

YOURS TO ENJOY



You'll Like the Flavor

WOOD AND MINERAL COAL AS FUEL

By DR. N. L. BRITTON
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To the Editor of the *Evening Post*:
SIR: "Trees Are a Crop, Coal Is Not." This epigram, taken from Secretary Riddale's recent circular letter to members of the American Forestry Association, is likely to impress many people with the relation between wood and mineral coal as fuel. The mineral coal of the world cannot be increased in amount; wood and charcoal may be increased almost indefinitely. While the total amount of mineral coal remaining in the earth appears to be enormous, the acute fuel conditions which we are now experiencing are not alone of time being. Combinations of demand would cause their repetition, and the more frequently as the amount of mineral coal is progressively lessened and the supply becomes more difficult of access. The competition for coal lands by nations and races of men will become keener. The occupation by the Germans of those of Belgium and of northern France at the present time is an illustration. Additional coal fields may perhaps be discovered, but probably only in regions remote from civilization.

During the past few months people living in the country who have woodlots have been far more comfortable than city dwellers who have coalbins. The text "Trees Are a Crop, Coal Is Not," should be posted in every schoolroom. The desultory tree-planting of Arbor Day should be replaced by spring and autumn planting of trees in quantities everywhere they will thrive, and not shade grounds utilized for other crops. Both public and private endeavor for tree-planting and tree-care should be widely stimulated and encouraged. We, of the scientific kind, have been preaching forestry in the United States for several decades, with the principal result up to now of securing great natural public forest reservations primarily used as public parks. Perhaps the present fuel experience will do more to bring about the increase of wooded areas by planting than all that our literature and eloquence have accomplished.

Of course, the production of heat by burning either wood or coal is not a good economic proposition. There should be a concentration of scientific effort organized to utilize forces of nature by conversion into heat. We have the winds and the flow of streams at hand. We have the superabundant heat of the tropics, if we could only transport it to the temperate zones, and in these we have the superabundant heat of summer, if we could store it for use in the winter. Except for the conversion of water-power into electricity and then into heat, we do not know at the present time any way of utilizing these natural forces.

At the New York Botanical Garden, we have cut within the reservation of about 400 acres and burned in the furnaces of the smaller buildings during the past winter over fifty standard cords of firewood, thus saving approximately that amount of mineral coal. This fuel was all obtained from trees which had to be removed for one reason or another. No tree desirable for retention as a specimen or from a park standpoint was felled. Some of the trees taken had died, others had been uprooted by gales, others were decrepit, others were crowding desirable neighbours, and a few were eliminated

THE BRITISH N. P. S.

THE British N. P. S. One wonders how many folks—even those interested in certain birds—can say offhand what these initials stand for. Certainly they are seen seldom, very seldom, in the world of print, and are found for the most part in use by that particular Service itself. Yet, though it is not heard of once in a blue moon, it is doing invaluable work in the great hostilities. By means of it not only human lives have been saved, but it is one of the invaluable means of the offensive and defensive against the underwater craft of the enemy.

The British Naval Pigeon Service is not new. It is as old as the times of galleys and bows and arrows, and was also the sole means of distant communication in the days of masts and yards and pig-tails. Thus the medium that served for sending information in medieval days when only certain English ports provided the naval forces of England still serves the same purpose to-day, when the British Navy is an Empire force girdling the world seas, and wireless telegraphy has harnessed the air.

Perhaps no living creature is more carefully preserved in Britain at the present time than the carrier and the homer pigeon. Thrilling stories creep out from time to time of the splendid work done by their wonderful pluck and determination. On shore they are trained and looked after by the N. P. S., the men of which have had handling of training and racing pigeons before entering this Service. Then the birds are dispatched as required to the various naval bases or sub-bases for use along the coast by the watchers, and the patrolling and other craft.

A coast-watcher on one of the loneliest parts of the west coast of Britain may realize the worth of the N. P. S. better than most folks, for it brought about the capture of a crew of Germans. For nights together he had kept a sharp lookout along his beat for the U-boats possibly making the land to get the petrol, so cunningly stored away somewhere up his short stretch of coast. Day and night his vigilant eyes, jammed against his binoculars, swept the lonely waters. Again and again he searched all likely and unlikely places for the store of essence. But in vain. Then, one evening, just after sundown, he saw the tip of a periscope rise far out at sea, and then the conning-tower of a U-boat showed awash. The underwater craft became stationary. Specks representing men appeared on her conning-tower, confident of safety, for the nearest British base was far distant and the patrols here were few.

But the watcher turned to the light basket he was carrying on his back, and the little note he wrote hurriedly he tied to a leg of the pigeon. Then he released the "homer." For less than a minute the bird cast about, as if finding its bearings, then winged quickly away toward the naval sub-base, its home.

Sooner than the sun rose next morning, that U-boat was lying moored hard by British destroyers, and her crew were prisoners. She had run out of petrol, but not this time was the hidden cache emptied. The winged member of the N. P. S. has stopped that enterprise.

Another instance is that ensuing when one of the British patrol boats, early one morning, was attacked by a German submarine. The vessel was torpedoed and began to sink quickly. The skipper, however, had time to write a brief message, roll up the scrap of paper, and secure it to a leg of the pigeon, before the shattered craft sank under his feet. Just in time he threw the carrier pigeon up into the air, for within the next minute he was struggling in the water, and striking out for dear life towards a bit of wreckage. By now the U-boat had risen to the surface, and her men were watching the patrolmen struggling in the water. The pigeon they espied, and immediately began to shoot at it. The skipper saw the bird badly hit, and gave up all hopes of rescue.

He did not know how plucky the N. P. S. is, how staunch the spirit of a trained "carrier."

Some twenty miles away it lighted on the deck of the destroyer, its silvery gray plumage speckled with blood, one of its wings wounded, and some feathers of the tail completely shot away. Quickly it was brought to the commanding officer, who took the message off its leg. Three minutes later the destroyer was rushing at full speed to the succor and her wireless telegraphist was ringing the sky with news of the enemy's whereabouts. In less than three-quarters of an hour the patrolmen were safe on board. The N. P. S. had saved their lives and brought together the avenging destroyers for the hunting. The "carrier" recovered from its wounds and resumed its place on the active list.

Many are the praiseworthy deeds performed by the birds of the British Naval Pigeon Service, which it achieved by human individuals would be acknowledged by some Distinguished Conduct Medal or other decoration and laudation in public print. Only the register of the Naval Pigeon Service could tell fully, but in curt, laconic, and brief sentences, the record of each bird and its good work done against the Germans.—PATRICK VAUX, in *Our Dumb Animals* for March.

There's no use talking, we've got to economize this year. "All right. Suppose you shave yourself every other day instead of daily?"—*Detroit Free Press*.

SEASONABLE SALADS

MOCK CELERY SALAD
Apples, Celery-Salt
Peel, core, and chop good firm apples; sprinkle them with celery-salt and serve with mayonnaise dressing which has been made without salt. There is sufficient salt in the celery-salt to season both the apples and the dressing.

BANANA AND PEANUT SALAD
3 bananas
6 tablespoons lemon juice
2 tablespoons chopped peanuts.
Peel and cut the bananas into lengthwise halves. Place the halves on a serving dish and pour over them the lemon juice. Sprinkle the chopped peanuts over the top.

COUNTRY SALAD
1 cup shredded cabbage
1 cup diced celery
1 cup chopped apple
Mix the ingredients thoroughly and moisten them with sufficient cooked dressing and serve on cabbage leaves.

BRAN SALAD
2 hard boiled eggs
5 small pickles
1 pint left-over beans
Chop the eggs and pickles together, add the cold baked beans and serve with enough cooked dressing to moisten.

PRUNE SALAD
Prunes
Nuts or cheese
Soak the prunes and cook until soft. Remove the stones and fill the prunes with nuts or cheese. Serve with mayonnaise cooked or French dressing.

BRAZIL SALAD
Canned peaches, apricots, or pears
Cream Cheese
Brazil nuts or almonds
Salt
Paprika
Work the cream cheese until smooth; add salt, paprika, and nuts which have been blanched and chopped or shredded. Fill centres of fruit with the cheese mixture, and serve with mayonnaise or cooked dressing.

CARROT AND PEANUT SALAD
1 cup carrots
1 cup peanuts
3 cup salad dressing
Celery-salt
Put through the meat grinder, using the finest knife, the carrots and peanuts. Mix together, and season with celery-salt. Serve with salad dressing.

SEARCHING FOR MOSS

A certain species of moss known as sphagnum, which is found in great quantities in New Brunswick, is needed for surgical dressings for the Red Cross, and it was announced by William McIntosh, curator of the Natural History Museum, that a party of fifty girl members of the Junior Natural History Society will be sent out to the bogs in this province to gather all the precious growth possible. A sphagnum dressing is used as an absorbent in open wounds and cases where there is any large amount of discharging matter. The best grades are found to be superior to absorbent cotton.—*St. John Telegraph*.

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BULLETS, NOT PHRASES, WILL WIN

London, March 14—The Rt. Hon. Mr. Lloyd George, speaking in London last night said there had been criticism because the Cabinet Ministers had not given sufficient prominence to the idea of a League of Nations in their speeches.

The Bolsheviks had taught them one lesson—which was that a real League of Nations did not come by talking about it. The critics had forgotten something which was essential—that once a war was begun, you had to fight for it. They must not be misled by mistaking phrases about peace which even a Prussian War Lord would hail with satisfaction.

Nobody had been so eloquent on the subject of a League of Nations, said the Premier, as the German Emperor. His reply to the Pope breathed the spirit of brotherly love, but in it there was no word about Belgium. On the subject of a League of Nations the German Emperor was absolutely sound; he was prepared to put Germany at the head of it. All through those protestations on the part of the Emperor breathed the spirit of domination; the dagger was wrapped up in the Sermon on the Mount.

A League of Nations could only be possible when the Entente armies had won; only then could a League of Nations become an established fact, and the sword be converted into a ploughshare.

Coming down to internal affairs, the Premier said there was no hunger. There was no privation, but the people were being deprived of a good deal they had been taught to regard as the essentials of a comfortable existence. There was no lack of abundant food to sustain the strength of the people, and no prospect of such deficiency, but there was a tendency to grumble at restrictions.

"The people face big things," continued

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ued the Premier, "but get worried over small ones. There has been only one successful food controller in the history of the world—the One who made fifty loaves and two small fisheries feed a multitude. I tell you what rationing means. It means that a nation in the furnace of war is becoming more of a brotherhood."

"Anybody pay much attention to your speech?" "One person," replied Senator Sorghum. "The stenographer—was obliged to get every word of it."—*Washington Star*.

"A rather remarkable couple, I should say." "They've been married ten years and she still listens with deference when he expresses an opinion."—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.



Grandmother's Pies are done

HOW luscious they look as she takes them from the oven. Here is a kind well worth your attention, made from dried apples, small raisins and brown sugar. "Spring mince pies" grandmother called them. She had many other delicious pies and pudding made from brown sugar

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