from leaving some things at the house, full of indignation.

"That Mrs. Stoner ain't got no more feelin' than a lamp-post," said Job, indignantly to his employer. "There's crape on the door-knob for poor Sam Stoner; an' when I left the groceries Mrs. Stoner was cookin' a joint, cool as a cucumber, an' singin' 'Ridin' on a load of hay' as loud as she could screech; an' when I said I was sorry about Sam, she just laughed an' said she 'thought Sam was all right,' an' then if she didn't go to jokin' me about Tiddy Hopkins!"

O! Mrs. Peavy came home with an

equally scandalous tale.

Presently the wind began to blow so hard that she could not keep her balance at all; but she held the umbrella close against her head and struggled bravely on. Then all at once the wind jumped under the umbrella and picked her right up off the ground. She felt herself being blown rapidly along; but where she was being blown to she had not the slightest idea. Suddenly she came to a stop against something soft. She peered out from under the umbrella. It was a bush that had stopped her—a snowball bush in full bloom. Letty gave a gasp.

At that moment a little girl's head was thrust out between the branches.

"How do you do?" the owner of the head said politely. "Come in."

"I can't because of my umbrella," Letty explained.

The other little girl helped her, and together they lowered the obstinate umbrella. Then Letty crawled under the snowball bush.

She felt as if she must be dreaming. The branches hung low, so that they made a cosy little room that was dry as toast. Two dolls were seated at a tiny table set with

blue china. A plate of small sandwiches was in the centre of the table, and a blue chocolate pot was steaming at the head.

"Where am I?" Letty asked. "And who are you?"

"I am Dulcie Ray," the little girl answered. "This is my playhouse. I thought you never were coming to see me."

Letty still looked puzzled. She parted the branches and peered out. There at the end of the yard was Prescott Street; and round the corner stood her own familiar house.

"You must be the new little girl," she said. "But how did I get here?"

"You blew here," Dulcie said. "I saw you. Right round the corner from Fisher Street, and across our lawn."

Letty looked again at the steaming chocolate pot, the delicious sandwiches and the waiting dolls. How delightful everything was!

"But I didn't come on purpose," she said.

Dulcie was seating herself at the table. "Well, you came, anyway," she answered. "Won't you take a seat and let me pour you a cup of hot chocolate? The sandwiches are fine."—Child's Hour.

TRUST

By Faye N. Merriman.

"You can't believe her," said Fern, bitterly. "I would never believe a word she says."

Her father laid down his evening paper. "Why?" he asked quietly.

Fern looked surprised. "Why, father, you know!" she said. "She used to tell the most awful fibs. And Miss Prentiss spoke to her about it right out in school."

"And you will never believe anything she says again?"

"Of course not. How could I?"

"And yet she used to be a chum of yours?"

"Father!" protested Fern. "That was before I knew about her telling things that were untrue. Of course I wouldn't chum with her now."

"Nor any of the other girls?"

"No—none of the girls will ever believe her again, either."

Fern's father looked very grave. "Is that exactly square?" he asked.

Fern gasped. "Square!" she said. "Why, father, what do you mean?"

"I mean that it doesn't seem hardly fair to judge her future entirely by her past. Just think how she will feel if no one trusts her."

Fern's face hardened. "She deserves it," she said. "She had no business to be untruthful."

Fern's father's thoughtful manner changed. "Fern," he said abruptly, "you failed in your lessons yesterday, did you not?"

"Yes, father. You see, I—"

"Never mind the reason—you failed, didn't you? Failed hopelessly?" Fern flushed and nodded. "Well, when you went to school this morning did your teacher say that it was no use to hear your lessons because she knew you would fail?"

Fern choked indignantly. "No, indeed," she answered; "she called on me first and said she knew I would have them today."

Fern's father shook his head perplexedly. "I can't see why she did that," he said. "You failed her the day before, and I should think she would expect you to repeat it."

"But, don't you see," said Fern eagerly, "that is just the reason she did know I would have them. I was so humiliated yesterday, and she knew that I would not do it a second time."

"Then she trusted you to have them?"

"Yes."

"And you knew yesterday that she did?"

"Yes, father."

"But suppose she hadn't trusted you. Suppose she had taken your own failure as an example and always judged you by that. Do you think you would have succeeded or failed today?"

Fern hesitated. "I am afraid I would have failed," she said.

"Exactly—just as Evelyn is sure to fail if no one trusts her."

"But the case isn't the same."

"No; you failed in one way, and she failed in another. But both of you simply made mistakes. Yet you would brand her as untruthful for all time, but you would not be branded as a failure."

Fern was silent for a moment. "Father," she said at last, "what is it you want me to do?"

"Nothing that your heart does not tell you to do. But I would feel that my little girl was liberal enough to take the world on trust; was broad enough to judge a friend, not by her mistakes, but by her other qualities; and big enough to tell her she trusted her."

"But how can I trust her?"

"How can any of us trust each other?" answered her father. "The world runs on trust. If we piled up every falling and every fault against each other we should soon return to the level of savages. But, thank God, we don't do that. We forget the failures and the disappointments, and we say, 'They won't do that again,' and we

go right on trusting just the same. Sometimes we are deceived time after time, but that doesn't matter if our own hearts are not hardened. And the seventy times seventh time our trust may be rewarded. Why, girlie, we can't stop trusting people!"

Fern wiped her eyes. "Father," she said, "I am ashamed. I never realized how much trusting counted. And I am going over to see Evelyn right away; perhaps my trust may help her."

Fern's father smiled. "That is the very thing I wanted to point out," he said. "Trust is a tonic, a strengthener, and we haven't any more right to withhold it than a doctor would have to withhold his skill and medicine in a time of plague."

Fern held out her hands. "You will trust me not to be uncharitable after this," she said. "You won't remember that I refused at first to trust Evelyn?"

Fern's father kissed her. "I will trust you to be everything that is sweet and womanly and noble," he said softly.

"And I will never fail your trust," Fern added.

"You see how it works?" he asked. "Now, run to Evelyn. Who knows how badly she may need you?"—The Visitor.

Lucy Jane's Visit

Story for Little Folk By Helen Boyd.



"Lucy Jane, Lucy Jane," called her mother going to the kitchen doof and peering out. "Where are you?"

"Here I am," shouted a little voice gaily and the next moment a shower of apple blossoms fluttered to the ground.

"You terrible tomboy," sighed her mother patiently. "Aunt Margaret is here and wants to take you home with her for a visit."

"Oh, goodie, Goodie!" cried Lucy Jane sliding from her perch in the apple tree and clapping her hands in glee. "Does she really and truly mean it? May I wear my new dress? And—oh, dear, I'm so happy," and she hugged her mother so tightly that she cried for mercy.

"There—there Lucy Jane," cried Mrs. Douglas gasping for breath. Don't choke me, child. Aunt Margaret said you may stay a whole month if you want to."

A whole month! Lucy Jane's eyes shone with the very thought. A whole month in a beautiful big house, with ever so many servants to wait on you, and perhaps ice cream every night for dinner. Wouldn't that Mamie Jones be jealous when she knew! Why she thought she was everything because she had a blue silk parasol. Why—why—Lucy Jane would soon let her know that blue silk parasols were nothing compared to aunts with big houses—and servants—and—and things.

"You must hurry, dear," broke in mother "Your train leaves at five." Then she added with a catch in her voice, "Will you miss me, dear heart?"

"Why, of course I'll miss you, Mumsie, dear," answered Lucy Jane brightly. "But a month isn't very long, and then you have baby, you know."

"Yes, I have baby," agreed her mother, "but if anything happened to you . . ." and she clung to Lucy Jane as if she never—never wanted to leave go.

"Mother, dear—I believe—you're crying," exclaimed Lucy Jane in wondering tones. Mothers were so funny—just to think of a little thing like that making her cry.

And later when the car arrived, she acted queer again. In fact, Lucy Jane herself felt something sticking in her throat and she almost thought she was going to cry.

FAIRY LACES

(By Helen L. Paddock)

I love to see the spider-webs
Spread out in meadow places—
The spider-webs with rainbow sheen,
The dainty fairy laces.

Wise Mistress Spider has to be
So careful with her spinning.
Just watch and don't disturb her, for
She weaves the fairies' trimming.

STONE AGE ISLAND NATIVES

Cut off from the outside world by walls of coral three hundred feet high that form the shores of their island, natives of Rennell, one of the Solomon group, have advanced no higher in civilization than the Stone Age, according to a missionary who recently visited them. Possessing little iron, these islanders still use barbed wooden lances, and throw spears tipped with splints of human bone that break off in the wound. Good fighters and powerful wrestlers, they are peaceful despite their warlike appearance produced by yellow paint and tattooing. The only form of money is the teeth of flying foxes. In the interior of the island, once a gigantic atoll, there is a large lake connected to the sea only by fissures in the coral. The water is so salty that visitors cannot drink it, but the natives have become thoroughly accustomed to its taste.—Popular Mechanics.

THE LAW OF HOSPITALITY

(By Gelett Burgess)

There is a very simple rule
That every one should know;
You may not hear of it in school,
But everywhere you go,
In every land where people dwell,
And men are good and true,
You'll find they understand it well,
And so I'll tell it you:

To every one who gives me feed,
Or shares his home with me,
I owe a debt of gratitude,
And I must loyal be.
I may not laugh at him, or say
Of him a word unkind;
His friendliness I must repay,
And to his faults be blind!

—Youth's Companion.



PRINCESS MARY'S SECOND SON

First and exclusive photograph of Ullich David Lascelles, taken at Goldsbrough Hall, who was christened on October 5th, in the village church. Everyone except immediate relatives was excluded from the church during the ceremony.

crushed, and wished that even Mamie Jones was there to play some of the old familiar games.

Then it commenced to rain and rained as if it would never stop. Now at home mother always made rainy days a most delightful time. She would let Lucy Jane make little currant pies, or she would bake some apples, or she would tell stories—she always seemed to have some beautiful surprise tucked away especially for a rainy day. But here it was so different. Her aunt was cross because she couldn't go riding, and the cook was cross and told Lucy Jane she would have to keep away from the kitchen. Nobody seemed to want her, and she crept away to a corner and gave way to the tears that wouldn't be kept back.

All day long the ache kept growing bigger and bigger. At last, when she crawled into bed her sobs filled the air. Her aunt, who happened to be passing, thought she heard something and peeped in to see if the little girl was all right.

"Why, gracious child, what ever is the matter?" she cried in alarm, as she caught sight of the quivering little body and tear-stained face.

"I—I—want to go home—and—and I want my mother—and I want Teddy," she sobbed all in a breath.

"But you can't go home to-night, dear," answered her aunt soothingly. There aren't any trains."

At this Lucy Jane's sobs grew louder than ever.

Then Lucy Jane's aunt, who really wasn't such a very bad aunt after all, gathered the little girl in her arms, and promised solemnly that they would take the very first train in the morning. Then Lucy Jane's face cleared like magic, and she fell asleep with a happy smile on her face.

And the next morning she could hardly wait for the car to stop before she was in her mother's arms. She hugged and kissed the baby till her mother was afraid there would be nothing left of him. When she saw Mamie Jones coming down the street with her blue parasol she hugged and kissed her—then she started to hug and kiss everybody all over again. And as her mother tucked her in bed that night, she murmured sleepily, "Aunts don't seem to understand little girls like my mumsie dear—I'm—so—glad—to—get home," and her voice trailed off into dreamland.—Child's Hour.

A Young Fox's Toy.

A fox sat on his haunches in the big planting playing a little game that amused him vastly. He was surely a young fox—a full-grown cub—to be given to such a frolic. The light filtering through the high fir trees shone upon his ruddy coat and upon the sleek dark head. The fangs gleamed like ivory. It may have been fancy, but it seemed that not yet was there the stain that comes with age and gross feeding. It was impossible to say what it was that was the cub's plaything. It was small and dark, and the fox tossed it up in the air and caught it as it came down again, and went on doing this for five or six minutes. Then the sound of the crackling of a twig fell upon his ear. Instantly he was on the alert. The head turned round and the ears cocked up. The fox stood up. He winded the watchers. He went away like the wind. And the plaything? It was a tiny little mouse, with fur all wet with the saliva of the fox.—G. W. M., in Manchester Guardian.

Sometimes the cure is worse than the disease. As a cure for bootlegging, Government sale is like jumping from the frying pan into the fire.

Our Needlework Corner.

KNITTED GLOVES

For Child, 10-11 Years

Required are 1 1/2 ounce Baldwin's beehive 4-ply fingering, and 4 knitting needles, size 15—perhaps needles a little coarser. Cast on 50 stitches, 14 on first, 18 on second and third. 1st 1 plain, 1 puri for 30 rounds. Then 1 plain round, decreasing four times. You will now have 46 stitches. Begin to increase for the thumb. (It would be as well to measure the fingers to the desired length while the knitting is in progress, as some hands are larger than others.)

1st Round.—Knit 1, increase 1, knit 1, increase 1, knit to end.

2nd and 3rd Rounds.—Plain.

4th Round.—Knit 1, increase 1, knit 3, increase 1, knit to the end, 5th and 6th rounds plain.

7th Round.—Knit 1, increase, knit 5, increase, knit to end.

8th and 9th Plain, 10th Round.—Knit 1, increase, knit 7, increase, knit to end. 11th and 12th Round.—Plain.

13th.—Knit 1, increase, knit 9, increase, knit to end.

14th and 15th Plain, 16th.—Knit 1, increase, knit 11, increase, knit to end. 17th and 18th—Plain.

19th.—Knit 1, increase, knit 13, increase, knit to end.

20th and 21st Plain, 22nd.—Knit 1, increase, knit 15, increase, knit to end. 23rd and 24th—Plain.

25th.—Knit 1, increase, knit 17, increase, knit to end.

26th.—Plain.

27th.—Knit 1, slip 19 on to a thread of wool, and leave them for the present. Cast on 6 stitches, and continue knitting plain to the end. Knit 14 plain rounds (51 stitches.) Now commence the fingers.

1st Finger.—Knit 12 off first needle; slip 36 stitches on to a piece of wool, leaving 3 stitches on last needle. Cast on 4 stitches for gusset, and knit the remaining 3 stitches. Arrange these 19 stitches on 3 needles, thus—6, 6, 7. Knit 1 plain round.

2nd Round.—Knit 14, knit 2 together at one side of gusset, knit 1, knit 2 together at other side of gusset. Now there will be 17 stitches. Knit plain for 25 rounds.

27th Round.—Knit 1, knit 2 together; continue thus to end.

28th.—Plain. 29th.—Decrease same as 27th round. Break off the wool, and with a wool needle draw the end through the stitches, and sew the tip securely.

Second Finger.—Knit 7 stitches on palm side; cast on 4 for gusset; knit 7 at the other side; pick up 4 from gusset of 1st finger. 22 stitches in all. First round is plain.

2nd Round.—Decrease twice at each gusset, as for first finger. Then knit plain 18 stitches for 29 rounds, and finish the finger tip by decreasing as for 1st finger.

Third Finger.—Knit 5, cast on 4 for gusset, knit 5 on the other side; pick up 4 from gusset of 2nd finger. One plain round, then decrease at gusset as for 2nd finger, but only taking off one stitch at each, instead of 2. Plain for 25 rounds (16 stitches.) Finish finger-tip same as before.

Fourth Finger.—Knit 12 remaining stitches, and pick up 4 at gusset. One plain round, then decrease twice at gusset as for 1st and 2nd fingers. Plain for 25 rounds (14 stitches.) Finish off as for other fingers.

For the Thumb.—Pick up 6 stitches where cast on for gusset, and knit the 19 stitches (25 stitches in all.) First round plain.

2nd Round.—Decrease twice at gusset.

3rd.—Plain 4th.—Same as second.

5th.—Plain. Continue plain knitting (21 stitches) for 22 more rounds. Finish off same as finger-tips.

This is the left-hand glove. Knit the right-hand exactly the same until it is time to begin the fingers, then commence each with the gusset, and take the back stitches before you take the palm stitches.

SEWING ROOM HINTS

A scallop can be drawn very easily on a fannel skirt by folding a piece of paper several times as wide as you wish your scallop to be. Cut the scallop out on one edge, unfold the paper, and by placing it on the edge of the skirt the outline can be drawn with a pencil. If a busy mother hasn't the time to buttonhole the scallop, the scallop can be cut out and quickly finished by crocheting in single crochet with a steel crochet-hook around each scallop. This looks nearly as nice as if buttonholed, when washed.

Curtains that are nothing more than a ruffle across the top of the window over roller blind look well and in no way interfere with the usefulness of the kitchen window. Made of gay cretonne they add an attractive bit of color to the room. Checked gingham is suitable, or unbleached muslin with a colored binding.

Cheese-cloth makes charming curtains, wears excellently, launders easily and looks remarkably well. Make the curtains simply as befits the material. They may be hemmed with stitches of colored floss. They are easily stenciled. If more color is desired this is readily acquired by means of the dye-pot. Curtains for a living room have been obtained by coloring cheese-cloth a soft brown or a dull blue or apricot color.

Fine hose or woven garments should be mended before the threads break. That is, they should be "run," using fine silk, wool or cotton, as the case may be, taking each stitch with your needle through the woven stitch and going a little beyond the thin places. Darn these on the wrong side. The thread for mending should be about the same texture as the material, never coarser. Thread finer than the material is preferred.

LIGHT AND WALL PAPER

A family that uses gas for lighting, is told by a "man in the employ of a gas company," who writes in the New York Sun, how it can get the most good out of the gas it pays for and the same facts hold good if the lights used are coal oil lamps or electric.

"If I were running the gas business," he says, "I would hand out free wall paper but I would do the choosing. Rich deep greens and browns—those are the colors that bring up your bills and cut profits.

"How many people realize that a large part of their gas money may be sunk in their walls and wasted? The color of your wall paper may decide whether you light one or two burners. White walls absorb only thirty per cent. of the light, but nearly everyone wants some

color to meet the eye. Chroma yellow absorbs only thirty-eight per cent. Paper of an orange shade robs you of fifty per cent. of your light. "It is when you get into reds and greens that the light begins to dim. A dark-green wall paper, so restful to the eye, absorbs eighty-two per cent. of the light, and paper of a deep chocolate color leaves only four per cent. of the light rays for use. Its power of absorption is ninety-six per cent."

For the Sake of Others

The Bishops of the Anglican Communion, in their Lambeth Conference Report, have this striking passage: "While all are not agreed upon the duty of total abstinence from intoxicating liquor as a beverage, there is no room for doubt that such abstinence for the sake of others and as a contribution to the stability of our industrial and social life, is a special privilege of Christian Service." Whether we embrace that privilege or not, one thing is very certain, that everyone who aspires to true citizenship, everyone who really seeks the highest ideals of Patriotism, must do something to stem the present tide of Alcoholic indulgence, with its disastrous effects upon the physical, mental, and moral life of our people—Rev. C. C. Weeks.

AN UNEXPECTED PRESCRIPTION

Some time ago a lady, who tells the story herself, went to consult a famous physician about her health. She was a woman of nervous temperament, whose troubles—and she had had many—had worried and excited her to such a pitch that the strain threatened her physical strength, and even her reason. She gave the doctor a list of her symptoms, and answered his questions, only to be astonished at his brief prescription at the end:

"Madam, what you need is to read your Bible more!"

"But, doctor..." began the bewildered patient.

"Go home and read your Bible an hour a day," the great man reiterated, with kindly authority, "then come back to me a month from to-day."

And he bowed her out without a possibility of a further protest. At first the patient was inclined to be angry. Then she reflected that at least the prescription was not an expensive one. Besides, it certainly had been a long time since she had read the Bible regularly, she reflected, with a pang of conscience.

Wordly cares had crowded out prayer and Bible study for years; though she would have resented being called an irreligious woman, she had undoubtedly become a most careless Christian. She went home and set herself conscientiously

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GREEN TEA

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has won it millions of users. Sold by all grocers. Buy a package today.

FREE sample of Green Tea upon request "SALADA" Toronto.

to try the physician's remedy.

In one month she went back to his office.

"Well," he said smiling, as he looked at her face, "I see you are an obedient patient, and have taken my prescription faithfully. Do you feel as if you need any other medicine now?"

"No, doctor, I don't," she replied honestly. "I feel like a different person!—I hope I am a different person! But how did you know that that was just what I needed?"

For answer the famous physician turned to his desk. There, worn and marked, lay an open Bible.

"Madam," he said, with deep earnestness, "if I were to omit my daily reading of this Book, I should lose my greatest source of strength and skill. I never go to an operation without reading my Bible. I never attend a distressing case without finding help in its pages. Your case called not for medicine, but for sources of peace and strength outside your own mind; and I showed you my own prescription, and I knew it would cure."

"Yet I confess, doctor," said his patient, "that I came very near not taking it."

"Very few are willing to try it, I find," said the physician, smiling again. "But there are many, many cases in my practice where it would work wonders if they only would take it."

This is a true story. The doctor died only a little while ago, but his prescription remains. It will do no one any harm to try it.

A grain of abstinence is worth a ton of moderation.—Mrs. Geo. W. Foster, N.S.



THE PLAID FROCK HAS PLAIN SIDE PANELS

The Fall and Winter vogue for plaid materials finds expression in many lovely frocks of colorful pattern.

The simply made everyday model above is of plaid material in yellow and henna and blue and green. The blue predominates in the plaid pattern, and finds an answering note in the flat side panels of plain blue.

Green bone buttons down the front add further color interest to this frock, that is ideal for wear through the Fall and Winter.

CURIOUS CUSTOMS AT SIWA

Major W. T. Blake, the airman and explorer, who returned recently from a thousand miles journey across the Sahara among the Senussi in search of Mahommed's treasure, tells the Central News of some curious customs at Siwa, the sight of a long-lost civilization, the home of the mysterious and fanatical Senussi.

When a woman pays a call upon a friend she wears all the clothes she possesses, one garment on top of another. As the visit progresses she begins to discard her clothes, and lays them one by one in a heap beside her in order to demonstrate to all who see how wealthy is her husband.

Women are, however, of small account. A wife costs about 24s., whatever her station in life, and the men change their partners with almost startling rapidity. Girls marry at about ten or eleven years of age and boys at about 14, but divorce is so prevalent that it is no uncommon thing to meet a child of 14 or 15 who has been married and divorced several times. In his lifetime a man marries about 20 times, though some aspire to as many as 30 or 40 wives.

The 'Witness' Pattern Service



A POPULAR "STYLISH STOUT" MODEL

4889. Striped and plain woollen is here combined. This is a good model for satin, crepe or sharmeen. Roshanara crepe with satin for collar and panels would be very attractive.

The Pattern is cut in 8 Sizes: 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48 and 50 inches bust measure. A 38 inch size requires 4 7/8 yards of one material, 40 inches wide. If made as illustrated it will require 1 3/8 yard of plain material and 3 1/4 yards of striped or figured material. The width of the dress at the foot is 2 yards.

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

A FASHIONABLE COAT MODEL.

4888. This style has very comfortable lines. It may be developed as a utility or dressy coat. The collar may be rolled high

and the fronts closed to the neck, or the collar may be low and the fronts turned back to form revers.

The Pattern is cut in 6 Sizes: 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches bust measure. A 28 inch size requires 4 1/4 yards of 54 inch material. Collar, cuffs, facings and pockets of contrasting require 3/4 yard of 54 inch material.

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

A PRETTY FROCK FOR THE GROWING GIRL

4903. Figured silk is here combined with plain crepe in a matched shade. This style is good for kasha, or the new printed voiles and crepes. It may be finished with the short "cap" sleeve, or with the long bell portion.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. A 10 year size requires 5 yards of one material 32 inches wide. If made as illustrated, in the large view with short sleeves it will require 1 3/8 yard of figured material, and 3 5/8 yards of plain material. With long sleeves 1/4 yard more is required.

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

A STYLISH FROCK FOR THE GROWING GIRL

4910. Plaid woollen with facings of crepe in a contrasting color was chosen for this pleasing model. The collar is convertible. The sleeve may be in 3/4 length or, short as in the large view.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. A 10 year size requires 3 yards of one material 32 inches wide. If made as illustrated it will require 2 3/8 yards of plaid and 3/8 yard of plain material.

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 enclosed. Cents Name

Address

For Blouses, etc., give BUST; MEASURE in inches. For Misses and Children; give age only in years.

CONSECRATION

Just to be alone with Jesus
A little while with God,
Far away from things that grieve us
And from men who but deceive us
There, upon a lonely spot,
I give myself to God.

"Willo" Mortimer

Oakwood, Toronto.

OUR NEW SERIAL

Journey's End

By Edna A. Brown.

(By special arrangement with Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co., publishers, Boston)

SYNOPSIS

Caroline Chittock and Amory Russell though fond sister and brother have been brought up in very different environments. Caroline, the elder by two years, living with Grandmother Fayne up to her marriage, is a fashionable woman and sadly out of touch with the more serious side of life. She shares her husband's lovely home on the Hudson, a childless home, the currents of their lives scarcely touching. The story opens with the return of Amory Russell, from overseas. Carol entreating him to stay and practice his profession in New York where his distinguished manner, brilliant record in France, coupled with her prestige in fashionable circles would ensure him fame as a ladies' doctor in a very short time. To this Amory listens in scornful silence. He has entirely different ideals upon which to build his future from those of his pleasure-loving sister. The training and loving guidance of his life through his Quaker Aunt Eunice is too deeply rooted to be so easily exchanged for a future of ease, luxury and the flattery of silly women. So Dr. Russell sets out for Journey's End, his home, and that of his dear sweet aunt. Passing a Red Cross Carnival, he enters and has his palm read by a palmist. He overhears the reading of a young girl's hand, of a coming threatened disaster. His own palm indicates an identical tragedy. Half amused, half interested in the fleeting impression of dark hair and shadowy eyes of the girl whose fate should be coupled with his he proceeds to Journey's End.

CHAPTER VI.

In Which Amory Visits John Howland

"I just met Amory Russell on the street and a stunning chap he is. Looks the exact image of his father, except for a dignity more like his Uncle Robert."

"Has he arrived?" asked John Howland, taking off his glasses and looking at his partner. "I knew from Mrs. Russell that he was expected. Came straight from France?"

"Said he spent three days with Caroline," explained Richard Vickery, glancing over the letters he held in his hand. "There'll be some heartaches among the girls this summer, if I am any judge. Amory has all his father's personal beauty, to say nothing of other attractions. Robert and Charles shared their father's fortune equally; Robert's children both died. Amory will eventually be his aunt's heir, and you and I know that his grandfather's property has about doubled since old Amory's day. It will be interesting to see what happens now Robert is gone and there's nobody to hold down the brakes."

"Amory was a nice boy," observed John Howland, "rather a charming boy, too." "So was Charles. He could charm the heart out of a woman just by looking at her. Charles was about the most attractive young fellow of our generation, and what a mess he did make of things! A runaway marriage, dissipation under the name of art in Paris, both he and his wife dead in their twenties, and the Robert Russells with their son to bring up."

"Which was the best thing that could possibly have happened to young Amory. I saw a good deal of him when he was growing up,—he and my Tom were friends, you know,—and I always liked Amory. To my mind, he has shown far more character already than that unfortunate Charles. Here he was with all the money he could use, and yet he plugged away at college, and he did good work in France. I met one of the head surgeons of the Red Cross down at Ogunquit the other day. We got to talking and somehow it came out that one of our Freeport boys had been in his unit. He spoke very highly of Amory. I don't believe he'll make ducks and drakes of the Russell money. After all, he had a good bringing-up, and Robert Russell put a lot of himself into that boy. Amory loves his Aunt Eunice; she will have considerable influence over him."

"It isn't possible for a fellow to be as good-looking as Amory and not have some imperfection," commented Mr. Vickery. "We'll see. Now I'm off for Boston if I can make that train."

"Just tell Miss Morton not to interrupt me unless it is important," said his companion.

John Howland, senior member of the legal firm of Howland and Vickery, did not turn at once to his work, but sat looking abstractedly from the window. He was a man over fifty, with iron-gray hair, and clean-cut features. His father had been the trusted adviser of three generations of Russells, and John, growing up in the office, stepped into the shoes left vacant at his father's death.

"Well"—he remarked to himself, "well,—I wonder,—I wonder."

With this enigmatic observation he turned his attention to the papers on his desk. In the outer office, Miss Morton was presently accosted by a young gentleman

she had never seen before, whose appearance gave her a distinct palpitation.

"May I see Mr. Howland?" inquired the visitor.

"Mr. Howland is very busy. He left word that he wasn't to be interrupted. Could I take any message to give him later?"

"But I think he will see me," said the young man pleasantly. "I seem to be without a card. Would you mind asking if he can give Amory Russell a few minutes?"

"Oh," said Miss Morton, who had heard that name before. "Yes, I'll ask."

Amory looked around the rather barren outer office, not much changed since the days of Henry Howland. There stood the same uncomfortable chairs, the same maps hung on the walls, the same dusty law-books filled the cases.

"Mr. Howland will see you," announced Miss Morton, but following on the heels of his stenographer came the lawyer himself.

"Well, well, Amory, it is good to have you home!" he said cordially and inwardly added: "Jove! if he isn't young Charles again, except for a different expression." "Come in, come in," he added aloud. "I'd stop any work to bid you welcome."

Still clasping the hand of his visitor and patting his shoulder, he drew him into the inner office, closing the door upon the astonished Miss Morton, who was not accustomed to see her staid employer display any feeling.

But Amory understood. "Mr. Howland," he said at once and with a simple directness that was very engaging, "I—I can't begin to tell you how badly I feel about Tom."

Mr. Howland pressed the hand he still held. "We appreciated your writing, Amory," he said gruffly. "Tom did his duty and none of us can do more. I rather envy the young fellows who were permitted to give their all. Sometimes I don't know but it takes more courage to live than to die. Sit down, my boy, sit down."

"Thank you," said Amory, laying aside his hat and taking from his pocket a manila envelope. "I have something for you, Mr. Howland."

Placing it on the desk, he watched for a second while the lawyer opened it and then he walked over to the window. There was a long silence and then Mr. Howland blew his nose.

"This means a great deal, Amory," he said. "It is not every one who would have thought of such a kindness."

"I tried my best to get photographs of the graves of all our Freeport boys," said Amory, returning to the desk and seating himself. "There were eight, you know. I obtained them for all but one, a Peter Flynn. I never knew him myself, but when Aunt Eunice sent me his name, I did my best to locate him, but I couldn't. His seemed to be one of the cases where the poor chap was wiped out in a second."

Mr. Howland again held out his hand. "How about your hospital experience?" he asked when they had exchanged a warm grasp. "You had a good long pull at it, didn't you?"

"Over a year of actual service, and of course for long after the armistice we were still patching up the poor fellows."

"It was a remarkable coincidence, your running across Putnam Avery."

"It was the hardest thing that happened to me," replied Amory simply, "and yet afterwards, I was thankful it did happen."

"Are you willing to tell me about it?" asked the lawyer, "or are you like the rest of the boys—don't want to talk about your experiences in the war?"

"Like the others, there are a lot of things I just want to forget," said Amory, "that is, so far as one can forget. The war did something terrible to most of us, something words can't express, but I can talk about Putnam. My encountering him was a mere chance. We had been handling cases as fast as we could for twelve hours. I was just off duty and making for my tent to snatch some sleep, when one of the nurses asked me to look at a poor fellow, who she said was in the ambulance corps, a noncombatant of course, but wearing the Red Cross, and so a favorite target. I stepped aside to see if I could help him and it was Put."

Mr. Howland looked at him sympathetically. "That must have been a shock," he observed at length.

"Except that when a man works day and night patching up the work of hell, he finally reaches the point where he can't feel much more. I didn't go to my tent and I went without sleep for which I had

started. The dear old chap knew me; he was conscious to the last. He was past all help, but fortunately he didn't suffer; I was able to prevent that. We talked of Freeport and of the harbor and our boat, and he gave me some messages for his father and mother. Of course I wrote, but I have yet to see them and bring them some things that belonged to Put. Just at dawn he died in my arms."

"That was a great comfort to the Avery's," said the lawyer, breaking the silence that followed.

"After a time, it was to me," said Amory. "I have wondered how you young fellows with your Quaker training feel now about the war. Of course you had been brought up to think it wrong."

"Put and I were both in non-combatant service. I can tell you how I felt, Mr. Howland. After three months in the field hospital, I came to the conclusion that Friends are right in the principle that war is wrong, but personally, I can no longer stick to that principle when it is a question of warfare with devils."

"Right you are," said the lawyer briefly. "And Jack?" asked Amory. "What is he doing?"

"I sent him back to finish at college and the dickens of a time he has been giving me. It seems as though he got just enough war to be utterly unsettled for any steady work."

"That's the case with half the men," commented Amory. "It is a nervous reaction. I felt it more or less myself the first weeks I stayed on as interne at St. Etienne's. Mr. Howland, what about my Aunt Eunice?"

"What has she told you, Amory?"

"She has told me about her heart and of her visits to the specialist. I wish that you had written me immediately. I ought to have been told."

"Your Aunt Eunice made me promise not to tell you. It isn't possible to evade a promise to her. I argued as best I could, for I was anxious about her and I thought you should know. It was useless, for she had made up her mind and was adamant. I must confess I have been worried these six months past, for it put me in a difficult position. If anything happened to her, you would find it hard to forgive me. I was greatly relieved when her second visit showed matters no worse."

"She told me you had been extremely kind. I appreciate very much what you have done for her."

"There isn't a man in Freeport who would not do anything in his power for Robert Russell's widow. We feel honored by the doing," said John Howland rather curtly.

"I ought to have been here," said Amory. "I would have come at once if I had known, but though she wrote me twice each week, she never said one word to let me even suspect she was not well. Of course, when Uncle Robert died, I could not come, but I got my discharge the April after the armistice. I need not have stayed for the hospital practice, only it was such a whacking opportunity to do work in constructive surgery."

"Since you did not know, I can't see that you have any reason to blame yourself," said Mr. Howland. "It was a mighty fine chance for a young doctor and must have set you ahead a good bit, given you a start in experience. Are you planning to specialize?"

"Not yet. I shall not think of that until I have had several years of general work."

"It's curious," said John Howland. "Mrs. Russell spoke of this the last time I was with her, and now I see you, Amory, I am reminded of it. It is odd how the deft fingers of your father,—for he was a clever painter, only he couldn't stick to anything long enough to succeed,—have cropped out in you with another sort of dexterity. Charles Russell had great ability, but he lacked any incentive to cultivate it. It interests me that you have studied medicine."

"Well, I wanted to do something, and this interested me. And I think a man who isn't obliged to scratch gravel for his own living ought to do something with his life that will help others. Uncle Robert thought so, too."

Amory saw, without understanding, the curious expression that crossed the lawyer's face.

"I want to consult you," he went on. "Aunt Eunice and I have had an argument, and I finally agreed to her desire that I should ask your opinion. But I may as well tell you that I have fully made up my mind and that your opinion won't

influence me unless it chances to coincide with my own."

"Then if it doesn't, I may as well keep silent," said the lawyer dryly. "I believe I can venture a guess as to the subject of that argument,—where you are to begin your professional work?"

"Yes," said Amory, looking a little surprised. "I had a bunch of mail this morning, letters that have been following me around for a fortnight, and among them is one from Colonel Fenwick, the commanding officer of the unit I served with. He makes me a tip-top offer to come into his New York office for a year, with big prospects later. I was amazed, for I never thought the old bird liked me. He seldom opened his mouth except to give me a dressing-down."

"The same man'd brought a letter from another man I met in Paris, who is head of that big new hospital in Chicago. He offers me a chance on his staff."

"Pretty flattering offers, Amory," said John Howland, smiling, but still with the same odd expression, rather as though he were deliberately trying to keep his face blank. "It would be hard to decide between the two. Which does Mrs. Russell favor?"

"I haven't shown her either letter," said Amory. "I don't intend to do so. That isn't the point. I think I ought to stay in Freeport, and Aunt Eunice, though she wants me to do so, is afraid it isn't the best thing for me professionally. If she knew of these letters, she would be more convinced than ever."

"You are Tom's age, aren't you?" asked the lawyer after a pause.

"Just twenty-six, sir."

"Well, what are you going to do?"

"Stay in Freeport as long as Aunt Eunice needs me."

There was a silence while Mr. Howland thoughtfully fingered the bronze paper-weight on his desk. His face had lost its peculiar look and wore an expression that was indicative of satisfaction. When he did turn to Amory, it was with a smile.

"I used to like you as a boy, Amory," he said quietly. "I think I'm going to find you worth while as a man."

A corresponding smile came into Amory's eyes. "I am glad you think I am right," he said boyishly.

"I think you can very well afford a few years of your life for the happiness of your Aunt Eunice. And in the long run, I don't believe a man ever loses by doing his duty. Aside from that, it is my honest and unprejudiced opinion that Freeport is not an unfavorable ground for you."

"I think that also," said Amory. "Then I may tell Aunt Eunice that you approve my decision?"

"You may. And when do you put out your shingle?"

"Not immediately. I'd really like a little vacation. And of course, I shall have to see the State Board and obtain permission to practice."

"Necessary formalities, to be sure. Well, I think you deserve time to play. Still heart-whole, Amory? Better for a doctor to marry."

"So Aunt Eunice says," laughed Amory.

"Freeport will show you some pretty girls. And now for a bit of business. Mrs. Russell and I between us have looked after your affairs and I have used my best judgment whenever a decision had to be made. But now you are back and going to stay in Freeport, you may want to take things into your own hands. If you do, I'll render an exact account of my stewardship."

"I'm not such a fool as to bid a trusted pilot step overboard, Mr. Howland. I want to understand my affairs rather better than I do at present, and I shall ask you to explain exactly how they stand, but I mean to leave everything in your hands as Uncle Robert did. I hope you don't object."

"I shall endeavor to serve your interests as faithfully as I did those of Robert," was the brief answer. "By the way, Amory, you have never seen your uncle's will?"

"I know its purport, that everything was left to Aunt Eunice, which was as it should be, with the exception of a considerable sum which Uncle Robert set aside to accumulate for an unspecified purpose."

John Howland rose and crossed to the safe at one side of his office. Opening an inner compartment, he selected a paper.

"This is a copy of Robert's will," he said, handing it to the young man. "Its wording may interest you."

Amory unfolded the single sheet. It was dated five years earlier. After the usual preliminaries, it set apart a certain sum of money to be kept in trust for five years after the death of the testator, or until the accumulated principal and interest should reach a specified amount.

"The executors of this trust," read the document, "shall be John W. Howland, Andrew J. Wheatland, and Henry C. Avery, all of the town of Freeport, Massachusetts. With the said John W. Howland, I have left complete instructions as to the final purport and execution of this trust, and I charge him and his fellow-executors to make its nature public to no man until the expiration of the time appointed, unless, before that date, the cumulation of the sum specified shall take place."

"The rest of my estate, my house in Freeport, known as Journey's End, and all other real and personal property of which

I may die possessed, I leave to my wife, Eunice Mary Russell, to be hers absolutely. "The omission of my brother Charles's children, Caroline Russell Chittlok, and Amory Russell, is intentional, because I consider both to be already in receipt of incomes sufficient for any reasonable needs and because I have every confidence in my wife's discretion and judgment. But to my nephew, Amory, who has been to me as a son, I leave my blessing and my undying love.

"I appoint as the executors of this will, my wife, Eunice Mary Russell, and my trusted friend and adviser, John W. Howland, both to serve without bond."

John Howland busied himself about his desk while Amory read the document, but he was quite aware of the sudden moisture that filled the eyes of his visitor when they reached a certain distance.

"Then even my Aunt, Eunice does not know the purpose of the trust here created?" Amory asked after a time.

"No. It cannot be known for some time yet, though I am inclined to think it will be before the expiration of the full five years. Take that with you, Amory; you are entitled to a copy."

"Uncle Robert so enjoyed helping others," observed Amory, folding the paper. "I am sure his purpose is to do something for Freeport. Thank you, Mr. Howland. I've taken an unpardonable amount of your time."

"No more than I chose to give you. Come in later on and I'll have your accounts and investments arranged for you to see. And come up to the house, Amory. Our door is always open for you."

"It's good of you to say that, sir. I should think you and Mrs. Howland and the Averys would want to avoid me, since I came back when Tom and Pat didn't."

"We don't feel so, Amory. The fact that you were the intimate friend of our dead sons only gives Henry and me a very special interest in you."

When the young man had gone, John Howland went thoughtfully to his safe. With another key he unlocked a private compartment and from a secret drawer concealed therein, took an envelope marked: "Russell Trust."

He spent ten minutes in reading the paper it contained and then locked and double-locked its abiding-place.

"Well—" he said again. "That will be made when Amory was just twenty-one. From this interview, it looks to me,—it very much looks to me,—as though Robert's hopes for young Amory were likely to be justified."

CHAPTER VII

In Which Amory Helps a Damsel in Distress and Sees the "Whitewing" Again

From the lawyer's office, Amory went straight to a duty that could but be hard, a call on Putnam Avery's parents. It was one that could not be avoided nor postponed, and yet proved far harder than he anticipated. He himself was bound to them by ties of affectionate association, and shared sincerely in their sorrow. Mrs. Avery tried her best to greet him calmly, but ended by crying on his shoulder, while Amory sat with arms about her, telling her again every incident of that night in the field hospital, every word Putnam had said. In the big chair opposite, Henry Avery, his eyes concealed by a shadowing hand, listened in silence.

When Amory reached Journey's End, the afternoon was drawing on. He went straight through the hall to the garden door.

"Oh, Amory," said Mrs. Russell's voice, "I am glad thee has come. I am on the terrace and here is Elizabeth, who is in pain from some object in her eye."

Amory opened the screen-door and stepped out on the bricked platform. There, in her accustomed chair, sat his aunt, dressed in silvery gray silk, and close beside her the girl whom he had met in the garden the previous morning, handkerchief pressed to her face and looking anything but glad to see him. As a matter of fact, Elizabeth had watched him leave Journey's End, and deliberately chosen the time of his absence to visit Mrs. Russell.

"Elizabeth, this is my nephew, Amory," said the soft voice. "Elizabeth Emerson, the dear young friend, of whom I spoke to thee, Amory. I have been trying to relieve her pain, but I cannot find the speck which is causing it."

"If Miss Emerson will permit me," said Amory. "Just a moment until I wash my hands."

He smiled as he went into the house, for nothing could have been less cordial than Elizabeth's acknowledgment of the introduction. She did not even offer her hand, merely nodded stiffly with no trace of the froakish manner in which she had taken leave of him after their encounter in the garden. In less than the time specified he was back and putting a chair into place.

"Will you sit here so that I may have the light as I want it?"

Elizabeth did not speak. She was mortified and distressed at her predicament, but she did as requested. The next second a hand with a firm but very gentle contact touched her cheek and forehead, pressed back the lid.

"Please look upward," said Amory. "Now, to your left."

Something touched the eyeball softly, and the next second Elizabeth, her reddened eye still weeping, was free from pain.

"There is the speck," said Amory, showing her a minute black dot on his otherwise spotless handkerchief.

"Such a little thing to hurt so much," observed Elizabeth.

"Now, some hot water will complete the cure," replied Dr. Russell, going into the house to return presently, carrying a brass finger-bowl.

"Just dabble it with this," he said, offering her the bowl and a folded bit of antiseptic gauze. "As hot as you can stand it."

"I always like to take things out of people's eyes," he observed as Elizabeth complied in silence. "That and getting wax out of ears are two of the few completely satisfactory things a doctor can do. So many times we really can't set matters absolutely right, but those simple operations give such instant relief that it is a pleasure to perform them."

"I feel very much indebted," murmured Elizabeth in a formal manner.

"Well, you can do me a good turn in exchange," said Amory with a hint of fun in his voice. "You see, I'm just back in the United States. Will you kindly inform me, Miss Emerson, if the hair-cut which the Freeport barber has inflicted upon me is the latest and most desirable style?"

Elizabeth took a good look at the back of the handsome head presented for her inspection, forgot her dignity and began to giggle helplessly.

"Amory Russell!" exclaimed his aunt. "What a naughty boy thee is! Why d'd thee have thy hair cut in that uncouth fashion?"

Amory laughed as heartily as Elizabeth. "Because, little aunt of mine, I was reading the paper, and didn't look into the glass until the matter was past all help. When I did look and beheld myself, shaved above the ears on sides and back, I nearly fell out of the chair. Words failed me. I was about to arise and murder the barber, when the look of pious joy on his face as he admired the work of his hands struck me, and I laughed instead. Thee should be thankful Aunt Eunice, that I looked up when I did. Consider how thee would feel had I come home with not a hair between me and heaven!"

"What a ridiculous boy thee is," sighed Mrs. Russell, while Elizabeth continued to laugh. "Thee is certainly a sight. Thy neck is so tanned that thee has no idea how absurd is that shaven stretch to the very tips of thy ears."

"Then I must keep my face turned toward thee," observed her nephew sweetly. "But tell me, Miss Emerson, is this really the proper thing for Freeport?"

"The very latest fashion," Elizabeth informed him. "I can assure you that you won't be conspicuous."

"Reassure thyself, Aunt Eunice. And I will endeavor to tan the newly-shaven portion to match the rest. Miss Emerson, did you, by any chance, do war work in France?"

"No," said Elizabeth bluntly. "Dot and Marion, my older sisters, both went, Dot as a secretary with the Red Cross and Marion with the French Relief. I wanted to go, and Mother said I might, but she was running a hostess house at one of the camps, and it was hard on Dad to have us all away. So I stayed with him and my little brother."

"I asked because it seems as though I had met you somewhere before. Possibly it might have been one of your sisters, at some Red Cross dance or entertainment."

"It might have been Marion. She and I look something alike."

"Perhaps it was. Just let me see how your eye is now."

Elizabeth raised her head, this time less ungraciously, to permit a close inspection. "It's much better and the irritation is entirely gone," she said.

Amory looked carefully at her eye, but the professional examination completed, took one fleeting glance of a more personal nature.

"Very dark slate-gray, almost black," he said to himself. "Curious eyes,—like stormy thunder-clouds."

"Yes, it looks all right," he added aloud. A whimsical wish came over him to see Elizabeth in the unregenerate garments which had aroused his aunt's indignation. Whatever Mrs. Russell's purpose in telling him that story, she had succeeded in arousing his interest. To-day, there was certainly nothing to be criticized in Elizabeth's dainty and becoming apparel.

"I wish thee wouldn't hurry," said Mrs. Russell as the girl made a motion to go. "She has been telling me, Amory, of her visit to Neponset and to Bristol, and with what interest she saw the shipyards in both places."

"At Neponset they were working on a big yacht," said Elizabeth; "such a beautiful, live thing she was. And yet she was named the Vanitie. I hated her to have that name, for whatever else a boat is, it has too much dignity to be frivolous."

"That is exactly the way I feel," said Amory, rather surprised at this somewhat subtle comment. "A boat may be coquettish and skittish, but it is like the playfulness of a kitten or a spirited horse, something too full of the joy of life to be vain. Do you enjoy sailing, Miss Emerson?"

"Very much. But I'm not allowed to have a boat. Dad is willing to let me sail if I take some old moss-backed skipper along, but he won't let me go by myself,—not even with Billy. I really must go, dear Aunt Eunice. I came only for a minute and I've stopped forever."

"Thee is so welcome that thy visits always seem short. Hand me my wrap, Amory, and we will walk to the sea-wall with Elizabeth. The garden-shears, too, dear, that she may have some roses."

The three sauntered slowly down the central garden walk, past the sun-dial, Elizabeth and Mrs. Russell consulting over the flowers. Amory was rather silent. He obediently cut the roses indicated by his aunt, and to-day Elizabeth did not specify their color. As they came in full view of the harbor, Amory gave a sudden exclamation.

Elizabeth looked up. He stood with gaze fixed on a pretty white boat anchored offshore, a fair-sized sloop with the fine, clean lines of a yacht. Freshly-painted, with a green trimming, she dipped and rose buoyantly on the harbor swell, her bare mast describing rakish circles against the sky. Nearer at hand was her dinghy, painted to match and fastened to a pulley-float.

Elizabeth thought the boat a beauty, but was also struck by the expression of blank surprise on Dr. Russell's face. She glanced at his aunt, to see there a look of sweet expectancy.

"Aunt Eunice, thee is truly adorable!" exclaimed Amory the next second. "My own 'Whitewing' and thee has had her put in shape. I shall positively have to hug thee at once, and if Miss Emerson doesn't like it, she may look the other way!"

Elizabeth only smiled sympathetically. "Who but thee would have thought of it?" Amory went on, still standing with one arm around the slender gray-clad figure.

"I knew thee would wish to sail, so in Fourth month, when thee wrote thy intention to be here this early summer, I sent for Ezra Lindsay and directed him to put the 'Whitewing' in good condition with fresh paint and new cordage or canvas as needed. She should have been here to greet thy arrival, but Ezra found her seams had opened badly during her long stay out of water. Ezra is not a rapid workman, as thee knows, but he is a faithful one. He brought her during thy absence this afternoon and said he had sailed her around

Olam Island and that she was shipshape for thy use."

"Isn't she adorable, Miss Emerson?" asked Amory boyishly. "Aunt Eunice, I mean," he added as Elizabeth glanced at the boat.

"Indeed she is!" agreed Elizabeth heartily, with a charming expression suddenly lighting her face.

"There, children, you should not exaggerate. I have told thee in the past, Amory, that thee 'adores' no one but thy Creator."

"That's all thee knows about me, Aunt Eunice," said Amory, laughing so contagiously that Elizabeth laughed also, both at his tone and at the abrupt impulsive embrace in which he again seized Mrs. Russell.

"It was simply bully of thee. This afternoon I was thinking of the 'Whitewing' and longing to be out in her, but I knew she'd leak like a sieve. I came home meaning to have her put in the water at once."

He was silent and his aunt, ever watching his face, knew that across his mind flashed a memory of the boys who used to sail the 'Whitewing' with him. It was borne in upon her that Amory must take his first trip alone. Out in the wide stretches of the sunny harbor, in the surging tide and the clean salt smell of the sea, the memories that came to him would be tender and loving but not wholly sad. And for his healing, he must go out to meet them alone.

"Some day soon, when the wind is fair," she said, turning to Elizabeth, "if Amory will take us, would thee like to try the 'Whitewing'?" Amory is a careful seaman but it is best for him to take her first by himself, get his hand in as he would say, but when he has done that, would thee like to go?"

"I'd simply adore it!" exclaimed Elizabeth impetuously, and then clapped her hand over her mouth with a mischievous startled look at Mrs. Russell. The gesture was so spontaneous and her expression so precisely that of a naughty child, that it swept the sadness from Amory's face and sent him into sympathetic amusement.

"Unmannerly children!" sighed Eunice Russell in pretended displeasure. "You should both be set down to an hour's meditation. But I like to sail, Elizabeth, and I know the main sheet when I see it, and a schooner from a brig. When Amory has taken the 'Whitewing' for a trial spin, we will plan a little expedition together."

A Good Mixer

Barbaste and Henry, and A Two-Acre Field
By FREDERICK E BURNHAM.

"I hear ye've got a hired man, Abram," remarked Clarence Story, the proprietor of the Lanesboro general store and post-office, one morning in the spring, addressing Abram Taylor, who had stopped to purchase some seeds.

"Wall, yes, Clarence, I have," replied Taylor, taking out his wallet. "It's jest this way, Clarence: My boy goin' to the city as he did left me a bit short-handed. Two days ago I was jest wonderin' what I'd best do, when long come a man lookin' for work. I offered him four dollars a week an' his keep, an' inside o' ten minutes I set him to work. I've seen stronger men than him, but I don't know when I see one thet's more willin'."

"Ain't thet Abram all over?" chuckled Story after Taylor had gone. "More money in the bank than he can ever use, spendin' with a lib'ral hand, yet hirin' some tramp thet he don't know nothin' 'bout. Thet's the fust time Abram has spoke 'bout his boy in my hearin' since Henry left town last fall. I guess the old man feels purty 'bout it."

For two days after Taylor conversed with Story work on the Taylor farm went smoothly. Clement Barbaste, the hired man, made himself generally useful, and was well liked by both Abram and his wife. Then it was that Abram got word that his brother Hiram, who lived in Pennsylvania, had died suddenly; and hurried arrangements were made for Abram and his wife to go on to the funeral. To tell the truth neither of them really fancied leaving the place in charge of Barbaste upon so short an acquaintance; but, as little else could be done, what little silver there was in the house Mrs. Taylor wrapped up, and Abram hid it under the hay in the barn.

Now, a short distance from the house was a two-acre lot of tillage. This land had been well enriched, ploughed, and harrowed and, as the time was ripe for planting, Abram, anxious to keep barbaste busy while he was absent, laid out the various kinds of seed, telling Barbaste to get the seed under cover.

"Thet's my best field, Clement," declared the old man. "It's mighty clear o' weeds, an' I want it planted well. I ain't got time to plan it out with ye. Use your own judgment, an' I guess ye'll do 'bout right. When ye get that done, ye might put thet tarred paper on the chicken-house, an' if ye have 'nough left, cover the carriage-shed. Both on 'em leaks consider'ble."

"Yes, sir. I will do it, sir," replied Barbaste. "I will not disappoint you, sir."

Barbaste drove the old couple to the station, and, returning to the farm, got busy at once. Anxious to surprise and please his employer with the amount of

work done, he rushed the work along. It took him two days to plant the two-acre lot; and the morning of the third day he put on the tarred paper, finding that he had sufficient to cover the carriage-shed as well as the chicken-house. This done, he harnessed the horses to the disk-harrow, and put in the rest of the day harrowing an acre of land which had been ploughed a few days previous. The ensuing day he cleaned out the chicken-house, and white-washed it.

"Wall, Clement, did ye get the worke all done I laid out for ye?" questioned Abram late that afternoon when he and his wife arrived, having walked from the station rather than engage the carriage.

"Yes, sir, and more," replied Barbaste proudly. "Cleaned out the chicken-house, and harrowed that piece of land we ploughed the other day."

"Ye did well, Clement," declared the old man. "Soon as I get my old clothes on I'll take a look round."

Fifteen minutes later, when Abram glanced up at the roof of the chicken-house and an instant later at the roof of the carriage-house, his eyes fairly popped from his head.

"Be ye a nat'ral-born fool, Clement?" roared the old man.

"W-what's the matter?" gasped Barbaste.

"Matter? Ye've lapped thet paper thet wrong way!" howled Abram. "Do ye suppose I want to ketch the water instead o' sheddin' it?"

Abram took a look inside the house, and, seeing that it was apparently a good job that had been done there, merely grunted, and made his way out to the acre of land

CANADIAN APPLES FOR FOLKS AND FRIENDS IN THE OLD COUNTRY

This year's Christmas for our folks and friends across the sea can be made happier by a small remembrance from Canada of a box of our Canadian apples, hand picked and hand packed; their luster and taste tell of our beautiful summer climate. Your grocer can fill such an order.—The Canadian National Express will transport and deliver by rapid express service including refrigerator etowage on steamer to any station in Great Britain or Ireland from Montreal, Que., and Quebec, Que., up to November 15th, and afterwards from Halifax, N. S., and St. Johns, N. B., at a rate of THREE DOLLARS per standard box of apples not exceeding one cubic foot eight inches in measurement or over fifty pounds in weight. Consult any Canadian National Express Agent as to through express rate from your town.

which Barbaste had harrowed. When he had viewed it, he was so mad that he fairly danced.

"Why didn't ye get a steam-roller an' go over it?" he yelled. "Ye never set the wheels o' the harrow! Ye driv over it until ye've rolled it down harder'n it was afore it was ploughed! Come up to the house an' get your money, an' get out o' here! I won't have ye on the place overnight!"

It was in vain that Mrs. Taylor pleaded with her husband to allow Barbaste to stop until morning; and half an hour later, Barbaste, feeling very much cast down, slowly walked away from the farm. He was discouraged when he came here, and he was more discouraged now that he was leaving. The facts of the case were that he had done the best he could to please; but, ignorant about farm work, he had blundered.

"Clement did one good thing while we were gone, Abram," said Mrs. Taylor the "What's that?" growled her husband.

"Cleared the red ants out of the sitting-room. You know how they have pestered me in that room. Just before he left he told me that I wouldn't be troubled with them again this season. There isn't one to be seen there this morning."

Half an hour later she picked up the broom, and commenced to sweep the sitting-room carpet. She had made less than three strokes with the broom, however, when she commenced to sneeze. Sneeze followed sneeze so rapidly that Abram, who was in the adjoining room, rushed in to see what caused it all. Scarcely had he entered the room when he too joined the sneezing-fest. An instant later both, red-eyed, sneezing, and gasping, fled from the room.

"I guess he fixed them ants, Rebecca," wheezed the old man, at length getting his breath a bit.

"I don't blame you for sending him off last night," gasped his wife, picking up an empty packet which had contained Cayenne pepper. "If he was here this morning, I'd take the broomstick to him."

A week of watchful waiting on the part of Abram followed. He said little to his wife about it, but he was wondering what kind of a job Barbaste had done with the planting of the two-acre lot. Finally the seeds began to show above the ground, and for three days Abram from time to time glared at the field, and watched while an amazing potpourri of sprouting vegetable-seeds declared themselves.

"How's that hired man pannin' out, Abram?" queried Story one evening down to the store, when Abram came in after his mail.

"I ain't got no hired man, Clarence," replied the old man, the shadow of a grin appearing on his face. "I'll tell ye 'bout him, Clarence. The best on us makes mistakes sometimes. That man set me to thinkin'. I guess he'll keep me thinkin' all summer. I've made up my mind to this, that thar ain't nothin' gained by hirin' cheap help. The Scriptor says that thar is that scattereth an' yet increaseth, an' thar is that withholdeth more than is meet, but it tendeth to poverty. Clarence, that passage has come home to me with tremendous force the last few days. My boy see the sense on it, an' that's how he come to go to the city."

"Clarence, I wish ye could see a two-acre lot that that man planted while I was 'way to my brother's funeral. Ye'd laff, Clarence. I laffed myself arter I got cooled down. He planted corn an' pole-beans in the same hill for one thing. I've been wonderin' whether he was figgerin' on savin' the cuttin' o' poles, or had a notion o' raisin' succotash. Here's a crooked row o' squash an' 'twixt the hills is a hill or two o' po-

tatoes. J'inin' the squash is a row o' beans, an' j'inin' the beans is two or three rows, mixed, o' turnips, potatoes, an' cabbage. Then comes a row o' more squash, mixed with peas an' beans. I can't begin to tell ye the ha'f on 't, Clarence."

"What ye goin' to do 'bout it, Abram?" laughed Story.

"Follow the Scriptor, Clarence. Let 'em grow together until the harvest. I ain't goin' to tech that field with the hoe. Thar's precious few weeds in that s'll, an' I'll get sompin out on 't."

The summer passed, and with the coming of fall the Christian Endeavorers of the Lanesboro church, as was their custom, approached the numerous farmers for contributions of farm produce for the harvest-festival. Abram Taylor's response to the appeal was the big surprise of the year.

"I want the hull on ye to come up to my place an' clean up a two-acre lot," he said, addressing one of the committee. "Ye'll find 'bout ev'rything ye're lookin' for, an' lots on it, 'though maybe the bulk o' the vegetables won't be quite so big as common. Anyhow, they'll taste jest as good an' help the poor jest as much."

It was a busy day that the young men and women from the church put in at the Taylor farm. The great quantity of really excellent vegetables which were salvaged from the riot of dying and dead vegetation was a surprise to both them and Abram. There were upwards of thirty barrels of squashes; sixty bushels of potatoes, medium and small, to be sure, but very acceptable just the same; twenty barrels of turnips; fifteen barrels of carrots and parsnips; twenty-five barrels of small cabbages; and last of all, but not least, dry beans which eventually shelled out to the amount of twelve bushels.

"Rebecca, I've been thinkin' 'bout Henry all day," said Abram that evening. "Thar ain't no sense in him grubbin' long thar in the city. Ever since last spring I've seen things in a different light. The more I think 'bout it, the gladder I be that I hired that Frenchman last spring. It sorter opened my eyes, an' I begun to see things same as Henry see 'em. Ye know he wanted me to branch out an' do farmin' on a considerable large scale, but I couldn't see it at the time. The upshot on it all was that he cleared out to shift for himself. Thar ain't no need o' him bein' no conductor on a street-car, an' in the mornin' I'm goin' on to hunt him up an' tell him jest how I feel 'bout the farm now, an' 'bout him, an' 'bout how bad ye an' me feels with him gone."

The old lady was silent for a moment; and Abram, noting tears trickling down her cheeks, drew her head into his arms.

"Rebecca, ye ain't been sweepin' that carpet agin, has ye?" he choked.

"O Abram, if he only will come back!" sobbed his wife.

The following morning Abram walked to the village, and, having stepped into the bank, drew a thousand dollars. Ten minutes later he had boarded the train for Boston. Arriving in the city, diligent inquiry on his part elicited correct information as to the car-barn from which his son started each morning, and before noon he had gripped that much-astonished young man's hand.

Briefly the old man told him the story of the planting of the two-acre lot, chuckling while he told it, although the tears were very near the surface.

"Henry, I want ye to come home 'long with me," he said at length. "Your mother an' me wants ye on the old farm. I'm goin' to give ye a free rein. Ye had the right ideas. I see it now. I drew a thousand dollars out o' the bank this mornin', an' I want ye to slip over to Brighton with me arter some cows. We'll drive 'em down over the road. Ye can't run a farm an' do it right without a plenty o' stock. Will ye come back with me, Henry?"

"You bet I will, dad!" exclaimed Henry. "This job will be jacked up inside of two minutes! Wait here until I get back from the starter's office."

Having settled his accounts with the railroad, Henry went to his lodging-house with his father, and, packing his trunk, left orders for it to be shipped to Lanesboro by express. An hour later they had reached the Brighton stock-yards. Just before dark the ensuing day the old man and his son drove twelve head of cattle into the Taylor barn, and headed them up.

"Clarence, ye know whar that little restaurant is down to the city jest beyond the waitin'-station?" questioned Abram one afternoon a fortnight later, droppin' into the store.

"Sure thing, Abram. What 'bout it?"

"I stepped in thar 'bout two hour ago to get a bite to eat," said the old man. "Seein' that they had vegetable hash on the bill o' fare, an' bein' mighty fond on it, I ordered a plate. Never tasted nothin' quite equal to it afore. Rebecca makes awful good vegetable hash, but that I had down to the city sure beat it. It was so good that I ordered a second plate on it."

"I'll try it sometime when I'm down to the city, Abram," declared Story.

"I want ye to, Clarence. What I'm comin' to, however, Clarence, is this: It was considerable past the noon hour; an', thar bein' no customers in thar, I up an' asked the young woman that waited on me if she figgered the cook 'ould be willin' to tell me jest how that hash was made. I told her that I wanted to get my wife to make some jest like it."

"Wall, she laffed, an' said she'd go an' see; an' purty soon she come back, an' with her was the cook. Somehow he looked sorter nat'ral to me in spite o' his white frock an' cap. Whar I'd seen him afore I couldn't seem to think for a minute; then all at once it come to me; it was that Frenchman that planted that two-acre piece for me last spring, an' gener'ly got into mischief up to the house."

"Wall, he set down an' told me the hull story. Said that he used to be a cook in one o' the big hotels in Boston. Lost his place through drinkin' rum, an' was down an' out when he struck my place. Said that he'd never been on a farm afore, but figgered that he'd soon learn sompin 'bout farmin', an' besides wanted to get 'way from whar rum was sold."

"Seems that he went down to the city arter leavin' my place, an' got a job as cook in that restaurant. Thar he got acquainted with the young woman that waited on me, an' he said that they was to be married this comin' week."

"Wall, he writ out the receipt for makin' that hash, an' give it to me; an', thankin' him, I tucked it 'way in my pocket."

"It's 'bout all in the mixin' o' the vegetables," said he. "The's my strong p'int," he added. "I'm a good mixer."

"I guess thar ain't no doubt 'bout that part," said I, thinkin' 'bout that two-acre lot.

"Wall, Clarence, I got up from the table, an', thinkin' 'bout how nice ev'rything had turned out, how Henry was back home, an' how happy them vegetables made the young folks down to the church, I stuck my hand in my pocket, an', findin' a ten-dollar gold piece thar, I up an' give it to that Frenchman, tellin' him that it was my weddin'-present."

"Never see nobody more pleased than he was."

"Jest one word more 'bout that hash," said he as I was leavin'. "Tell your wife not to forget to add jest a dash o' Cayenne pepper; it makes things snappy."

"It does," said I, thinkin' o' Rebecca an' the way she jawed ev'ry time she swept that carpet for more'n two months."—C. E. World.

THE POWER OF EXAMPLE

By Maude Freeman Osborne

If parents would remember that the power of example is greater than precept, there would be not only less of the "don't" philosophy in bringing up children, but more real results. In other words, when parents themselves set a good example, children find it much easier to conduct themselves properly than when just told what is right.

It is of little effect to tell children not to get angry, or to scold or punish them for getting angry, or to have them read the Bible verse, "He that ruleth his spirit is better than he that taketh a city," when there is someone in the house, especially someone they love and reverence very much, who once in a while has a display of temper. True, children often because of this instruction "want" to keep from getting angry, but they find it hard to do so when they have the opposite example set them.

Sarah was visiting Aunt Harriet who was suddenly taken ill one day as she was preparing dinner. Sarah could do everything but bake a pie. Looking in a cookbook was no aid to her. She simply did not know how to handle the dough!

Cousin John said, "Oh, I can make a pie." "You can?" said Sarah. "You never made a pie!"

"No, but I've seen Mother, hundreds of times."

And he did make a fine pie, although not so good as Mother's.

I was very much amused at my little Laddie and a neighbor's child, Billie, playing house. Billie, the older, was "Mama." Slapping the dolls and animals around, and talking in a peremptory manner "she" was evidently bent on instituting order out of chaos. Suddenly, in great dismay, "she" exclaimed, "Oh, my! There's the telephone!"

Going to an imaginary telephone, "she" said in a very low voice, "Hello." Then followed one side of a conversation, in the sweetest, most cooing tones imaginable. After the final "Good-by," the slappings and commands began again.

My eyes were opened. "Oh, what is the use," thought I, "of preaching what we do not practice, when their little ears and eyes are so sharp and their powers of observation so keen—when they can see right through one like that?"

Truly, good examples do far more toward constructive character-building than all the advice that can be given.—From a series of articles issued by the National Kindergarten Association, 8 West 40th Street, New York City.

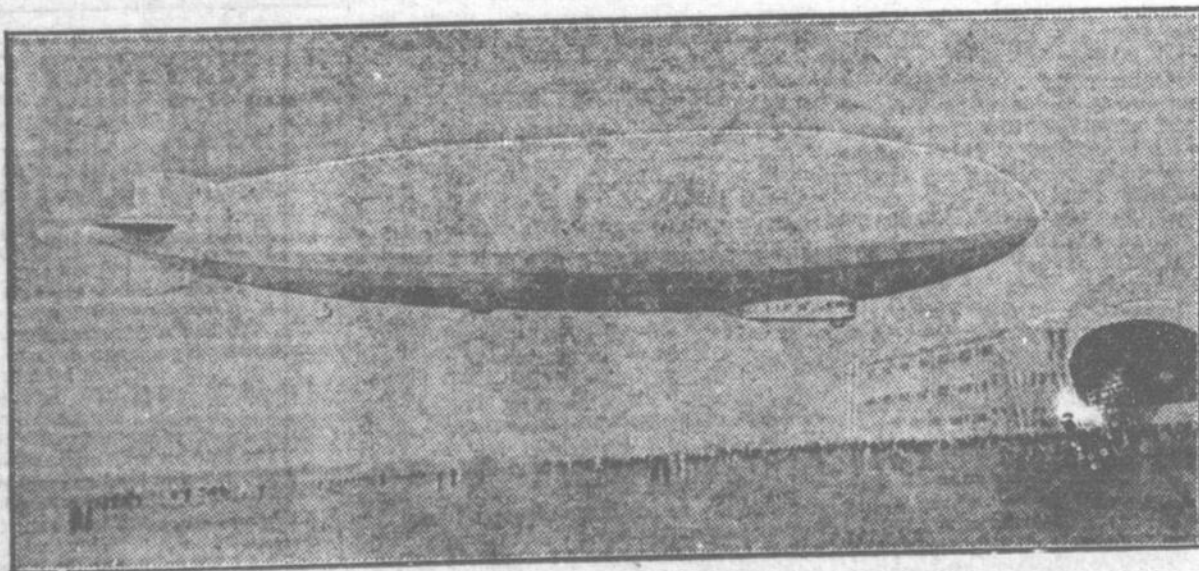
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Canada's new through trains, "The Washingtonian" and "The Montrealer," operating over the Canadian National—Central Vermont—Boston & Maine, New York, New Haven & Hartford and Pennsylvania Railways, daily between Montreal, New York and Washington, have a number of attractive special features hitherto denied the traveller to and from the South.

The Washingtonian leaves Bonaventure Station daily at 8.15 p.m. and entering New York via the famous Hol Gate Bridge Route, arrives at the Pennsylvania Station, situated in the very heart of the shopping, hotel and theatre district of New York at the very convenient hour of 8.40 a.m. A Dining Car is attached to the train at New Haven giving passengers an opportunity of enjoying breakfast at a reasonable hour and being ready for business on arrival at New York.

In the past, passengers from this portion of Eastern Canada bound for Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington and the resorts of the Southern States, have had to change trains in New York, a change which necessitated a hurried trip across the busiest section of the city with the possibility of losing their connection by being delayed in traffic jams. This annoying feature of travel is done away with by this new service. Travellers bound for Washington from Montreal, Quebec or Ottawa do not have to change trains nor have they to do so when coming from Washington to Montreal, Ottawa or Quebec. For passengers from Ottawa and Quebec, through cars are provided, the cars from Quebec joining the train at Montreal on its way southward and the cars from Ottawa at St. Alban's, Vt. On the return journey these cars are transferred at the same points for their final destination. At New York, no change has to be made; the train goes right through to Washington via Baltimore and Philadelphia. Washington is reached at 2.15 p.m., where connections are made for all points south. Travellers for Atlantic City make a change at New York but leave from the same station—The Pennsylvania. The equipment of this new train and the easy curvature of the route assures the maximum riding comfort. Section compartment drawing-room sleeping cars, dining cars and modern first class coaches.

On the return trip "The Montrealer" leaves Washington direct for Montreal, entering New York City at the Pennsylvania Station.



HUGE DIRIGIBLE COMPLETES TRANSATLANTIC FLIGHT

On Sunday, October 12th, at 6.35 a.m., this giant Zeppelin ZR3 left Friedrichshafen, Germany, bound for Lakehurst, N.J. She landed at 9.15 a.m. on October 15th. The hangar which houses this giant bird is seen on the right. The safe arrival of the ZR3 marks the fourth successful attempt of humans to span the waters of the Atlantic Ocean in non-stop flight. Aeronautic experts now regard the success of dirigible flight as evidence that lighter-than-air craft is destined to be the inter-continental passenger ship of the near future. The British dirigible R34 in 1919 made the journey from England to Long Island, after battling through a bad storm off the Canadian Coast. A few days later the R34 made the return journey without any troublesome incident. The first and only non-stop aeroplane flight across the Atlantic was made by two British aviators, Alcock and Brown, in June, 1919.

Prohibition Spells Prosperity

Facts and Figures Showing the Good Results of Prohibition in the United States, Set Forth, for the Witness, By Wayne B. Wheeler, General Counsel and Legislative Superintendent of the Anti-Saloon League of America, and Substantiated By Roger W. Babson, the National Bank of Commerce.

"Our prosperity is very largely the result of prohibition." So said Roger Babson. Industrial leaders agree with him. Booze made us wasteful, shiftless and poor. We are now sober, industrious and thrifty. We spent billions a year destructively for drink. We now spend that money in legitimate business. This creates new wealth.

The 177,790 licensed saloons, 1332 breweries and 625 distilleries producing 1,885,338,749 gallons of beer and 286,085,463 gallons of spirits per year, were parasites or leeches sapping the strength and wealth of the nation. The billions of dollars once absorbed thus destructively now pour through constructive channels of legitimate business, creatively.

Life-Saving.

The saving of 873,975 lives in four dry years added \$1,740,000,000 to human values in the nation, if a life is worth only \$2,000. Since a nation's prosperity is based on people, not coal, iron or oil, that saving has meaning. We gained in productivity by the decrease in preventable illness, equivalent to 6,991,880 people continuously ill for a year. We cut industrial accidents due to drink by 250,000 per year. We save \$74,000,000 in charity gifts to those impoverished by drink. These burdens have been lifted from business and industry. They have helped make today's prosperity.

Ford Cars For Workmen

The workman traded his beer for a Ford. The nation has 15,092,177 motor vehicles. The National Bank of Commerce credits prohibition with much of this boom in autos. Babson says of prohibition: "I know of no other way to account for the tremendous number of new automobiles purchased." These autos paid 77 per cent of the total special Federal Excise Tax in 1923. Over 7,000,000 people are employed in the auto and accessories trade.

The Housing Boom

Felix Ismen finds that prohibition had a dominant part in the present housing boom. We are breaking all records in building and buying homes since we shut the saloon. Realty values jumped as the bar-room vanished. Its site is now occupied by chain-stores, paying higher rental and using more employes. Brewery sites sell for many times their former value. The sale price of property in saloon districts advanced gen-

erally when the booze nuisance was shut up. Realty is the chief source of revenue. From two-thirds to four fifths of all local and state revenue comes from realty taxes. Much of the Federal inheritance and income taxes and the State inheritance tax is based on realty.

Increased Investment

Instead of buying beer we buy bonds today. We have doubled the number of investors in America since 1916. Baby bonds and small shares of stock are bought today by those who never owned securities when the saloon drained the income of the average American worker. We bought \$12,000,000,000 worth of new securities and mortgages last year. Bankers declare that prohibition has made savings accounts popular. Each day last year we added \$30,000,000 to our savings. The total of our savings is over six-sevenths of the national interest-bearing debt. We save more per year than we earned per year in 1890.

And Insurance

Each month we buy one billion dollars worth of new insurance. Much of this is industrial insurance, held by the class which once furnished the saloon's clientele. The worker has found prohibition multiply his wealth. Richard Boeckel in "Labor's Money" estimates the saving to the American worker, made possible by prohibition, at one billion dollars per year.

A Higher Standard of Living

In these four years of prohibition we supplied the wants of over 110,000,000 people at home, made up the deficit from the war and the depression after the war and during 1923, produced \$200,000,000 in wealth per day. We have lifted our standards of living to an unprecedented place. We exchanged the free lunch counter for the banquet or the auto picnic. Our buying power is unequalled in economic history. Prohibition reduces and license increases liquor consumption.

The results of prohibition with the law only partially enforced justify the popular demand for better enforcement.

Mr. Wheeler kindly sent the above article to the Editor of the Witness at the request of Mrs. Mabel Walker Willbrandt, Assistant Attorney General of the United States.

LET US PROSPER

(The Canadian Churchman)

We have many fears if the present Ontario Temperance Act gives place to legalized sale by the Government, however securely that sale be guarded in the provisions of any new legislation. Foremost amongst these is the temptation to financial profit presented to the Government and not greatly regretted by the people. Already voters are being urged to vote for "Government Control" by the slogan "Let us Prosper." What does prosperity mean? In this slogan it meant a prosperity measured in dollars and cents. Of all the arguments proposed, the dollars and cents argument has the most compelling appeal to the popular mind. There are few even among Church people who can resist the lure of gold. The most enticing aspect of this allurements is the picture painted of an immense revenue and a corresponding decrease in taxation.

It will be contended that the main argument is that which promises new business prosperity. This promise, however, is wholly theoretical and its grounds are not readily "understood

of the people." In other words, such expected prosperity may be forecasted only after careful economic investigations whose meaning is apparent to comparatively few even in the business world. There may be something to be said for it, there may be nothing. The fact remains that the impressiveness of the argument either way is, in the very nature of the case, strictly limited. Few can appreciate its subtlety.

We came back then to the contention more generally grasped and quite easily welcomed if one be inclined to let others do one's thinking. We are all human, and few can resist the covetous longing to share in the fabulous wealth said to be brought into the treasuries of provinces not under prohibitory legislation. We greatly fear the influence of this most natural attitude of mind. If the citizens of Ontario are promised an increased revenue, as computed by some at this juncture, of \$6,000,000 a year under Government sale of liquor, which figures out to \$8 or \$10 a family, what family will not at once dwell upon that annual discount in the tax bill? Curiously enough, even in a democracy, the war cry "Down with Taxes" will always draw the crowds. Even if taxes be levied upon ourselves, to the "taxee" the "taxer" is always a tyrant! Our fears may be foolish and unfounded, but we do fear this situation should the alternative legislation before Ontario citizens be asked for. Why?

The reason is this. It requires but a few steps in simple arithmetic to calculate that the computed gain would mean selling some forty or fifty dollars worth of liquor to each family each year. Omit the immense number of families who are not in the habit of patronizing either legitimate or illicit sellers and you find a considerable business anticipated with the Government's prospective clients. Isn't it going to be an exceedingly difficult situation for any Government? No matter how honest the Government means to be, here are the citizens, the drinkers certainly and many

non-drinkers with them, expecting a handsome financial profit from the business. There will be a plan intensive to increase the use of liquor, and may easily be a reduced sensitiveness in the conscience of the people to the problems involved in the spread of its use. Money talks! We don't mind saying we are seriously afraid.

LIQUOR AND VICE

Revolted conditions in Montreal are being revealed in the evidence now being taken by Justice Coderre's commission. Special detectives from the United States have been investigating the "red light" districts, and what they have found eclipses all former testimony as to the corruption prevailing. The law is openly defied, it seems, and wrong-doers are seldom punished. Whether the charges of "fixing—securing protection from the police by means of bribery—are true or not is for the court to determine; but, if reliance can be placed on the evidence secured at first-hand by the investigators, the presumption is strong that they are. In any case, gross laxity in administration is indicated, with shocking consequences.

It is never justifiable to "cast stones," whether one is living in a glass house or not. No system is perfect, and no large center of population is wholly free from vice, but throwing stones is a practice which certain self-satisfied journals produced in Montreal and other cities of Quebec province are very fond of indulging in. They compare conditions in their own province with the "deplorable" condition supposed to be prevailing in Ontario, and derive much unctuous satisfaction from the reflection that they themselves are free from the crimes and secret wrong doing of their hypocritical neighbors. It can at least be said that, in spite of abuses, a moral scandal of the magnitude of that disgracing the city of Montreal would not be possible in any city in Ontario. We have our problems of law-enforcement, certainly; but it would seem that we succeed in making a better fist of it than our critics. Commercial vice is not permitted to get a foothold in our communities. The bootlegger, doctor or druggist is bad enough; but the doctor who, for a fee, issues a certificate of health to a diseased harlot and at the same time charges her for medical treatment for the very disease from which he has just declared her free would not be able to ply his abominable trade in this province.

The "red light" district, with its legalized immorality, and its so-called protection of frequenters, is a curse. The necessity of recruiting these places involves outside centers in the evil. On national grounds, therefore, these cesspools should be cleaned out, and young Canadians, men as well as women, rescued from the frightful misery which they breed. Other revelations concern gambling dens and resorts where illicit drinking and debauchery of every kind goes on. Even children, it is said, are frequently employed in this unspeakable traffic, acting as touts and guides to bring more custom to the panders. Truly, a shocking state of affairs is disclosed.—Hamilton Spectator.

LIQUOR SEIZURE MADE IN QUEBEC

Quebec, Oct. 10.—(Canadian Press.) One of the most important seizures of liquor ever effected in this city was carried out yesterday when inspectors of the revenue department swooped down on a warehouse in Limoilou and seized 37 barrels and 18 cases of Scotch whiskey valued at \$20,000. The wet goods were at once loaded on trucks and transferred to the customs warehouse.

AUTOMOBILE THEFTS.

The Editor, Montreal Daily Star; Sir,—According to the latest issue of criminal statistics in Canada, the number of automobiles reported to the police as having been stolen in Montreal during the year was 708, and the number recovered was 506. In Toronto, the automobiles stolen numbered 973, of which 952 were recovered; in Hamilton, Ont., 132 were stolen and 123 recovered; in Ottawa, 60 were stolen and 60 recovered; in Winnipeg, 524 were stolen and 505 recovered; in Calgary, 156 were stolen and 151 recovered, and in Vancouver 458 were stolen and 432 recovered. Why has Montreal such a poor showing—as regards the recovery of stolen automobiles—in comparison with other Canadian cities? Again, Montreal had 412 bicycles stolen and only 132 recovered,—whereas Shawinigan Falls, for example, had 6 bicycles stolen and 6 recovered. DUNVEGAN.

The liquor interests may have "unlimited money" to use in the elections—but on what side is prayer likely to be most efficacious? To your knees, Oh Ontarians, and thence to the polls.

O. T. A. HAS MADE GOOD

"The fear I have about the campaign is that the young voters, those who have little or no memory of Ontario as it was under the open bar, will be misled by the cry of Government Control," because they have nothing to compare present conditions with. If they knew what conditions were like when the sale of liquors was licensed they would not hesitate to say that Ontario is infinitely better under the O.T.A., and would vote accordingly."

This was the opening shot fired by Capt. John Miller, of Orillia, at a public meeting of citizens in the Town Hall, Whitby, when the issue of the plebiscite to be voted on was discussed.

"I have talked with hundreds of children and young people in their teens who have yet to see a drunken man," said Capt. Miller. "This year at the Toronto Exhibition the attendance was over a million and a quarter, and there were only two arrests for drunkenness in the whole two weeks. Surely this is a record of which Ontario can be proud, and it speaks eloquently for the O. T. A."

Liquor Controls Government

Capt. Miller said he was well aware that people urged that Government Control in other Canadian Provinces should not be used as an argument against Ontario trying it, because Ontario would have a better law. But he pointed out that the Premier of British Columbia, Honest John Oliver, a strong temperance man, tried to give B.C. the best form of Government control he could, and tried hard to enforce the law, but it has been a failure, and conditions in B. C. are admitted to be bad. In fact, the speaker said, nowhere yet has Government Control in any form been satisfactory. Quebec and British Columbia have had it the longest, and the longer they have it the worse conditions become. Instead of finding that the Government controls the liquor, they find that the liquor controls the Government in these provinces, and the whole aggregation of brewers, distillers, bootleggers, etc., have got beyond control and are running things to suit themselves. Does Ontario want that sort of things?

ONTARIO, HOLD THE LINE!

Have you seen but desolation,
With the Bootlegger supreme,
Since the Law was passed (it seems)
but yesterday?

You have nothing worth protecting,
Or vast blessings you should see,
Scarcely dreamed of till we got the
O. T. A.

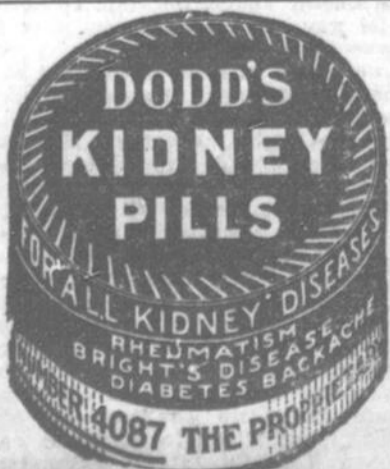
Must our votes exhume the Bottle,
That our children know its curse,
Ere we hate it as we hate all other
crime!
Drink will surely wreck a country,
Though it swell the public purse —
And the Cabinet turns Bartender — for
the time.

Booze turns out the self-same product
By whatever method sold;
And the only time we have it in control,
Is when people, not stampeded
By a whispering campaign,
Back the law the province asked for at
the poll.
(For we need MORE Prohibition and not
less).
—Rossington Hare
Denzil. Sask.

ERUPTIONS ON HEAD AND FACE

Red, Swollen and Sore. Cuticura Heals.

"I had my trouble from childhood. It took the form of white, scaly, sore eruptions which caused terrible itching and burning, also loss of sleep. My head and face and parts of my body were affected. The skin on both my head and face was red and swollen and awfully sore. The breaking out caused disfigurement, and I lost nearly all my hair.
"I began using Cuticura Soap and Ointment and they afforded relief, and at the end of three months I was completely healed." (Signed) Mrs. W. A. Miller, Marshall, Washington, Nov. 8, 1923.
Use Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Talcum for all toilet purposes.
Sample Each Free by Mail. Address Canadian Depot: "Cuticura, P. O. Box 5214, Montreal."
Price, Soap 25c, Ointment 25c and 50c. Talcum 50c.
Try our new Shaving 34c.



"IN GREEN PASTURES."

(Psalm 23: 2.)

I wonder, O, I wonder why,
When life is fair,
And blessings on our pathway lie,
And not a care—
When His own hand
Hath led us to a pleasant land—

I wonder why we turn aside
And seek the shade,
As if we dare not trust our Guide—
Or half afraid
That if we stay
Some harm may meet us in the way.

As well our hearts might question, when
The skies are bright,
If God fulfils His purpose then,
In sending light,
Or meant, instead,
To hang His storm-clouds overhead—

Or, when the path about our feet
With flowers is bright,
Might turn, and miss the fragrance sweet,
And miss the sight
Of beauty rare,
That His own hand hath planted there.

As well our lips murmur here
Because our eyes
See only flowers afar and near
And sunlit skies—
"We are astray;
Somewhere our feet have missed the way!"

RELIGION THE BASIS OF GOOD GOVERNMENT SAYS COOLIDGE

Reliance upon religion rather than law for reform was emphasized by President Coolidge, speaking at the unveiling of a statue of Francis Asbury,

"pioneer bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church in America."

"We cannot depend upon the Government," the President declared, "to do the work of religion. An act of Congress may indicate that a reform is being or has been accomplished, but it does not itself bring about a reform. The Government of a country never gets ahead of the religion of a country."

Religion was described by the President as the foundation of this Government. It is as a result of the preaching of Bishop Asbury, his associates and other religious organizations, he said, that "our country has developed so much freedom."

"It is well to remember this," he added, "when we are seeking for social reforms. Of course, we can help to restrain the vicious and furnish a fair degree of security and protection by legislation and police control, but the real reforms which society in these days is seeking will come as a result of our religious convictions, or they will not come at all."

"We cannot escape a personal responsibility for our own conduct. We cannot regard those as wise or safe counsellors in public affairs who deny these principles and seek to support the theory that society can succeed when the individual fails."

"There is no way by which we can substitute the authority of law for the virtue of man. Peace, justice, humanity, charity—these cannot be legislated into being. They are the result of a divine grace."

It is entirely right to banish the bars but entirely foolish to banish the booze according to the Moderationists and the liquor traffic. But the people do not agree with them.

FOR LEISURE MOMENTS



The Caller: "Was it you as sent for the plumber, lady?"
The Lady: "Yes, it was. But we've had the house rebuilt since then!"
—The Passing Show

Softly the nurse smoothed the sufferer's pillow. He had been admitted to hospital only that morning, and now he looked up pleadingly at the nurse who stood at his bedside.

"An' pwhat did ye say the docther's name was, nurse, dear?" he asked.
"Dr. Kilpatrick," was the reply. "He's the senior house physician."
"That settles it," muttered the patient. "That docther won't get a chance at me."
"Why not? He's a very clever man."
"That's as may be," said the patient. "But me name happens to be Pat-ick."

Rastus: Dat woman jes' talk, talk, talk, night an' day. Ah cain't get no rest and dat talk am d-ivin' me crazy."

Young Lawyer: "What does she talk about."
Rastus: "She doan' say."

Mother (to maid who has been sent to negotiate with Nellie, dismissed from the dinner table for misbehavior)—Did you tell Miss Nellie she could come down for the pudding if she promised to be a good girl?

Maid—Yes'm
Mother—Well, what did she say?
Maid—She said, "What sort of pudding is it?"

A Scotsman and an American were standing beside Niagara Falls. The latter had been descanting on this "one of the lesser marvels of the States," and capped his remarks by exclaiming, "I once saw a man swim up these falls." "Are ye sure?" asked the Scot. "I saw it with my own eyes," declared the American. "Well" said the Scot, "you saw me!"

A HOAX

The 1,700-ton floating cabaret ship which was reported to be anchored beyond the 12-mile limit, off New York, and to have been the scene of hilarious drinking parties is admitted to be a myth.

The New York Herald-Tribune, which first printed the news concerning the imaginary ship in a copy-righted article, says that the discovery was a reporter's dream and that the reporter has been dismissed from the staff of the newspaper.

Westclox



Time in the dark

YOU wake sometime in the night. You wonder how much longer you have to sleep. Before you sink back into slumberland, you glance at the luminous Westclox beside your bed, and there against the dark glow the hands and numerals, indicating the correct time.

Westclox luminous dials have the hands and hour

numerals hand-coated with a compound of radium salts which glows for years.

No Westclox is allowed to wear the name Westclox on its dial until it has shown itself to be a good timekeeper through careful factory tests.

Luminous dials add to the cost, but double the convenience of your clock.

WESTERN CLOCK CO., Limited, PETERBOROUGH, ONT.

Big Ben Lum.	Baby Ben Lum.	Jack o' Lantern	Glo-Ben
\$6.00	\$6.00	\$4.00	\$3.00

CHARACTER BUILDING

He who would build and brightly guild
A temple great and fair
Must know his art and do his part,
But plan and work with care;
Yet God, not man, must guide the plan
That finally succeeds;—
He doth endower with skill and power
Mankind for mighty deeds.

But for life's task let mortals ask
For wisdom of the Lord,
Who fain will give the grace to live
And serve with one accord.
God, hear our prayer: our hearts prepare,
By all the Spirit's might,
That brings Thy love from heaven above
And guides us into light.

On every home build truth's high dome,
With families sit alone,
And all advise with counsel wise,
Nor wilful sin condone.
Give love for hate, then will the state,
On this foundation true,
Build—not for self and sordid pelf—
A temple grand and new.

W. W. WEESE.
Picton, Ont., Sept. 27, 1924.

Plebsite Postscript

God of all grace, set thou the pace,
And lead Ontario now;
Help voters all to heed thy call,
And pay their temperance vow—
Their votes to poll, and nobly roll
A vast majority up

For O. T. A., and cast away
The tempter's offered cup.
—W. W. W.

A DANGEROUS MONTH FOR MOTORISTS

October is the most popular motoring month of the year and, as such, is often the most dangerous. It is pointed out that the scenic attractions and the stimulation offered by the weather frequently lead the driver to forget some of the fundamentals of his safety in handling the car.

"This is the time of the year when wet leaves on the highways present a constant hazard to motorists who fail to keep their minds on the business of driving safely. 'Leaf skidding' is particularly dangerous in the early morning when the sun has not had an opportunity to dry out the dew under the leaves."

Pauperism Decreasing

Pauperism, as measured by the population of almshouses, has declined to the lowest figure in the history of the United States, as far as the government's records show.

Charitable institutions have fewer inmates than at any time during the last twenty years, according to a federal government report. The number per 100,000 of population was 71.5 last year as compared with 91.5 in 1910 and 132 in 1880.

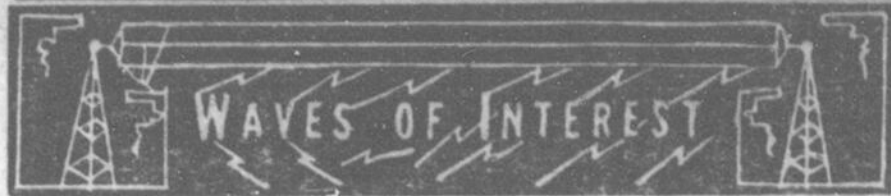
"Liver Trouble so Severe I Had to Quit Work"

Mr. Thomas Honey, Brantford, Ont., writes:
"I was a great sufferer from enlargement of the liver for ten months, and finally I had to quit work. I would wake up in the mornings with a bitter taste in my mouth, had frequent headaches, yellow complexion, and pain in my right side, and between the shoulder blades. It was almost unbearable, and terribly weakening. I could not sleep at night and my heart also bothered me. But the whole trouble has now left me, thanks to that wonderful medicine, Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills."



Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills

35 cts. a box of 35 pills, Edmansson, Bates & Co., Ltd., Toronto



RADIO IN THE WORLD

When the great French expert, Bertillon, devised the identification method of fingerprints, he did not realize that he was to be followed by another French inventor who would make this system even more fatal to fleeing criminals. M. Belin has succeeded in transmitting the fingerprints of a fugitive from justice; which, with his picture and description, should make things lots easier for the police of other cities, and perhaps safer for the inhabitants.

Gen. Gustave Ferris, Chief of Radio Communications of the French Army, and one of the most outstanding figures of the radio world to-day, has completed a short book on radio, its history, purpose, future, and general applications.

Gimbel Bros. will put into operation a new 500-watt broadcasting station in their New York Store Sunday evening, October 26, to be known as station WGBS. The wave-length will be 316 metres.

Forty-five years ago, on the night of Oct. 21, 1879, the world's first successful incandescent lamp was set aglow. Thomas A. Edison, wizard of electricity, had produced a light which was to revolutionize lighting. Commemorating this achievement, Tuesday, Oct. 21, was Edison Night on the air. Radio stations in twelve cities, from Boston in the East to Oakland on the Pacific coast, broadcast programs by General Electric employees in those cities, and speeches by leading figures in the public utility field and officials of the company.

Boston's annual radio exposition will be held in Mechanics Hall during the first week of December.

The radio is used as a means of applying intelligence tests to animals. Nobody, however, has been able to convince these noble beasts that speech and music actually come over the air. Animals seem to think we're trying to fool 'em.

A deaf mute, Harry Dufony of Jersey City, N. J., "listens in" on radio programs by unscrewing the phone caps and touching the diaphragms with his finger tips. He declares he enjoys such receptions immensely.

What a vista of wonderful possibilities these instances open up. I think you will agree, however, that rash indeed is he who would venture to predict from these the still greater and vaster accomplishments of the radio of tomorrow.

RADIO ADVANCE IN BRITAIN

The wireless exhibition organized by the National Association of Radio Manufacturers at Albert hall, London, has called the public's attention to the enormous strides that radio has made in Great Britain. Only a little while ago it was the hobby of just a few obscure enthusiasts, who with the fire of zealots stayed up half the night to catch some meaningless dots and dashes flashed from a nearby station. Today thousands of people from Land's End to John o' Groat's are listening in to distinguished statesmen, authors and singers whom a few years back they never expected to hear on this earth.

The last year has undoubtedly been marked by a great radio advance, which it will be the duty of the exhibition to demonstrate. British radio manufacturers have been sparing no efforts to eliminate some of the obvious defects in present-day broadcasting, and they have made surprising progress. They have striven above all else to secure purity of reproduction. Perhaps the most marked improvement recently made in the majority of well-constructed wireless sets is a greater musical capability, combined with increased simplicity in control.

The efficiency of an audio frequency amplifier is not always improved by a C battery. If the plate voltage is not high a C battery will cause distortion.

LISTENING IN WITH HI-MU

Do you remember that line in Hamlet which reads: "There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in thy philosophy?"

I am reminded of it by several recent incidents which illustrate very strikingly the possibilities of radio for amusement and instruction of which we have now but a glimmering.

Imagine, for example, the isolated light-house keeper at his dreary and monotonous post linked by radio with the outer world as he enjoys his evening cup of coffee. Yet, that is but one.

Another: that of an old man of 93 with whom I was personally acquainted. He lives in a small town. Rather feeble and of shuffling gait, he can get out but little. But with a radio set he to-day with "the world on his dial" daily delights in fresh and inspiring contacts with life.

UNDERGROUND SIGNALING WITH RADIO

Experiments with radio communications in a coal mine have been made by the Bureau of Mines in its experimental mine at Bruceton, Pa. Although the methods employed in the preliminary experiments proved to be unsuitable for underground communication, they did show that electromagnetic waves may be made to travel through solid strata. The absorption or loss of intensity with distance is very great for the short wave lengths used in these experiments, (200 m. to 360 m.). Longer wave lengths are known to suffer less absorption and may possibly be found effective under certain conditions.

The experiments conducted consisted in receiving signals from without the mines and in both sending and receiving messages underground through the strata. It was found that with a receiving instrument set at a point 100 ft. underground signals from a broadcasting station 18 miles distant could be heard distinctly. The receiving of these signals was aided by some electric light wire extending from outside the mine to within 50 ft. of the instrument. The presence of these wires did assist materially in receiving, for when the set was carried to another point in the mine removed from wire and tracks the signals were much fainter. The fact that signals were detected, however, even though faintly, is sufficient evidence of transmission through the ground to encourage further experimenting.

In sending waves underground it was found that signals could be heard distinctly through 50 ft. of coal strata, but that the audibility fell off rapidly as this distance was increased. In all experiments the vertical antenna was found to give the best results. The horizontal antenna gave practically no reception, while a loop of a single turn was used with fair results.—Electrical World.

Howls in a radio frequency amplifier can sometimes be attributed to a common B battery, because the wiring of one tube is mixed with that of another and interaction begins. If a radio-frequency amplifier is used it is a good idea to use separate B batteries for each tube. A common B battery can be used with the detector and audio amplifiers.

HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF

(Evening Standard, London)

Six years before the war all the nations assembled at The Hague unanimously recognized the principle of compulsory arbitration. Germany played a great part in the conclave. "She proclaimed her devotion to the unwritten law of humanity. But neither The Hague convention nor the principle of compulsory arbitration prevented the war with all its horrors. Now, six years after the war, Geneva says what The Hague said six years before it. There is no difference between The Hague dream and the Geneva dream, except that one was dreamed at The Hague six years before the war and the other is dreamed at Geneva six years after it. The Hague dream was ineffective. It did not prevent the war.—London Evening Standard.

In the opinion of the Moderationists those opposed to the liquor traffic are a most selfish lot, and too stupid for words. Well, we leave it to their own conscience where selfishness really lies; veris is too weak a word.

It takes two to start a fight or a family, and too often there isn't any difference.

If the cold "gets into your bones" — drink Bovril

THE MODERATE DRINKERS

(Editorial in "The Toronto Globe," Canada)

The opposition to prohibition is for the most part selfish or thoughtless. There are three main groups of objectors. The first consists of those who have a pecuniary stake in the liquor trade, directly or indirectly. There are large sums invested in the business and still larger sums to be made if the traffic gets a legal footing. These financial interests are interlocked with others in a rich and powerful organization fighting for property and profits. By far the most numerous group of anti-prohibitionists is composed of those who use liquor regularly or occasionally and do not want to be deprived of it. Others are a few doctrinaires who subscribe to the personal liberty argument, apparently unconcerned or unaware that its logical conclusion is anarchy.

The moderate drinkers are those with whom the prohibitionists must reckon. Many moderate drinkers propound the question: "Why should we be deprived of a source of pleasure, a social custom linked with our ideas of hospitality and good-fellowship, because a minority have not the strength of will to control their appetites? Why should we be punished for the weakness of others?" If the evil consequences of the liquor habit were visited only upon those enslaved by it, the case for prohibition would not be so conclusive as it is. Unfortunately the misery and privation extend far beyond the circle of those who cannot use liquor in moderation. The most numerous victims are innocent mothers, wives and children, and their appeal is one that thoughtful men cannot dismiss. The unsympathetic may brush aside such a plea as sentimentality, but it goes to the heart of the issue. The liquor users are asked to forego a pleasure which serves no necessary purpose, in order to protect the helpless. They are asked to practice the virtue of self-denial so as to reduce the sum of human suffering.

The prohibitionist can at least plead that his motives are unselfish. The anti-prohibitionist who seeks to rest his argument on conscientious grounds cannot afford to permit his own indulgence, no matter how harmless it may be in his particular case, to weigh in forming his judgment. If he is honest he will concede that an appalling amount of wretchedness and unhappiness is inflicted upon defenseless womanhood and childhood by the abuse of liquor, and that humanity and chivalry summon him to make some sacrifice if by so doing he can avert these calamities or measurably diminish them. . . . The possibilities in the saving of human, moral and material waste are so enormous that those who refuse to vote for the experiment must answer to their consciences.

ONTARIO FLOODED

If Government Control is Adopted No Legal Defense Against Bootlegger.

Honorable N. W. Rowell in a public address at Bowmanville on Oct. 15, dealing with the legal aspect of the Federal measure, said that:—Under Government control of the sale of liquor in Ontario for beverage purposes the Canada Temperance Act, which now prohibits the importations of intoxicating liquors, would automatically cease to apply.

NEW STRENGTH FOR WEAK STOMACHS

Indigestion Disappears When the Blood is Enriched.

The urgent need for all who suffer from indigestion is a tonic to enrich the blood. Pain and distress after eating is the way the stomach shows that it is too weak to perform the work of digesting the food taken. In this condition some people foolishly resort to purgatives, but these only further aggravate the trouble.

New strength is given weak stomachs by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills because these pills enrich and purify the blood. This is the natural process of giving strength and tone to the stomach, and it accounts for the speedy relief in stomach disorders that follow the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. The appetite revives, food can be taken without discomfort and the burden and pains of indigestion are dispelled. Miss Mollie Averill, Cianwilliam, Man., proves

He also declared that the province had no power under the British North America Act to legislate against importation in order to restrict the traffic to Government shops and dispensaries.

Expressly Permitted.

Replying to the suggestion that even though there were Government sale of both spirituous and malt liquors under government control, part four of the Canada Temperance Act would continue to apply. Mr. Rowell pointed out that part four of the Act expressly permits the importation of any intoxicating liquor which the province permits to be sold. In other words the prohibition of the importation of liquor is co-extensive only with the prohibition of the sale.

"I had the honour to be a member of the Government of Canada which introduced and procured the enactment of that legislation," continued Mr. Rowell. "It was introduced and passed because it was recognized that the provinces had no jurisdiction to prohibit the importation of intoxicating liquors. It is said that the province may itself legislate against importation. I do not believe the province has any power to prohibit importation."

Where B.C. Failed.

Mr. Rowell pointed out that British Columbia has unsuccessfully endeavored to obtain Federal Legislation to prohibit importations into the province in order to save the government dispensaries. The failure to control importations, he said, gave the bootlegger his big opportunity and that would be the state of affairs in Ontario under Government sale.—Ottawa Citizen.

WANTED, EAGER HELPERS.

No worthy fight is won
Without the rank and file to see it done;
Great tasks demand that back of those
who lead
Stand many helpers eager with their
deed,
Pledged to service in a work well planned,
Alert to follow those who give command.

Making Chocolates Now

Several years ago Herbert Uehline was a director and heavy stockholder in the Schlitz brewery, Milwaukee. Now his money and interests are tied up in a \$15,000,000 plant which manufactures chocolates and which uses 60,000 pounds of milk and enormous quantities of sugar daily in the making of those chocolates. Uehline now boosts the manufacture of chocolate as heartily as he formerly boosted the manufacture of beer.

The Toronto School Principals' Association recently declared in favour of the O. T. A., under which school children were better nourished and clothed, more regular in attendance, with greater educational efficiency.

All this hue and cry against the "bars" is nothing but a barrage behind which to advance the liquor interests.

The great preponderating conviction the world over among thinking people is increasingly against the liquor traffic.

the value of these pills in cases of this kind. She says: "Some years ago I had a terrible attack of stomach trouble. My stomach rejected all food and I could not even keep down a light custard. I tried some tablets recommended for dyspepsia, but they did not do me a particle of good. Then I got medicine from a doctor, but with no better results. By this time I had changed from a robust, healthy girl to a complete skeleton, losing flesh daily. Then my parents asked me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and I began their use. After taking them for a short time I began to feel better and continued the treatment until I was completely restored to health. Since, on rare occasions when I have felt the need of a tonic, I turn to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and they never disappoint me. Most members of our family have at some time taken the pills with good results, so I now always recommend them to all in need of a reliable tonic."

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

FREE RED BOOK

containing useful information for the Radio Enthusiast and new list of all Broadcasting Stations.

RADIO LIMITED

497 Phillips Square, Montreal.

LIVE STOCK PRICES

The bulk of the cattle sold at the Montreal market were common bulls and canner cows. The bulls sold from \$2.25 to \$2.50, and canners \$1.25 to \$1.50. Fairly good veals were sold for \$8, and grassers mostly \$5. The lamb market was steady. Three hundred and fifty ewes and wethers were sold late yesterday for \$11.25, and good lambs sold in ungraded lots brought \$11. The bulk of the lambs sold today were just medium to fairly good quality, and brought from \$10.50 to \$10.75. Hogs sold in mixed lots brought \$10.25, with two or three sales at \$10.35. Selects graded out sold for \$11. Sows, \$6.50 to \$7.50. Bulk \$7 and over.

The Toronto market was cleaned up at steady prices. Heavy steers, \$6 to \$7.25; butcher steers, good to choice, \$5.50 to \$6.25; do. fair to good, \$4.50 to \$5.50; do. common to fair, \$3 to \$4.50; butcher heifers, good to choice, \$5.50 to \$6.50; do. fair to good, \$4.50 to \$5.50; do. common, \$3 to \$4.50; butcher cows, good to choice, \$3.75; canners and cutters, \$1.50 to \$2.50; butcher bulls, good, \$3.50 to \$4.25; do. fair, \$3 to \$3.50; bologna, \$2.25 to \$2.75; feeding steers, good \$5 to \$5.75; do. fair, \$4 to \$5; stockers, good, \$4 to \$4.50; do. fair, \$3.50 to \$4. Choice, \$10.50 to \$11.50; medium, \$7 to \$9.50; grassers, \$3.50 to \$4.50; milch cows, choice, \$7 to \$9; springers, choice, \$8 to \$10. Hogs, fed and watered basis, off cars—Select bacon, \$12.05; thick smooths, \$11; lights, \$10; heavies, \$10 to \$10.50; sows, \$7.50 to \$8. Good light sheep, \$7 to \$8; heavies and bucks, \$5 to \$6.50; culs, \$2.50 to \$4.50; good ewe lambs, \$11.75 to \$12; bucks, \$9 to \$10; medium, \$11 to \$11.50; culs, \$8 to \$9.

Not many steers suitable for export were on the Winnipeg market and a few of choice quality were picked up around \$5. Medium classes were mostly bought by packers ranging from \$3.50 to \$4.50. \$4.85 looked about the best price on good quality butcher steers, while fair to good quality were weighed up mostly from \$3.75 to \$4.75. Plain rough weighty killers were scaled around \$3 to \$3.50. Good butcher heifers met a fairly active inquiry with several loads of good quality changing hands at \$3.85, with a few sales on the fancy order up to \$4. The bulk of the medium and fairly good variety ranged from \$3 to \$3.75 with common grades around \$2.50. Best cows sold from \$3 to \$3.25, with several loads of choice quality fetching \$3.35. The bulk of the medium to good quality ranged from \$2.25 to \$2.75, with canner and cutter classes from \$1 to \$2. Bulls met a fairly good inquiry ranging mostly from \$2 to \$2.25 with an odd one or two up to \$2.50. The few oxen marketed sold from \$2 to \$3. A few light stockers were weighed up from \$3 to \$3.50, with others from \$1.75 to \$2.75. A small number of good feeders sold \$3.50 with plainer types from \$2.50 to \$3. The calf market held firm with best vealers selling from \$5 to \$6, good heavies from \$4 to \$4.50 and common grading from \$2 to \$3. The hog market opened steady with thick smooths selling at \$9.50, and bacon selects at \$10.45. A few odd bunches ranged from \$9.60 to \$9.65. The lamb market continued strong with quotations looking 50 higher from last week. Top lambs were scaled from \$11.50 to \$12 with several drafts of choice quality from \$12.25 to \$12.50; sheep ranged from \$6 to \$7.50 with a few up to \$8.

A LAST WORD TO VOTERS

(To the Editor of the Witness)

Sir,—The battle is nearly over, and the victory will be such as we can be proud of while life lasts, if we face the enemy as we should on Thursday next. The young man just entering into the responsibilities of manhood, who now does his duty and casts the first vote of his life for the O. T. A., will cherish the memory of the victory won, throughout the many years that may be before him; and when the battle of life is over, he will have no regrets for the start being made in this contest; and that he had a hand in keeping our citizens in a sane condition and our streets free from the victims that were so much in evidence all away along the line until we secured the permanence of the O. T. A.

To many of us elderly citizens this will likely be the last chance we will have to give the Devil his dues. "And we should be just" even in dealing with our arch enemy. And in proof of our honesty we will join with our boys as also our women, in returning King Alcohol to his Master.

His personal friends and some of his besotted victims may be loath to see him depart, but our citizens generally are willing to give him a decent burial, and his rummie friends have been chosen as pall-bearers.

In my recent article I gave an instance of a man over whom our great enemy "King Alcohol" had given every evidence of his being a faithful servant of his old master the Evil One.

I could fill pages reciting occurrences just as horrible in respect to men who succumbed under his treatment, but will close by describing his power over a woman I knew when I was a boy. She lived all alone in a shanty in the backwoods, and was noted for having great specialties. And the boys and people generally got to know her as Old Mother. She used to get her bottles filled at nearby taverns, sometimes, however, travelling as far as the village of Seaforth for it. The north roads were not so passable then as they now are. There was bush on every side; only clearings here and there; so her visit to the village was quite an event. On the occasion I here refer to she was heading toward the village, walking and carrying quite a large parcel. I was going there also and saw her ahead of me. Being alone in my buggy I felt I could not pass her without offering her a ride. When she got into the buggy I found she was somewhat intoxicated and the further we went the fact became more evident. At last I could hardly keep her in the buggy; but I could not think of leaving her by the road side, and it was with difficulty I reached the hotel she named. I was afraid they might not be willing to allow me to unload there. When I reached the platform in front of the hotel,

there was no one in sight and I did my best to get her seated there. When I came back I noticed she was gone and supposed she had been cared for; so I made no inquiry. How she got back home I never learned; but later word came that her shanty had been burned to the ground and that she perished with it.

The fact of her having been an addict of King Alcohol caused many to surmise that he had a hand in finishing his job so far as she was concerned.

Who is responsible for the crimes committed by those overcome by strong drink. Certainly those who by their voting engage in this insanity-producing traffic that brings Hell into many a home.

J. R. GOVENLOCK.

Seaforth, Ont.

CAMOUFLAGE

(To The Editor of The Witness)

Sir,—This is practically what we are getting to-day. During the last week I have listened to seven speakers on the greatest question that has ever come before the electors of Ontario. I listened with interest and it was good reasoning, yet they did not one of them handle it from the New Testament standpoint. Why? Does not the Word of God stand for temperance? If the Premiers of this Canada of ours were Bible Christians we would have temperance legislation. If not, we will have Government Control. They say, "We are here to give the people what they ask for." I say that is not the truth. The Laws of God should be the basis of every Nation's laws. Is it fair, Ontario, that we should have the seed of unrest and revolt against the Government planted here as in Russia? Human nature can stand just so much, no more. The Government is not in power to override the laws of God.

The liquor business is too low for any Government to touch in any way. Order them stop the manufacturing of the cursed stuff. What does Government control mean, simply this: "money we want and money we will have." You enter in partnership with the Bootleggers, bank robbers, indirect murder and all other crimes. How? Trying to get money without giving value. Think twice before voting. Don't think Church membership will save you. It would be well for every Church in Ontario to read the 4th Chapter of Galatians written by Paul, and take for text the two last verses of chapter 2.

B. S. WICKWEN.

Morrisburg.
P.S.—If this Act is defeated, the Churches will be held guilty.

Who are clamoring for what they ridiculously call Government Control, but which everybody knows is Government sale? Who induced the Hon. G. H. Ferguson to put the Province to all this unnecessary labor and expense? The liquor bunch in both cases. For the public good? A thousand times No. Just for their own selfish ends.

—Dr. Lawson.

Government Control means a liquor controlled government and a subsidised press. The people of Ontario have certain ideals of public and private life and they are not apt to think of them as being inspired by the liquor traffic.

When an evil has the press and government behind it behold how great is the evil. That is the position of the viak evil in the province of Quebec.



Insist on BAYER TABLETS OF ASPIRIN

Unless you see the "Bayer Cross" on tablets you are not getting the genuine Bayer product proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians 24 years for

Colds Headache Neuralgia Lumbago
Pain Toothache Neuritis Rheumatism

Safe → Accept only "Bayer" package which contains proven directions. Handy "Bayer" boxes of 12 tablets Also bottles of 24 and 100—Druggists.

Aspirin is the trade mark (registered in Canada) of Bayer Manufacture of Monoacetic-acidester of Salicylicacid (Acetyl Salicylic Acid, "A. S. A."). While it is well known that Aspirin means Bayer manufacture, to assist the public against imitations, the Tablets of Bayer Company will be stamped with their general trade mark, the "Bayer Cross."

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' ECLECTIC OIL

Stop that Grippe!

At the first sneeze heat and inhale Minard's Liniment. It clears out the nose and throat.

Rub on sore throat or chest for quick relief.

Always have Minard's handy. 35

MINARD'S "KING OF PAIN" LINIMENT

The Cost of Cigarettes and Butter

How can those who advocate oleomargarine as the poor man's butter reconcile their argument that this country is in need of a spread for bread cheaper than pure butter, with the fact that the American people last year spent \$36 per capita for cigarettes, and only \$9 per capita for butter. These are the figures of Ole Hansen, manager of the Farmers' Equity Co-operative Creamery Association of Orleans, Nebraska, which appeared in an article by him called the "Folly of the Nation," published in a recent issue of the DeLaval Monthly.

These figures produced by Mr. Hansen show very plainly that the American people are plenty able to supply their tables with pure butter. Cigarettes are only one of the many luxuries upon which people are squandering millions.—Northwest Dairyman and Farmer.

Sidney Webb, president of the Board of Trade, is quoted as saying that the election campaign in Britain will be an "especially dirty one," and the angry tone already manifest in many declarations seems to justify this prediction.

Here's the Way to Heal Rupture

A Marvellous 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 further use of trusses, appliances 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 TEST TREATMENT. Whether you think you are past help or have a rupture as large as your fists, this marvelous System will so control it and keep it up inside as to surprise you with its magic influence. It will so help to restore the parts where the rupture comes through that soon you will be as free to work at any occupation as though you had never been ruptured.

Thousands of persons who formerly suffered the tortures of old fashioned steel and spring trusses are now rejoicing in their freedom from the danger and discomfort of rupture.

You can have a free trial of this wonderful strengthening preparation by merely sending your name and address to W. A. COLLINGS, Inc., 37B Collings Building, Watertown, N.Y. Send no money. The test is free.

Write now—to-day. It may save the wearing of a truss the rest of your life.

WAIT'S HOMEOPATHIC SPECIFICS

Give good results. They do not remedy one disease and produce another. They will remedy a larger percentage of cases and in less time than any medicine known.

- Wait's Rheumatic Remedy \$1.50
- " Pile Remedy 1.50
- " Dyspepsia Remedy 1.50
- " Coughs and Colds Remedy... 1.50
- " Nervous Debility Remedy... 1.50
- " Appendicitis Remedy 4.00
- " Eczema Remedy 1.50
- " Ringworm Remedy60

Any of these remedies will be sent post-paid to any address on receipt of price.

Wait Homeopathic Pharmacy

Arnprior, Ontario.
Send for Manual (free)

The bootleggers and the bars are being made the goats upon whose heads the iniquity of the drink traffic is being laid. But it is just a drawing of red and very strong smelling herring across the trail. Is drink so very harmless when sold by the government to people sitting at tables or to be taken home in the bottle?

THE FALL WEATHER HARD ON LITTLE ONES

Canadian fall weather is extremely hard on little ones. One day it is warm and bright and the next wet and cold. These sudden changes bring on colds, cramps and colic, and unless baby's little stomach is kept right the result may be serious. There is nothing to equal Baby's Own Tablets in keeping the little one well. They sweeten the stomach, regulate the bowels, break up colds and make baby thrive. The Tablets are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co. Brockville, Ont.

FARMERS MARKETS

COUNTRY PRODUCE

A very firm feeling prevails in the local market for eggs under a good demand for supplies and an active trade was done in a wholesale jobbing way. Sales of fresh extras were made at 55c, firsts at 42c, storage extras at 44c, firsts at 39c and seconds at 33c per dozen. There was no change in the condition of the market for honey. The demand for supplies was steady and a fair trade was done in a wholesale jobbing way, with sales of No. 1 white clover honey in comb at 24c to 25c per section, No. 2 grade at 20c per section, white extract in 30-lb. tins at 13c per lb., 10-lb. tins at 13c per lb., 5-lb. tins at 13 1/2c per lb. and 2 1/2-lb. tins at 14c per lb. The trade in potatoes in a wholesale way continues rather quiet on account of the mild weather prevailing for the season of the year. The offerings were liberal and prices ruled about steady, with sales of car lots of Green Mountains at 75c per bag and Quebec varieties at 70c per bag of 90 lbs. in bulk, ex-track.

THE GRAIN MARKET

The demand for cash wheat at Winnipeg was of a very limited character and prices declined 2 1/2c to 3c per bushel, No. 1 northern closing at \$1.63 1-8c, No. 2 northern at \$1.58 7-8c, and No. 3 northern at \$1.53 5-8c per bushel, ex-store, Fort William. The only change in premiums was a decline of 1-2c per bushel for No. 1 northern to 1 1/2c per bushel over the October option, the other grades being unchanged.

According to cable advices received from Liverpool the future wheat market displayed further strength, prices closing with a net gain of 2 5/8d to 3 5/8d per cwt. with the October option quoted at 12s 11 1/8d, December at 12s 11 1/8d, and March at 12s 11d.

In the local cash grain market a moderate amount of business was done of No. 2 feed oats at 1-4c per bushel over the Winnipeg October option c.i.f. here, but at the close of the market sellers of this grade were asking 3-4c to 1c per bushel over.

There continues to be a steady demand from local buyers for Ontario grades of matting barley and prices ruled firm with sales of car lots of No. 3 extra grade at \$1.08, and No. 3 grade at \$1.07 while No. 2 white oats

sold at 67c to 68c, and No. 3 grade at 63c per bushel, ex-track. The market for Canadian western oats was easier with car lots of No. 2 C. W. grade quoted at 75c, No. 3 C. W. at 74c, and No. 1 feed at 73c per bushel ex-store.

Cash prices at Winnipeg:—
Wheat—No. 1 northern, \$1.63 1-8; No. 2 northern, \$1.58 7-8; No. 3 northern, \$1.52 5-8; .o. 4, \$1.42 3-4; No. 5 \$1.30 3-4; No. 6, \$1.18 3-4; feed, \$1.07 3-4; track, \$1.61 5-8.
Oats—No. 2 C. W., 64 1-4c; No. 3 C. W., 61 1-4c; extra No. 1 feed, 61 1-4c; No. 1 feed, 59 1-4c; No. 2 feed, 55 1-4c; rejected, 50c; track, 54 1-4c.

Barley—No 3 C. W., 54 1-2c; No. 4 C. W., 50 1-2c; rejected, 86 1-4c; feed, 84c; track, 94 1-2c.

Flax No. 1 N. W. C., \$2.41 1-2; No. 2 C. W., \$2.37 1-2; No. 2 C. W., \$2.06 1-2; rejected, \$2.06 1-2; track \$2.41 1-2.

Rye—No. 2 C. W., \$1.28 1-2.
Foreign Exchange Department, Bank of Montreal, shows sterling 4.48 1-2. (Par value 4.86 2-3.)

New York funds, par.

THE DAIRY MARKET

A fair amount of business continues to be done in the butter market. Sales of round lots of Western No. 1 pasteurized creamery were made at 36 1-2c per lb., Eastern Townships No. 1 pasteurized creamery at 36 1-4c, No. 1 creamery at 35 1-4c to 35 1-2c per lb. and No. 2 creamery at 34 1-4c to 34 1-2c per lb.

The tone of the cheese market was easier and spot prices were fully 1-8c per lb. lower, with Western No. 1 white and colored quoted at 17 1-2c per lb., Eastern No. 1 white and colored at 17 1-4c to 17 3-8c per lb., Western No. 2 grades at 17c per lb. and Eastern No. 2 grades at 16 3-4c to 16 7-8c per lb.

New York, October 16.—Butter, steady; receipts, 12,454.

Eggs, irregular; receipts, 18,475; nearby henery whites, closely selected extras, 76c to 80c; nearby and nearby western henery whites, firsts to average extras, 55c to 75c; nearby henery browns extras, 56c to 67c; Pacific coast whites extras, 72c to 75 1-4c; Pacific coast firsts, 55c to 70c; refrigerator extra firsts, 39c to 39 1-2c; firsts, 37 1-2c to 38 1-2c.

Cheese, weak; receipts, 66,294 lbs.

BOOTLEGGING WIDESPREAD AMONG MANITOBA INDIANS

Manitoba Free Press Says R. C. M. P. Unable to Check Traffic

That the Royal Canadian Mounted Police are unable to cope with the illicit liquor traffic among the Indians around Lake Winnipeg and in Northern Manitoba is admitted by Inspector F. C. Mead, who has returned from an extensive inspection of those regions.

According to the inspector, legitimate business men and fur traders are driven out of business by the illicit peddler, who secures the entire fur catch of the Indian in exchange for whisky, which for the most part is a vile decoction, driving the Indians crazy, and is the direct cause of much of the serious crime in the territory.

"The Indians," said the inspector, "are being slowly but surely demoralized and their conduct is causing grave anxiety to the authorities." Their love for strong drink is such that they would sell their dearest possessions for a bottle of whisky. This falling is taken advantage of by a gang of conscienceless bootleggers, who take from them their entire earnings in exchange for whisky. The Indian is thus left penniless and without the means to buy any of the necessities of life for his wife and family. One whisky peddler, according to the inspector, after a recent treaty payment, brought back with him to Winnipeg \$1,300 out of the \$1,500 paid to a certain band of Indians, every dollar of which was spent for whisky.

On June 25, an Indian named John Kenneth Crate, crazed with liquor, boarded a canoe and when only 30 yards from the shore, upset the boat, and was drowned before assistance could be rendered. The man alleged to have supplied him with the liquor was arrested and sent to jail for four months without the option of a fine, while eight other Indians engaged in making home brew were each fined \$50 and costs. Alfred Perroni, charged with selling liquor to the Indians, was fined \$100 and costs, while the local magistrate, Arthur Mercier, who also was convicted on a similar charge, was fined \$200 and costs, and a report of the conviction forwarded to Attorney-General Craig.

Early in September, Inspector Mead visited the Berens River reserve, where 36 prosecutions were brought against the Indians, chiefly on charges of drunkenness. At this point home brewing is carried on to an alarming extent, and large quantities are brought in from outside points by dealers who peddle the moonshine in exchange for furs.

Mounted police are making strenuous efforts to stamp out the illicit traffic but their work is hampered at every turn by the unwillingness of the Indians to give the necessary information, and also because the white men engaged in the traffic are possessed of unlimited financial means and thus able to take advantage of every technicality known to the law.

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TO THE DRINK LOUSE

When Seen Approaching Miss Ontario

(V'ch apologies to Burns)

Ha: whaur ye gaun, ye creepin ferlie,
Ye'r impudence protects ye shairly,
I maun admit that ye strut rarely
For ane wha was
Atween twa thoom nails crakit' squarely,
By Province laws.

Ye ugly creepin' blastit wunner,
The fae alike o' saunt an' sinner,
Hoo daur ye set a fit upon her
Sae fine a lady,
Gae somewhere else and mak yer dinner
Whaur'er it may be.

We thoct we had ye oot o' sicht,
A' flatten't oot an' held doon ticht,
But faith I doot we werena' richt,
Wi' the dell's blessin'
Yer lookin' strang an' unco bricht
An' verra pressin'.

My sooth, richt bauld ye set yer nose oot
As plump an' grey as ony grosset,
But I've some Prohibition roset,
A rare fell sneddum,
An ye'll get sic a hearty dose o't,
Will dress yer dreddum.

I wad'na' a' been surpris't tae spy
Ye makin' for some heathen fry,
Or savage tribe, but, o' for fie,
Hoo daur ye do it?
Tae think o' Miss Ontario, why
She'll mak' ye rue it.

Wait till October Twenty-three,
An' then ye'll see what ye will see,
Atween twa thooms she'll crack ye, tae
Sic rare perfection,
That ne'er again will come tae thee
A resurrection.

Haud: dinna try tae air yer graces,
Nor seek tae dress in the fine laces,
O liberty an pu' nae faces
O' holy me!n,
We ken fine what ye'r breed an' race is,
An' what ye've been.

I dinna envy that bit mannie,
Doon Winsor wye, sae perk an' cannie,
Wha has a wunnerfu' bit plannie,
Tae dress ye oot,
In Angel's claes till hardly only
Wad hae a doot.

A paukie lawyer body he,
Weel skill't in whitewash mystery,
But tae mak' Angel oot o' thee
Is by his skill,
For Louse ye are an' Louse ye'll be
Despite his will.

Lang has ye crawl't in houf an' slum,
An lang been clawed by slut an' bum
An' faith but I'll keep goin' some
Tae circumvent ye,
I'll do my best tae mak' things hum,
Tae sure prevent ye.

O wad some poeer a giftie-gie
Tae a' the folk that they might see
Thee as thou art: then we'd be free
Frae thee for ever,
An' thy vile milk, the barley bree,
Wad thrall us never.

—John Gait.

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