

WITNESS

and

Canadian Homestead

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

*Make Canada
a land to love.*

The Week's Outlook

Whooping Up

WHOOPING up broke forth anew with the joy-bells of the new year. Assurances that we are just on the eve of better times—yes, of prosperity before unknown, have filled the welkin. The speeches of the captains of industry and the magnates of finance have beamed with pleasant visions, and news columns have studiously suppressed every admission that conditions were still growing worse. The "rainbow" supplements, the "sunbeam" columns are always welcome no matter how stereotyped their tone or how sparing the evidence behind them. They are well meant on the part of those who quite understand how large a part imagination plays in shaping the actual conditions. Though the paeans and promises of this year are the counterpart of those which cheered us a year ago, we are still glad to be cheered. The shouts need to be the louder as the causes still go on, as securities go on sinking, and general insolvency is knocking the louder at the door. There is a distant gleam of hope in evidences that, however the truth may be scouted, the cause of all this trouble is forcing itself on the most obdurate and the most determinedly blind, namely, the segregation and practical annihilation of the greater part of the standard which is still the measure, near remote, of all transactions. Even those nations which have left the gold standard have to measure their currency in terms of it. True, a moratorium for debt payments is in effect for some months yet. But gold has to be gathered against its termination. But the great cause of gold segregation today is tariffs which shut out goods in payment for needed supplies. These are at their very highest today. More promising of results is the breaking free from the present standard of one country after another. That, indeed, means international chaos in the meanwhile and financial dissolution in the case of some. Whither it may lead, it is hard to say. Many minds are probably bent on the creation of a standard more fixed than gold has proved to be. Meantime the process is terrible. Every country finding the remnants of its available gold being swept up to feed the maw of those that have been refusing to buy abroad, have found themselves forced to slam their own doors against imports, lest they should owe more gold than they can pay. So creating a general stoppage of the world's international commerce. That, of course, cannot last. Something must come of it, and that soon. Prospects are fine till the gold jam bursts in some way, it may be a way that will make the hoards valueless.

The Yellow Peril

JAPAN has entered Chinchow, China's last stronghold in Manchuria. In her progress toward this culmination, she has encountered just enough of resistance to create unquestionable conditions of war, insistently as she repudiates that. The Chinese have maintained this testimony at considerable cost of life. They have been largely shot down whenever they have made a stand. The notable fact has been that resistance on their part has been vain from the first. Japan has asserted herself not only in that part of Manchuria which twenty-six years ago she wrested from Russia, but also in the part which at that time she conceded to Russia, not having then the strength left to continue the war. She now announces that her invasion will not halt till it has driven the last Chinese opposition beyond the Great Wall.

WHAT perturbs observers is the fact that the Great Wall, now only a boundary line, may not end the matter. Chang the expelled Governor of Manchuria, announced that in ordering retreat from Chinchow, he did so in order to make a stand at the Great Wall; thus proclaiming that he believed that Japan's ambition did not end there. What makes this suspicion natural is that Japan, in a similar jingo mood sixteen years ago, sent demands to China implying a purpose to take control of that country as a whole, and presumably in course of time to amalgamate it with the Mikado's empire. Japan has also made much of an anti-Japanese outbreak at Tientsin where she has a concession. In view of the fact that within the memory of the present generation Japan conquered the Chinese empire without difficulty, in view also of the above revelation of her aggressive mind, she is of all foreigners specially hated by the whole Nationalist movement in China. Japan has never failed to show her teeth in China when her haughty nationals were assailed by Chinese irresponsibles who are everywhere, and are quite beyond the control of the Nanking government. What makes this view of the matter very serious is that there is nothing in sight to hinder Japan, while still professing to respect China's integrity, marching on to the other end of that ancient, but now disintegrated empire, until she confronts six hundred miles of France on the Tonquin front, fifteen hundred miles of Britain at the Himalayas, and about five thousand of Russia at the Altai mountains. This "Yellow Peril," is one of the clouds which hang over the world's horizon at the new year.

India's Danger

A BLACK cloud, highly charged with electricity, has burst upon the new year on the arrest of the mystic prophet Gandhi, followed by a host likewise pressing for martyrdom. Such disquieting action is a last, and very unwilling resort. Those who know India know a people far more under the influence of notions than of intelligent considerations; and Gandhi commands the unquestioning imitation of such a people. He is a

natural leader of the tribe of Sakya-muni, the Buddha, and may well hope to go down to long generations of history as a worshiped demigod. He reached the mountain top of divine opportunity. He saw the kingdoms of the earth at his feet and he succumbed to the tempter. No more could he see what was best for India. To follow that gleam, to which he knowingly shut his eyes, he would have had to sacrifice his own greatness and the worship of an unnumbered people. Self-deceived he tries to think of himself as still a martyr to a holy cause, while he is only a consummate and elaborate poser. Smiling lovingly and benignly going to prison again, indeed, to palatial comforts as compared with his wooden bed in a ragged tent, to where he will be out of the way of the millions whom he cheerfully commends to a sharper martyrdom in the pursuit of an impossible order and a phantom freedom. He cheerfully adds another merit in the eyes of this and succeeding generations. He knows well enough that the fulfilment of his program would throw India into immediate internal anarchy and into the arms of invaders, against neither of which evils could his group of lawyer politicians make even a show of resistance.

GANDHI knows that whatever unity India has, she owes entirely to the British raj and that whatever national aspiration there may be in her, is of British birth. He knows that Britain, having created this imperial order, is responsible for its maintenance and, with the utmost concurrence in the desire for self-government, cannot in honor lay it down. But he is so obsessed with his grandiose vision and with the worship of a people that, however unwillingly, he is bound to precipitate a reign of terror only to bring about a continuous condition of devouring conflict far more savage than that which has in the same name of nationalism, made China the helpless prey of brigandage for twenty years, with a very uncertain fate before her. It will be a good thing for India if the firm hand of the government, responsible under Providence for its well-being, can assert itself against this allurements of Satan. It is impossible to prevent brutal methods in the pitiful clashes that will follow. We may now look for the American reporter describing for the joy of the Thompsonites, the atrocities of Britain. There is no doubt of the genuineness of Britain's desire to give India self-government to the utmost extent that may be possible, indeed, she is sure to seek to go further than is possible.

The Epicentre

PERHAPS the biggest earthquake in the lap of 1932 has its centre at Washington where case-hardened contempt for the woes of the nations sits, apparently all unconscious, on the world's safety valve, determinedly ignoring its relation to the threatened explosion. The year opened there with the absorbing sense that this is the presidential year and that no other interest involves portents of equal moment. The despatches burst with surmises as to who will be the next president. In the presence of great responsibility it would be hard to

describe anything more paltry than these discussions of the prospects of this and that party in relation to popular likes and dislikes. Virulence against all foreign relations so diligently promulgated twelve years ago by protected privilege, for the purpose of precluding Woodrow Wilson from a renewed ascendancy, has continued so to work in a very receptive "culture" as to call for a rivalry between politicians as to which can profess the greatest scorn for overseas interests. Meanwhile in the press of all the nations is a moaning concurrence in the conviction that the cause of the impending collapse of the world's immemorial, but now manacled, system of exchange and the lone hope of release from a crash of the world's commercial system are in the United States. To the world's suspense comes the off-hand reply of the Secretary of the Treasury to a press enquiry: "There will be no trip to Europe this winter"; in other words, the United States will not participate even unofficially in the projected war debts conference of European nations. It was further explained that the United States intended keeping aloof on the ground that the conference is primarily concerned with reparations—obligations from certain European countries to others—European war debts to the United States being transactions between individual nations, a distinction almost too fine for perception. But the theory that there is no connection between the two is as dear to the United States partisan politician as the cherry tree legend is to Big Bill Thompson of malodorous memory.

BRITAIN, the party chiefly looked to to make good to the United States the losses of the Allies, might likewise disclaim any interest on reparations, as she also had no territories ravaged, and might as well leave Europe to fight it out for all she cares, were it not that under the Young and Dawes plans, the allies' payments to her come back on Germany's making good her liabilities to them. Her interest is in having countersigned the liabilities of allies in the war—allies, by the way, who were fighting America's battles as well as Britain's—who had exhausted their own credits and whose payments to her creditor have by those American-made plans, become dependent on German reparations. She, long ago made plain that she was asking nothing from her allies of the vast advances she had made them from her own resources—only, as she must, enough to pay debts incurred beyond her own means on their behalf. Is it unnatural that, having at length come to the end of the gold resources in which she has had to do the paying, she should make her own payments contingent on what she can collect. Also, that she should enquire into the moral quality of the debt. Whether, for instance, the United States, being in the war at the time, the debt was incurred, has not her own moral liability with regard to the cost of winning it; also whether that debt is rightly payable in money rendered by the creditor about two and a half times more costly than it was worth when the debt was incurred.

THE United States says, through the resounding voice of Mr. Borah: "Before Europe asks us to reduce or

postpone its obligations to us, let it set its own house in order by reducing its armaments." Armaments by the way, that, rightly or wrongly, the nations consider vital, while the United States goes on increasing hers far beyond any defensive need. To that, a not unreasonable and far more pertinent answer would be: "Let the United States abandon a policy that is still day by day increasing the debt undertaken by us by absorbing more and more the remaining dregs of the world medium and making our debt four times, speaking in terms of comparative wheat prices, what it was when we undertook it—a policy by the way that is similarly paralyzing her own internal commerce and bringing down her banks by the score.

The Gleam

ARE we down-hearted on entering a year over whose cheery face so many clouds hover? Far from it. The conditions are those of the highest hope. Grand changes are pending and though we know not what, we do know that out of this tumbled world will evolve a new and a better; that over the wrecks of venerable institutions will rise, as we see so constantly in our cities "more stately mansions." There can be no return to normal. In a world of advance is an ever new heaven and a new earth. There are people who can see no steady light ahead through that unknown and at times tempestuous future, people who, with no assurance and no purpose worth living for, need in the best of times thrills and diversions in which to drown dull care and make life tolerable; and in times of discouragement such need to shut their eyes and be sung to with illusory cheer. All literature and the very forms of our words for what we call pleasures reveal such to be the mass. There are those, on the other hand, who, apart from recorded revelation, see in the now known history of our globe and in the ever new and startling revelations of the wondrous powers laid up for us in it, and who see in man's own high powers and in his own consequent responsibility, that he has his own great free part to play. To those who in that faith so co-operate for all men's good, all things work together for good, though the divine purpose in them may be balked by man's selfishness and sin against his own conscience. The great work will not be complete till after a long, hard schooling of experience men find that the only working rule is that called "the golden" under which each man will forget (deny) himself in seeking the good of all others. Till then, the only satisfaction open to man is in abandonment to that high quest.

Another Citadel Falls

FINLAND, though only thirteen years old as a self-governing nation, is, in some respects, the most modern in Europe. Women have always had their full value in Finland, and that country has had total prohibition as long as the United States has had it. A referendum to determine whether that policy should continue has resulted in an emphatic mandate against it. Few doubt that Finland would have prohibition continue if she could. The difficulties were tremendous. Finland is a peninsula between the Gulf of Bothnia and the Gulf of Finland, with much coast to defend, and is backed by a sub-arctic wilderness. She is contiguous to nine immediate neighbors, every one of which is as good a base for bootlegging as Canada has been to the United States—to say nothing of enemies further off. Government sale, somewhat on the lines we know on this continent, seems to be favored. It is to be expected that the country will favor the system from which it looked for the most complete results. The lesson of

all these efforts at making people temperate by law is that they will avail only in so far as the law expresses the strong convictions of the people. It is very hard to maintain that sentiment in the people so long as every liquor-fed newspaper is full of suggestion in a contrary sense.

The Pope's Invitation

HIS Holiness, Pope Pius XI, Pontifex Maximus, broadcast a Christmas card, in the form of a fatherly invitation to all Christians to unite under his authority; or, as he sees it, to return to the true Church. Sincerity and simplicity run through every line of his utterance, which we presume to be ex cathedra and therefore infallible. His appeal to the eastern churches was ecclesiastical. It was a centennial of the Council of Ephesus. At Ephesus those churches had all, in the persons of their bishops, after much controversy recognized the supreme authority of the Bishop of Rome. Poor Ephesus! It departed from "its first works" its "candlestick was removed out of its place." People are digging up in a wilderness the evidence that there was once a great city. The Pope especially calls on Protestants—the farthest from the fold—to invoke the protection of the Virgin Mary as mediator and intercessor with God. The Roman Church is very tenacious of the truth of Scripture. Protestants read the Bible. Why does not the Pope cite its authority in urging this strange faith upon them. It might seem to them that he does not know the Bible. To them this proffer looks like direct disloyalty to the Master. "There is one mediator between God and men, the man Christ Jesus. We ought all to be intercessors; but what is a mediator? Not one who pleads a cause with a vindictive potentate, but one who unites man with God; one in whom men can behold God as the infinitely loving Father, longing for men's love and loyalty, and who would bear the utmost suffering and ignominy for man's sake. Why should we contradict Christ's testimony with regard to God "He that hath seen Me hath seen the Father." Why should we ignore His sufficiency. "No man cometh unto the Father but by Me."

The Saviour's Sorrow

AS to our Lord's teaching with regard to His mother, Protestants find this unequivocal in the gospels. While rejoicing in Luke's beautiful idyll of the motherhood, we must pass on to what Mark declares to be the beginning of the Gospel and note the Saviour's many grieved references to "them of his own house." We find that he never once failed to rebuke sternly any reference to his mother as having relation to his ministry or function. "Woman, what have I to do with thee?" "Who is my mother and who are my brethren" (not those who are without) "He looked round on those who were about him, and said 'Behold my mother and my brethren.'" To the woman who very naturally called His mother blessed, as we all must, He said significantly, "Yea, rather blessed are they that hear the word of God and keep it." On the cross the Saviour confided his mother to the care of His beloved disciple, instead of to her own sons who had not believed in Him. She was not among the women who followed Jesus and who were in a frightened group on the fringe of the crowd at the crucifixion. Mother-like, she was much nearer. Immediately after the ascension, if not before it, these "outsiders" cast in their lot with the despised disciples and were naturally highly honored among them. If Mary is needed as a mediator, why is she not so much as mentioned in the writings that follow? And, by the way, as being germane to the papal claim, why is Peter's dominance never so much as hinted at, great as was his ascendancy in the beginnings

when he opened the kingdom of heaven to Israel at Pentecost and to the Gentiles in the house of Cornelius? Were that dominance God's law for the Church, that great fact would run all through the Scripture and would not hang on a single figure of speech in only one gospel, whatever that figure may mean.

Invocation

IF one would ask what is the Protestant tenet on this question, he will find it bluntly stated in Article XXII of the Church of England: "The Romish doctrine of invocation of the saints is a fond thing, vainly invented, and grounded upon no warranty of Scripture, but rather repugnant to the Word of God." Dr. Dale of Birmingham defined, as the distinctive feature of Protestantism, the free and direct access of the individual soul to God and of God to the individual soul. It is vain prevarication to say that Mary is not worshipped. Usurping the Saviour's essential quality as a Mediator between God and man, she more than shares the place in the people's devotions. Men and women need to feel the throb of the Father's heart and that need is supplied in the person of One who has faced all our temptations and can sympathize with every joy, every grief, with all the longings, the strivings and the failures of humanity, yet in whose whole being men could see God. It is a rejection of this most divine approach to the heart of man, to pass the pleading Saviour by and turn to Mary. It is a denial of God as revealed in Christ. God is love. God had been to all nations a terrible judge. To Israel he had been a compassion and father of the nation, a possession of the Jews. There were psalmists and seers who rose above that selfish view. The book of Jonah taught otherwise. But the tribal idea culminated in the riot in Jerusalem against one who carried a gospel to the Gentiles. This dominant character of God as an angry one who needed to be appeased remained in the Church. "Hast thou been so long time with me and hast not known me?" Even the gentle Saviour became the dreadful Avenger in Michael Angelo's Last Judgment. So as the plant in the dark cellar turns timidly to whatever light is visible, the starved hearts of men and women turned to her whom they called the Divine Mother.

Protestantism

IF Romanism must look backward and be changeless, Protestantism must look ever forward to ever greater light. It is not for Protestants to throw a stone at this defective manifestation of faith in a divine love and goodness. In some formulas of Reformed religion, God was painted in just as forbidding colors.

The presence of God in the Church and in the individual souls of men may be a rediscovery of the next revival of religion, which is surely due. The presence of God is not a function of an organization formulated into tenets which harden through tradition into soulless bonds and cankerous shackles. It is a life in a living organism. "Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty"—not bondage to human authority past or present. God is Love. Where, in that next revival, will He find the response for which that love yearns? Will it be among the fixed traditional religionists? "When he was yet a great way off his Father saw him... and ran and fell on his neck and kissed him." But the Father could make nothing of the son who had been ever with him and had counted himself sole possessor of all his Father had.

Council And Pope

AS to the Council of Ephesus, fifteen hundred years ago, volumes have been written. The Council was convoked by the Emperor Theodosius II, especially to deal with the Nestorian

controversy. Nestorians whom it excommunicated, held that it was wrong to call Mary the Mother of God. More than two hundred bishops were present. The Bishop of Rome was absent but sent three delegates. When the question of supremacy came up, it was decided

(Canon VIII) "That no Bishop should interfere in the affairs of any province that had not been under his administration from the beginning, that if there had been such interference the offending bishop should make amend, and if he had assumed the government of any other diocese he should make restitution. The fathers of the Church being very careful that the priesthood should not become an occasion for worldly pride and temporal power... the right of each Ecclesiastical Province shall remain inviolable in accordance with the customs that have always been."

Pope Gregory the Great, two hundred years later had lofty ideals of the authority of the Roman see; but he regarded the acts of this Council with special veneration and declared that "He who would be universal Pontiff becomes, through pride, the forerunner of Anti-Christ." "Let it be far from any Christian soul," he says, "to take a title which would in ever so little diminish the honor due to his brethren."

International Currency

SENATOR KEAN (Republican N. J.) thinks he has a great plan for equalizing the currencies of the United States and Canada. The present high rate of exchange acts like an additional fence on top of the tariff fortifications to prevent the sale of American goods and services in Canada. He would knock down that super-barrier by equalizing exchange, and he would do it by treaty with Canada to appoint a Canadian representative on the United States Federal Reserve Board, the admission of the Canadian banks as members of that Board, and the adoption by Canada of currencies issued by the Federal Reserve Bank of the United States. This, he says, would make one banking system north of the Rio Grande.

The Senator seems to be rather keen on peaceable penetration of the Dominion, to the exclusion of British associations. Why not suggest one flag and be done with it.

The alternative to one currency is a continuance of abnormal disparity, further handicapping the advantage of commercial intercourse. "Canada," he says, "will come into this market to borrow additional money to develop her country. If exchange continues as it is now she would receive 80 cents for each dollar she borrowed."

Is the simple minded Senator proposing a game in currency with loaded dice or "heads we win, tails you lose"? Surely if Canada imports American currency, she gains the rate of exchange as she must lose it when meeting interest or making capital return if the rate of exchange be still against her. If American bankers will only lend us funds on the basis of our currency while exacting their currency in return, on the assumption that United States currency will still be at a premium, that would be a pretty effective embargo against further import of American funds. The Senator is at least keen enough to see the disadvantage of a financial barrier while being blind to the greater disadvantage of commercial boundaries which his own party has forced upon Canada and the world. He sees part of the trouble and thinks he sees a cure to the advantage of his country. In view of the fact that the banks of the United States are failing by the score and by the thousands and that their own currency is teetering on the brink of a fall, it is not to be wondered at that they would welcome our solid banks as

members of their Federal Reserve Board with the backing of our vast resources. The trouble about the Federal Reserve Bank is that it is practically a political institution whose members, if they have any but a bank clerk's knowledge of economics, are not free to speak out that knowledge and are helpless at the centre of the mischief that is causing the world's woe. The world will soon need a common banking centre to establish its currencies as nearly as possible on a common basis. But it must be a capable and politically independent centre of economics, not a condition of vassalage of one country to the mere politics of another. It is said that Senator Kean's bill will be taken up immediately. If it is not killed at Washington, it will perish at Ottawa.

Better Balance of Trade

A TRIUMPH of Canadian finance under the direct and unrestricted administration of Mr. Bennett is a considerable rectification of the balance of trade. The adverse balance has been reduced from a hundred and three million dollars to seven and a half million. In ordinary healthy trading, there ought to be what is called an adverse balance. That is, the goods received should be worth as much more than those exported as will pay all costs of transportation and handling in the process of the exchange. Unless in the total these costs are covered, the result is a loss. What is called a favorable balance means that in our dealings abroad we have given more than we got. That might be generous, but would not mean profit. "Favorable" trade balances had little weight a few years ago on the party now in power, which was declaring Canada was dying for want of a protective tariff—at a time when Canada was selling abroad more than four hundred million dollars above her foreign purchases. Great Britain in her years of greatest prosperity had great trade balances against her. The value of goods as landed on her shores was much greater than the value of what left them. She was thus getting a fine return from her overseas transactions. To this she added a considerable profit from her ocean carrying trade and from her ever-increasing investments abroad. These latter are negative features in Canada's balance sheet. We pay out far more dividends than we collect from abroad. What overseas carrying Canada does, has, like that of the United States, to be subsidized to keep it going at all. This does not take count of her liners on both oceans which are chiefly owned outside of Canada.

WHAT has brought about this great change in the Canadian balance of trade? Certainly not a better return for our exported harvests and forest products. They have been in the depths all through the year. It is because we have imported so much less. One good reason for that has been that we have had so much less money to buy with; and in the later months our money has been at a heavy discount where we buy most. Another is that while our exports were being marketed commonly at a loss to the producer, the prices of our imports, and with them the prices of things "made in Canada," have been protected from a like fall by the continually advancing Bennett duties, making it both ways harder to live. The purpose of these duties has not been to increase the revenue or to increase trade simply to make possible losing businesses. They are hailed as a masterpiece of policy by those who have their hands in the plunder. They are a great loss to the revenue and an enormous outright loss to the purchasing people. They have diminished the people's purchasing power. They have reduced the total consumption and comforts and the

total business of the country. While thus paying full protected prices for purchases we received only seventy per cent of what we got the year before for our exports in the previous bad year that brought the government of that day down. We do not in any way blame Mr. Bennett for having hit on evil times. We very much blame him for the promises which befooled the people and for his destructive mode of cure. Canada could not in any way regulate the prices of what we had to sell; but by burdening and impeding the return business we did greatly reduce what we might have got for our exports. The whole business of the country being impeded, the out-of-work conditions instead of being abolished or improved, have become greatly worse. This has been an effect all over the world of the throttling of trade, a numbing process in which the United States took the deadly lead which we blindly followed.

Who Shall Rule?

SINCE Magna Charta parliament has been, in all countries, and under various forms and names, the palladium of human liberties. Is it still so? The Italian parliament answers with practical unanimity to the beck of Mussolini. Without him, it would be a lay figure in full costume with the head left out. In Russia the Soviet is a form; Stalin is the reality. In Germany, President Hindenburg constituted Dr. Bruening dictator in the hope, possibly, the vain hope, of keeping that self-nominated and self-proclaimed emperor, Hitler, out. In England a blank cheque has been given to a small coterie with a big majority pledged to whatever this trusted group may do. In Canada parliament is Bennett; in Quebec it is Taschereau. Either of these speaks and it is done. In every case this is so with the people's consent. Hitler kicking overboard all pretence of popular liberty, or personal rights, leads the largest and most enthusiastic party in Germany. Everywhere there is a practical confession to the proposition that not more than one man in a hundred has a mind of his own.

SEEKING in a doleful mood for intelligent guidance, in the difficult ways of life, the Preacher said: "One man among a thousand have I found; but a woman among all those have I not found." "Ye mustn't find fault with Mr. Bennett; He's a good man and doing his best," says an intelligent Canadian. Or: "He's the ablest man we ever had." Of course, none of the thousand thinks of himself as being one of a thousand reeds shaken with the wind and bowing in whichever way an interested newspaper press blows, or an interested environment feels. John Bull seldom fails to echo his Times or his Telegraph with full original conviction. Carlyle discovered long ago that the ruler over men was the "canning man" the man who can, the man who believes in himself and enforces that belief on others. The saddest and most terrible picture that the world presents today is a group of competent advisers telling the creditor nations that disaster overhangs the world unless speedy action is taken by the creditor nations, replied to by a practically unanimous Congress that neither now nor ever will the United States modify its claims upon Europe. This is not the voice of a leader, for such we cannot call the spume thrown up by a democracy schooled through all its generations in malice toward Europe. Those, who, to save their privileges, inspired the nation with rage against the League of Nations rekindled a smoldering fire of malevolence which got down into the mould and which is beyond their reach to extinguish now that they see how dangerous it is to the nation itself, and to their own interests.

ONE reason why parliaments are so pointless is that our system of voting tends to uniformity. It practically excludes the voter with views. He is restricted to a choice between two party candidates, neither of whom he knows, or, knowing, approves. The elected in turn, is not sent to parliament to use his intelligence; simply to follow his leader. His leader's ruling purpose is to blacken the other party or, rather, the other leader. We know of nothing better than parliamentary rule. There is, however, a system that would cultivate more individuality both in the membership and in the voter. That is what is called proportional voting. That is a system by which any group large enough in the country can be sure of having its proportionate representation in parliament. Many practical statesmen who would do anything to reform the system, object to this plan on the very ground that it would give the voter an opportunity to have his convictions represented in the nations' council. It would fill parliament with cranks all interjecting impractical, troublesome questions and with small parties which by kaleidoscopic changes of combination would keep parliament in a constant turmoil of fretful change. Only two parties are possible in parliament as governments can only rule by a majority of the whole House and can only be removed by a majority of the whole. So reason the practical critics. The question seems to be whether it is better for the people that they should be latent and practically governed by oligarchies and dictators, or whether they should all be busy trying to do something for their country. Neither system would quite save the people from being "carried away to idols, even as they are led." There might spring up a growth of purposeful newspapers, each supported by a few people with a purpose. But the power would still be in the hands of those who knew best how to court the big interests and cater to the crowd.

Sub-Arctic

IF Jonah had written a report on his trip to Nineveh via Tarshish, with the conclusion that he was definitely of the opinion that with proper organization that route could be used, the report would have commended itself only to the stormy petrels of adventure. Jonah, though he did not get to Tarshish for which he set out, did get to Nineveh by the kindly intervention of a whale. Flight Lieutenant D'Aeth of the British expedition to explore the mysteries of the Greenland ice cap as a route from England to Winnipeg, though he did not get to Winnipeg or see Hudson Bay, did get back to London with a story that Sinbad might envy. After all the expert meteorological information available, the expedition was surprised on the Greenland coast with eighty and ninety mile gales which blew one way at one level and another way, or did not blow, at another level. It would be pretty hard for the best forecasting in London to chart those gales months ahead. These kept on in variable whiffs for months together. From the point on the Greenland coast at which the expedition was stalled one of the moths had to go to Tassiasak for provisions and returning, was wrecked owing to the very brief daylight of almost exactly a year ago. By a miracle of expert management, without tools or material—reduced at length to driftwood, but with the willing help of the native carpenter and the Moravian pastor and indeed everybody, and with measurements from the other moth, that plane was made fit for the terrible adventures before it, when presently the other plane, attempting to land on a promising snow surface came to grief on an invisible rock, hidden by the snow. The gales continued to beset the journey inland but

the commander cheerfully tells us that he is informed that these gales howl only in certain regions and that it is possible to get round them by avoiding their playground, which seems to be on the very route chosen. The lakes, too, are at certain seasons covered with thin panes of ice which it would be deadly to land on, though at other seasons they are excellent. On the whole, however, the advice is, if possible, to cross Greenland without touching it.

Taboos

MOVIES are subject to censorship magazines and radio broadcasts are not. How much more degrading are they than many films passed by the censors? The very fact that films are passed as O.K. adds to their power to degrade. But who are the censors? And what are their standards, objectives, visions? It is conceivable that a melodramatic production tainted with lust and punctuated with pistol shots might have a note of mother love or moral courage that would appeal to some sin sick soul. It is possible that such a play might do good in some low theatre; but what would be the effect if such a play was exhibited in the Sunday School hall for the delectation of the children by arrangement of the superintendent and with the minister looking on and raising no protest?

About two years ago, that happened in one of the large United churches of the Montreal district. It happened again on the next screen night and at least two children were restrained from further attendance. An Anglican church widely advertised a play by their young people in which, before a crowded house, the players smoked and drank what purported to be wine of old vintage, and had a fling at Prohibition. In another Sunday School hall there was a skirt dance of the low theatre type. The rest of the play was very pretty.

We were talking of censorship of the screen, of the radio and of the periodical, but where could censors be found wise enough to steer clear both of prudery and of prurency — extremes which have a tendency to rather intimate association.

MR. BENNETT'S tariff on magazines was said to be partly planned to keep out the southern tide of filth that overflows Canada. But the devil in man is not easily checkmated or even cornered. All sorts of lobbying and intrigue began at once to wipe out the duty on page plates so that the magazines could be cheaply reprinted in Canada. And this seems to have been abetted by one or more powerful Canadian publishers who coveted the opportunity to get profitable printing orders. Anyway the duty on these plates has been removed and these Toronto publishers, who must be ashamed of themselves, are said to be printing a dozen or so of American periodicals which, to say the least, Canada would better do without. As to censorship, if a magazine contains anything unusually obscene and anyone draws the attention of the police to it they may raid the stalls and destroy the issue.

And as soon as the raid is announced, secreted or second hand copies command a high price. The hot stuff sells like hot liquor to the depraved. And the circulation of the magazine jumps with the next issue even though it keeps within bounds and is "no worse than the Bible."

What is the answer? Let the ministers declare it.

Meantime let us suggest that censorship, however necessary it may be, is a poor substitute for the inculcation of such purity of soul that at least church folk would feel only nauseated by the parade of low vulgarity not to speak of vice.

THE chief stock in trade of the news stands is a gauge of public char-

acter in any community. For every sort of food there is a stomach. Rats and roaches and lice thrive on filth. What can be said of human beings endowed with minds capable of enjoying beauty and reason and hearts capable of loving God but who gorge the pestiferous, mildewed, vicious, stinking stuff in these magazines? Let no youth imagine that he can revel in such things without losing his birthright to a healthy mind in

a healthy body. As an oplate they will degrade his soul. Those who by some mischance drink fouled water and contract typhoid have a far better chance of a happy life here and hereafter than those who greedily feed on low magazines, low movies, low radio programs. Let us all pass the word along to any who are in the toils of such publications that the time to break their loathsome fetters is now.

would be otherwise altogether lacking. In countless cases, parents who do not themselves go to church, are solicitous that their children should go to Sunday School. The school and the teacher little realize their responsibility in such cases and how much

there is in the child's life against them. This is not a parable, but a true story:—A little girl demurs at going to Sunday School. Her father insists and tells her she ought to. Her reasoning is unanswerable: "Daddy, why don't you go, too?"

Why the Sunday School

WHAT is the use of the Sunday School? is the theme of an article in the London Times Educational Supplement, which, in reviewing three books on the subject, urges the need of it. The discussion reveals that the Sunday School is no longer in England what it was in its origin—a mission to neglected street children, who would otherwise never learn to read. It is treated as a necessary function of the Church. This is an evolution from the days when, outside of schools, public and private, for the educated classes, what education there was for the common folk was given in Church schools, in which the catechism followed the alphabet in due course. The objection these books are written to meet still is that religion is efficiently taught in the day schools. What chance, it is said, has half an hour on Sunday, with possibly an indifferently equipped teacher, as compared with five hours in the week, with one who is professionally trained to the task? How different this, from conditions in most of Canada, where religion has no place in the school course by whose results the efficiency of the school is tested; and where if religion appears at all, it does so only as an intruder, appearing to the children as such. Still, according to all these writers, the head religion taught in the day school needs the religious application which it is the part of the Sunday School to give—no longer as it is put, in the school language of the day, the "instruction" of the day school but the "education" of the Sunday School; not only in knowledge of the church's beliefs but in training in the Christian life and in Christian worship.

Efficiency

THE writers reviewed seem to agree in demanding for the teachers such a training, not only in the subject matter of religion, but in child psychology and the art of teaching, as will save them from doing more harm than good? It is held too truly that children who, not really understanding, do not pay attention, only learn to account religion a bore. It is held that very many of those who forsake religion, owe that attitude to the mistaken conditions in which they were brought up.

One Thing Needful

EXCELLENT! excellent! to furnish Sunday School teachers with manuals on religious teaching for all such as can and will learn. "Lesson helps" there are in over-abundance, with, too often, the result of using up ineffectively the brief time between the "opening and closing exercises," not commonly spoken of as worship. There is the recording at attendance, the distribution of papers and story books, then the stammering verse by verse through the lesson, the reading of the questions on the lesson leaf, costing no study on the part of the teacher, and possibly answering the same by the same method. Even that much has often served to keep the torch of religion glimmering in regions where there was no other stated recognition of religion, with the great advantage that it is spontaneous. It would be folly to undervalue the extreme importance

of the quality of the teaching in the Sunday School. No one who has had an opportunity to observe but will testify to the difference in control and efficiency between those classes led by professional teachers and those where that training and habit are lacking. But the problem everywhere is how to make the utmost use of the material available and there can be no readier way to thin out the ranks of such than to mention child psychology or any other pedagogic requirement.

The Teacher

ALMOST everywhere the weak point about the Sunday School is unfortunately, the teacher. It is never good Christian psychology to belittle the demand on those who are called to service. It is theirs to give their all—all they have, but not what they have not. The supply of teachers varies, not so much in proportion to the intelligence of the congregation as to the spiritual life of the church. Children generally abound. Not so easily found are teachers fit to shepherd them, even where there is no lack for amateur theatricals. The trouble is in the low reading of the spiritual thermometer. The tendency of the present age is to provide for peoples' social needs. These are needs and should be cared for. Social mirth is good. It is good just in so far as it promotes the Kingdom of Heaven, as it may very well do. "Praised are ye that weep now for ye shall laugh." Where it is incongruous with that supreme purpose of life, it is unholy; and we have only one life here to live. There are persons—one hears them talking from the pulpit or the desk or leading in prayer, who have no sympathetic sense of the child mind, or, indeed, of the vocabulary of many who are not children. There was the old clergyman who explained to the children that the Catechism was a "Categorical synopsis." It is doubtful if any psychology would ever supply the missing mental contact. We would count more on the natural sympathy of familiarity and love. But of all things one requirement, quoted by one of the above mentioned authors, is the ruling one, namely that the teacher should believe and feel what he teaches, if he does not want unconsciously to train unbelievers. There is not in all the above disquisitions a word about the teacher's responsibility for bringing his pupils to Christ. That is the first and over-ruling interest, apart from which all the machinery will result only in a decadent faith. We read of an utterly illiterate man who had this flame burning in his heart and on his tongue, every one of whose scholars became an eminent and active Christian.

The Parent

THE Sunday School has against it the fact that many parents, such as used at least to admit that it fell to them to bring up their children "in the knowledge and admonition of the Lord," now assume altogether too easily that what should be their own life work can be satisfactorily looked after by some teacher trying to get their children's attention during half an hour just after the best dinner of the week. On the other hand, it does in a way supply what, without it,

IN these days of swift change—the breaking up of the old world and the birth of the new, with many alarms and terrors—what are the churches after? Are they still concerned with themselves—their schemes and machinery, their creeds and differences, their quarrels old and new, with the patching up of what they have and the preservation of yesterday with its worn-out shibboleths and vestments, or are their loins girt for the service of the Kingdom of God, a day of which is dawning amid storms and fiery threatenings to everything that is not real, human and spiritual?

What shakings to their foundations old ecclesiasticisms are getting in these days! Russia is in the foreground with a once powerful church, in a large measure apostate, now in ruins under the heel of a frankly materialistic state of one hundred and sixty million souls. Of course, religion is not dead in Russia. It is struggling to cut for itself new channels. The very enthusiasm of her youth for "the Cause," and even the new idealisms of the "Godless Society" of more than four million members, are proofs that guns and bludgeons cannot destroy religion, even when ecclesiasticisms have been hurled to the heap. But what a warning Russia is to a church dead to its mission. Mexico and Spain, following her example, have dealt reeling blows to Roman ecclesiasticism. Germany is in grievous peril. South Africa threatens an ugly breach between her churches and the people. Even Italy under her Fascism, and in spite of treaties and understandings, armistice and covenants between Mussolini and the Pope, is in a state of ferment. In the New World, the nations largely free from the bonds and burdens of political relations between Church and State, express their revolt by indifference to creaking ecclesiastical machinery. Everywhere, in one form or another, there is dissatisfaction and distemper, scorn for, or revolt against ecclesiastical Christianity. And yet the world heaves and pants, struggles, strives and longs for a better day. But it cannot be hastened by a church in the rags of yesterday. It must be met by her as a bride adorned to lead the new age.

There are those who say that all such revolts against ecclesiasticism are to be welcomed. They would be welcome if their driving power was spiritual aspiration. But when their leaders aim at a materialistic state and a godless civilization, such revolts are full of danger to all that is most sacred and enriching in human life. With the destruction of the case the jewels also may be destroyed. So it was in the French revolution; we have seen it in Russia; it is threatening in Spain; it is the peril of South Africa and Germany; there are evidences that it may be a danger in North America. For what is more plainly engraved on the broad page of experience than that a civilization cannot trifle with the sanctities of human relationship and not perish? A civilization prospers only as it strengthens, purifies, enlarges and enriches such relationships. The true security is ennobled life. That is what is meant by the Kingdom of God. Do the churches see it?

THERE are others who think that they can build walls against all

PIONEER PAPERS

Disarm

By Dr. D. L. Ritchie.

the microbes from troubled Europe as they build tariffs against trade and commerce and human brotherhood. They are the clever fellows who think they can imprison thought, bludgeon visions and deport ideas. They can wall a country round in self security and prosperity. They can put a mental revolution into quarantine. Clever fellows! Of course, such are among the most dangerous men that ever handled human affairs or attempted to lead a church or guide a nation. The only preservation of a civilization must come from health within, and not by artificial defences and restraints without. That is why one asks so earnestly what are the churches after in these days of peril and opportunity, of change and challenge, of surging unrest and possibility or triumph, or disaster?

Clear it is as God who writes in facts can make it, that great as have been the changes in the world since the war, greater changes are knocking at the door. The one hope for the world is that the spiritual and moral forces should take the leadership out of the hands of the manoeuvring financial and political alliances that manoeuvred the world into the pit, and, plainly, can do nothing to get it out. More than anything else human relations and affairs need a rejuvenating bath in the common virtues, beginning with honesty and industry and simple faith between man and man. But how is that to be had if the churches fail to give it? Such failure means disaster alike for civilization and for them.

The Pope recently declared that he could nowhere see "any solidarity except that of pain, suffering and misery." What a confession for the Head of the greatest church in Christendom to make! Could anything be more alarming to any form of seemingly stable society? Unless something can be done, and that speedily, to break up that solidarity of misery by human ministries and social changes, a real Armageddon is at hand. And woe betide all who are at ease in Zion and think that they can dwell in selfish security. What rivers of the red wine of the wrath of God will flow! Our only hope is a new solidarity of righteousness and mercy, justice and love. And to create it is the one and only business of any church of God.

WHAT are the churches doing to disarm a world that is the most dreadfully armed camp mankind has ever known? In sheer terror of what is sure to happen a Disarmament Conference is to be held at Geneva next month. The legions of hell will gather there to the last unit—the financiers, the army purveyors, the militarists, the stockholders, the intriguers bent on gain, and all of them voluble with "patriotism." Will the churches be there in solid phalanx? Will God and his Christ get a chance? Will the churches by sheer pressure of righteousness and love win for him a great victory? Are they already astir, or through their supineness or preoccupation with things that matter not a whit, will a great day of God pass and disaster overtake us? Disarmament is the open road out of our present woe. Are the churches making straight the way of the Lord there? What question could be more poignantly urgent?

CANADIAN AFFAIRS

NEWS OF THE WEEK

WORLD EVENTS

Canada

Rt. Hon. Sir George Eulas Foster died at his residence in Ottawa on Dec. 30. The veteran statesman had been seriously ill for two weeks. He was 84 years old.

An official announcement was made on Dec. 31 that the Government has authorized the fixing of average values of securities held by Canadian insurance companies in connection with the annual appraisal of assets which is made by the Superintendent of Insurance. Similar action was taken in Canada when the value of securities was depressed by the Great War and it has been taken eight times since 1904 in the United States.

One of the worst sleet storms in the history of the district isolated many western Ontario centres on Jan. 1. Telegraph and telephone wires are down, and it was feared heavy damage had been caused. At eight o'clock the following cities were cut off from communications: London, Windsor, Chatham, Sarnia, Woodstock, St. Thomas, Kitchener, Guelph, Stratford, Brantford and Galt.

"That a united Christian Church is devoutly desired by all true believers in Christ as the thing most needed to help the world out of the mess into which it has fallen—like in Roman as in Protestant communities—is quite true. But that can never be accomplished by the absorption of free bodies by a dictatorship which insists on imposing long-resisted and fully discredited tenets as the condition for union." Such was the statement on Jan. 4 of Archbishop C. L. Worrell, Primate of the Church of England in Canada, embodied in his comment on the encyclical recently issued by Pope Pius XI. dated Christmas Day, calling for a reunion of Catholics and Protestants throughout the world.

Great Britain

The Government on Dec. 29 announced the personnel of the new directorate of the British Broadcasting Corporation. Lord Gainsford, reappointed vice-chairman for five years; Viscountess Snowden of Ickneshaw, and Dr. Montague Randall, reappointed for one year; Harold C. Brown, appointed for five years to replace Sir Gordon Nairne (resigned). The chairman of the board is Rt. Hon. J. H. Whitley, former Speaker of the House of Commons.

Great Britain took the initiative in attacking the reparations problem on Dec. 30 by asking the European Governments to meet at Lausanne, Switzerland, January 18, for a conference which will attempt to tide over the present German economic and financial crisis. A denial was issued that the United States Government had made any approaches to Britain for enlarging the scope of the conference with a view to joining it, or that Britain had sought U. S. participation on that basis.

Great Britain's proposal for an international reparations conference at Lausanne, Switzerland, on January 18, was accepted on December 31 by five nations, France, Germany, Belgium, Italy and Greece. The fact that the principal debtor and creditor nations will be represented, augured decisive developments regarding what reparations Germany will pay next year.

The conferment of the title of Princess Royal upon Princess Mary, a viscountess for Lord Sankey, Lord High Chancellor; the creation of five new baronies, three Privy Counsellorships, three baronetcies and 31 knightships are the principal features of the New Year's honors list made public on Dec. 31. The list is interesting, even if it contains few surprises. Among the minor conferments is that of Dame Commander of the British Empire upon Queen Salote Tubou, Queen of Tonga, the 'friendly island' of the Polynesians.

London's underground train workers were informed on Dec. 31 by their employers that the end of the year also will terminate existing wage agreements and certain reductions will have to be made. The order applies also to bus drivers and conductors.

C. P. Scott, managing director of the Manchester Guardian, died on Jan. 1. Editor of the Manchester Guardian for 57 years, Charles Prestwich Scott in recent years was regarded as the most important personality in English journalism.

The London Gazette on Jan. 1 announced the appointment of the Countess of Bessborough to the Order of St. John of Jerusalem as a Dame of Grace.

Sister Dominions

Negotiations with Canadian banks for \$2,200,000 to meet the immediate obligations of Newfoundland have been satisfactorily concluded, Sir Richard Squires, Prime Minister of the Island Dominion, announced, in a statement on Dec. 31.

Premier James Lyons of Australia announced his Cabinet on Dec. 31.

Hon. Earl Page, leader of the Country Party, which shared a victory with the United Australian Party in the recent general election, on Jan. 1 prophesied the new Government would be short-lived. Mr. Page said he feared Prime Minister J. A.

Lyons' treatment of the Country Party would not make for a stable Government. While the Country Party would remain loyal to its pre-election agreement with the United Party, he added, it would not tolerate the policy which apparently originated in Melbourne where there is said to be pronounced opposition to the Country Party's tariff policy.

Messengers on Jan. 1 hurried through the countryside to warn dwellers on isolated farms and in little townships in the river valleys around Port Elizabeth, South Africa, to retreat to the hills before a flood menace threatening a wide area. Following four days of abnormal rainfall the Sunday and Gamtoos Rivers boiled down in flood and banks were burst in several places.

Mahatma Gandhi on Dec. 29 sought a meeting with Lord Willingdon, Viceroy of India, to get his advice and help in reaching a peaceful understanding on India's troubled situation.

"Red Shirt" tribesmen continued to offer themselves for arrest on Dec. 29 and 30 were taken into custody in Peshawar. Thirty-two volunteers were arrested at Bannu and some at Kohat, bringing the total arrested in the Northwest Frontier Province in recent days to 1,128. Of these, 259 have been convicted and 37 released after an apology.

In a stern warning to extremist Congress leaders and terrorists on Dec. 30, Viceroy Willingdon made an appeal to Gandhi to swing Indian Nationalism to the side of peace and co-operation with the British Government. Charging certain Congress leaders with trying to wreck the balance of constitutional reforms, the Viceroy said: "I venture to hope that at this eleventh hour Gandhi will agree to call a halt to these activities and give the advantage of his powerful influence to help forward a solution of the problem before us—namely, to secure for the people of India the responsibility of administering their own affairs."

Mahatma Gandhi informed Lord Willingdon, Viceroy of India, on Jan. 1 that he would withhold renewing the civil disobedience campaign of warfare against the Government if the Viceroy would grant him an interview for the discussion of recent restrictive ordinances.

Subhas Chandra Bose, former Mayor of Calcutta and one of the extremist Nationalist leaders, was arrested on Jan. 2 after he had repudiated Mahatma Gandhi's conditional offer to co-operate with the Government for the purpose of preventing disorders in India. The arrest occurred after he had joined with two other extremists, V. J. Patel, former president of the Assembly, and Jammadas Mehta, president of the Indian Trade Unions, in a statement urging uncompromising battle for complete independence.

Mahatma Gandhi was arrested early on Jan. 4 at Bombay for the second time within a year and a half and Nationalist India once more prepared a campaign of civil disobedience.

President Vallabhai Patel of the Indian Nationalist Congress was taken into custody on Jan. 4, with M. K. Gandhi. Both were arrested under a Bombay regulation of 1827 and the warrant stated that they were being removed to Yerawda jail at Poona for "good and sufficient reasons." Patel, shortly after his arrest, appointed Babu Rajendra Prasad, of Dehar, to succeed him.

The renewed civil disobedience campaign by Indian Nationalists, brought to a head with the arrest of Mahatma Gandhi, drew its first blood on Jan. 4. In a clash between police and Nationalist demonstrators at Allahabad, two men were killed, one of them trampled to death. Many others were injured and 30 were arrested.

Jawaharlal Nehru, second only to Gandhi among the Nationalist leaders, was sentenced on Jan. 4 to two years at hard labor for his anti-Government activities.

Rajendra Prasad, who was nominated to succeed Vallabhai Patel as president of the National Congress was himself arrested on Jan. 4.

United States

Senator Hamilton F. Kean, Republican, of New Jersey, who has introduced a bill to place a Canadian on the Federal Reserve Board, on Dec. 30 suggested admitting Canadian banks to the United States Federal Reserve System and joint use by the two countries of currency issued by the Federal Reserve.

Deadly bombs, concealed in seven packages, whose addresses suggested to authorities the possibility of an anti-Fascist plot took the lives of two inquisitive postal clerks at Easton, Pa., on Dec. 30, and injured five other persons, one a dynamite expert.

The annual \$1,000 prize for an outstanding discovery was awarded on Jan. 1 by the American Association for the Advancement of Science to Dr. Carl Caskey Spidel, of the University of Virginia.

Twelve thousand students of Chicago public night schools tried to attend classes on Jan. 4 only to find them closed because the city has no money to operate them.

Nine schools were affected by the closing order.

Europe

Aristide Briand, veteran Foreign Minister, was unable to participate in a meeting of the council of ministers on Dec. 31 and his doctors ordered him to take several days' rest over the holidays.

General Paul Gerald Pau, noted French commander, died in Paris on Jan. 3, aged 83.

Foreign Minister Dino Grandi was announced on Jan. 4 to head Italy's delegation to the World Disarmament Conference at Geneva.

The Belgian Cabinet appointed on Jan. 4 a delegation to the coming international reparations conference, composed of Prime Minister Jules Renkin, Foreign Minister Paul Hyams, Finance Minister Baron Houart and Minister of State Emile Francqui.

Under a decree of the Ministry of Finance, the Bank of Portugal on Jan. 4 was relieved of the obligation to ensure convertibility of the escudo into gold, which means that Portugal has officially abandoned the gold standard.

President Svinhufvud of Finland on Jan. 4 called a special session of parliament on January 19 at the cabinet's request, to act on a bill for the repeal of prohibition, as a result of the recent consultative referendum.

The Orient

The Canton Chinese Government was dissolved on Jan. 3 in accordance with its peace agreement with the Nanking authorities.

Lieutenant-General Shigeru Honjo with a Japanese army of 30,000 on Jan. 1 was the master of all Manchuria north of the Great Wall of China. A squadron of cavalry constituting an advance guard of the main force entered the outskirts of Chinchow on New Year's afternoon.

Culver B. Chamberlain, United States Consul, on his way from leave to his post at Harbin, stepping from an automobile displaying the United States flag and coat of arms, was assaulted and painfully beaten by three Japanese soldiers on Jan. 3 on one of the main streets of Mukden. U. S. Consul General Myrl S. Myers accompanied Mr. Chamberlain to the Japanese Consulate where he lodged a vigorous verbal protest with Consul S. Morishima against what he described as an "entirely unprovoked assault."

The deepest apologies of the Japanese Government were conveyed to the United States Consul-General at Mukden on Jan. 4 for the attack by three Japanese soldiers on Consul Culver B. Chamberlain. At the same time Lt.-Col. Matsui, member of the staff of General Shigeru Honjo, Japan's Manchurian commander, expressed the opinion that Mr. Chamberlain was attacked because he had treated Japanese soldiers "as if they were Chinese."

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FROM OUR FRIENDS

W. R. MOTHERWELL, M.P.

Abernethy, Sask., Dec. 24, '31.

J. R. Dougall, Esq.,
Montreal Witness,

Dear Mr. Dougall,—I am sorry to see the terrible but brave struggle you are obliged to put up for journalistic existence, but this world depression that is hitting us all is no respecter of persons, places, or anything else. It will be fifty years next June since I began residence on this homestead upon which I have ever since resided and called my only home, although my official and parliamentary duties for the past quarter of a century or more have called me all over Canada, and I have never seen prairie agriculture in the condition of distress it is in today. I merely mention this to let you know that if old friends of the Witness are dropping off your subscription list in the West it is because they not only haven't the money, but are actually on the Government's relief list with no immediate prospects of getting off.

In spite of the fact that you are now well out of your teens, the editorial columns of the Witness are still up to the measure of the best in all Canada. I will be seventy-two myself next month and you were a young man of eighteen when I was born.

My earnest hope is that the Witness will last at least as long as you do and in the meantime I wish you not only the compliments of the season, but also all the gratification that is usually associated with a long and useful life faithfully performed. I am enclosing renewal subscription for myself and grandson.—Yours faithfully,

W. R. MOTHERWELL.

Note.—"The terrible and brave struggle" is no more ours than it is that of those who, doing their utmost, are co-operating with us through the Witness, or otherwise, for the welfare of humanity, in these times of universal crisis. Perhaps fortunately for our further efficiency of service we have not begun to experience any of the hardships under which so many of our reader friends are suffering acutely. In our personal necessities we lack for nothing. The only things we are doing without are superfluities that would be uncomfortable in a time of such distress. It may be well to say that any letter appearing in these columns that makes personal reference to the Editor is inserted by his junior partner without the knowledge of his uncle who, while appreciating the kind words, very sincerely deprecates their publication. But personally I feel that our readers have a right to express themselves occasionally and that it makes not only for mutual intimacy but mutual understanding.—F. E. D.

Burgessville, Ont., Dec. 14, '31.

Dear Sirs,—Hope you will not consider it an interference for an interested reader to ask this question. Could honorable advertising of honorable firms be used to help your cash balance and still maintain your present standard?

W. COHOE.

Note.—Yes, indeed they could. But almost all advertising is placed through advertising agencies, most of whom despise the Witness and hate it because of its attitude toward some of their best paying clients, the liquor traffic. Many concerns are wholly unaware that their advertising agents would deprive them of contacts with Witness readers all over Canada simply out of spite.

THE WET PARADE

By Upton Sinclair

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CHIEF CHARACTERS IN THE STORY

The Chilcote family, especially
Maggie Lay, sweet daughter of a Southern planter, whose life has been deeply marked by her father's drinking and tragic self-inflicted death.
Her brother Roger, promising poet, whose wayward life has not yet brought the inevitable consequence.

The Tarleton family, especially
"Pow," member of one of the First Families of Virginia; thoroughly enslaved to drink, father of

Kip, general factotum of the family hotel managed by his mother.

Jerry Tyler, young journalist, college mate of Roger and friend of Kip.

As the clouds of war break over the United States, Roger, with his foot on an island off the Maine coast. On his return to New York he and Jerry "celebrate." Unlocking his private liquor cabinet at the Tarleton House, Roger exclaims, "That's funny! Do you put water into your bottles when they're empty?"

(Now Read On.)

PROHIBITION (Cont'd)

Such a question hardly needed answering. Roger took another bottle out of the cabinet. It was supposed to be full of brandy, but the seal had been broken, and there was a telltale hole in the cork. When the cork was drawn, and some of the contents poured into a glass, it was discovered to be of the same color, transparent and tasteless. Three or four more bottles yielded the same results. Somebody had opened the cabinet, and taken every drop of the liquor, replacing it with aqua pura from the Croton dam.

"As God is my witness," said Jerry, "I have never touched this cabinet."

"What did you do with the key?" asked Roger.

"It's been on my ring all the time."

Roger knelt down and did a little sleuthing. There were specks that looked like wax on the inside of the key-hole plate, and he said: "Some one has taken an impression of the lock and had a key made."

Kip had been standing by, observing the drinking scene, silent and uncomfortable as always. Now Roger looked at him, and saw that tears were running down his cheeks. He sprang and caught him by the arm. "Never mind, kid!" he exclaimed. "Nobody blames you. I really don't mind anyhow. It's a good one on me." He and Jerry began to laugh—though somewhat feebly.

"It makes me want to die!" exclaimed Kip. He could not control his tears—they kept coming, and he did not try to wipe them away.

"But kid, you can't help it! It's no more your fault than mine!" Both Roger and Jerry saw that it was really necessary to laugh, and they managed to find it genuinely funny when they got started.

"I'll kill that black Taylor," exclaimed Jerry.

But Kip would have no such pretence. "It wasn't Taylor," he said, simply. "It was my father."

Roger grinned, as if this would be the best joke of all. "You really think that? By golly, if it was, he's got the laugh on us, all right. Imagine him chuckling up his sleeve!"

"He sure put one over on us!" chimed in Jerry. "The old rascal!"

"You see what's happened," persisted Kip, paying no attention to their pretences. "The price of booze has gone out of his reach, and so—" he stopped, choked by his shame.

Roger took him by the arm. "Don't be a cry-baby, kid," he said. "You're making a mountain out of a molehill. When a man can't get a drink, well, what can he do but get one?"

"He might have blown out the gas in his room," answered Kip; "anything but a thief!"

Roger's grip on his arm became tighter. "Don't use such talk, Kip! One doesn't put such things into words. And anyhow, I tell you, you're using the wrong words. So shut up and let's forget it forever!"

"I'll replace it, of course," said Kip, trying to get control of himself. "And thank you—I hope you know I appreciate your kindness in trying to turn it into a joke. I'll get you some more, right away."

This time Roger's laughter was unforced. "Boy! If I have to drink what you buy, I'm on the wagon for life!"

But Kip took a chance as to that. He carried the story to his mother, and she gave him the money—he having none of his own. He went to the dealer from whom Roger purchased his liquor, and explained that some of it had been stolen, and that he felt responsible. The man looked up Roger's old accounts, and they got a pretty good idea of what had been in the cabinet. The prices made Kip's head swim—but no matter, the loss must be made up.

The stuff was delivered, and Roger thought it best to make no fuss about it; but he set out at once to get "square" on Kip and his mother. He bribed Kip's aunt with a fancy Chinese shawl, and got from her Mrs. Tarleton's measurements; then, the evening before the Thanksgiving celebration in the family hotel, he sneaked to his landlady's room, and opened the door a crack, and dropped inside a large box, and shut the door quickly and fled downstairs. The box, upon being opened, was found to contain an unimaginably expensive purple silk dress, in the new fashion which caused a middle-aged lady from Virginia to blush even to look at it.

But what could she do about it? The name of the dealer had been cut out of the box, and all the labels cut from the dress, so it couldn't be returned; and when she accused the poet of the crime, he looked astonished, and denied it so solemnly that she half believed him. So there was nothing for Mrs. Tarleton to do but to add a lace fichu in the interest of modesty, and wear that costume to the evening celebration. Thus the chivalry of the Old South, which Jerry had so vehemently repudiated! When the poet danced an old-fashioned lancers with Mrs. Tarleton, and jovially invited the Big Chief to call the figures, it was almost a family reconciliation.

IN that autumn of 1917, a black storm-cloud arose in the American sky, the revolution of the dreaded Russian Bolsheviks. It became clear that these revolutionists were going to make peace with Germany, and release a million of the Kaiser's troops to be thrown onto the Western front. The war, into which America had blundered more or less blindly, took on at once a desperate aspect. And this, of course, brought a new crisis in the problem of liquor. The prohibition fanatics were not content with having banned whisky, but wanted to put through their whole program. While all the food in the country was being rationed, should we go on wasting grain in brewing beer? So they clamored.

There had been a long-standing difference among temperance advocates over the problem of "hard liquor" versus wines and beer. The latter contained less alcohol, and therefore were less harmful, and many temperance people had pleaded with the brewers to cut loose from the distillers. The real evil was the saloon, these workers argued; if we could have in this country something like the Europe cafe, where men sipped a glass of beer, and read the papers and chatted and listened to music, conditions might be better, and the efforts of the fanatics less successful.

But all such overtures had been futile. The tempo of American life required quick drinking, and the tempo of business required quick selling. The saloon-keeper didn't want a customer who took an hour to sip a glass of beer; he wanted one who got drunk in half that time. The policy was to "crowd the market," and then use a share of the profits for "protection"—the buying not merely of the police and the city governments, but of both political parties. By that means the distillers and brewers had piled up an investment of a thousand million dollars; they had ruled the cities for a hundred years, and expected to rule for another hundred.

But now, in the midst of the war,

when distilling was seen to be doomed, the brewers were seized with a panic, and threw their partners overboard. The newspapers suddenly blossomed with full page advertisements of brewers explaining that they had come to see the evil of their ways, and regretted the "false mental associations" which had caused people to class their product with "hard liquor." They besought the public to take an interest in "true temperance," and pictured the calamities which would follow total prohibition. What would the stock-growers do if deprived of "brewer's grain?"

There was a desperate struggle in the halls of Congress. The brewing interests had the money, but the fanatics had the votes. They forced through Congress an act forbidding the use of food-stuffs in the making of wine and beer; and having got that, they began clamoring for an amendment to the Constitution, forbidding all traffic in intoxicants forever. The liquor interests, seeing ruin before them, had one of their senators, a gentleman from Ohio named Warren G. Harding, prepare a little joker. In order to become valid, a constitutional amendment has to be ratified by three-fourths of the states; and the joker declared the prohibition amendment should be void unless these thirty-six states ratified it within six years—something the "wets" counted upon preventing. Later on the time was extended to seven years, and in this form the measure passed the Senate and House at Christmas time of 1917. It was called the "Eighteenth Amendment," and all the wowsers in the United States now concentrated upon the task of persuading or frightening the state legislatures into ratifying it.

THIS dawning of prohibition was the thing Kip Tarleton had been praying for through most of his life, and which people had been telling him he would never, never see. It would amount to getting his father back again; and what Christmas present could equal that? Kip might be ever so cold to the Big Chief, but even so, he had not forgotten the playmate of his early days. In the depths of his heart, he agreed with his mother, in holding John Barleycorn to blame for all his father's weaknesses; bragging and insincerity, laziness and cheating, you could see these vices come to life in the old man, literally minute by minute, as he poured in the liquor.

There were other reasons, too, for Kip and his mother to rejoice at that Christmas present. What a different affair would be the keeping of a family hotel under prohibition! No longer would Taylor Tibbs spend his time trotting round to Sandkuhl's for pails of "suds" and bottles of whisky and brandy, and to the Elite drug store for doses of bromo-seltzer and Seidlitz powders and Hunyadi water. No longer would the expressman be delivering cases of beer from Hoboken and of rye from Kentucky. No longer would there be rugs to be sent to the cleaners, and bedspreads to the laundry, after some gentleman had vomited over them. No longer would the Tarleton ladies have to wrestle with the moral problem of what to do about the board-bill of Mrs. Faulkner, who was up in her room weeping, because her husband had taken everything and gone on a spree.

Also, Kip figured that he would now be able to have some friends. No longer would he have to be superior to everybody else! No longer would he have to sit like a dummy and spoil all the fun. No longer would he watch Roger and Jerry drifting to the same destiny as Pow, with the accursed business of "treating." Kip's satisfaction at the prospect was so great that he could not conceal it. Jerry, lamenting the progress of the wowsers, would suddenly glance at the youngest and exclaim: "He's grinning at us, the little moral demon!" He would grab Kip and throw him onto the bed, put a pillow on his brown-thatched head and sit on it, and jounce up and down a few times, while Kip howled with mock anguish, and promised never to grin again. But he wouldn't keep the promise. He would

open Jerry's door in the morning, while the young man of the world was helpless, shaving his chin, and yell: "Another state has ratified the amendment! It is a landslide!"

The most hilarious aspect of the matter, from Kip's point of view, was that the first states to "come across" were precisely those which meant most to the inmates of the Tarleton House. Barely two weeks after the passage of the amendment through Congress, the state of Mississippi ratified it by vote of its legislature—121 to 8. Three days later came a veritable slap in the face to the Big Chief Powhatan—his own native commonwealth, the mother of cavaliers and statesmen, home of the F. F. V.'s, proceeding to outlaw liquor by the vote of 114 cowards, with only 21 cavaliers and statesmen daring to say nay! And three days later Kentucky, the blue-grass state, famous for race-horses and Bourbon whisky; native land of Braxton Bragg Gwathmey, retired tobacco-planter, who had the third-floor front in number 39, and was accustomed to have his liquor sent from home, several cases at a time, and stowed under his bed; and three days after that South Carolina, first state to secede and last to be reconstructed; homeland of Beauregard Fortesque, occupant of the second-floor back in number 37, who gave poker-parties that lasted from Saturday night until Monday morning, and knew how to mix every kind of concoction from "horse's necks" and "Mamie Taylors" to "golden slippers" and "blue blazers!"

So it went, state after state, like a row of wooden soldiers, each knocking the next one down. Louisiana, the home of Roger and Jerry, managed to hold out until the following summer, but finally gave way—by the votes of "hill-billies," lashed to frenzy by religious exhorters and evangelists; also by the votes of planters who hoped to keep liquor away from their Negroes. Such, at any rate, was the explanation of the phenomenon which Roger got from his Uncle Daubney. There were in America, it appeared, a great many gentlemen who wanted to have liquor themselves, but didn't want their workers to have it; with the help of such gentlemen, the wowsers and bluenoses might actually come to prevail!

THE GOLDEN JAIL

NEW YORK CITY had become a funnel through which a hundred thousand soldiers were poured overseas every week. They departed silently, with no one at the piers to cheer them; they travelled in flotillas, with warships before and behind, and a mosquito-fleet of destroyers weaving in and out among them. They travelled in silence, at night without so much as the light of a cigarette. Presently they were landed in France, and those at home would get post-cards and letters marked "A.E.F.," and nothing more.

The French and British were holding the last German assault; holding, hour by hour, waiting for the American army to go into action. In June began the advance, and the newspapers blazed on their front pages the magical names of Cantigny and Chateau Thierry and Belleau Wood; on inside pages, not so proudly, the lists of casualties, beginning as paragraphs, and swelling quickly to columns. Among the earliest was the name of Colonel Edward Pinckney Chilcote, of the 948th Infantry, Louisiana.

One line in the official listings—that was all. In due course his wife would receive a letter of sympathy from his commanding officer, telling that he had died by shell-fire while holding an advanced line against an enemy counter-attack. From the war department would come a sealed package containing his watch, his ring, his cigarette-lighter, several letters from home, and a locket with a picture of his wife and babies. There was a wooden cross marking his grave, and after the war his remains would be dug out of the ground, and sealed in an airtight coffin, and brought back to be interred with military honors in the family burial-ground. Such was the story of "Colonel Ted."

Roger gave few outward signs of grief; but the galet, went out of him, and those who knew him say that he was brooding all the time: remembering every harsh and jeering word he had spoken to his brother, the jeal-

(Continued on page 16)

Adventuring for the Kingdom

BACK FROM JAMAICA

The Baptist delegation to Jamaica (Dr. Rushbrooke and Mr. T. S. Penny, J.P.) landed at Avonmouth early in December. The return voyage from Kingston was in the main stormy, with a following gale which occasionally attained a velocity of fifty miles an hour.

The beauty and fruitfulness of Jamaica strongly appealed to Dr. Rushbrooke, who was paying his first visit; but he was also painfully impressed by the extreme poverty of about a quarter of the inhabitants. An important function which he carried out was the dedication of a church at Grace Hill in the circuit of the Rev. A. G. Kirkham and his assistant, Mr. Mornan. The large public meeting which assembled on the occasion had as its chairman the custos, Mr. Clarke, who is an Anglican. The delegation had the honor of being received by the Governor, Sir R. E. Stubbs. In Kingston the Y.M.C.A. arranged an "At Home" for Mr. Penny and Dr. Rushbrooke, with the Colonial Secretary, the Hon. A. S. Jeff, who is President of the local association, in the chair. Leading representatives of all denominations were present, including Dr. Hardie, the Anglican bishop. Mr. Penny spoke on Y.M.C.A. work, and Dr. Rushbrooke dealt at length with "Religious Repression in Russia," answering many questions at the close of his address.

The delegates will in due course present their report to the Baptist Missionary Society. Meanwhile it is understood that while some serious difficulties have been removed and others relieved certain questions remain open. Some are of a personal nature, but there are also complex legal problems to which the B.M.S. and the Calabar General Committee will need to devote close attention during the coming weeks.—British Weekly.

HOW A GREAT FIRE WAS KINDLED

Offering copies of "The War Cry" for sale in the Paris cafes, a Salvationist met a purchaser who, turning over the pages and pointing to the pictures, remarked: "Not very good art work this, is it?"

"Perhaps not," replied the smiling Salvationist, "but could you do better?"

"I think I could," replied the stranger.

"Then we will be glad to use your talent, sir," was the instant reply, "so come and do it before you offer any more criticisms."

Spoken half-laughingly, and with

no knowledge of the critic's identity, yet the Salvationist's words went home. A little later a gentleman presented himself at our Paris Headquarters and offered his services as an artist.

"My name is Labarthe," he added. Commissioner Peyron almost jumped for joy; few Frenchmen are not familiar with the name of the great craftsman.

So late one night, when the thermometer registered many degrees of frost, the Commissioner and the artist started out to see how some of the inhabitants of the brilliant French capital spent their nights.

No more criticizing of The Army for M. Labarthe! In "Le Matin," a great national journal, there appeared a heart-rending story of suffering, and with the article were M. Labarthe's remarkable pictures.

Many of the citizens had never dreamed that such things could be. As a result Commissioner Peyron's scheme for a huge Hostel for homeless women became one of the chief

A Man Who Was Greatly Puzzled

By William Southern.

MANY an honest man in these modern days finds himself much in the position of Nicodemus. He wants to believe the right things, he wants to do the right things, but he does not understand. Not all of us are willing to do as did Nicodemus, go straight to the paper place and ask questions.

Nicodemus was an unusual character. He was a man of position, being a member of the ruling class of the Jews and holding a seat in the Sanhedrin. He was wealthy and well satisfied with himself and liked his job. When Jesus came to Jerusalem and drove the traders and money-changers out of the temple, the story interested Nicodemus. He knew perfectly well that the money changers and the traders were in the temple on terms of graft and had possibly protested just as we who are in politics these days protest against graft and crookedness of our own party when it gets into power. He may have called attention to this very thing, I do not know, but it may well be deduced that Nicodemus was alive to what was going on and was unhappy about it. He knew the hypocrisy and the crookedness which permeated the whole Jewish management in high places and did not like it. Here was a man, a stranger, who came and kicked up a mighty muss.

topics of conversation in all circles. A large meeting was held in the historic hall, the Sorbonne, and aroused further interest.

The famous artist also enlisted the help of an equally famous writer, Pierre Hamp, and together they wrote and illustrated a booklet, "Pour La Femme Sans Foyer," which, bearing our Flag in colors as its entire cover, has given The Army the biggest advertisement it has yet had in France. —War Cry.

A GREAT DAY TO BE A CHRISTIAN

"We must believe," said Dr. W. P. Merrill recently, "that Jesus knew what He was talking about and meant what He said; and we must care supremely about His way, and very little about anything else."

"I would gladly see all creeds and rituals put on the shelf, not flippantly, but reverently; and the whole Church of Jesus Christ give itself over to just one thing—the finding and following of the way of life which Jesus teaches. This, indeed, is a great day in which to be a Christian. The world is losing faith in its other gods. The spirit of science is more humble; big business is less sure of itself; the world is lonely and afraid." —Christian World.

ONE night Nicodemus took his cane and his lantern and sought Jesus at the home where he was staying. It may have been in Jerusalem or in a suburb near the Mount of Olives. The interview on the housetop was rather disturbing. It amounted to Jesus telling Nicodemus that he must resign his position of honor and turn about in his way of living, no longer condone the evil things he saw about him and live right with God.

That was a pretty large prescription. It is in my mind that very few men of power and wealth, with high position in the administration would throw away the attainments of a life time. It has been done. In this day it is done when men give up ambitions and position in order to follow a course they believe to be right.

Nicodemus went away from that interview disturbed. He understood what Jesus meant. Yet he loved his place and his power. That the interview was not forgotten is evident from the next mention of Nicodemus in the text. The Sanhedrin was wild about Jesus, the members plotted to get rid of him and were willing to do almost anything to attain that end. Nicodemus protested and said "Surely your law does not condemn the accused before hearing what he has to say and ascertaining his offence." He did not tell his associates that he had interviewed Jesus and we are not told if he carried his protest any further.

Nicodemus is mentioned a third time in the New Testament and that is all the record we have about this man who rather stands out from his associates in the Sanhedrin. When Joseph of Arimathea received permission to take the body of the crucified Jesus and give it a decent burial he was joined by Nicodemus who brought a hundred pounds of myrrh and aloes and they reverently wrapped the body of Jesus in spices and in bandages according to the Jewish custom of burial.

This is about all we know about Nicodemus. There is an apocryphal book "The Gospel of Nicodemus" which elaborates what John tells of the man. A Nicodemus is mentioned in the Talmud known as Nicodemus Ben Gorion, a man of large wealth and power who lost all his property when Jerusalem was destroyed, but this could hardly have been the same Nicodemus.

We would like to think that Nicodemus became a Christian.

IT was hard for Nicodemus to understand what Jesus told him. His entire life had been spent in the consideration of material things. His success, his education and his position as a ruler he could understand very well. He could put his finger on his bank accounts and knew all the devious paths whereby he had attained fortune. Jesus counted these things not at all and turned the talk toward spiritual, intangible things. Of course

Nicodemus did not understand him. We find it very hard today to understand and there are many who refuse to acknowledge that the spiritual is a far greater influence in our lives than the material. The most unhappy men I have ever met are those who have attained wealth and power. They have everything which we call worthwhile and it does not satisfy. The happiest men and women I have ever met have very little of what we call this world's goods. It is not necessary. They have found happiness in the spiritual. If you should ask one of these there probably would be no clear answer. It is something known but not tangible. It is something you may experience but not explain in our poor words.

As I am writing this the depression is bearing down upon the whole world and seems to have reached a turning point. I hope that when you read we will be well on the up-grade. Men and women are saying today that all we need is confidence. They do not say that we need more money, or more buyers for wheat or more of this and that which enters into the counting room; we need confidence.

We all understand what they mean, but few of us have appreciated the fact that confidence is an intangible thing and is a spiritual attribute. By saying that we need confidence and that when confidence returns we will be all right and the depression will disappear we are saying just about what Jesus said to Nicodemus.

Nicodemus asked how could a man be born again. I knew a man who had been born again. When I first knew him he was one of the most wicked men I ever saw. He broke the commandments. He drank and gambled and lived his life for his own gratification. Then he came within the influence of a preacher. At first he made fun of the gospel but there was something which returned him again to that tabernacle. He was born again and is today living a clean, fine earnest Christian life.

If you ask this man, what it means to be born again he cannot tell you in words but he does tell you in his every day life.

The standard which Jesus offered Nicodemus has never been lowered to this day. The stock market does not touch it, it stands as proud and as high in the poorest home as in the place of the wealthy. It is a spiritual standard which Christians know.

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Our Corner for the Shut-Ins

By Rev. A. W. Hone

HYMN

Eternal source of every joy,
Well may Thy praise our lips employ,
While in Thy temple we appear,
Whose goodness crowns the circling year.

PRAYER

O Lord God, our Father in heaven, at the close of another year we desire in the name of our Redeemer to render unto Thee our most humble and heartfelt thanks for all the protecting care and goodness with which Thou hast surrounded us during the past. Surely according to Thy gracious promise, goodness and mercy follow us throughout our days. Help us to render to Thee the loving service which Thou art pleased to accept of us for the sake of our Saviour Jesus Christ. Amen.

SCRIPTURE

Psalms 63.

MEDITATION

I Cor. 7:31: "For the fashion of this world passeth away." Just a few days after Christmas we saw some broken

and forlorn toys lying disconsolately in a garbage can, symbols of the transient nature of all earthly things. They had their brief little day, and were discarded for new interests and occupations. More and more as the years go by we realize that the fashion of this world passeth away. But there are abiding and unchanging realities, and while chance and change are busy ever, God is wisdom, God is love. Jesus Christ is the same, yesterday, today, and forever. "Heaven and earth may pass away, but His word will not pass away." Let us build the foundations of our lives upon these eternal verities.

HYMN

Standing at the portal
Of the opening year,
Words of comfort meet us,
Hushing every fear;
Spoken through the silence
By our Father's voice,
Tender, strong, and faithful,
Making us rejoice.

Onward then, and fear not,
Children of the day,
For His word shall never,
Never pass away.

A DEPARTMENT FOR HOME MAKERS

There's Something In It

By Silvia Thorn-Drury.

WE are living in an age of intense individualism, when personality counts for more than prettiness, and brains, without the ability to "put them across," are of little use. The watchword of every girl of today who wishes to succeed, in no matter what branch of life, should be "specialize."

It's not a bit of good being Mary Brown, with a medium good brain, medium brown hair, and medium grey eyes, indistinguishable from Jane Smith, who possesses the same mediocre qualities. The thing to do is to try and differentiate yourself from all other grey-eyed, stock-sized, fifteen dollar a week girls.

Copy the film stars and take a tag!

DISCOVER your best point and capitalize it.

Be "Big Ben's Little Sister" or the "Always Punctual Girl," if punctuality is a gift of yours.

"The Miles of Smiles Girl," if you have pretty teeth.

If your feet and ankles are your strong suit, go all out on shoes and stockings (even if it means one less

hat a year), and keep up your reputation as "Miss Fairy Feet."

If you're a good cook, be content with that and forget about your indifferent skating while you boost yourself as "The Second Mrs. Beeton." For if you aren't much good at a "drop-three," you can beat all-comers at drop-scones!

PERHAPS you can't hope to be remarkable for the length of your eyelashes, but you can be admired by everyone for your crisp, white collar and cuffs, and "The Clean Collar Child" is quite a good reputation to strive for!

Your nose may be ordinary, but you can acquire a name for extraordinary tact. "The Woman Who Always Says The Right Thing" will always be gratefully remembered!

"The Life and Soul of the Party" is such a jolly girl that everyone forgets her rather lumpy figure!

HOWEVER ordinary you may think you are, there is certain to be something, whether it's a winning smile, a light hand with pastry, or a couple of dimples, that, if you concentrate on it, will differentiate you from all other girls in your own little circle.

Find out your own particular gift, or talent, even if it's only being "As Neat as a New Pin," or "Handy with Your Needle," and concentrate on it for all you're worth. It's far better to do one thing really well than a dozen indifferently.

Follow the stars, in fact, and "Take a tag!" It pays.—Women's Weekly.

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BECLAUDED

The sky is low, the clouds are mean,
A travelling flake of snow
Across a barn or through a rut
Debates if it will go.

A narrow wind complains all day
How someone treated him,
Nature, like us, is sometimes caught
Without her diadem.

—Emily Dickinson.

THE WOMAN WHO ACCOMPLISHES A LOT

Someone has said and said well,
"Know today what you are going to
do tomorrow, and DO IT."

Every housewife ought to write that motto in letters half a foot high, and put it somewhere where she will be reminded daily of this line of action, for we are all so apt to drift.

One of the famous Forbess' Epigrams remarks, "There's a difference between living and being alive. Which, candidly, are you?"

The people who drift and do not plan their work ahead, are alive in a sort of a jelly-fish way. The jelly-fish lives on the beach and is moved about by the tides and currents, but makes little conscious effort of its own.

Other people are more than alive, for they use their vitality in living in a worth-while way—doing something for others, and in making a circle of joy and friendliness and inspiration about them.

These are the people who accomplish things. And they accomplish them because they plan ahead.

If we "Know today what we are going to do tomorrow, and DO IT," we can have the satisfaction of living instead of being merely alive.—Mrs. E. G. W., in the Michigan Farmer.

Your Son's Voice

WHEN the clear, pure quality of a boy's singing voice begins to roughen and he finds it impossible to sing to his own satisfaction either in choir or at home, there begins a trying period for himself and those about him.

If his voice has been an exceptionally good one, he will feel a sense of loss that he will probably try to cover by making fun of the queer sounds that he makes.

He is told that his voice is "breaking," and he may perhaps think that it is breaking up—instead of breaking into the fuller, richer quality of the man's voice. He should be made to realize that it is his business to help and not hinder nature in attaining that deeper quality of tone.

During the transitional period a boy is sometimes advised not to sing at all, but to give his voice a complete rest and to avoid "rooting" at ball games or practising college yells. The caution should be, however, not so much to avoid making those heavier demands upon his voice as to be sure that he uses his voice in the right way. If he produces his tones by means of the muscles in the upper part of the chest, he throws a strain upon the vocal chords that may result not only in a roughened condition of the singing voice but also in a speaking voice that is harsh and unpleasant.

How, then, shall he acquire that full, strong, resonant tone which is one of nature's greatest gifts? The main thing to ensure correct production of tone is constantly to draw the breath to the base of the lungs first, then when the chest is expanded to produce tones by the use of muscles below without contracting the chest muscles; in other words, all action should be up, never down.

The depth of tone depends upon the thickness of the membrane of which the two vocal chords are composed. The thinner the membrane the lighter the voice; the bass voice produces the heaviest tone because it has the thickest membrane.

The vocal cords are not, as is often supposed, two perpendicular strings in the throat somewhat resembling those of a violin, but are like two soft lips that lie parallel to each other in the larynx, or Adam's apple, and expand or contract to make one tone or another. In a man they are almost half an inch long; in a woman, a little longer.

When a boy's voice begins to lose its even quality and sweetness, it is an indication that a wonderful change is taking place. If the change is allowed to come about naturally, nature will fully repay the confidence by producing the best results obtainable from the material that she has to deal with.

Many boys who have enjoyed their vocal studies in school or choir intend to study seriously when their voices have become settled again, but they gradually drift away from musical interests, other things demand their attention, and the desire to sing ends with their boyhood. The result is that we have few good amateur men singers in this country, though the light, clear atmosphere is especially favorable for singing.

That is a decided loss to the home life, for the value of an interest in home music cannot be overestimated. The bond of music is deep and strong, reaching down into the very foundations of family life, and holding in its sacred harmonies our most cherished memories. And the sweetest music will always be that of the human voice. The gift of song is not as rare as we suppose. What is really lacking is a clear understanding of how to handle the voice in order to preserve and cultivate it. Until we learn that, ignorance will continue to rob us of what is our rightful heritage—a full, rich, musical voice for both speech and song.—The Youth's Companion.

Linoleum and oilcloth should be washed with lukewarm water, then polished with a soft woolen cloth which has been dipped in milk.

Temper Tantrums

By Ethel G. Peterson.

SOME years ago I was governess to two boys. The older one was lovable, manly and affectionate. His greatest fault was a high temper, which blazed up whenever his will was crossed.

If there was no other possible victim, he would take out his ire on his small brother, Don, regardless of the fact that Don might be entirely innocent. He would hit him, kick him, or even knock him down, unless some one interfered.

All sorts of arguments and punishments had been tried, but still, if denied permission to go where he wished or to eat a delicacy he liked, or if a playmate wouldn't do as he wanted him to, he became a perfect little fury. Then, the fit passed; he was again a charming youngster.

I DETERMINED to try a new method.

So, one afternoon when Jack and I were alone, I talked to him simply about what his temper might lead to when he was grown if he did not learn to control it, and how much sorrow he would bring to those who loved him. He agreed soberly. I warned him that if he ever had another "tantrum" I should put him in a room by himself until he recovered. He would have to stay all alone, for when any one acted that way he was not fit to associate with others.

It was a week before Jack offended again. Then a chum wanted to play tag when he preferred marbles. As usual, Jack's eyes flashed, and he flew at the boy, kicking and pummeling him.

The lad was smaller than Jack, and might have been hurt had I not separated the two. I took Jack, still screaming, to the house and put him into a spare room, telling him he would suffer worse consequences if he did not stay there. I walked out and shut the door behind me saying, "Now Jack, when you can get along peacefully with the other children, you may come out."

HE was so angry he literally did not know what he was doing. For a half-hour he screamed and called, saying everything he could think of

against me and his chum. I waited patiently, trying to shut my ears to the racket, and praying the neighbors would do the same!

After a while the cries grew plaintive; Jack was very sorry for himself. I knew the worst was over. Presently, all was quiet. Peeping in, I found Jack sound asleep on the couch. When he woke, his anger was gone.

But again and again the fits of temper must be dealt with. After a time Jack learned that I meant business—that every time he indulged in rages, he must go off by himself. It was humiliating to leave his pals in the middle of a game, or to have Don know he was shut away from others, so gradually he learned to control himself. He found, too, that I could not be "worked" by noise, so screaming ceased to be fun.

THERE are two principal reasons for a child's tantrums. One is to occupy the centre of the stage. If he learns that the family dread these spells, he'll indulge in them frequently. If he discovers that because the family dread tantrums, he will sooner or later get his own way, the next time he wants something he knows will be disapproved of, he again lies down on the floor and howls.

But if tantrums don't secure what he wants, nor give him any importance in the eyes of adults, and he knows if he keeps on raging he must do it by himself, without an audience, the "stunt" appeals to him as foolish.

Tantrums are often caused partly by too much excitement or nervous strain when the child needs a rest. It is of course essential in curing tantrums that adults set an example of self-control.—From a series of articles issued by the National Kindergarten Association, 8 West 40th Street, New York.

The children's blackboard can be renewed by applying three coats of a solution of 4 ounces glue dissolved in 1 1/2 pints hot water. Add 3 ounces flour of emery and lamp black to color. Stir until smooth and apply with a woollen cloth.

When the many guests have gone, silver that is to be stored should be gently rubbed over with olive oil before it is packed away, otherwise it will become black with tarnish. Kept in this way it needs only to be washed in warm soapy water when it is required. A piece of camphor placed in the silver chests helps to keep it from getting tarnished.

Problems of Homemakers

Chimney Precautions

Dear Madam:—I would like to pass on to the homemakers a good idea that a man who built over our chimney gave us. There are too many fires—cause unknown. His advice was to choose a nice quiet day, remove the pipes and clean them, then clean the chimney out well. Take a small mirror and put it in the chimney, holding and turning it so as to get a good view of all sides of the inside of the chimney. You will then be able to see that the sides are clean and will have a better feeling knowing that it is as safe and as clean as it can be made. It is surprising what a lot of soot you will get out.—M. C.

That is a fine idea; I've often peered up a chimney as far as I could and have climbed to the roof to look down, but neither way is satisfactory. Of late years I've been throwing an old battery in the coals when the fire was hot or a handful of salt; either will make fumes that somehow burn out the soot, leaving only a fine grey ash in the pipes. Dried potato skins are said to have the same effect.

Tanning a Help

One of our readers writes saying "Thank you" for that tanning article which is "just what she wants; tanning the skins will help," and several more wrote asking that we give the directions for tanning skins and hides with fur on and off. Their letters, coming a long way, reached me after the article was in the printers' hands and they will need no other reply. In case any one missed it let me know and I will try to get it for you.

Susan Asks and Answers

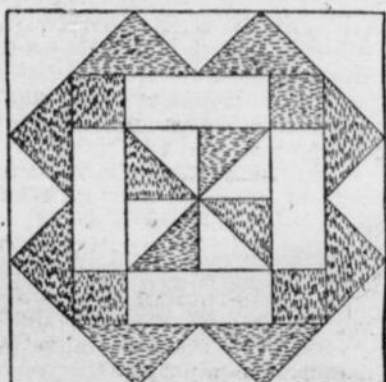
It has been a busy time for all of us. Those who had most were rushed to the last minute trying to reach those in need not only of food and necessities but those both little and big who needed to feel there was still joy and merriment in God's world. Those who had little or nothing were busy trying to make something of nothing for the little ones and turn less than bare necessities into a holiday feast. We have all done our best and now it is over and New Year's day is past, and we draw a long breath and start forward and as an old Irish friend said to me, "God go with us all."

We've big things and little things to do now and while you are all planning your sewing please stop and think—"Did I send those patterns back?"

Some of you who have just received quilt patterns need time to take them off and don't need to think, but some have had patterns a long time. Perhaps you took them to your Ladies' Aid or Lodge or loaned them to a friend and had forgotten. Then please try and think of any friend to whom you showed the paper who wrote and asked for patterns and jog her memory. There's our one copy of the pages of a magazine containing the directions for the chair back that has "Bide-a-wee" on it. There are a number who want it, and though I've written to the address given my letters are returned "not called for."

"Vera's Block" or "Cross and Crown"

Dear Susan S.:—I am enclosing a drawing of a quilt block which for want of a better name I call "Cross and Crown." A few years ago I made a bedspread with a border of factory cotton and rose broadcloth in "Goose Track" pattern. For the corners I made a "Windmill" block with border, so when the "Goose Track" was put onto the corner block this pretty pat-



"Vera's Block" or "Cross and Crown"

tern was originated. As I have not seen a design like it in the Witness I thought you might like it. I am saving all the patterns and pasting them in a book. I have a Double Irish Chain and a "Yankee Puzzle II" done in mauve and maize colors which are very pretty. Greetings to you and all the readers.—Vera Hamilton.

Many thanks. It is a pretty block and would make a handsome quilt. I've called it "Vera's Block" for we have others called "Cross and Crown" and I like to be able to identify the new blocks with their designers and the old blocks with the good grandmothers who made them. The mauve and maize quilts sound most attractive.

"Troubles and Trials"

Dear Susan S.:—Did you ever see a quilt called "Troubles and Trials"? It is very pretty and the blocks are not square but fit together and are made of strips and triangles. I would like very much to get this pattern if you could publish it.—Another Quilt Lover.

This is the only one I can find by that name. It does not seem to deserve such a name but might be used to take one's mind off the "Trials and Troubles." It is our old friend the honey-comb and might be set together as an all-over matching stripes to triangles, or might have alternate white blocks the same size.

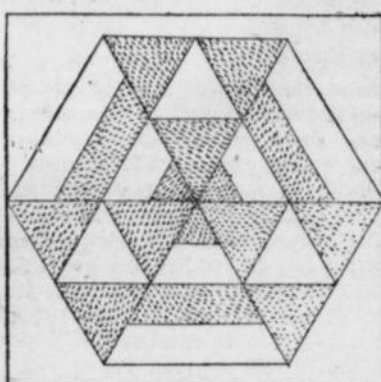
A Busy Grandmother in a Fortunate District

Dear Susan S.:—The patterns arrived yesterday and I am returning them. The "Rising Sun" is so much like my "Star of the East" that I understand piecing it. I had heard of that pattern being pieced in plain goods of different shades, but did not know the name of same. My pattern has 8 points, 9 rows small diamonds set at widest place, while yours has 12. I find 9 rows rather small so have used 10. Intend trying your pattern in figured goods using plain broadcloth every other row and with colors all blending. Most of goods bought by pound are figured. Many thanks for those addresses. I intend sending to Winnipeg as it is nearest. Tried getting from G. W. Garment in Edmonton, but they had arranged to let Red Cross have pieces for the same purpose I wanted them. I have pieced two cushions of the "Kaleidoscope" or "Stars and Diamonds" making 4 stars 8 1/2 in. square when done. It is quite suitable. The "Star of Mexico" will be all right for a cushion too. While visiting friends in the East 3 years ago we spent a few days with friends who are caretakers for their nephew's clothing store and large factory in connection with the same. I got pieces then of linings and made a lovely crazy quilt. It looks like silk and will wear well. I worked it all in single feather stitch in old gold silkine and lined it with brown

Quality has no substitute



Tea "fresh from the gardens"



"Troubles and Trials"

farmer's satin. Last spring my friend sent me enough for another quilt besides light-colored vest linings and I am thinking of mixing them with plain broadcloth in shades to match. The grandson who was with us is well again and has been at home two weeks. I've been busy knitting, etc., for the children, but hope to get at my patchwork soon. We are having lovely weather. Have had wonderful crops of grain, gardens, etc., this year—so different from our neighbors in southern parts of three provinces. A car of vegetables was shipped from Irma to the drought-stricken district. With best wishes for Success to the Witness.—Mrs. W. H. King (grandmother of 12.)

Thank you for the good wishes and prompt return of patterns. You are rich indeed with all those grandchildren to knit for and it is good to hear of wonderful crops generously shared.

Warp and Woof

Dear Susan S.:—I have a very interesting little booklet with directions for weaving on "Three Simple Looms." The directions suggest suitable materials for the warp threads, but not for the woof, in weaving rugs, belts and purses. I am very eager to start a purse and I will be very grateful if you can give me some ideas of materials to be used for the woof threads in purses. Also rugs and belts.—"Eager."

Who can give suggestions? I have seen one bag woven in yarn to match that used in sweater and scarf. A beautiful piece of weaving I have suitable for chair back, cushion cover or table scarf is made of sand colored D.M.C., the whole six strands used as one thread for both warp and woof and the pattern, which is the same on both sides, carried out in flame-colored rope silk.

Boys' Pullover and Shrinking Wool

Dear Susan S.:—I'll just drop a line as I am sending in my renewal. Real sorry I can only send in two new names this year. I often wonder if you really know how we appreciate you all. Seems like a real visit to me from each one. I'm a shut-in from Fall until Spring, and oh! the time seems so long. I can do a limited amount of knitting as well as reading and many thanks for all helpful hints. Last winter you told us how to treat new yarn before knitting. I keep each copy, but was away for months for my health and so many copies were burnt; I'd like if you could tell me how it was done, also how to take curl out of old yarn I unravelled out, before knitting it again. And I've never found directions for this style sweater for boy of 10. Any time you have room.—(Mrs.) L. Davidson.

P.S.—Nearly forgot to tell you how we enjoy quilt patterns. So sorry they burnt so many.—L. D.

I'm sure we, every one of us, are

pleased to think we help a bit in the dark days, and are glad to hear from you. The wool was, I think, simply steamed before winding. The unravelled yarn I wind round a shingle or one of those wire stands you turn cake out onto or a clean wire gridiron, then dip it in water and hang it in the air or above the heater to dry. The plain pullover (with opening at the neck buttoning), directions for which I give below, is the nearest I have to your picture, but needs to have a hem instead of ribbing at the bottom and also pockets added. The stitch looks like a sort of modified brioche. Starting the back cast on an even number of stitches, then knit across plain 2nd row knit 1 purl 1 to end, 3rd row knit plain, 4th knit 1 purl 1 to end of row, and continue to desired length. For hem, when you have knit three inches and are ready to start a knit plain row pick up on the left needle the last stitch cast on and knit it together with the first stitch on that needle; pick up next stitch cast on and again knit it with stitch on left needle and proceed until all the cast on stitches have been picked up and knit in. Then turn, knit 1 purl 1 to end of row and proceed with pattern as before. This makes a fine elastic edge and is the style of the loom knit sweater. On fronts you will need to turn back and pick up stitches on wrong side knitting them together with those on needle and knitting off at the same time; unless you begin at the bottom of the fronts make your hem and knit up to middle of shoulders grafting the shoulders with the back.

Boys' Pullover—Size 10 to 12 Years

—Monarch Down. 5 Balls Polo-Tan, 1 Ball Orange, 1 Ball Buff, 1 Pair No. 8 Needles. Back—Cast on 74 sts. Knit 1 row 1, ribbed knitting as follows:—Orange 2 rows, Buff 2 rows. Repeat until there are 6 Buff stripes and 7 Orange finishing with Orange. Then with Polo Tan, knit in Stocking stitch (knit 1 row, purl 1 row) until work measures 16 inches from beginning of work. Cast off 4 sts. beginning of next 2 rows. Then knit 2 sts. together both ends of needle every other row 3 times. Continue until 6 inches from cast off sts. Then cast off 18 sts. on centre of needle for neck. On one side, knit 6 rows for shoulder. Then cast on 16 sts. at neck end. Continue to underarm, keeping 6 sts. at neck end knit plain on purl rows and increase at underarm same as decreased at back. Repeat same for other side. Knit to centre front. Then overlap 6 sts. of left side on top of 6 sts. on right side and knit together. Continue to knit down front same length as back.

Sleeves—With right side of work towards you, pick up stitches around armhole. Knit 5 inches. Then knit 2 sts. together both ends of needle every 4th row 8 times. Continue to knit until sleeve measures 13 inches from beginning. Put sts. on No. 10 needle and knit 2, purl 2, ribbed knitting same as foot of pullover. Cast off.

Collar—With wrong side of work towards you, Polo Tan wool, pick up and knit sts. around neck. Knit for 1 inch. Then knit in ridges for 3 inches with Orange and Buff as foot of pullover. Cast off loosely.

Sew up sides and sleeves. Sew buttons down front.

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Send 10c and self-addressed envelope for two recipes for cleaning pots and pans and guaranteed washing fluid.
ADVERTISER,
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HOME COOKING

Hot Muffins on Cold Mornings

By Madam.

HOT muffins on cold mornings and hot muffins—for supper, mother! In fact there isn't any meal they don't fit into when the days are chilly or frosty. With the fires we all keep up in the winter they only take a few minutes to make and bake. In fact the more hurried the making the better they are. You can put the dry ingredients together the night before or any time it is convenient, and one good cook I know puts her wet ingredients in a wide-mouthed pitcher beside the bowl. In any case mix the dry ingredients together and the wet, then combine them with a few good turns with a big spoon. I like a wooden spoon. Too much beating will spoil the texture and make great holes in the muffin. Too thin a batter will make a flat spreading muffin, while too thick a batter will make coarse dry muffins. Here is a good standard muffin recipe which you can mix easily and quickly and vary in many ways.

Plain Muffins—2 cupfuls of flour, 2 tablespoonfuls of sugar, 2 teaspoonfuls of baking powder, 1 cupful of milk, 2 eggs, 2 tablespoonfuls of melted butter, salt. By using this recipe a number of variations can be made.

Oatmeal Muffins—Substitute 1 cupful of oatmeal soaked in milk overnight for 3-4 cupful of the flour.

Rice Muffins—Substitute 1 cupful of left-over boiled rice for 3-4 cupful of the flour.

Rye Muffins—Use rye flour in place of the white wheat flour in the recipe.

Jam Muffins—Insert 1 teaspoonful of jam into the batter after it has been placed in the tins.

Bran Muffins—Substitute 1 cupful of cooking bran for 3-4 cupful of the flour.

Bacon Muffins—Add 6 slices of partially broiled and finely chopped bacon to the batter.

Berry Muffins—Add 1 cupful of fruit to the batter.

Then there are muffins made with cornmeal and sour milk. Here is a good recipe for them:

Cornmeal Muffins—4 cupfuls of cornmeal, 1-2 teaspoonful of soda, 3 tablespoonfuls of butter, 3 cupfuls of buttermilk or sour milk, 2 eggs, salt. Muffins like our grandmother used to make are hard to beat for flavor.

Spice Muffins—1-2 cupful of butter, 1 egg, 1-2 cupful of molasses, 1-2 cupful of milk, 1-2 teaspoonful of soda, 1 cupful of brown sugar, 1 teaspoonful of ginger, 2 cupfuls of flour, 1-2 teaspoonful of each of the other spices.

Apple Muffins—4 apples, finely chopped, 1 egg, 1-4 cupful of molasses, 1-2 cupfuls of cornmeal, 1-2 cupful of flour, 1-2 teaspoonful of soda, enough water to make thin batter.

Hominy Muffins—1-4 cupful of hominy, 1-2 cupful of hot water, 1 cupful of cornmeal, 3 tablespoonfuls of sugar, 1 cupful of milk, 3 tablespoonfuls of butter, 2 eggs, 3 teaspoonfuls of baking powder, salt.

Molasses Ice Box Cookies

Dear Madam,—Could you please give on your page a recipe for molasses cookies to roll in a roll and slice off? They are called ice-box cookies, but I could keep them cold enough without an ice box for it gets nearly down to zero in my pantry sometimes. —Constant Reader.

I've a pantry like that too and it is quite handy,—at times!

Molasses Ice Box Cookies—Cream half a cup of shortening, with one cup of brown sugar. Stir in one slightly beaten egg, half a teaspoon of vanilla and half a cup of molasses. Sift 2 cups of bread flour with half a teaspoon each of cream of tartar and

soda and add to first mixture. If flour is not sufficient to allow of handling add a little more. Shape in a long narrow roll and lay in pan in cool place until you want cookies. Then cut in thin slices and bake about ten minutes in moderate oven. You may keep the roll for several days or cook at once as you choose. Half a cup of crushed nuts makes these plain cookies into rich ones. Makes 50 to 75 according to size.

Fruit Cookies—Mix together 1-2 pound brown sugar, 1-2 cupful molasses, 1-2 teaspoonful soda, dissolved in 1-2 cupful sour cream; 1-2 tablespoonful cloves, 1 cupful currants, 1 cupful chopped walnuts, 1-2 cupful butter, 1 tablespoonful cinnamon, 1-2 tablespoonful allspice, 1 cupful nectar raisins and sufficient flour to make a stiff dough. Roll out and bake for about 15 minutes at a temperature of 325 degrees F.

Spice-Cakes—Mix together 1-2 cupful butter, 1 teaspoonful soda, dissolved in 1 cupful sour milk; 3 cupfuls flour, 1 cupful chopped puffed raisins, 1 cupful currants, 2 teaspoonfuls cinnamon, 2 cupfuls brown sugar, 1 cupful chopped citron, 1 teaspoonful cloves, 2 teaspoonfuls mace, and 2 tablespoonfuls vanilla. Bake in muffin-rings at a temperature of 325 degrees F. for about 15 minutes.

Pepper Nuts—Stir together one and a quarter pounds of brown sugar, one tablespoonful of cloves and two tablespoonfuls of cinnamon. Stir into this three eggs and a teaspoonful of baking powder and add as much flour as will make a very stiff dough. Roll out moderately thin and cut into cakes about as big as a quarter. These puff up round. Ice the flat side with hard icing. Some add a few chopped nuts.

Cream Cookies—Beat one large egg thoroughly, mix with one cup sugar, add one-half cup thick sour cream and one-fourth cup sour milk; beat until creamy. Sift together two cups flour, three-eighths teaspoon soda, and one and one-half teaspoon baking-powder. Add to the egg mixture, stir well, and drop by teaspoonfuls on well-greased pans, one inch apart. Bake in moderately hot oven. Cover partly or wholly with white icing, and decorate in any desired way with small round red Christmas candies.

Cocoa-nut Wreaths—One-third cup butter, one cup granulated sugar, one egg, one and three-fourths cups flour, one-half cup shredded cocoanut, two teaspoons baking powder, one-eighth teaspoon salt, one egg white, one tablespoon sugar. Cream the shortening, add the sugar gradually and the eggs well beaten. Then add the well-sifted dry ingredients (flour, baking powder and salt), chill the mixture and roll one-eighth inch thick on a lightly floured board. Shape with a doughnut cutter, brush over each cake with white of an egg and sprinkle with sugar and cocoanut. Place on an oiled and floured baking sheet and bake eight minutes in a moderate oven.

Peanut Cookies—1 cup peanuts, 1 cup brown sugar, 1-2 cup sour milk, 1-2 teaspoon salt, 1-2 cup shortening, 1 egg, 2 cups flour, 1-2 teaspoon soda, 1 teaspoon vanilla. Drop from a spoon on a well buttered sheet and bake in a moderate oven.

Orange Bread

Dear Madam,—Please give us a recipe for Orange Bread. I got it buttered in little round slices at a tea and would like to make it.—Another Appreciative Reader.

It is good, and the way to get the dainty round slices is to bake it in half pound baking powder tins.

Orange Bread—Cut up fine with the scissors the rind of two oranges, add 1 cup water and 1 cup white sugar. Boil down to half the quantity, then stir in 1 tablespoon of lard and set aside to cool. Mix 1 egg, 1 cup milk, 3 cups flour sifted with 3 teaspoons of baking powder and half a teaspoon of

salt. Pour into this the cooled orange mixture. Mix well and pack into greased tins. Bake about 1 hour in moderate oven.

Mousse Falls

Dear Madam,—Could you tell me what was the trouble with a coffee mousse I made? I whipped a pint of cream, then added sugar and a cup of strong coffee, and packed it in ice and salt. It froze hard but was full of little slivers or scales of ice and not smooth as it should be, at all. —B. M. W.

The trouble was too much liquid. The coffee froze into plain ice. Next time make the coffee very strong, then boil it with the sugar to a thick smooth syrup. Use enough coffee to make it black and highly flavored, and cool it before folding it into the cream and you will have no trouble getting it smooth. Never put any thin liquid into a mousse; always make it into a stiff syrup.

LIVE TODAY

Why fear tomorrow, timid heart?

Why tread the future way?

We only need to do our part
Today, dear child, today.

The past is written! Close the book

On pages sad or gay;

Within the future do not look,

But live today—today.

'Tis this one hour that God has given;

His "Now" we must obey;

And it will make our earth his heaven
To live today—today.

—Lydia Avery C. Ward.

WHAT'S LEFT OVER

Left-overs cause the greatest leak in the family food budget—use all left-over materials carefully.

Left-over bread can be utilized for: bread pudding, brown betty, stuffing, buttered crumbs; croquettes, scalloped dishes, bread sticks or croutons, cocoanut sticks, souffles.

Left-over baked potatoes may be used for: salads, creamed, escalloped with cheese or left-over meat, and hash.

Left-over meat and eggs may be used for: meat pie with potato crust, stuffing for vegetables, stuffed biscuits, omelets, salads, creamed on toast, escalloped dishes, hash and patties.

Left-over vegetables adapt themselves well to the following: salads, vegetable pies, soups, souffles, omelets, croquettes, creamed, custards, vegetable loaf and escalloped on toast.

Left-over fruits are well used for: fruit cup, fruit whip or custard, tapioca or rice pudding, sauces for dry cake, and the juice for fruit salad dressing.

Left-over cereals are well utilized in: omelets, croquettes, souffles, muffins, timbles, dressing, meat loaf, stuffed vegetables and pudding.

A teaspoonful of lemon juice added to butter carrots materially improves their flavor.

Left-over mashed potatoes may be used for soup, potato puff, souffle, croquettes, cakes, loaf, shepherd's pie, and hash.

HOT WATER BOTTLE TIPS

Never use hot water for washing rubber hot-water bottles, as this is very harmful to them. The temperature of the water should not be any hotter than you can bear the tips of your fingers in without discomfort. A few drops of ammonia added to the water will keep the rubber soft and also prevent it cracking.

When a stone hot-water bottle becomes cracked fill with sand and heat in a slow oven. The bottle will then keep at a comfortable temperature for eight hours. When filling a hot-water bottle care should be taken that the water is not too hot. Allow some of the steam to escape before screwing on the stopper.

A rubber hot-water bottle should never be put away with the sides resting against each other. Blow a little air into the bottle and screw the stopper on quickly.

When using a hot-water bottle to air or warm a bed place it upright between the sheets. This allows the heat to spread.

It is a mistake to fill a hot-water bottle right up to the neck.

ENAMELLING CHAIRS AND TABLES

Directions that will give really good results call for:

First coat—flat undercoater.

Second coat—equal parts undercoater and enamel.

Third coat—enamel.

For the amateur painter it is better to have the undercoater of similar color to the enamel, as imperfections of application will tend to show less. If ivory enamel is used, use an ivory undercoater; if gray enamel, a gray undercoater, and so on. Where colors are desired, flat wall paint is usually the best material available for use as an undercoater.

Enamel should be flowed on with a full, even coat, while paint should be brushed well into the surface. On large panels enamel should be applied with the grain; then brushed across the grain without refilling the brush, which helps to spread the enamel into a uniformly even coat and cover any skipped spots; then brushed with the grain again, using long strokes clear from one edge to the other. On upright surfaces watch out for sags or drips at the edges and corners. They should be at once picked up with the corner of the brush. Never brush into the enamel after it has commenced to set. If necessary to fix up some bad place, says Berton Elliot in *The Country Gentleman*, dip the brush in turpentine and you will have a better opportunity of doing it successfully.

If the piece has previously been finished, wash it thoroughly with soap and water, rinse with clear water, and allow to dry. Then sandpaper—with No. 00 sandpaper—which cuts the gloss of the previous coating and allows the new finish to stick tight, so that it will not chip off later. Dust off particles of loose sand.

We are now ready to apply the first coat of flat undercoater. If you are doing a chair, turn it upside down and do the legs and cross spindles first. Then turn it right side up and do the top panel, working down to the seat, which should be done last, so that any drops of paint will not disfigure the finish. If a table, do the legs first and leave the top to the last.

Allow twenty-four hours for drying, then sandpaper lightly, being careful not to cut through at the sharp edges and corners. Now apply the second coat—half undercoater and half enamel. Allow to dry twenty-four hours, sandpaper and dust.

We are now ready for the finishing coat of full enamel. Apply in a warm room, and be sure no dust is raised while applying or before the enamel has dried dust free.

A small stencil design or transfer pattern will add much to the attractiveness of the piece.

DECORATION OF EXTERIOR NEED NOT BE EXPENSIVE

Decoration need not be expensive. Oranges in a copper bowl or a spray of scarlet bittersweet in a blue jug often will do more toward bringing beauty into a room than the most costly objects of art. The joy of these simple decorations is that they may be changed with every mood and offer an opportunity for variety.

There should be a wide assortment of inexpensive pitchers and vases and plates on a kitchen shelf, to be selected for a brief showing in the living room whenever they may be exactly right to hold a medley of gayly coated fruits or a budding branch or whatever the season or circumstance offers. In a room whose constant use by the family demands a refreshing change in the accessories from time to time, the background should be chosen with this idea in mind.

No background seems quite so adaptable to the transient decorations of a room as green. Walls covered with a soft light green wall paper trimmed with a woodwork of deep ivory and supported by a medium brown floor will be as accommodating to vivid splashes of color as a green lawn. Green seems to be an especially good foil to the living things one brings into a room and which are always effective out of all proportion to their cost. By "living things" are meant such additions as plants, birds, goldfish. And one almost ought to add lamps and open fires. These anyhow are the beauties of a room and should never be neglected for the so-called more practical furnishings.

MIND
BODY

BOYS' PAGE

SOUL
SERVICE

Tigers of the Sea

By Hamilton M. Wright.



their old battle with the perils of the sea.

Tornadoes raising angry seas that completely submerge islands of refuge and obliterate friendly coves; swift, roaring tides that race among the narrow depths of distant shoals where a motor is as futile as a toothpick thrust over the stern; cruel coral reefs whose jagged edges rip open the side of a boat and bring festering wounds to the swimmer who is cast among them; gigantic green rollers that pound on treacherous crescent-shaped reefs, and, last, but most frequent of all, bloodthirsty creatures of the deep that destroy an immense amount of fishing paraphernalia and often are ready to attack the fisherman if his boat succumbs—these and more turn up one time or another in the fisherman's life. That this important industry can survive seems, at times, almost past understanding.

Yet, despite these constant hazards, the commercial fishermen go on fighting their battle each winter, sending hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of Spanish mackerel, kingfish, red snapper, grouper, yellow tail, sea-bass and other species to Cuba, the West Indies, Central America and the United States.

The season gets off to a start with the winter run of the Spanish mackerel and the kingfish. As cold weather approaches, the kingfish leave their summer haunts along the Jersey coast or farther north and emigrate to the south.

The time of their arrival in the Caribbean and their formation into great schools varies with the years. Sometimes it is in late November; more often it is in December; now and then they do not begin to appear in full runs until January.

With the appearance of these great schools the commercial fishing fleet gathers—members of the New Jersey and Maine fleets frequently swelling the ranks of the winter colony of fishermen. Boats by the thousand! I have seen the lights of the Spanish mackerel fleet dotting the tropic sea at Bahia Honda like the lights of a fair-sized metropolis.

Not all the fishermen have gasoline launches; some are away for two or three months at a time in stout, weather-worn little sailing boats, frail-looking craft only a foot or so above the water line, but decked over and able to stand a terrific battering when under the skilled handling of these sun-bitten, barefooted, Caribbean fishermen.

Sometimes they stop at a lonely key for fresh water; sometimes they hail a mother ship for mail from home, for a newspaper, for salt, flour or bacon.

But always they ride in the face of danger. Their livelihood is hardly won. Six hundred dollars would be a corking good pay for a whole winter's work for one man. And should a leopard shark or devilfish tear through his nets—and this happens with fair frequency through the winter—a season's earnings may be destroyed in fifteen minutes.

I have fished with these men in the Gulf Stream, in the Gulf of Mexico and out in the Caribbean through long days and nights of backbreaking work. I have found that when fish are being brought up in the nets and their blood escapes in red filaments through the dark water, the sharks are the meanest enemies of the fishermen. On such occasions they are attracted from a distance as the tide carries the news to them. And then, following the scent, they attack with great savagery.

AT about 11 o'clock on a winter's night, at Bahia Honda, the nets had been set for a great school of Spanish mackerel and were bellying before the tide with which the mackerel were running. It had been easy to locate the school in the phosphorescent water, and now the ends of the bellying pouch were being brought together with more than a million pounds of mackerel. It's a hard job, at best, to pull a full net to the surface; so a corner is raised first and the fish are removed gradually. Two of us were in a rowboat ready to scoop the fish into the big launch as a corner of the net with its mass of splashing creatures reached the top. Light from an acetylene torch on the bow of the launch played over the water.

We had scarcely started shoveling out the fish when the net was hit with tremendous force. A huge leopard shark with a head nearly as big as a barrel had crashed into the net at the water line. Thrusting his enormous head out of the water, he bore down the edge of the net where it had been raised to the launch and bit out a mass of net and fish. We in the rowboat broke an oar over his head, and one of the men on the launch gave him a wicked jab with a pike pole.

He surged off twenty feet, with the spotlight playing on him, and came back fairly crazy. He struck the net with an impact that threw a cloud of fish into the air and carried him against the side of the launch. Again he bit into the fish and the net, hanging onto his mouthful like a bulldog, just under the water. The captain of the launch rushed from the cabin with a high-powered rifle and split the air with two shots. The shark disappeared in a swirl, but in a second the spotlight had picked him out; he was swimming off, fifty feet away. At a hundred feet he turned.

"Look out! He's coming!" cried the captain to us from the deck of the launch.

On he came—two thousand pounds of shark, on top of the water with a surge before him, as the captain's rifle cracked. He struck the rowboat at the bow, crushing it in and spinning it around, and then, diving below the small craft, he plunged into the large launch, shaking it from stem to stern. As the shark disappeared we escaped out of the rowboat before it had filled completely, thankful not to have been spilled into the rushing black tide. Another rowboat was brought around, the broken section of net was brought up and the mackerel haul went on.

The shark had taken deadly punishment. No doubt he went off to die at the hands of cannibal sharks, for a few shots from a high-powered rifle will soon finish such a creature, especially if he is hit near the spinal column. Of that fact commercial fishermen are well aware, for the damage sharks do to nets and fish is tremendous. I have seen a whole fleet of fish boats pull up stakes because of sharks; the water was fairly alive with the huge creatures, maddened by the catch of fish that we were futilely attempting to pull into the boats. We couldn't do it, and at last we had to give up trying. It was dangerous work; if a man ever fell into the water at such a time nothing could save him.

(To be continued)

WORLD'S TWENTY RAREST STAMPS

As the postage stamp approaches its centenary, writes Douglas Armstrong, in the Connoisseur, the values of the rarer specimens tend to approximate more closely to those of other collectible objects. The prices realized by the classic rarities of philately when the great Ferrari collection came under the hammer some ten years ago set up an entirely fresh standard of values, at the same time bringing into the philatelic field a new type of monied collector who is at once an investor and a connoisseur. To these factors may be attributed the steady upward movement in the stamp market that the last decade has witnessed.

Record Prices

Until then 1,450 pounds was the record paid for a single rare stamp in the open market. Nowadays there are a score at least valued by philatelic experts at from 1,000 pounds to 10,000 pounds; and, perhaps, twice that number that would realize between 500 and 1,000 pounds. In nine years' time the postage stamp will qualify for admission into the select company of the antique.

Anticipating the further rise in values which must inevitably follow

on this new orientation, some far-sighted connoisseurs are already turning their attention to the acquisition of choice specimens of the once despised adhesive postage label.

Romance and rarity go oft-times hand in hand where collecting is concerned. Behind the sensational prices brought by rare and curious stamps lie frequently enthralling stories. The occasion may be opportune to review, briefly, the histories and fortunes of the twenty rarest stamps known to philatelists.

(To be continued)

FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

John's Sweater

By Margaret P. Boyle.

JOHN BROWN was very proud and happy. He was a member of his first hockey team, a regular team with a name. The boys thought and talked a long time about that name. It was so hard to get one that was good enough. Someone proposed the name "The Giants," but as the club was made up of the smallest players in the town, they decided not to use that name, for fear that some one would make fun of them.

"But never mind, we'll play as well as the Giants some day," said the little captain, who was full of courage.

At last they decided on "Star," and each player was to wear the name in red letters on a gray sweater. The day that the letters came, John Brown ran home in great excitement. Shouting with joy, he ran up-stairs.

"Where is mother?" he asked.

"Mother has gone away to spend the day," answered his sister Jessie.

"O pshaw, just when a fellow wants her most!" sighed John. "I don't suppose you can sew, can you, Jess?"

"Certainly I can sew," she answered briskly. "Mother says that I can sew very well indeed."

"Then could you sew these letters on my sweater?"

Jessie was very anxious to read the next chapter of her book. "Do you have to have it done just this minute, John?" she asked. "I'll surely do it for you tomorrow morning."

"We want to play tomorrow and wear our suits, and I do want mine like the others. There are only four letters. See, here they are, and they go on like this, straight across the front, so, S-T-A-R. I shall be back when it's done."

Jessie was very fond of her brother, and so she laid aside her fascinating story, got out her work-basket, and basted all the letters firmly into place. She held the sweater up in front of her, and looked in the glass to see the effect.

"Yes, they're all right," she said, "so I'll sew them on without waiting for John. Won't he be pleased!"

Jessie sewed steadily away until all the letters were fast. Then she laid the sweater on John's bed, and went back to her book. She was so interested that she did not hear the front door open and some one run rapidly up-stairs. But she did hear, a minute later, John's door banged violently, and his angry voice shouted:

"You're a mean thing, Jessie Brown, and I'll never forgive you!"

"Why, John, what is the matter? What have I done?"

"Done! Why, you know well enough what you've done! It was real mean of you to put those letters on that way, and I'll never forgive you for doing it, either!"

"Why, they are right—I looked in the glass to see before I began sewing."

"Well, you didn't look straight, then," answered the disappointed boy, standing before the mirror. "See there, it spells 'R-A-T-S' as plain as can be! I would not wear a thing like that!"

Jessie laughed. "It only looks so in the glass—that turns it backward," she said. "Take off the sweater, and let me show you how it works."

"Yes, I'll take it off and keep it off, for I'll never be called Rats!" answered her cross brother.

Jessie took the sweater and held it up before John.

"Now what is it?" she asked, as she held the sweater before him.

A very surprised lad answered, "Why—it is Star! I didn't know that the looking-glass made things read back-

ward. I'm sorry that I was cross."

So John wore his sweater, but he never liked to look in the mirror when he was dressed in his hockey suit.—*The Youth's Companion.*

LITTLE LUCY'S STORY ABOUT THE OWL

An owl that lived in a hollow tree, As I went by, looked out at me; And he rolled his eyes with a solemn air,

As if to say, this world's a snare, And life, a burden hard to bear, Take care, little girl, take care!

Said I, Mr. Owl, we don't agree, I love the world, and the world loves me; Quit rolling your eyes, and come and see

How happy a child that is good can be. I learn in the day, I sleep in the night, I try to obey, I try to do right; But you love darkness better than light;

Take care, Mr. Owl, take care!

RING AROUND

Slip a ring on to a strong cord and tie the cord so that it is just long enough to go all round a circle formed of your guests. All take hold of the cord except one who stands in the centre. The ring is passed from one to another round the circle and the one in the centre tries to find it. Any asked to do so must open their hands and if the ring is found the one holding it changes places with the one in the centre.

Puzzle Corner

Changing Initials

For first put down part of a chain; Change head and then you'll find A color neither black nor white, 'Twill quickly bring to mind.

Change head again, you'll have a place Where people sometimes skate; Change head again, and this, I think, Of some ships is the fate.

Change head once more, it will display A motion of the eye; Change head—but stop, this is enough, I wish you all good-bye!

Answer to Last Week's Puzzle

The Jacks you know.—Jack Pine, Jack Sprat, Jack of all Trades, Jack Frost, Jack in the Pulpit, Jack Straw, Jack Knife, Jack o' Lantern, Jacket.

STAMPS

UNITED STATES FOR THE BEGINNER

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The Rood and the Raven

♦ ♦ A Story of Viking Days ♦ ♦

By Gertrude Hollis

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CHAPTER XX. (Cont'd.)

Guthrun talked with Thorgils for but a few minutes before he turned to the man who held the Raven.

"Plant the standard on the top of the cliff where it juts out into the sea," he ordered. "So shall the woven target of war serve both for the keels that ride the waves and the valiant deed-doers—thine, Thorgils earl and mine own, on land. May the sea-winds make the swarthy raven's wings strong to guard us as Goldcomb guards the way to Asgard, and may it put all who oppose us to flight as the Cock of the North drives the demons away." (Goldcomb, the "Cock of the North," was believed to sit upon the topmost bough of Ygdrasil, the great ash-tree that supported all life.)

Guthrun's orders were obeyed, the chiefs all standing to watch the standard planted. Climbing up to the top of the cliffs, the men in charge of the Raven passed quite near to Oslac. Seeing that they were all strangers, he did not trouble to hide himself from them, but gazed with interest at the famous scarlet standard and the huge black bird worn upon it.

When it was planted on the highest part of the cliff and wedged firm with boulders, and banked-up earth, the sea-wind caught the heavy folds and blew them out towards the land, giving the Raven the appearance of flight.

"Good omen! good omen!" shouted the watching warriors at the foot of the cliff. "Flies the Raven straight onwards! Hail to Guthrun, sea-king and land warrior! Hail!"

Oslac clapped his hands and felt his heart beat fast with pride and contentment at the promise of good fortune for the Vikings. For a moment his own ill-fate was forgotten, but only for a moment. He had no share in the Raven's conquests; save old Gorm, no man who fought under its leading would hold him fit to salute it or strike a blow in its defence! In spite of his approaching manhood, something very like tears blurred the standard and the heaving sea behind it, as he crept back to his shelter in the gorse clumps.

CHAPTER XXI

How The Raven Was Saved

WHEN, as he had promised, Gorm brought a fresh supply of food to the cave, he told Oslac that Thorgils had given orders to get the Black Bear ready for sea the next day but one.

"Guthrun will march to Theodford and will sit there for the winter," he said. "Tis known amongst his men that he will join the sea-kings Bagsac and Halfdene, and Sidroc earl, and others, in the early spring, perchance soon after the Yule feast, to raid among the West Saxons under Ethelred and the Aethling Alfred."

"Didst hear aught about me?" asked Oslac. Gorm shrugged his shoulders. "Asses must bray!" he said. "There is still some chatter. I clouted two of them till they saw all the stars the night-mist had hidden; a pair of nithings that would have hid themselves under their bed-gear if a cat had spit at them!"

"Halfdene the priest will have told Guthrun what has happened. Nay, my father would tell him himself. So I cannot join his men when thou hast gone across the sea. Give me thine advice; I know not what to do."

"Then thou and I are in the same keel, young lord," said Gorm.

"What dost thou mean?"

"This; shall I sail in the Black Bear with Thorgils earl or shall I stay with thee?"

"Stay with me!" exclaimed Oslac.

"Stay with thee!"

"But . . ."

"Thorgils earl will lead no more raids and I have no mind to follow Harald Knucklenose," interrupted Gorm. "If thou art going to seek any other of the Viking leaders who are fighting here in England I am minded to keep thee company."

"And glad indeed should I be to have thee," exclaimed Oslac. "But thou canst not give up so much!"

"A leg is not much to give to him who hath given thee the whole fowl," said Gorm. "But I have not yet made up my mind what I shall do. 'Tis like, though, that the Black Bear will sail without me, I think," he added, as he left the cave again to go back to the camp.

During the night that followed the wind rose to tempestuous force, and when Oslac went out in the morning the sea was very wild again. The tide was out, but had turned to come in. Great flocks of gulls were sweeping over the raging water in long bow-shaped lines, screaming incessantly as though they were conscious of something unusual. Guthrun's long-ships and Thorgils' Black Bear strained at their anchors out in the deeper water, and two

of the Viking tents on the beach had been blown down. Great masses of sand rose in whirls, and Oslac could scarcely stand against the wind when he reached the top of the cliffs and went to the shelter he had occupied the day before. On the outrunning cliff the standard was blown out to its full extent and the Raven's wings appeared to be quivering in flight.

"It foretells good fortune still," Oslac thought, as he looked at it, "but the wind is very strong. 'Tis to be hoped it will not be overthrown. I have heard that Guthrun believes no tempest can do it harm since it is protected from all the forces of Nature; only the fates of war may destroy it, even as Baldur the Beautiful could only be hurt by the mistletoe arrow." (Baldur the Sun-god was safe from everything except the mistletoe plant, which had not sworn to protect him. Loke the Evil One had an arrow made from its wood by the elf-smiths in the mountains, and gilded a blind god's hand to shoot it at Baldur, who fell dead when it pierced him.)

The Northmen at the foot of the cliffs were busily engaged in securing their tents by throwing up sand banks all round them. No camp fires were burning; the wind would have scattered them as soon as they were built up. It seemed to increase in force with every hour until noon, when the tide was at the full, and the outstanding promontory on which the Raven floated was the centre of a terrific waste of foaming, swirling waters, dashing against its sides in huge masses of brown and green under the clouds of froth and creaming foam.

Out at sea dark clouds, flecked with lighter grey, raced across the sky and threw enormous shadows on the heaving mass of water; there was a sense of tremendous power in the rage of the elements which made Oslac shiver as he threw himself face downwards on the turf to look over the cliff edge at the scene on the beach below.

"I like it not," he thought. "'Tis as though the Thunder-god was abroad, and these cliffs may be the home of elf-smiths at their evil under-mining."

The superstitions in which he had been steeped since his childhood could not be conquered all at once, even though the true faith had come to him; the uproar of the wind and sea and the threatening sky brought them into vivid reality, and he involuntarily grasped the thickly-interlaced strands of sea-plants on which he was lying to give himself a sense of security. A fresh burst of terrific wind, accompanied by an awe-inspiring roar of the raging waves below, almost took his breath away, and he saw many of the men below stop what they were doing and stand gazing upwards.

And then there came the most sickening fear Oslac had ever experienced. The cliff on which he was lying seemed to shiver and vibrate and move all over! A stunning peal of overhead thunder ended in a crash as though some great avalanche had passed; the sickening vibrations came again, and the outlying cliff where the Raven had been planted disappeared in a storm of loose sand and dust.

When it was possible to see again Oslac, his heart beating so fast with terror that he was almost choked, and his limbs trembling, realized that there had been a great landslip of the porous cliffs. The gradually-sloping parts had disappeared into the sea, leaving the cliff with a precipitous face, almost as clean as though it had been sliced with some gigantic knife. The landslip had not reached the part where he was lying, but every moment came the movements beneath him that showed how the catastrophe might soon be far greater, and that he was in imminent danger of a terrifying death, either in the raging sea or beneath the masses of slipping earth.

As Oslac realized his terrible peril he saw that the point of ground on which the Raven had floated had not gone down to the sea, but only part way. Some line of the strata had evidently checked the slipping ground, leaving a narrow sloping ridge from its extreme point nearly to where he lay. And still upright in the ground stood the scarlet and black standard! How long it would remain where it was it was impossible to know; its folds hung limp and lifeless, for the surface of the cliff was close behind it, breaking the force of the wind. That wind, too, seemed to have ceased with startling suddenness when the mischief had been done; there was a pause so complete that the great chorus of dismayed shouts from the beach below was plainly audible.

The Northmen had rushed in a crowd towards the cliff where it was beyond the reach of the sea, and were gazing at their standard in its perilous position on the slipping promontory. Guthrun and Thorgils stood together, the sea-king almost beside himself in his superstitious dread. He was

gesticulating wildly, calling upon his followers to rescue the Raven, but no man stepped forward to climb the unstable cliff.

"Ye nithings! Ye nithings!" screamed Guthrun. "Will ye let the Raven be lost? Will ye let the magic weaving of Lodbroc's daughters be sunk in yonder waters? Do ye not know that our good or ill fate is ever known to the Raven, and that it hath floated proudly of late, showing the conquests before us? Will ye lose what the gods provide! Up, I say, ye nithings! Up and save the Viking Raven!"

"Nay, Guthrun," said Thorgils. "They are no nithings that fear to climb yonder cliff. 'Tis asking what is beyond man's power to give. 'Twould be certain death if the ground should slip again, death in yonder terror of raging waters, or burial under the fallen cliff."

"I am no coward, but I would not set a step on ground that is shaking like a pudding-wife's curds," said one of Guthrun's chiefs. "Maybe the cliff will settle down and the Raven stand till the wild wind drops altogether. 'Tis quiet now."

"Trust not to that, Sigurd Snake-Eye," said another man. "'Tis but that Thor's hammer is poised. 'Twill fall again ere long."

"Hear ye now, Vikings all, Guthrun's men and Thorgils' men and any others! To him who saves yonder standard will I give land for a thousand sheep and pannage for a thousand pigs, with hunting-rights, and forest rights, to be his for ever!"

Guthrun shouted his offer so loudly that most of the Northmen heard it, but it brought no volunteers.

"What use would swine-pannage and sheep-grazing be to him who lies at the bottom of the sea?" said Gorm. "Though 'tis a great offer," he added, "and were the thing possible I would try to win the lands, but as Thorgils earl hath said, 'tis past the power of man to do. We can but wait. . ."

A great shout interrupted Gorm's words. "Look yonder! Look yonder!"

Hands were upraised pointing to the place where the sloping ridge that had checked the Raven's fall reached nearly to the summit of the cliff. In wildest excitement the Northmen saw that someone was lowering himself on to the ridge, moving very slowly and with the greatest caution.

"Who is it! Who is it!" the Vikings shouted, and Guthrun's powerful voice rang out again.

"Be it who it will, free or unfree, chief or churl, Thor's man or Christ's man, Viking or Englishman, he shall have the lands if he brings down the Raven in safety. If he is unfree, he shall be free and havethane-rights in this kingdom of East Anglia!"

Hardly were the words out of the sea-king's mouth before cries of recognition arose from Thorgils' men.

"'Tis Oslac Thorgilsson! Oslac Thorgilsson!"

"Is it thy son, earl?" Guthrun asked, turning to Thorgils. "Is it thy son that is shaming all this host by his great courage?"

"Son of mine was he until two days ago!" the earl answered, his face flushed with mingled pride and discomfiture at Guthrun's question.

"Till two days ago! What dost thou mean?"

"Two days past was he driven out from among us as a nithing!" answered the earl in a low voice.

"As a nithing! Is that then the lad who refused the blood-feud for thine arm and proclaimed himself a son of the White Christ?"

"That is he! I thought not to see him again!"

"Then here do I proclaim that if Oslac Thorgilsson can save the Raven-flag, son of mine shall he be from this day forwards!" exclaimed Guthrun. "Ye call him nithing! Verily ye are a flock of blind moles!"

"Methinks it were well to keep silence," said Sigurd Snake-Eye. "'Twere well to do nought that shall startle him."

The chief's words were not needed; a dead silence was already holding the Northmen when Guthrun's scornful epithets had ceased. Hermer and Harald stood near the sea-king, the former watching Oslac's movements in agonized suspense lest he should come to harm and the latter furious with hopes once more thwarted. Should Oslac succeed in his perilous enterprise Harald knew well enough that he would never be able to oust him from his rights; no man would ever call him a coward again. But 'twas very possible that he would not succeed, very possible that his bruised and beaten body would soon be sinking in the seething sea below him; then indeed would Harald's ambitions be fulfilled.

No thought of proving his courage had entered Oslac's head when he lowered himself on to the unstable ridge; it was simply the patriotic desire to succor the enchanted flag that meant so much, not only to Guthrun and his men, but to all Vikings.

Keeping his eyes turned upwards, he walked slowly till the heaving waste of water was below him. The ridge was very narrow just beyond him and the part of the cliff from which the heaped-up sand had slipped overhung it, the soil and matted plants holding it together. There was nothing to which he could hold, and his footing felt very insecure, as the sand sank under his steps. At any instant the bulging cliff above him might fall or the whole ridge rush downwards into the sea.

Oslac lay flat down and drew himself inch

by inch towards the standard. Once and again there came the sickening vibration that made his heart almost stop beating with terror; it seemed to him that the whole cliff was rocking, but with desperate determination he crawled onwards, never allowing himself to look away from the flag. And as a sudden burst of wind blew from the sea the Raven's folds spread out and the black wings quivered as though they were alive.

"White Christ, help me!" Oslac prayed in his heart, as he saw the encouraging sign, and with the prayer came a conviction that he would succeed and that he was safe in his new God's protecting care.

At last, after he seemed to have been crawling for ages, he reached the standard. It was impossible to pull up the shaft; he could only cut the cords that held the heavy silk. Moving still with the greatest caution lest any sudden movement should set the quivering ground in motion, he succeeded in detaching the flag, rolling it up, and binding it on his back. Then the return journey along the ridge began. It was more difficult than reaching the standard had been; the weight of the silk increased the labor of crawling in the loose sand. Oslac's limbs were shaking and the sweat was pouring off him; it seemed as though he would never come to solid ground or cease to hear the terrific roar of the waters just below him.

His strength was almost gone when he drew himself out from below the overhanging mass of sand and soil and stood upright again. Keeping motionless for an instant or two until the blurred whirl of sea and land grew clear, he took the last few steps along the ridge and reached the summit of the cliff. A few minutes then took him beyond the danger of the subsiding coast and he lay down panting for breath on the short turf, hardly conscious of anything.

When he opened his eyes and his senses grew clear, he found himself surrounded by a dense circle of the Northmen. They had climbed the cliff with eager haste as soon as Oslac had reached safe ground, Guthrun and Thorgils leading them, and were shouting themselves hoarse with triumph.

"Yuch-hey-saa-saa! Hail to the hero Oslac Thorgilsson! Hail to the knight that hath saved the Raven!"

"Well done! well done!" said Guthrun, as Oslac struggled to his feet, almost bewildered by the change on the faces of those who surrounded him since he stood in their midst in the doom-ring. "Thou hast covered thyself with fame; skalds shall sing of thy mighty deed; women shall tell of how thou didst risk thy life for the Viking flag!"

"Yuch-hey-saa-saa!" rang out the war-cry from every throat as Guthrun paused. "Call ye Oslac Thorgilsson nithing?" the sea-king shouted and was answered by a storm of denial.

"How sayest thou, Thorgils earl?" Guthrun demanded.

But the grim warrior could not answer. His rugged features were working, and his lips quivering as he held out his left hand to his disowned son.

"Two fathers wilt thou have henceforth," said Guthrun. "And take this gift from thy new sire," he added, unbuckling the sword he wore, and giving the splendid weapon to Oslac. "The blade is carved with mystic runes to bring good fortune to him who strikes good blows with it; but better is a brave heart than sword that ever smith forged, and that thou hast, Oslac Thorgilsson."

"As any fool might have known had he not been a fool," muttered Gorm behind him.

The old man's face was shining with satisfaction at the happy ending to his young lord's troubles, a satisfaction shared by all except the jealous Harald Knucklenose. But no man paid any attention to him as they escorted their leaders down to the camp. Great was the feasting that night in the tents, and over and over again the sea-gulls were startled from their feeding by the renewed shouts of "Yuch-hey-saa-saa! Hail to Oslac Thorgilsson! Hail to the Viking Raven!"

Less than eight years later, Oslac saw the king Guthrun of East Anglia baptized into the faith of the White Christ at Wedmore in the Somerset lowlands, his noble foe Alfred of Wessex acting as his sponsor. Thirty of his chief men received the Christian sacrament with him, the youngthane Hermer amongst them. A peace which was never broken was made between the two kings. The whole of the eastern part of England became the "Danelaw"; all the rest of the land was Saxon. In time the two races became one; the Scandinavian gods were forsaken, and the White Christ, for whom Edmund the martyr-king and many another Christian had died, was accepted and served by Saxon and Dane alike.

THE END.

A MODERN VERSION

A little girl in Sunday school was telling the story of the creation. "And so," she said, "Eve was made out of Adam's rib, and—"

"My ma says," put in Peter Harris, who was the son of the laziest man in town, "that she wouldn't so much mind being a man's rib. It's being a man's backbone that makes her mad."

Thank You!

By George Kingsley Reed.

THE shack is simply upside down and inside out, and there is such a congestion in our mail that we hardly know where we are. It is true that we have made yeoman efforts to keep track of all the letters of readers who are in sympathy with ennobling ideals and thoughts that lift to heaven, but the deluge of mail that made the affable postmaster of Songis get off his sled and walk has knocked the props from under me.

Just what to do about it or when to do it, I do not know. All I can do is ask for your consideration. If we can get the desk dug out so that we can set things in order we may be able to answer soon. In the meantime this Witness story has to be written whether anything else gets done or no, for we cannot disappoint those who have NEVER disappointed us.

YOU see, folks, it's Christmas.

There's a racket round about me that would drive an old bachelor out of his wits. The mother of a numerous family is beside me, and is trying to make a place for me to write. Audrey is supposed to be clearing the table, but every twice in a while she stops to admire the red trimmed slippers on her feet, or to ask Gerald to let her have a blow on his mouth organ. She will get the table cleared by and by.

Kingsley and Gerald are trying to play the Hallelujah Chorus on their mouth organs, and while I do not wish you any harm, I wish (momentarily), that you were here and that I was where you are. Len is as excited a youngster we have seen in many a day. He has a Borden milk wagon—the complete outfit, horse, harness and bottles. "Santa's a dandy!" We had half a notion to take that dapple grey Percheron of Len's and show it to Jim and Nell. They would likely tell me, if they could, that such a stiff-legged horse would be of little use on Roughland Farm, and that I would be a long time getting any work done or the groceries home.

What we did do, however, was to tell Len to stable his horse under my desk. He was about to do that when he noticed my good dog Fanny lying prone alongside the foot rest where she usually lies while I am writing. You can guess what happens in a case like that.

And when I am not writing, Fanny finds me out. If I am plowing she will trot along in the furrow behind me, or if skidding logs is the job, she will follow the end of the log, and growl and bite at it as if it were a rabbit.

CHESTER, the boy twin, is having the time of his life dandling and dancing in a new swing. He is simply roaring with laughter while watching the others running to and fro. Here comes another new departure—a kiddie car with a bell on it. We don't know which of them this belongs to, for they all claim to have prayed or written for such a thing, but Ma thinks it should be reserved for the four younger members, i.e., Irma, Hilda and the twins, and at present Irma is wheeling all over the "reeking" with it. It is on such days as this that "Mother's" bunions stand in jeopardy of being run over or trodden on, for no matter where one stands one is in danger of being knocked down by a kiddie car or run over with a horse and milk wagon loaded with bottles of milk.—"Why do mothers turn grey?"

I notice that my "Irish Wumman" is wearing a new sweater, new slippers, and other apparel that renews her youth, and what did not fit her was taken over by Audrey, who is already beginning to wear Mom's "socks" whenever the opportunity presents itself. You know what daughters are.

And somebody thought of me. They sent me books to read, which, as a pioneer farmer, I could not afford to think of let alone buy, and this morning I am wondering where to place them so that they will be handy for use. I think the twelve books I had can now be multiplied by three. But that does not detract from my appreciation of any single book sent.

Some good soul sent me winter socks to keep my feet warm while working in the woods, and a few pretty ties and summer shirts for the days when we go down to Songis to meet with the Chosen of the Lord.

As I look about me at this moment I notice that Audrey has really got the table cleared and that "Mother" has the sitting room swept out, and is now busy picking up and hanging up, and putting this away and that away so that she can start to sweep out another room ere it's time to get the dinner on.

THEN, as I look and hear the little folk enjoying themselves, my heart saddens when I remember that friend Jimmy will be here with his nifty car tomorrow morning sharp at nine to take "Mother" and Joyce (the girl twin), to North Bay Hospital. It destroys some of our happiness.

You did not know that a couple of months ago Joyce got a bad burn. It was breakfast time, and one of those dull, dark mornings when it does not seem to get light till near dinner time. Being a bit chilly, Joyce was seated on a chair near the cook stove where her mother was toasting bread. For a moment "Mother's" attention was taken up by some other member of the family, and while she was thus occupied, Joyce stood up on the chair and tried to reach for a piece of the toast. However, she fell with both her little fat hands right fair on top of the stove, and before anyone could get to her, they were simply cooked. For some reason she did not cry to warn us of her pain, and thus her hands were burned more than they might have been.

This is the time one wishes it were possible to get medical assistance and be able to pay for that assistance if it could be got, but when one is a day's march away from town it makes things difficult. Then, too, there is always the fear of incurring expense and the hope that it might not be as bad as it seems.

In this case we covered the hands with melted wax, dressed them daily, sometimes twice daily, and for six weeks kept them swathed in oiled bandages. They healed wonderfully well. When the flesh lost all its rawness we left off the bandages thinking they would do better. We did notice a little tightness of the skin in the palm of the left hand, and a very little catch between the thumb joint on the other hand, but thought these would even out as Joyce stretched her hands.

But little fat babies don't stretch their hands; they simply close them up, and if you doubt my word just offer your finger to such an one—then see how tightly it clasps it. Thus it was that the hands of Joyce grew worse instead of better, and tomorrow we have to take her to the hospital to see if these lesions can be cut and the hands straightened out.

OUTSIDE of this Christmas has been a happy one for all at Roughland Farm, and we do thank those who have helped to make it so. Though I have not time to write to all, you can take it from Ma and me that we appreciate your kindness and good wishes, and wish for you—His choicest gifts.

REQUESTED POEMS

(Sent by S. J. Baxter, Ont.)

PROHIBITION SONG

(Tune: Hold the Fort.)

Friends of temperance! Hail the dawning,
Of the day to be!
When our land from Liquor's bondage,
Shall at last be free.

Chorus:

Raise the prohibition banner!
Wide its 'olds display,
Truth has ever vanquished error;
We shall win the day.

Many fortresses have fallen,
Battles fierce and long
Have in glorious victory ended,
And triumphant song.

States and empires are uprising,
To efface the stain;
Of the countless human victims,
By intemperance slain.

Rally then! Fight on with courage,
Mid the battle's wreck;
Eastward comes the tide of victory,
We must take Quebec!

Reap Your Reward Together

HUSBAND—wife—you've worked, and saved, and planned together.

Why not a joint endowment policy maturing ten, twenty, thirty years hence—sharing together the reward of your common toil.

If one should pass on, the full assured sum would go to the survivor or other beneficiary.

The necessary deposit is much less than that required for single policies on the two lives individually.

The contract is guaranteed by the resources of one of the greatest financial institutions in the world.

See a Sun Life Man

**SUN LIFE ASSURANCE
COMPANY OF CANADA**
HEAD OFFICE MONTREAL



**Winter Eggs,
How to Get Them—**

Pratt's

**POULTRY
REGULATOR**

"Makes Hens Lay More Eggs"

Sold by 7000 Dealers in Canada
PRATT FOOD CO. OF CANADA LTD., GUELPH ONT.

Christian hosts are moving onward,
In the hottest fight;
Soon will our victorious legions,
Put the foe to flight.

Forward then! March on to conquest!
Though strong foes assail;
For the Lord of Hosts is with us!
And we must prevail.

—W. H. Rosevear.

(Sent by "Glen-Wotty," Ont.)

A PARABLE

Said Christ our Lord, "I will go and see
How the men, my brethren, believe in Me."
He passed not again through the gate of
birth

But made Himself known to the children
of earth.

Then said the chief priest, and rulers, and
kings,
"Behold now the Giver of all good things;
Go to, let us welcome with pomp and state
Him who alone is mighty and great."

With carpets of gold the ground they spread
Wherever the Son of Man should tread,
And in palace chambers lofty and rare,
They lodged Him and served Him with
kingly fare.

Great organs surged through arches dim
Their jubilant floods in praise of Him;
And in church and palace and judgment
hall
He saw His own image high overall.

But still, wherever His steps they led,
The Lord in sorrow bent down His head,
And from under the heavy foundation
stones,
The Son of Mary heard bitter groans.

And in church and palace and judgment
hall,
He marked great fissures that rent the wall
And opened wider and yet more wide,
As the living foundation heaved and sighed.

Have ye founded your thrones and altars,
then,
On the bodies and souls of living men!
And think ye that building shall endure,
Which shelters the noble and crushes the
poor.

"With gates of silver and bars of gold
Ye have fenced my sheep from their Father's
fold;
I have heard the dropping of their tears
In heaven these eighteen hundred years.

"O Lord and Master, not ours the guilt,
We build but as our fathers built;
Behold thine images, how they stand,
Sovereign and sole, through all our land.

"Our task is hard,—with sword and flame
To hold thine earth forever the same,
And with sharp crooks of steel to keep
Still, as thou lettest them, thy sheep."

Then Christ sought out an artisan,
A low-browed, stunted, haggard man

And a motherless girl, whose fingers thin
Pushed from her family want and sin.

These set he in the midst of them,
And as they drew back their garment-hem
For fear of defilement, "Lo, here," said He,
"The images ye have made of Me!"

—James Russell Lowell.

WORDS WANTED

Isaac Jenkins, Ont.—The words c: "I
have No Use For The Women," "Billy Rich-
ardson's Last Ride," "The Wampas Cat."

SURPLUS TO PRODUCE MORE

The rich, being unable to spend the
income which they have been receiv-
ing, have been using their unexpend-
able income to buy more property,
which, in turn, like a rolling snow-
ball, increases their already unex-
pendable income.—Senator La Fol-
lette.

Have you done your bit towards in-
creasing Witness circulation?

A Kind Friend of mine recommended them

Says Quebec Man Of Dodd's
Kidney Pills

Mr. M. D. Graham Suffered With Severe
Kidney Pains For Many Years.

Arundel, P.Q., Jan. 5. (Special)

"For many years I was bothered with
severe kidney pains," writes Mr. M. D.
Graham, a well known resident of this place.
"A very kind friend of mine recommended
your Dodd's Kidney Pills. You can imagine
the surprise I got when, after taking the
first box my pains disappeared entirely. I
will recommend your Dodd's Kidney Pills to
everyone."

When even slight kidney derangement
is neglected there is the risk that rheuma-
tism, backache, lumbago, etc., will eventu-
ally result. These disorders are simply the
penalty of neglecting the kidneys which
becoming weakened, cease to excrete the
constantly accumulating impurities.

Simply start using Dodd's Kidney Pills.
You will be surprised how quickly they
will strengthen the kidneys and put them
in condition to do their full work of strain-
ing the impurities out of the blood.



FARM GARDEN AND HOME

Beautiful Farms Make Enjoyable Homes



The Sugar-Plum Tree

THE sugar-plum tree is native neither to wonderland nor fairyland, nor is it a joke. It is a real tree that grows in certain districts of British Columbia; and besides being actually a sugar bearer, it might fairly be termed, but for the season of its sugar crop, nature's own Christmas tree. It is the beautiful conifer known as the Douglas fir, which, under certain conditions, hangs its own branches with sugar plums, sometimes in single drops of snowy sweetness, sometimes in clusters or masses of several such drops run together.

The knowledge of this strange bounty is new to white men; but the northern Indians knew and sucked the luscious candies of the wilderness before America was settled; Prof. John Davidson, botanist, of the University of British Columbia, who has explored and studied the region where the sugar firs grow, recently told about them.

Not all Douglas firs yield sugar; most do not. It is produced only by those growing in a part of the British Columbian dry belt, where the summers are very hot and the nights short, and where at night the atmosphere still remains warm and dry. It lies between parallels 50 to 51 and longitudes 122 to 123 and the yield is greatest from trees growing on slopes facing north and east, with plenty of space about them. On southern and western slopes, where the ground dries out more rapidly, there is usually no sugar harvest.

The reason for this peculiar distribution of the sugar bearers is that trees so situated receive the greatest quantity of sunshine during the longest number of hours and enjoy free circulation of air. Trees exposed to a great deal of sunlight accumulate a large amount of carbohydrates in their leaves. Under ordinary conditions, the carbohydrates are disseminated at night to feed the tissues of the plant system; but under the special conditions that exist among the sugar trees an excess is accumulated, which the tree cannot absorb. At the same time there is abnormal root activity because of the heated soil. The roots work overtime throughout the warm, dry nights, sucking up moisture with which the leaves become gorged. This water contains a percentage of carbohydrates in the form of sugar, which is dissolved and exudes at the tips of the leaves, where it forms drops and masses from a quarter of an inch to two inches in diameter.

No shortage of the usual commercial sugar is likely to be relieved by these sugar trees; they do not produce abundantly enough. Nevertheless, their harvest is likely to be sometime collected for commercial use. The fir-tree sugar is of an unusual chemical formula, and it contains a trisaccharide known as melezitose, hitherto obtained only from a shrub that grows in Turkestan and Persia; it is used in chemistry and in medicine.

The natural fir sugar is as sweet as refined commercial sugar of a high grade. But besides being borne only upon trees in special situations, it depends much upon the season. There are off years, caused by a long run of dull or stormy weather, when there is a poor crop, or none. The Indians prized the fir-tree sugar greatly, but never counted upon it.

A better social order can never emerge from the present chaos unless thinking be consecrated

Those who wish to more particularly support the WITNESS may be interested in the advertisements appearing in this issue, some of which are making their first bow to our readers. Even requests for samples go to the credit of the publisher, showing that the subscribers offer a responsive market, and help the publishers to obtain more revenue to put to your service as well as introducing new ideas to the readers themselves.

Winter Care of Spray Outfits

IT is not very long now before our orchardists will have to be getting out their spraying outfits and starting on their spraying campaigns for the year. Unfortunately, it seems that many owners of fruit farms find that during the winter their spraying outfits have deteriorated badly, and when they come to use them repairs are necessary, which means delays so that the spraying is not accomplished at the right time. Some fruit growers use their spraying machines for winter spraying. Of course, the outfits have to be very carefully taken care of in cold weather. Some of them are power driven; and of course draining the cylinder is the first requirement in cold weather. Spraying mixtures should not be left in the tank to freeze.

In any case, it is always desirable to keep the spraying machines under shelter, and this is doubly true in the winter time. No fruit grower who realizes the value of good machines will ever put his spraying machine up without thoroughly flushing it out with clean water so as to remove all the spraying material. Some spray mixtures contain corrosive materials, and the cylinders would corrode through a period of time. Some owners make a practice of putting in a pint or two of oil in the last few gallons of water that are run through the sprayer. This is a very good practice, since it lubricates the interior and to a large degree prevents rust formation in parts of the mechanism. The spraying nozzles have to be watched, because accumulation of spray material drying in the nozzles will impair their efficiency or cause them to be injured. Washing may not always be sufficient to clean the nozzle; if necessary, a brush should be used to go over them thoroughly.

JAPAN AND BUTTER

Canada still ranks third as a supplier of butter to Japan, the Dominion sending 140,226 pounds valued at \$52,000 in 1930, according to P. V. McLane, Assistant Canadian Trade Commissioner at Kobe, writing in the Commercial Intelligence Journal.

A "SURE CONTROL" FOR DAMPING OFF

If you have in past years had trouble with "damping off," the following is worth considering and keeping for reference. It is claimed to be a sure control for the trouble.

Experimental work at Ohio State University has revealed that a formaldehyde dust when mixed with soil will control damping-off of seedlings. The dust may be made by mixing 85 parts by weight of a carrier, such as peat moss, with 15 parts of commercial formalin (40 percent formaldehyde). This makes what is known as a 6 percent formaldehyde dust. This dust is in no way a cure, for it must be mixed ahead of time with the soil in which the seedlings are to be grown. Application after the seeds have germinated is likely to do considerable damage. It is used at the rate of one and one-half ounces to a square foot of area when the soil is two or three inches deep. For soil of a greater depth, a proportionately larger amount of dust is used. It is suggested that enough soil to fill the seed flats be measured out on a bench or cement floor, and the right amount of dust be weighed and thoroughly mixed with the soil by shovelling it over several times. The next step is to fill the flats and plant the seeds. The soil must be thoroughly soaked as soon as the seeds are sown to eliminate all danger of injury.

Formaldehyde dust is also effective in controlling the damping-off of cuttings. It could be used in the same proportion as for seed flats. Whenever used, the formaldehyde escapes from

the dust when it is mixed with the soil, permeating it completely. It seems to sterilize the soil, thus preventing the damping-off fungus from attacking the young seedlings on the cuttings.

ANSWERS to Garden Questions

Plants Wanted

Dear Sir,—I would like to secure the following plants. Could you tell me where to get them? House Leeks, Arbutus, Colchicum and the Darlingtonia.—A. M. B.

I would suggest writing to florists in Winnipeg whose addresses I have sent you, asking if they have or could secure for you these plants. There are a number of varieties of house leeks and some of these you might get at once, but the Darlingtonia is a hot-house or as the gardeners say, a stove plant and might be difficult to ship in winter. The colchicum bulbs you would get in spring or early summer as they are autumn flowering. The Arbutus or Strawberry Tree can be grown from seed sown in spring, so falling to get the shrub you might secure seed from England in time to plant.

Do Not Prune Too Much

Dear Sir,—I have not been reading the Witness long but have already got useful information from your answers to other people. I have a number of fruit trees and would like to know if they need pruning every year. They were gone over by a practical man last winter who said they would need more. Do they need doing again?—New Subscriber.

Very much depends on your man and his skill in the work. If the trees were old and neglected he may not have been able to do all the necessary cutting back in one year. In that case more work would be needed to get the trees into good shape, and he knows his job when he takes two years to it. Young trees carefully selected when set out will require very little pruning, only the cutting out of any branch which starts out in the wrong place or any which may be dead or broken or crossed. A letter addressed to the Department of Agriculture, Ottawa, Ont., stating what information you want will bring you pamphlets with fine illustrations on the subject and you do not even need to put a stamp on your letter. It will go free.

Generally speaking if the trees are producing under-sized fruits, if the tops contain many dead branches, or if the seasonal growth is short and scant, judicious pruning is recommended as a means of rejuvenation. This usually consists in cutting back many branches and in entirely removing others. Prune weak-growing varieties heavily; strong growing kinds lightly. Varieties which branch freely need little pruning; those with many unbranched limbs, much pruning. Prune trees in rich, deep soils lightly; in poor, shallow soils heavily. The cutting back of all the branches of a tree is practised regularly only with peaches and some plums, it is said. This is attributed to the fact that, with these fruits, the wood of the past season, and therefore the crop, is borne progressively further away from the trunk, so that it is necessary to head-in these fruits by cutting back the branches in order to keep the bearing wood near the trunk. On the other hand, apples, pears, cherries, and most plums are borne on spurs from wood two or more years old and with these heading-in is not so desirable.

Starved Geraniums

Dear Sir,—I have a number of geraniums and they do not flower but grow very tall and thin. The leaves are long in the stem and do not look

good. How can I make them flower?—Mrs. V. J. M.

Your geraniums probably need more light. Set them in the sunniest place you can. Don't over water but give them a little liquid manure after watering, every ten days. (Otherwise use only water, soft water if possible.) They should be potted in as small pots as possible, but have fairly rich soil 4 parts good loam and 1 part well rotted manure. If you have not the manure use one of the commercial fertilizers which you can get from any seedsman or florist's store.

Scale On Ivy and Castor Oil

Dear Sir,—My English ivy plant is losing all its leaves; they get spots on them and turn yellow. Can you tell me how to make it grow? Do you think castor oil would make geraniums grow better?—Rose.

(1) Your ivy is being killed by the brown spots or scales which are insects. Make a good strong suds of household soap in good sized pan or small tub. Pick off all the yellow or dried up leaves and burn them, then set the pot in the soap suds and with a piece of soft rag go over every leaf, underside as well as top and stem. Use an old tooth brush to scrub the branches and the joining of leaves and branch where your fingers and the cloth do not get in. Get off every spot, not only the large brown ones, but the smaller light spots on the young shoots. Then scrub the pot thoroughly with a brush and end by taking off a little of the top soil and replacing it with fresh loam mixed with a little thoroughly well rotted manure if you have it. It sounds like a tedious business and it is, but it does not take so very long if you go at it energetically. Repeat the bath every week for a few weeks until you are sure the plant is clean. It will repay you with fresh green shoots and good growth. (2) Absolutely not; castor oil will clog the soil and not only do no good but spoil your geraniums or any other plant.

Geraniums

18 for 10¢

This gorgeous collection can be grown in your own home. Unsurpassed as house plants or for bedding in the open ground. Beautiful and choice colors, as listed below:

Guaranteed to Grow	Double Scarlet	Double Red	Double White
Double Pink	Double Blue	Double Yellow	Double Purple
Double Green	Double Orange	Double Lavender	Double Magenta

The grand seed collection is made up of a mixture, all in one package, and should produce 18 or more fine plants. Geraniums are easily grown from seed, start blooming in 30 days after seed is planted, and bloom profusely and continuously. This choice collection, 10¢; 5 for 25¢; 7 for 35¢, postpaid. Let me tell you about my "Daring Service for Farm Women." ALYS JOHNSTON CO., Dept. 60, POLO, ILL.

TUBEROUS-ROOTED

BEGONIAS AND GLOXINIAS

The finest assortment of Begonias and Gloxinias in Canada, including the famous hanging basket Begonia (Pendula). Gloxinias for the house are new and rare.

Catalogue free upon request.

J. E. CARTER, GUELPH, ONT., CANADA.

This is to advise our many friends in Canada our price list was issued in December. We have a splendid crop of Bulbs. Our prices are reasonable. Ask for our list.

Kendall's Gladiolus Gardens
 Toronto - - - - - Oregon

THEO. FAVRE & SON

Established 1849.

TOMKINS COVE, N.Y.

DEALERS RAW FURS, GINSENG, GOLDEN SEAL, ROOT

Dressers—Furs Made Up

Price List Mailed on Request

PATENTS
 A List of "Wanted Inventions" and Full Information Will Be Sent On Request.
 THE RAMSAY CO.,
 Dept 167, 275 Bank St. Ottawa, Ont.

POULTRY TOPICS

The Situation

While the mild weather immediately preceding the Christmas holiday was not favorable to a heavy sale of poultry for the holiday trade a good clearance of turkeys is reported from many points. At some of the larger centres, where there appears to have been a rather heavy concentration of supplies, the movement was perhaps not quite as active as might have been hoped for. With the New Year's trading still to come during the current week, however, and with cold weather in prospect, there is every possibility that the carryover of turkeys into the New Year will not be abnormally heavy.

There have been some very encouraging reports concerning the Christmas demand for turkeys. Edmonton, for instance, reports a much better sale than had been anticipated by the trade at that point and buying was so active that it was not until two days before Christmas that dealers reduced their quotations to the country. This date was seven days later than normal.

Halifax reports that "the poultry market has been very active, especially for turkeys, and this kind has been featured very strongly by department and chain stores as well as by smaller retailers. Some dealers report being sold out before Christmas and a shortage of supplies (for New Year's) is looked for."

At Vancouver the movement was not as active as had been expected, due to the mild wet weather which preceded the holiday, but prices held fairly steady at a general retail level of 35 cents for the best grades and a top price of 40 cents.

In spite of general reports of a light crop of turkeys this year there was a liberal carlot movement of turkeys out of the western provinces.

Ninety-seven cars of Government inspected poultry and about forty cars of uninspected poultry were shipped out of Manitoba. These figures include the estimated amount of poultry in part cars shipped with other articles by trade houses and also include pool shipments from Eastern Saskatchewan as the Manitoba Pool operates as far west as the first divisional point on each railway in Saskatchewan.

Birds, an Ever-Present Force

WITHOUT birds the country would be overrun with insect pests, in the opinion of many ornithologists, and entomologists. Credit for eating obnoxious insects should also be given to a number of other vertebrates, especially to toads, lizards, shrews, moles, bats, and skunks, but because of the numbers of birds, and their appetite for insects in all stages, their powers of swift locomotion, and their tendency to concentrate wherever unusual numbers of insects appear, they are of chief economic importance among insectivorous vertebrates.

A historical and most picturesque example of birds saving a crop from insect destruction was given by California gulls in pioneer days in Utah, when they swooped down on the Mormon crickets that were devouring the wheat of the early settlers. In an investigation by the biological survey of the department of agriculture of 109 cases of satisfactory control and 88 cases of local suppression of insects by birds, many interesting food habits were brought to light. Contrary to popular belief, various birds eat even the hairy types of caterpillars, like those of the tussock, gipsy, and brown-tail moths, and the tent caterpillars.

Sparrows are noted for feeding on ants, cabbage bugs, cicadas, green bugs, alfalfa weevils, army worms, and caterpillars. Meadow larks eat grasshoppers and crickets. White-breasted nuthatches have been observed to reduce greatly the numbers of pear psylla and the codling moth. Goldfinches like plant lice of several species. Woodpeckers are among the most effective enemies of bark beetles and wood borers of various kinds, as well as the European corn borer, and

they also eat leopard and codling moths, and many other woodland pests. Crows, blackbirds, and grackles are fond of white grubs in quantities and will follow a plow to get them in the spring.

Forty-five species of birds were found to feed extensively on the alfalfa weevil. Mallard ducks have been effectively used in ponds for mosquito control. Red-eyed vireos seem to be attracted by fall webworms, while cutworms form a large part of the diet of starlings, crows, and jackdaws. Blackbirds help to keep down many pests.

According to the biological survey, birds may be looked upon as an ever-present force that automatically tends to check outbreaks of insect pests, a force that should be kept at maximum efficiency by protective measures so that their services may be utilized whenever possible.

MODERN PLANTS FOR MODERN ROOMS

A very new bride not long ago was showing me her brand new flat, writes Lady Ingram in the London Telegraph. The sitting-room was the last word in attractive modernity, but in one corner stood a large flowering chrysanthemum with those vast preposterous blooms, once dear to the hearts of our grandmothers. Not even an antimacassar or a horse-hair sofa would have looked more out of place! Modern rooms demand modern plants.

In Germany, the fashionable room-designer of the moment, who can command higher fees than any portrait-painter, stipulates that only plants of his own choosing shall appear in the rooms he designs. He greatly favors conifers and cactus, and their formal, trim beauty certainly tones in well with the simplicity and angularity of modern furniture and art.

The Japanese have for centuries realized the decorative possibilities of conifers, and have brought the art of shaping and dwarfing them to perfection. When once these quaintly-shaped dwarfed junipers, firs, and pines are established as English house plants, palms and aspidistras will vanish for ever!

The cactus is original and quaint rather than beautiful, but it lends itself well to modern interiors. It must have sun, and in Germany there

are specially designed stands called "cactus gardens," which have six or eight small shelves so arranged that they do not keep the sun from each other and are light enough to be easily carried from room to room.

Another way in which cactus can be very decorative is to plant an indoor window-box as a cactus garden, laid out with miniature crags and valleys. The plants, being very small, do not keep the sun from the room and yet can themselves luxuriate in its rays.

There are many plants we could

borrow from our gardens with advantage that flourish well in pots and would be perfectly suitable for modern rooms.

Among these are the laburnum, ribes (flowering currant), and blossoming trees such as miniature prunus, Japanese cherry, and Siberian apple. Low bowls planted with aconite (the earliest of all flowers), sedums, or even primroses and violas are a change from the usual bulbs, and not having been used as "plants" in times gone by, seem more appropriate to a modern setting.

MILLER'S WORM POWDERS

RELIEVE THE RESTLESS CONDITION BROUGHT ON BY THE PRESENCE OF WORMS AND RESTORE THE CHILD TO NORMAL HEALTH. M 4

NO NARCOTICS—PLEASANT AS SUGAR



FARMERS' BUSINESS BRIEFS



ADVERTISING RATES.—Under this heading advertisements will be inserted without display at a cash-with-order rate of three cents per word per insertion (minimum charge 45c per insertion). SIX consecutive insertions will be given for the price of FOUR (minimum rate for six insertions \$1.00.) A number or 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.

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DATED AT MONTREAL in the Province of Quebec, this 16th day of December, 1931.

M. H. MYERSON,
Attorney for Applicant.
107 Craig St. W., Montreal.

THE WET PARADE

(Continued from page 6)

ousy and strife that had been all through their lives. Ted had believed in discipline, and had given his life for his faith. What did Roger believe in, and what was he doing to prove it?

The son of the Muses wanted to get away to his island, and go to work again. Here he had wasted a second winter in New York, with tea-parties and literary chatter—"gabble, gobble, guzzle, git!" Again he had been drinking more than was good for him; the so-called "war prohibition" had apparently not made the slightest difference in social customs. People drank more than ever, and said it was because of the nervous tension of war-time. Others drank as a matter of social prestige; when the price of something went up, to have that thing become essential. Yet others drank to spite the wowsers—or so they said. To Kip that sounded like Pow's insisting that he had been driven to drink by his wife's nagging.

Roger wanted to finish his poem. Or did he really want to finish it? He was sick of the thing, he would say—it was a piece of junk. Then would begin an argument with Jerry Tyler, who had studied the uncompleted manuscript down to the smallest fragments, and hailed it as one of our future masterpieces; something poignant, beautiful, worthy to be compared with "The Ring and the Book." Kip, too, would be called upon; he had never read Browning, and was no judge of poetry, new or old, but he could testify that the poem had made real to him an historical period—colonial days in Maryland—about which he had been utterly ignorant; and that he was fairly "dying" to know what was going to happen to Anita Vanning and the young travelling surveyor with whom she had fallen so desperately in love.

To be sure, Kip really did know; he had heard Roger and Jerry discussing the story. He knew that the eloping couple would be overtaken by the grim husband of Anita; that the young lover would be compelled to fight a duel, and would kill the husband; after which it would be impossible for Anita to marry him, and she would pine away. In fact, the reader was told this in the very beginning, for the poem started with a tombstone in a mouldy old churchyard, where the poet brooded over the pitifulness of human fate. On the stone was a bas-relief of Anita, and another of her husband, planter and official of the colony of Maryland shortly before the Revolutionary war.

When you heard the story thus, in bare outline, it sounded like a grand opera libretto, or even a dime novel. But in reality the poem was extraordinarily passionate and moving; the poet had put life into those characters of a hard-drinking and hard-living day. He had made his hero of Revolutionary days an incarnation of the modern revolt against the system of purchase-marriage. He had written the scenes of young love with a fervor which Jerry compared to "Romeo and Juliet."

Erratic genius that he was, Roger resembled other poets such as Rome knew in her degenerate days. His poem "The Golden Jail," based on an illicit amour of his own, proved a success, and he plunged into a wild life of orgies and extravagances, leaving Tarleton House for a private apartment. From the popular approval of the poem arose a demand for its dramatic presentation as a play on Broadway. Again success—of a financial kind—followed, and Roger grew rich through the salacious appetites of those who thronged to see it.

IN the month of October, when Roger came back from his second visit to the Maine island, the American army was locked in a death-grip with the enemy in the Argonne Forest, and in the long list of casualties appeared the name of Lee Chilcote, wounded. Roger began telegraphing to the people at home, and cabling to friends abroad, and in a few days he learned that his brother was in a base hospital with an injury to the spine, partly paralyzed, and perhaps permanently crippled. Ordinarily, Roger would have taken the first steamer for France; but this was wartime, and matters were not so easily arranged. As a result of the Meuse-Argonne operations the army would have

something over a hundred thousand hospital cases; if all the relatives came running to their bedsides, that would be a complication indeed.

So Roger waited, and fumed at himself. He could not forgive himself, because he had been dallying while better men had been going to their death. He had decided that they were better, because they were men of action, while he merely pretended, and never felt anything—only just enough to describe it in fancy words. He had made up his mind to enlist and get into the war.

But, alas, he was too late; for the attack of the Meuse-Argonne army was carrying everything before it, and all at once the German resistance began to collapse. One day came the news that the enemy had asked for a respite, and then a despatch to the effect that an armistice had been signed. New York turned out onto the streets and performed such antics as had never been witnessed in a city. The fighting was over, and there was no more chance for a poet to become a hero.

Lee was being brought to New York on a hospital-ship, and Maggie May telegraphed that she and her mother were coming to meet him. So Kip at last would have a chance to see that wonderful girl, about whom he had been hearing for three years! But he mustn't show too much interest, for Roger and Jerry were always looking for a chance to "kid" him. Even in the midst of wounds and death they would not stop teasing a youth about a girl.

Kip would have given much to have Maggie May and her mother staying at the Tarleton House. But such grand people belonged in one of the fashionable hotels, where they would have private baths, and telephones in their rooms, and unlimited service at all hours. Roger found suitable quarters, including a room for himself, so as to be near them—but still keeping his room at the Tarleton House, in the extravagant way of the rich. He assured Kip's mother that nothing was going to win him from the family hotel, with its atmosphere of home. He would bring his mother and sister to call on the Tarletons.

That was Roger's way, as Kip had known it would be. Kip was a mere hotel-clerk, and sometimes had to turn bellhop, and carry pitchers of water up to rooms; but that would make no difference to people who had the standards of the Old South. Kip belonged to a "good" family, and would never lose that status unless he did something disgraceful. It was the boast of fashionable society in Charleston that when invitations were sent out for the Annual Ball, some of them were mailed to the poorhouse. On this principle, Kip would meet the Chilcote ladies, and offer them his "respects."

LEE'S ship came in, and Roger got some sort of pass, and went down the bay to meet the vessel, and stay with his brother during the process of transferring him to a military hospital in Brooklyn. The high-strung poet returned, deeply shaken, with a terrible story of the sights he had witnessed. Lee was yellow and pain-drawn, hardly to be recognized; Roger would get the best specialists for him, and see what could be done. Next day the ladies arrived, and were driven to the hospital; they would go every day, and sit with the invalid as long as the regulations permitted.

Three or four days later Roger invited Jerry and Kip to have dinner with them at their hotel; a great event in Kip's life. He must have new evening clothes, and a new silk tie, and his mother came to his room to fuss over him, and see that his cuffs were the right length and his hair parted straight. Mrs. Tarleton's distrust of girls in general appeared to have suddenly evaporated; to Kip's surprise she casually mentioned several pleasant rumors she had heard about Maggie May.

Kip found both the Chilcote ladies dressed in black. Mrs. Chilcote was stout and maternal, rosy and kind and sweet. She was living here in this exclusive hotel in the same life she had lived at home: that is to say, she sat in a padded chair and had things brought to her. When she was to visit her son, Maggie May would phone and order the motor-car, and the Negro maid would lay out what her mistress was to wear, and Roger or someone would escort her to the



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porte-cochere—for of course by herself she could never get these hotel-corridors straight, and know which turn to take. When she went into the dining-room, the head waiter would escort her to the table, and one of the several waiters would pull out a chair for her and push it back. So it would go, at all hours of the day or night; the good lady had nothing to do except to smile at everybody, and tell them what a lovely time she was having—except for her poor dear boy—and oh, how fortunate that the horrible war was over, and no more mothers would have their lives broken!

Maggie May was smaller than Kip had imagined her, and subdued-looking in her black dress. She had fine soft brown hair, and features delicately molded, and an expression of kindness with intelligence. She spoke with one of those delicious soft voices that Kip loved, though he had lost it himself; she remarked that he talked quite like a Yankee. He stole shy glances at her, and now and then met her gentle brown eyes; she was looking at him, thinking, "So, this is Kip!" But she called him Mr. Tarleton, very primly, and did not say whether she was satisfied or disappointed.

THE party went into the dining-room, and Kip sat by Maggie May. They had to look at the menu and decide what they wanted to eat; no easy matter for Kip, because in all his years in New York he had never entered one of these plutocratic restaurants, and could not help seeing the prices on the menu, and being horrified. He ran his eyes over the immense list of foods, and the only thing he could find that didn't seem outrageous was the different kinds of fish. He said in a panic that he thought he would like some fish, please; blue-fish was a very good kind, that perhaps they didn't have in Louisiana. He resisted all other temptations; no, thank you, he didn't think he wanted oysters, or soup, or alligator-pear salad—at two dollars and a half a portion! Yes, he would like a baked potato, please. Roger, who was attending to the hospitality, and knew his shy young friend, went right on to order oysters and soup and alligator-pear salad for all five of them, and after Kip had had these, plus his fish, Roger ordered some kind of ice cream with a fancy French name, and it was put in front of the guest. Kip ate it because he couldn't let it be wasted.

Meanwhile, they talked: first about Lee, the main thing they were interested in; they were taking steps to get him discharged from the army,

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and transferred to a private hospital, where he could have better care. Lee wanted to meet Roger and Jerry pretty soon. He was feeling less pain, and the doctors thought his legs could be slowly educated back to use. They talked about the war, and what would happen about the peace. They talked about New York, and what the ladies thought of it; bye and bye they would do a lot of shopping, because everybody at home would be expecting presents.

ROGER had asked for the wine-card and ordered a quart with the dinner; you could still get it, provided you could stand the price. He and Jerry finished the bottle, with no help save from Mrs. Chilcote, who took what she called "just a tiny sip." Maggie May took none, and Kip was happy to have a champion. "I'm so glad you don't drink, Mr. Tarleton," said she. "I wish my brother had as much sense."

"He does his best to teach me," said Roger.

"Tell me," persisted Maggie May. "Is he drinking too much?"

It might have been an embarrassing question, so Roger gave the answer himself. "Any quantity is too much, in the opinion of this excellent young man. You can see his virtues written in his anxious features."

"He's right," said the sister. "With all you've seen, it's a shame you won't do anything but make fun of people." She turned to Kip. "You know, I tried years ago to get my brothers to stop drinking. I failed with Roger, but Lee promised, and kept to it, and now the doctors say that's one of the reasons he will recover from his wounds."

"The war's over now," countered Roger. "I shan't get any wounds."

"I wish you were here all the time, Miss Chilcote," said Kip. "I need somebody to say the things I don't dare say."

(To be continued)

The Witness needs every one of its friends to do his or her bit towards increasing its circulation.