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MONDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1923.

Relying on Figures.

The grain growers around Regina do not seem to be certain whether politics is a cement that holds them together or a bone of contention that divides the camp.

Mr. Andrew MacBeth, in giving his report to the Regina local of the Saskatchewan Grain Growers, spoke plainly, and said a serious mistake had been made in entering the political field, because as politicians they were not sticking together nearly as well as they did as farmers. He used these membership figures to back up his argument:

Year.	Membership.
1918	43,000
1919	35,000
1920	29,274
1921	22,664
1922	16,508

It is hard to see where Mr. MacBeth finds cause to arrive at his conclusion. Figures gathered in the neighboring province of Alberta show that there has been a decrease in membership of the U. F. A., but when the provincial election came the farmers won hands down.

The fact that a man's dues are not paid is not very good evidence that he has ceased to act and believe along certain lines. The proportion of Liberals or Conservatives who pay dues to their respective organizations is small, but that does not mean that they are not on hand when the word is passed that an election is in the air.

Our Sense of Security.

Men who are working to corner the "flu" germ say it is so small that it must be magnified 1,000 times before it can be seen under the glass.

When one of the first and worst "flu" epidemics was sweeping the country some bright chap made an easy living selling masks made of gauze that were supposed to keep the germs from getting a chance to enter the mouth or nose.

And it may have been that the wearers of those nose bags had a sense of security, gathered from the idea that the germs might land on him, and look around, but couldn't possibly break through the gauze.

But from what we are told now the germs could walk 40 abreast right through the finest gauze made.

We build quite a few of our houses on sand foundations.

The Public Forget.

The insistent demands that have been made in United States for an embargo on anthracite coal coming to Canada should make us stop and think—or, better still, get up and act.

There is always the danger of forgetting this coal business as soon as the sun starts to shine on both sides of the fence.

When we are scraping around on the bottom of the coal bin and burning anything from slate dust to barrel staves, we are quite willing to admit the research man has a big place to fill and a great work to do.

When it gets warm, and we are thinking of ice rather than coal, these same students of research are apt to lapse back into the class of faddists in the mind of many people.

Some of these patient pluggers who are working away all the time will come out some day with the location of a hard coal deposit, or the formula for making our soft coal more fit for domestic use.

This will come from some man's perseverance rather than via the sustained interest and backing of the public.

Better To Drop It.

It would cause no surprise were the Provincial Government to let the adolescent school act rest until they are a little more positive of the general direction in which it is going to take them.

Municipalities should also be asked for an estimate of the added expense they are going to face when the act gets to the full 18-year age limit of its operation.

There is nothing to indicate that the Drury administration, apart from the minister of education himself, is particularly taken with the adolescent school act.

Its big weakness is in the fact that it has to be interpreted by so many different officers in various sections. The human equation is multiplied in this way. One officer may have tact and everything in his favor, while in the next center the enforcement may be handed over to a man who would make a rumpus of the whole thing.

There are thousands of men in Canada who by their performance since leaving school have shown that they were able to get along with an entrance standing or a couple of years at high school. What supplementary education many of them received was due to their own work, and along lines dictated by a sense of their own need.

They Can Pray Together.

There are many worthy arguments put forward showing why it is impossible to have church union.

The women of the Protestant churches in London organized a number of prayer meetings. They were of all denominations, but they met at the place most convenient. They had certain definite things about which they wanted to pray—missionary endeavors, schools and school children—yes, a half dozen things they all had in common.

And when these women met together in prayer, the idea of creed and of denominational difference was pushed to one side to make room for something greater.

Some day church union may come in that way, and if it does the heads of the churches will neither be able to stop it or even control the shape it shall take.

The Origin of Divorce.

The Canadian Senate has 150 divorce cases to deal with this session. The list shows that very few, if any, people who are prominent in the community are seeking divorce this year.

Most of the cases seem to come from those of ordinary, if not even humble circumstances.

Divorce is often pictured as something that was the exclusive property of the rich. A "society scandal" was something quite nice for the community to talk over.

But here we are drawing the majority of our divorce cases from the rank and file. What has become of the old idea of "love in a cottage." It is not pleasing to think that in Canada we are coming to a point where domestic life for the average family is one bit less wholesome than it used to be.

Note and Comment.

The man who said this was going to be a fine open winter probably referred to the open door of the furnace.

A despatch says Turkey is about to throw her hat in the war ring. And after it's all over Turkey may get the hat back but have no head to stick it on.

About the best compliment that has been paid the French people lately is the selection in Paris of a woman of 58 as the winner in a beauty contest.

"Dabbling in too many things" is the verdict on the slump of one of our large Canadian concerns. It's taken us quite a while to learn the lesson of Henry Ford.

This proposed course of schooling for hotelkeepers will, of course, include a little tuition in putting the covers on the bed so the feet won't be hanging through the dashboard by morning.

The New York World has a picture of Mayor Hylan lifting a street car; in the next column is an editorial headed: "If Hylan Should Die." Is the cartoonist going to let the car fall on him.

Mr. MacBride, M.P.P. of South Brant, has his picture in the Toronto Star. The only drawback is that they went and put these lines under it: "Who came off second best in a tilt with Attorney-General Raney yesterday."

London officials order the one-man cars off the streets until an agreement is made between the city and company over certain clauses. These cars are on the rails to carry more people, and when they are off there is that much less carrying capacity. Anything that looks like a new car should be welcomed with a parade and a banquet.

Chauffeurs have opened a clubhouse in New York, and it has letters, S. P. A. E., which mean Society Professional Automotive Engineers. Taxi-drivers? No, sir! Chauffeurs? Not any more! Professional automotive engineer, and don't you forget it! As we used to say on lot 10, con. 4, those fellows are getting stuck up.

President Harding has not turned out to be the success his friends expected. He lacks those fine big qualities that make a man crack the pine table with his fist as he says "Yes, sir, we'll do it no matter what happens." Likewise, he does not seem to be able to kick over the waste paper basket and shout "No chance for that. Get out and stay out."

The Toronto Telegram is quite convinced that Sir Henry Thornton does not know his job. Therefore the Telegram's daily contribution to the success of the publicly-owned National Railways is a knock and a sneer for Sir Henry. The man who will not sit on the floor and pick up crumbs from the Telegram's table should be either deported or shot at sunrise.

The Estevan (Sask.) Progress claims that election expenses of some of the Progressives have not been paid yet. The Dominion elections act allows 50 days to settle debts after a man is declared elected. The Progressive plan of paying for elections out of popular subscriptions has failed probably because these levies cease to be popular when an election is over.

The Calgary Herald believes Alberta to be a much-governed district. The Herald says: "In this province, with a population of less than that of the city of Toronto, we have eight ministers and 61 members. The eight ministers receive $50,500 in salaries, and in addition 61 members receive $122,000 as sessional indemnity. Here is a total of $188,500 for a year of one session." There can be no doubt that we have plenty of machinery for governing our nine million population. Between senators and members of various parliaments we have about 775 legislators at work.

Canada Must Have Her Share of Coal.

(From the New York World).

A suburban resident of New York City purchased his coal from a local dealer, paid his bills, entered his orders on time and expected to continue trading with this dealer.

Then came the coal strike and the supply for the village ran short. The dealer, who had earned the confidence of the village, announced that all his customers would have to run on short rations and economize.

That was not a pleasant prospect, but the suburban resident decided he would have to take his medicine with the rest.

The dealer supplied some coal and the consumer did the best he could with the short supply. Then, in the middle of the winter, the dealer decided to cut off this particular customer and not let him have any more coal.

What did this particular suburban resident think of that kind of treatment?

There have been too many similar cases to make the subject pleasant. Coal dealers who have dealt with in such arbitrary fashion have earned and deserved condemnation.

But, on a small scale, isn't this a fair picture of what a coal embargo on Canadian shipments would mean on a large scale?

We believe that Governor Smith was wrong in asking for such an embargo and that President Harding was right in refusing to grant it.

"Take care of your own" is a fine sentiment and a good working rule under ordinary conditions. But there are larger obligations of fair dealing and fair play that ought not to be obscured.

Your Health

HOW TO SAVE YOUR ENERGY ON COLD DAYS FOR GOOD WORK.

By ROYAL S. COPELAND, M.D., Commissioner of Health, New York City, U. S. Senator-Elect From New York State.

As I write this the air is full of flakes, and the streets are piling up with snow. It is a winter's night of the old-fashioned sort. The weather brings to mind the methods of keeping warm. We use all sorts of devices to escape the effects of cold. But have you stopped to consider the remarkable fact that the temperature of the body varies but slightly the year around?

Whether the night is like this one, or whether it is high noon in the tropics, your temperature will not vary the fraction of a degree.

There are several factors involved in this remarkable stability of the temperature curve. The season of the year, the climate, the clothing and housing are bound to have positive effects on temperature. But these are not the important things—they may be referred to as the artificial factors.

But without these artificial aids to comfort the body itself possesses all the machinery and equipment necessary to maintain uniformity of temperature. Throwing aside all man-made methods of control, the physical and chemical powers of the body will preserve the standard degree of warmth.

The skin is the great regulator on the physical side. The blood supply is so controlled that it may be increased or diminished as conditions require. In this way the degree of surface radiation is determined.

Upon the amount of blood depends the action of the sweat glands. When necessity demands, these organs pour out a quantity of water which speedily evaporates from the surface of the skin. Just as water in a porous crock is kept cool by evaporation from its surface, so is the body lowered in temperature by the skin evaporation.

Besides this method of physical regulation there is another important means of heat control. This is called "chemical regulation," because it depends on the increased chemical oxidation or burning of the body tissues.

In the cold of winter exercise helps to generate heat. Muscle activity raises the body temperature. That is why we beat our chests with our arms and run about a lot on a cold day.

The involuntary "shivering" of the body elevates the temperature through its effect on the muscles. Undoubtedly this is Nature's way of warming the body after a cold bath.

The amount and quality of the food taken bears an important relationship to the chemical regulation of the body heat. There are certain foods which add to the warmth of the body. The fats and carbohydrates—sugar and starches—have this property.

The sensible use of the artificial aids to temperature control will take from the body itself a lot of activity. There is just so much available energy, and if it is expended in maintaining the temperature there must be reduced output for more productive and apparent purposes.

Care of the body must extend to its protection against extremes of weather. We should dress and select our places of residence, not for fashion's sake, but for the sake of our highest usefulness to the world.

Answers to Health Questions.

J. A. C. Q.—When I wake in the morning, my mouth is dry and my breath is very offensive. Will you kindly tell me what causes this?

A.—Your are probably suffering from nasal catarrh, which is the cause of your mouth being dry in the morning. Offensive breath may be due to bad teeth, constipation or indigestion. Kindly send a self-addressed, stamped envelope, restating your question, and full particulars on these conditions will be given.

J. P. J. Q.—What causes rings under the eyes?

A.—This condition may be due to constipation, indigestion, kidney or eyestrain. An examination is necessary to determine the cause of the trouble, then the proper treatment can be prescribed.

C. R. Q.—I am a boy 17 years old and would like to know what my correct weight should be.

A.—As you do not give your height, I cannot say just what your correct weight should be. A boy of the age you mention, 5 feet 6 inches tall, should weigh 130 pounds.

Miss D. Z. Q.—I am a girl in my 20's, 5 feet 2 inches tall, and weigh 139 pounds. Will you please tell me what my correct weight should be?

A.—As you do not give your exact age, I cannot say just what your correct weight should be. A woman 29 years old of the height you mention should weigh about 124 pounds. If you would care for instructions on weight reduction, restate your question and inclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

"SONG OF LOVE."

At last we have been able to secure records of "Song of Love" from "Blassom Time." Come in and hear it, or telephone your order. Gerhard Heintzman, Limited, 222 Dundas St. —Advt. 76c

"NOT FOR KIDDIES."

Pal—Did you read about the nonogenarian's banquet?

Palaver—Yes. I heard a fellow 89 years old tried to get in, and they told him he was too young to go to such things.

WRONG SEX.

A baby was taken to a church to be christened, and as the minister was christening it he said: "As you all know, an acorn makes a mighty oak tree and drops of water make the ocean. This little infant may grow up to be the president, an orator, a famous lawyer and a great many other things. Now (turning to the mother) will you give us the baby's name?"

The mother, very much bewildered: "Mary Ann."

The Daily Story

HER DIVIDENDS.

By Clarissa Mackie.

Helen Wright dropped the check and looked dreamily into the fire. "I wonder who Paul Day can be—it must be—it is seven years since father died and left me alone, and once every year I receive this check, signed by Paul Day and no clue to follow save the scrap of attached paper, which always bears the same message, 'Dividend on investment in Day-Wright mine'!" She smiled as she retrieved the envelope from the waste paper basket and studied the postmark.

"Big River, Cal.," she deciphered, and went for an atlas, which she studied closely. "I will go and find it," she told herself that night as she prepared for bed.

Paul Day, big, bronzed and handsome, emerged from the shaft of his mine and discovered a young woman seated on the end of an empty ore car. She wore linen riding clothes, and twirled a stiff black sailor hat on one hand.

"A tourist," and Day groaned inwardly, but his eyes were satisfied with the vision of her sitting there, cool and lovely, with the afternoon sun shining on her fair head.

He removed his hat and paused an instant.

"It may sound inhospitable," he said with a pleasant smile, "but I am wondering if you are expecting to meet anyone here?"

"Why?" she asked curiously.

"Because the mine is not being worked, and there is no one here except myself. People have been here from time to time, looking for some of the men who used to work for me, but they have all gone." His eyes turned away and he gazed off into the remote distance; he might have been searching for something unattainable, for his eyes were sad just then.

"This is the old Day-Wright mine, isn't it?" the girl asked, stepping down from the car before he could reply, and coming closer.

"Yes," there was surprise in his tone.

"Do you own it?" she wanted to know. "Please tell me all about it."

"My name is Day—my partner, Wright, died a few years ago. You see, he and I worked it together for a while and it looked like a good thing; then his health failed and he went home to the east. I understood that he had a motherless little girl, who lived with a grandmother—he was a fine fellow, who loved the open country, a fair-square man. I missed him. Someone sent me word of his death."

"Didn't his heirs claim a share in the mine?" she asked.

She liked his deep laugh that followed her question.

"The lead was a false one, the gold pinched out shortly after his departure, and we had never drawn up any legal papers."

"Yet, you remain here and work it?"

He shrugged. "I have been able to scrape out a little ore, enough to make a living for myself, while I am working for Giant Mines, I am a mining engineer."

"Thank you for telling me so much," she said. "May I ask one question—it may sound impertinent, but—"

"Ask any question," he replied.

"Does the Wright-Day mine—"

"Day-Wright," he corrected.

"Does the Day-Wright mine pay dividends?"

Now he blushed like a schoolboy.

"Why—why do you ask that question?"

"I wanted to know," she laughed frankly, and there was a very soft light in her brown eyes.

"It pays dividends—sometimes," he admitted.

"Annual dividends?"

"Yes," a little sharply.

"Does the little girl of your partner—does she receive a dividend, too?"

"Yes."

"All of it?"

"Yes," stiffly.

"Why all of it? Forgive me, Mr. Day, but I must know. Is she needy?"

"I am not sure, but I suppose so. Wright gave me to understand that he had nothing of his own, and that his mother cared for the little girl. I assumed that he had nothing to leave her. He was a good friend of mine and the dividends will go on as long as I a malive, or as long as she needs them," he ended grimly.

At the risk of offending him beyond pardon, she asked one more question. "And when you cannot scrape another bit of gold from the mine, I suppose you will keep on working for the Giant company, and continue to send the child her dividends?"

To this he made no reply, but stood staring off across the ravine to where the sun was sinking in a flame of glory.

"It is getting late," he said, after a while, but she had disappeared, and peering down the trail that wound through the ravine, he saw her mounted on a white pony making for the settlement at Big River.

A week later he received a telegram calling him to New York to confer with the vice-president of the Giant Mines. So he locked the doors that led to the shaft of the abandoned mine, shut up his little cabin nearby, and caught the first train for the east.

An office boy led him to a private room where the door bore the vice-president's name—H. E. Wright. The name was a common one, and when he entered he did not connect it with the man who had been his partner. A girl rose to meet him—the girl who had sat and talked to him that day at the mine, and whose face still haunted him. His heart leaped at sight of her.

"I am the vice-president of the Giant Mines," she told him when they were seated. "My father was your old friend—and I am the little girl you have been sending dividends to all these years—I am Helen Wright, Mr. Day."

He shook hands with her dazedly.

"I have never needed the dividends you sent, my friend; but I have hoarded the money and you must take it back. I am rich and I am so happy to meet father's friend; and to have you for my friend," her eyes were full of tears as their hands clasped.

Of course, they loved each other. The old mine revealed a hidden store. Paul Day became president of the Giant Mines, Inc., and they both collected dividends of happiness from their ideal love for each other.

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Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

JEST

An Ode To Galoshes.

The ladies specialize in clothes, in frocks for street or dances, 'most any husband's check-book shows the cost of Paris fancies.

Artistic fads and furbelows enhance their charm and beauty and that's what every woman knows, so dressing well's her duty.

She wears great coats of heavy fur with stockings extra flimsy; but who dares disagree with her, although she's ruled by whimsey? But yet it seems a little queer when through the rain she sloshes, to see the dainty little dear with feet in loose galoshes.

Galoshes long have held their sway in thinly settled regions; but they see a brighter day amid D Fashion's legions. I used to w them quite a bit down at U Josh's; but now they've made awful hit, milady's loose galoshes

The poet has been wont to writ footsteps tripping lightly, and cha ing verses he'd indite to ankles s and sightly; but now that stuff out of date, his lass would cry joshes!" if he would praise the nu ber eight that's hers in loose g oshes!—John Henry.

Three of Course.

An American visiting Ireland asl a man servant at a tavern: "H many mails do yo have here a day

The servant replied: "Three, div breakfast and supper."

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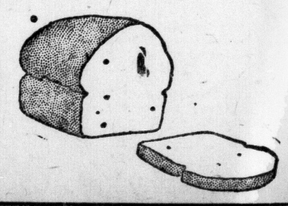

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