

TREASURE HUNTING ON DOMINION DAY

Elsie and Glenn had spent several summers at their grandfather's, but they had never before been there so early as June. When they realized that they were going to miss Dominion Day at home they looked very solemn.

"So far as I can see," said Elsie soberly as they talked the matter over in the hayloft, "we're not going to have any part at all in Dominion Day."

Glenn shook his head. "We're not," he agreed. "Grandfather would have taken us over to Meadowville, where there's going to be a big celebration, but he's got to visit sick people all day instead."

Elsie sighed. "I wish he wasn't a doctor," she said wistfully.

Grandfather, who happened to be standing in the stall just below the hayloft, overheard the conversation. He came out looking very thoughtful. "Bless my soul!" he said to himself. "Something must be done about this."

He was up early the next morning pottering about the place. When the children came down, he had eaten his breakfast and was about to go. They ran out on the veranda to see him off.

"Let's see," Grandfather said as he took up the reins, "this is Dominion Day, isn't it? I suppose you usually celebrate Canada's birthday."

Glenn nodded silently. "We always celebrate," Elsie said.

Grandfather turned the horse's head. "To be sure," he answered. "It's the only proper thing to do on July First." As he drove out of the gate he leaned from the buggy and waved his hand. "Good-bye, treasure hunters!" he called.

Glenn and Elsie looked at each other. "Treasure hunters?" they echoed. "What does he mean by that?"

They decided that it was only one of Grandfather's many jokes. Then they forgot all about it, and went out to play. It was not long, though, before they remembered the queer words. As Glenn ran across the yard he stumbled over a stone that was lying directly in the path. It was a smooth stone about six inches long. Glenn kicked it to one side. "That wasn't here yesterday," he said, surprised.

"Look!" said Elsie. "There's a string tied round it."

They turned the stone over quickly and found a folded paper slipped under the string. There was writing inside the paper, but it was so strange and wriggly that they could not read it. They puzzled over it a long time, full of curiosity. Then they took it to the house, to get their grandmother to help them. Glenn had the paper in his hand and stood trying to read it with his back to the large hall mirror. Then Elsie happened to glance at the mirror. There, reflected from the surface of the glass, was the writing, now as plain as could be. This is what the children read aloud together.

If treasure hunters you would be Look in the hollow of the old oak tree.

Glenn and Elsie were off like a shot. There was only one old oak tree on the place with a hollow in it, and in two minutes they had run out of the yard, down the hill and across the pasture to the edge of the woods.

"Oh, what fun!" Elsie panted as they reached the spot. "It's like a fairy tale."

She danced with impatience while her brother climbed the trunk of the tree. The hollow was only about eight feet above the ground, and he had often climbed to it and tried to surprise the squirrels that used it for a home.

"Tell me what you find!" Elsie cried.

Glenn reached into the hollow and drew something out. "It's a funny-looking old envelope," he said. He scrambled down in a great hurry.

They bent their heads over the yellow old envelope. "Ye Mapped of ye Hydene Treasure," Glenn read aloud. There it was again: "Hidden Treasure!" And Grandfather had called them treasure hunters. Things began to look still more mysterious.

Glenn ripped open the envelope and drew out a folded paper. He spread it on a broad, flat rock under the oak, and they got down on their knees to examine it. There was a rough drawing that looked like a map, and in the corner of the paper were some words, printed crookedly. The printing said:

If you would find ye buried treasure, note at what hour ye Shadowe of ye Old Oak Tree is at its shortest; then wait three Hours, and afterward measure ye Shadowe. Then from ye centre Tree measure ten Yards due north to ye Rock in ye Ground, then measure seven Yards due east to a Poste with an X on its south Side. Then sight north by west and get Three Trees in a line. From ye centre Tree measure two Yards due north, and then one Yard due west. At that Spot dig, and you shall be rewarded.

The children could not make much sense of the map, so they turned all their attention to the writing. "Let's see," said Glenn. "It says, 'When the shadow is shortest.'"

Elsie clapped her hands. "That will be when the sun is highest!" she cried.

"Good for you," said her brother. "Of course it will." He felt a little ashamed that she should have thought of it first.

They were so much excited that they could not stop to wonder what it all meant. But they agreed to tell no one the strange secret until they had followed out the directions.

By this time the sun was high, and there was no time to lose. The children hurried to the house to make their preparations. When they came back half an hour later Glenn had a long measuring tape, a compass and a little clock, and Elsie carried a basket of food. They spread out their map again and sat down to wait. It seemed best to go ahead carefully, step by step as the paper directed.

The sun climbed slowly and the shadow of the tree shrank more and more. It was hard to wait, but sandwiches and gingerbread helped a good deal. At length the great moment came. When the shadow seemed to be at its shortest, Glenn looked at the clock. It was then exactly twenty minutes to one. At twenty minutes to four the real fun would begin. They brought some games and books down to the tree to while away the time, and settled themselves again to wait.

It was a long afternoon, but twenty minutes to four came at last. To find "ye longest part of ye Shadowe" was an easy matter. It

was an old battered box with a rusty hasp that was held together with a wire. The children tugged at the wire breathlessly. It came loose at last, and they lifted the lid of the box. Inside lay an oblong package wrapped in old paper. When they had torn off the paper they found a pasteboard box tied with cord and sealed with red wax. It did not take long to open the second box. Inside were two envelopes, one addressed to Glenn, the other to Elsie. The handwriting was Grandfather's.

Glenn got his open first. "A fifty-dollar bond! Hooray!" Glenn cried. "I have one, too," Elsie echoed.

Then they picked up the box and read the message on it: "For two good grandchildren, to help out this Canada of ours."

The homes of a nation are its strongest forts.

THE CHEERFUL CHERUB
I look within myself too much.
It keeps my heart-wounds ever sore.
I should look out at all the world.
And watch the other people more.

lay some distance over in the pasture. Elsie stood on the place to mark it, while Glenn, consulting the compass, measured off ten yards due north. At the end of the ten yards he looked eagerly for the rock. His face fell.

"There isn't a sign of a rock here!" he said in a disappointed tone; but he marked the spot with a stake and came back to look at the map. They were both so impatient that they could not bear the thought of a hitch in their plans.

"Maybe it meant to say due south," Elsie suggested; but there was no rock thirty feet toward the south, either.

"Wait a moment!" Glenn cried. "It says in the ground! I know how to go ahead now."

He hurried to the house and came racing back with a spade. The dirt was soon flying wildly. After two minutes of digging, the spade grated on something. "Here's our rock!" Glenn cried.

After that, matters went more smoothly. When the boy had measured off seven yards due east with his tape, there, sure enough, was a fence post. A big "X" was faintly but distinctly marked on the south side of the post.

The explorers studied their compass carefully for north by west, and when they had sighted the post correctly they saw three trees in line. Things were beginning to be exciting now, sure enough. By the time Glenn had measured two yards due north from the centre tree and then one yard due west his hands were trembling. As for Elsie, she could do nothing but hop up and down.

"Now what?" they said, when they had "come to the end of the directions." "You shall be rewarded," they read again, with puzzled faces. But there was no sign of a reward anywhere; only a stretch of smooth sand at the edge of the woods.

"Maybe we are togglig again," said Glenn.

Elsie eagerly offered to do her share, and between them they dug a deep hole in the sand, but still no treasure came to light. They decided to stop for ten minutes.

Elsie took the first turn, when they began again, and the third time she struck the spade into the ground. It struck something hard. Glenn seized the spade with a whoop. "We've nearly got it!"

It did not take him long after that to finish the job. The edge of an iron-bound box soon showed through the dirt; a little later a handle came into view. Then, as Elsie pulled at the handle and Glenn pried with the spade, the box loosened. All at once Elsie staggered backward with the box in her hands.

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MOTHER-WISDOM
Parents Must Choose Carefully Among What Seem to be Conflicting Duties. It Takes Time as Well as Love, Wisdom and Work as Well as Sentiment, to Train Our Little People Aright. Does it Not Pay?

By Helen Johnson Keyes.
One summer I visited in the home of a woman who had two of the brightest, happiest children I have ever known. She was very fragile-looking, but she seemed always ready to give time to the children and to do anything which her husband suggested. His business carried him about the province and often she and the children went with him, piling into the car at a few minutes' notice and appearing entirely untroubled by any peculiarities of clothing or by any unfinished task in the home.

Fond as I was of these dear friends, I was sometimes inclined to be irritated by the unkempt appearance of the family and the disorder in the house. The comradeship between husband and wife, however, and their chumminess with the lovely children shamed my criticism and seemed a justification of the family life.

One day my hostess told me a story. She said that a few months after her second baby was born, she herself became seriously ill. The doctor warned her that she had a disease which she could not hope to overcome except by a very care-free life. If she were to work hard, he said, or worry a great deal, she would have several years of sickness and then die. In telling me the story she confessed that utter despair had filled her heart. She had two babies, a mortgaged house and a husband who would never be a rich man. How could she live a care-free life? Yet if she did not do so, she must die! The children would be motherless, her dear husband without his chosen companion.

The answer came to her slowly and she said that at the time it was a very painful answer. She saw that she must neglect her house, her clothes, her children's clothes in order to live to influence their characters and minds.

After a while she went home from the hospital and she began at once the hard task of ignoring dust and disorder. Of course it was disagreeable but her husband thought it not too large a price to pay for her life. Fortunately she was gifted with a fine and well-trained mind and as she lay resting hour after hour as she had to do, she prepared the children for school, taught them to love poetry and good prose, educated their senses through hand work, and directed their cultivation of a small garden. By and by the little car was bought as a health measure and a further opportunity for family enjoyment. The family found they could use it for educational possibilities and so they set about discovering all they could about the country through which they traveled, its geology, its vegetation and its social life. This interested the children, too.

Presently a third baby came, not a delicate child, as one might have expected, but a fine, vigorous infant, who soon proved that she had inherited the excellent family brains.

Did not this woman choose the larger thing—life and training of her children? Of course it was unfortunate that the choice had to be made at all, for a well-ordered home is beautiful and an education for young people. Yet it was surely better to maintain the spirit of affection, of amiability and fellowship than to have become a grumbling, irritable invalid in an effort to keep dust out.

—Helena Coleman.

THE CANADIAN NATION.
"Canadian to the core! Where prairies roll,
And northward far to the untrodden pole,
No limit East or West but boundless sea,
All this fair land is ours! and we are free!
Down through the ages yet to come and go
In this our land a nation strong shall grow,
And send her produce o'er the earth afar,
Nor shrink to guard her own in time of war!"

Canada lags far behind the rest of the world in the matter of child welfare. "Save the babies" should be our watchword.

"Canada Product" will be a guarantee of high level excellence if the Canadian Trade Commission can effect it.

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In an
Implement Shed
Ask your
LUMBER DEALER
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Plans and Prices.

A SONG OF CANADA.
You ask what land I love the most,
Canada, 'tis Canada!
Of this fair land I make my boast,
Canada, O Canada!
From yonder broad St. Lawrence stream
To where the Yukon waters gleam,
Oh, fair it is as poet's dream,
Canada, my Canada!

See yonder fields of tasselled corn,
Canada, in Canada!
Where plenty fills her golden horn,
Canada, O Canada!
See how her wondrous glories shine
To yonder sunset's purpling line,
Oh, happy land! Oh, land of mine!
Canada, O Canada!

Go read the story of thy past,
Canada, O Canada!
What glorious deeds, what fame thou hast!
Canada, O Canada!
So long as time's great cycle runs
Or nations weep their fallen ones
Thou'lt not forget thy patriot sons,
Canada, O Canada!

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Bicycle Tires
STAND UP TO EVERY TEST
Test them for quality and workmanship—test them for speed and mileage—test their sturdy service and easy riding—and you will find Dominion Tires "Unquestionably The Best Tires Made".

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DOMINION RUBBER
The waiter brought her a beefsteak and chip potatoes, but she did not dare to raise a word in protest.

CANADA'S FUTURE
Canada stands at the beginning of a new era in this Year of Peace, 1919. A page of her history has closed; a period of progress, and an unexampled period of bitter struggle against the powers of darkness.

In looking over the years of conflict, Canada has the satisfaction of seeing a mighty task brought to a triumphant conclusion. There is always a supreme satisfaction in completing a piece of work, in being able to say: "That is done, and well done." We are proud to remember that Canada did not falter for an instant when came the call to arms. She had vision. Her duty was clear. She threw all the power of her sturdy young nation into the task. Small though that power might be, in comparison with the giant whole, it was her best, and it helped mightily in attaining the objective. By her war effort Canada has earned an honorable place among the nations of the earth.

But this task has been completed at a tremendous cost. Much has been said of the price paid in blood and in money. It is indeed stupendous. The spiritual cost of the war, too, weighs upon the heart of every thoughtful Canadian. We have paid an unutterable price in the loss of brains that were born to think, souls that were made to dream, and lips that were fashioned to sing.

In looking to Canada's future, we thank God and take courage, when we note that, on the other hand, the war has awakened a great many minds to thoughtfulness, taught a multitude of souls the magic secret of weaving the fabric of dreams, and put a song into many lips that had hitherto been dumb. Many inventors and writers, many singers and statesmen went down in the crash of things, but out of it came many others who had been reborn. Upon these and upon the children of to-day rests Canada's hope in the future.

During the upheaval many a Canadian discovered himself. The demands of war developed a strength of character, a power of physical endurance, a grasp of affairs that were undreamed of. A broadened outlook, a deeper sympathy, a stronger sense of justice, a truer insight are some of the benefits that have come to us. Never again will our horizon be bounded by the hills of our own neighborhood. We are citizens of the world.

It is, however, upon the children of to-day that chiefly rests the making of Canada's future. Boys and girls of teen-age occupy a unique position at the present time. Too soon will they be thrust into the world of affairs to take the place of their elder brothers lost in war. Never before have parents and teachers needed greater wisdom. There is need of educating a stabilized judgment which alone can solve the complicated problems that our boys and girls have to deal with almost at once. The citizen of the future must be endowed with the spirit of service. He must carry on in peace as his elder brother carried on in war. He must make Canada the abiding place of justice and of freedom, and above all, the home of the Christian religion. That is his objective. Joy and a true peace will come with the attainment.

THE FLAG GOES BY.
Hats off!
Along the street there comes
A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums,
A flash of color beneath the sky:
Hats off!
The flag is passing by!

Blue and crimson and white it shines
Three crosses joined in ordered lines.
Hats off!
The colors before us fly;
But more than the flag is passing by:
Sea-fights and land-fights, grim and great,
Fought to make and to save the State;
Weary marches and sinking ships;
Cheers of victory on dying lips;

Days of plenty and days of peace
March of a strong land's swift increase;
Equal justice, right and law,
Stately honor and reverend awe;
Sign of an Empire, great and strong
To guard her people from tyranny's wrong;
Pride and glory and honor—all
Live in the colors to stand or fall.

Hats off!
Along the street there comes
A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums;
And loyal hearts are beating high;
Hats off!
The flag is passing by!
Real "Pot Luck."

A stylishly dressed woman entered the restaurant. The waiter handed her a bill of fare written in French, and said: "Please mark off the dishes you wish to order."
Could a woman dressed in the height of fashion confess that she was unable to read French? Taking the pencil, she made a few dashes, and the other read:
"Dinner, 2s., "March 20," "Vegetables," "Please pay at the desk," "No tips."

The waiter brought her a beefsteak and chip potatoes, but she did not dare to raise a word in protest.
No machine yet contrived, or hereafter contrivable, will ever equal the fine machinery of the human fingers.

Get a Bigger Potato Crop
Authorities will tell you that spraying is as important as plowing and cultivating. Spraying saves your crop of healthy, full-sized potatoes that will command top-notch prices.

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Don't experiment with new-fangled "bug powders." Use the old reliable Munro's Pure Paris Green, that is sure and deadly in its action and never harms the plants. Ask for Munro's by name, and make sure you get it. At hardware, drug, grocery and general stores.

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