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vital point of contact is through the schools, and when our country schools are adequately equipped with kitchens and cooking appliances so that the daughters may learn and carry home recipes which result in more palatable foods for the everyday menu, then a more universal improvement may be seen.

Perhaps the greatest single factor to bring about these reforms is the means of transportation which is summed up in the one essential—good roads; for when the country woman mixes socially with city women, it will be much easier to disseminate ideas. The two points of attack must be the rural school and the rural highway, and it does not require much search to find country communities which have been transformed into wide-awake centres through these two channels.

The Crows Nest.

A. L. Burton.

I stood in the ancient valley of the Pass, the narrow river sparkling in the morning sun—singing strange songs as the shallow water trickled and fell among the numerous pebbles that lay in the winding course that ages had made for it.

The same stream purred and murmured on its way hundreds of years ago; the some old sentinel stood yonder guarding the peaceful valley—bare, jagged, with its scanty mantle of ancient snow; the same winds blew softly through the valley of peace; when, hark, what is that strange, crowding, rushing struggle? The crackling, bending underwood! 'Tis the strange hurrying of an unarmed and swarthy race. There they rush forth, beside the river's course, and up its shallow waters; hurrying, hasting, on and on; horses spattered and weary; tired and frightened women and children. But

the cry is "On! On to the Mount!" And at nightfall, at last, inside the ancient Pass, protected by the hoary, nameless mountain, they fall prostrate, in soothing heavy sleep.

And morning comes, and the old mountain's rugged breast stands pure and beautiful, crimsoned in the first rays that touch its lofty head. And the sleepers breathe heavily in the dark shadowed valley below.

And the day went by, and soft filmy curtains of night spread over the giant valley. The soft moon bathed the old mountain in the misty, massive grandeur.

Another tribe, fierce and warlike, bivouacked under the shelter of the Old Sentinel. And that tribe of yesterday are gone; only their graves are yonder under the crest of that calm, ancient, silent mountain that saw—and knows, but breathes no word to man's inhuman ear, of that dread night of the long ago.

The scene is changed. The silent cemetery, rude and undefined, lies below us; its white fenced tracts, its green sward, and, alas, its new earth-covered mounds. Far below the "Old Man" glistens in many a silvery curve; the grimy trains rumble over their polished steel, but here is silence—the very quiet of Death.

The Tower of Siloam has often fallen, now killing its thousands—or again crushing its ghastly few. Here lie its victims—in one immense sepulchre. True their union has remembered them in death; built a fence about their dust; guarding from curious trespass and oblivion—what they could not guard from danger and death. Here they sleep secure, who toiled side by side—"And in death they were not divided."

These were aliens, too, afar from the land of their birth; buried many hours a day in the grimy, damp murk of a sulphurous mine. Some knew the joy of home and prattling babe; but most knew only that ruder joy; that savage

break in the dull monotony of their uneventful life—the wild revelry of a drunken brawl—and violent sleeplessness. They worked,—they slept,—they ate,—and then they died—all in a moment, the blinding flash,—and one by one they sank beside their toil,—nor knew their end.

And now they sleep beside this softly gliding stream; the great mountains hold them forever in its bosom; the great trees sigh and bend above them. Silence is here, and softest music—and rest! Peaceful rest that knows no shrill and hurried waking, nor call to weary "shift." Others assume their task; are goaded forth at morning light—poor cattle dumb! But thus the world moves on, and brazen-headed industry grinds out its human toll, its dark red product—crushed life!—and broken hopes—and human blood! Thus the speechless, hoary peaks, that gleam clear-cut against the morning sheen, and wear beneath such downy changing verdure, carry, too,—"Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears." These pre-historic pioneers, that hold in silence the distant, ageless past, and give to us such joy and merriment, hold, too, a deep, dark melancholy; a grey-blue background of sacred holy lore. And so I tread their proud and rugged crests with awe, and gaze in reverence toward their lofty brow; and fear above their chasms; and peer in trembling thought across their lonely giant vales, that stretch below in broken leagues of faintest shimmering blue. And when the darkness falls, and these old monsters heave their huge, dark forms against the illimitable, starry spaces and in the hush of twilight, whisper strange tales of dear, dead days; broken hopes; and empty ageless aspirations—the puny toll of men—turned to ashes.

"Like snow upon the Desert's dusty face,
Lighting a little hour or two—is gone."

Thus it has been. But now the forest is gone; huge trains rumble through the valley. Towns and villages have grown up, with their straight streets, and their business blocks; their roar of commerce and the smoke of industry. The mountains yield their grimy products. A new people have come; the very earth is changed. But that little river runs on in its ancient way, and the mountain stands guard as of old; and all the secret, the mystery, the romance of an ancient day are buried there forever, in its silent, ageless bosom.

For the Boys.

The Wide Awake gives the following story, which is all the better for being true: "Two men stood at the same table in a large factory in Philadelphia, working at the same trade. Having an hour for their leisure every day, each undertook to use it in accomplishing a definite purpose: each persevered for about the same number of months, and each won success at last. One of these two mechanics used his leisure hour in working out the invention of a machine for sawing a block of wood into almost any desired shape. When the invention was complete, he sold the patent for a fortune, changed his workman's apron for a broadcloth suit, and moved from a tenement house into a brownstone mansion. The other man—what did he do? Well, he spent an hour each day during most of the year in the difficult undertaking of teaching a little dog to stand on his hind feet and dance a jig, while he played the tune. At last accounts he was working at the same trade, at the same wages, finding fault with the fate that had made his fellow-workman rich while leaving him poor." Leisure minutes may bring golden grain to mind as well as purse, if one harvests wheat instead of chaff.

If a cough makes your night sleepless and weary it will worry you a good deal, and with good cause. To dispel the worry and give yourself rest try Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. It exerts a soothing influence on the air passages and allays the irritation that leads to inflammation. It will subdue the most stubborn cough or cold, and eventually eradicate it from the system, as a trial of it will prove to you.

Will you be one of the 108 farmers who will receive our Prize Contest checks?



THERE will be twelve cash prizes in each of the nine provinces (108 in all) in the 1912 Prize Contest for Canadian Farmers. The 1911 Contest was so successful in awakening interest in the use of Concrete on the farm, that a second contest, in which three times as many prizes are offered, was decided upon for this year.

The Contest this year is divided into three classes, "A," "B," and "C," and there will be four prizes in each class. (First prize, \$50; Second prize, \$25; Third prize, \$15; Fourth prize, \$10.) Thus there are three \$50 Prizes, three \$25 Prizes, three \$15 prizes, and three \$10 Prizes, for each province.

DESCRIPTION OF CLASSES

In Each Class there will be First, Second, Third and Fourth Prizes (\$50, \$25, \$15, and \$10) for Each Province.

CLASS "A"—Prizes to be awarded to the four farmers in each province who use most "Canada" Cement on their farms in the year 1912.

CLASS "B"—Prizes to be awarded to the four farmers in each province who send photographs of the best concrete work done with "Canada" Cement on their farms in 1912.

CLASS "C"—Prizes to be awarded to the four farmers in each province who send in the best description, telling how any piece of concrete work was done with "Canada" Cement. (Entries for this prize must be accompanied by photographs of the work.)

Don't think that you must use a large quantity of cement in order to win a prize. The quantity of cement used does not count in Classes "B" and "C." Many of last year's prize winners used very little cement.

When you enter the Contest, you have a chance to win a cash prize of \$50 as well as the certainty that you will add a permanent improvement to your farm. If you haven't a copy, be sure and ask for our book, "What the Farmer Can Do With Concrete." It will not only suggest many improvements that you can use in entering the Contest, but will tell you all about the use of concrete on the farm.

Just write your name and address on the attached coupon, or use a postal card, and we will send full particulars of the Prize Contest and a copy of "What the Farmer Can Do With Concrete" to you absolutely free.

Address Publicity Manager

Canada Cement Company Limited
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Please send me full particulars of the 1912 Farmers' Prize Contest, and a free copy of your book "What the Farmer Can Do With Concrete."

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