

Outwitting the Fox

Of all the fur-bearing animals the fox is probably the most difficult to catch. He is very cunning and shy and only the most deceiving sets will catch him.

First be sure that foxes are staying or travel through the locality where you make your sets, for it is of no use to make sets where there are no foxes.

The following water set is a good one before freezing weather sets in: Find a small pond and place some bait in the water about a foot from the shore. A wild duck is ideal. It can be laid on a stone or other support which should be about two inches below the surface of the water. This will hold the bait partly above water and make it look like it is floating. Now set a trap midway between the bait and the shore. Have the trap about a half-inch under water and place a tuft of moss on the pan. It should be thick enough so that it will come a little out of the water. A fox in attempting to get the bait will use the tuft of moss as a resting place for its foot, and thus will step right into the trap.

Another good set is made by taking a live rooster which should be put in a cage about three feet square. Hang it out in the woods about six feet from the ground. Now your traps should be in a circle around the cage, from seventy-five to two hundred feet away. The traps should be set so that the

work can be seen from them. If possible set the traps on top of little knolls and also on stumps. The ground should be dug out, and notches should be cut in the stumps so that the traps will be flat with the surface. And cover them with dry material which matches the surroundings. The rooster being alone will do much crowing and this will attract foxes from a long distance. They will be suspicious of the cage and will not go up to it. But they will circle around it and try to find out what it is. In doing this they will get on the highest places they can so as to get a better view and will get caught in the traps which you have set there for them.

If you know of a dead horse or cow which has been dragged out in the woods, keep watch of it. If foxes are feeding on it set traps in the pathway which lead to it. Dig the ground out also for these sets and cover the traps with dry grass or leaves.

The best time to make these sets is in the evening just before a light fall of snow. The snow will cover all material which may get disturbed by making the set and it will make the whole surrounding look natural. The traps should be smoked in a smudge made from green boughs. Gloves should be worn when handling them so that they will not become tainted again, as a fox will stay away from a set which is scented with human odor.

Bits of Canadian News.

To encourage finishing cattle in the Edmonton district for the export trade, H. P. Kennedy, president of the local stock yards and an extensive shipper, is offering \$1,000 in prizes for the best finished cattle brought on the market in certain quantities. Mr. Kennedy has declared that Alberta cattle are equal if not superior to those raised in any part of the world, and he is strongly in favor of finishing process being effected at home.

Four prominent labor men in Calgary have provided the necessary funds to build a five-room modern bungalow to prove that such a house can be erected for \$3,000. The house is nearing completion and the builders are well within their original estimate.

Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., of New York, has purchased an estate near Victoria, and will spend a part of each year there. The beauty of the country and agreeable climatic conditions decided his selection of this Pacific Coast home.

Some thirty placer mining claims have recently been staked along the east shore of the Big Smoky River, east of Grande Prairie, Alberta, by farmers resident in the vicinity. Discoveries of platinum together with traces of gold in the sandstone are responsible for the initial activity, but a new significance has been added by the discovery of tungsten deposits in beds of clay back from the sandstone cut banks of the river. Samples of the latter analyzed disclosed tungsten 63 per cent., platinum 8 per cent., and also metallic iron.

Figures published by the Census bureau show a healthy growth in many Nova Scotia towns. Bridgewater, with 3,152, has grown by 14 per cent.; Dartmouth, 7,504, 56 per cent.; Inverness, 2,952, 9 per cent.; Kentville, 2,717, 8 per cent.; Liverpool, 2,263, 8 per cent.; Lunenburg, 2,786, 4 per cent.; Sydney, 22,527, 27 per cent.; and Trenton, 2,837, 62 per cent.

A lack of apples in some parts of the United States has resulted in increased shipments from Ontario across the line, in spite of the fact that the duty is now 30 cents a bushel as compared with 10 cents a bushel last year. Shipments from Kingston to date are valued at \$150,000, as against \$5,000 last year.

A new industry, which will add to the development of the town of Drummondville, Que., will soon start upon the building of a plant which, when completed, will give employment to about 150 men. The Dominion Silk Dyeing Manufacturing Company, has just bought 15 acres of land adjoining the plant of the Butterfly Hosiery Company, Limited, and the building of the plant, which will start in about a month, will give employment to over a hundred men.

Four Regina girls, all of whom served overseas with the Canadian forces, have left the city to take up

work in the three prairie provinces under the direction of the Department of Indian Affairs. Each will be allotted a district and will visit homes, schools and other institutions caring for the sick and paying particular attention to the betterment of conditions among the Indians.

The Family View.

A notorious war profiteer was talking to a group of young men on a golf club verandah. "Look at me," the profiteer said. "Twenty years ago a poor boy, working like a dog and today—" He chewed violently on his dollar cigar. "Look at me!" he repeated. "See what I've done for myself." The young men looked at him curiously and then one of them said: "Your motive's good, of course, but doesn't your family object to your peeing as a horrible example in this way?"

His Very Best Mulligans.

A country clergyman was once preaching on an obscure point of theology, which he elucidated in an original and striking manner, finishing by saying, "This is entirely my own view. Commentators do not agree with me."

The next day he was informed that one of his parishioners wished to see him. Going into his study, he was greeted with ordiality by one of his sidesmen, who happened to be a market gardener.

"Morning, sir," beamed the caller. "Heard you say yesterday as common taters didn't agree w' ye, so I've brought a sack of my best. Hope you'll get on better with them."

A New Version.

The Sunday-school teacher was talking to her class about Solomon and his wisdom.

"When the Queen of Sheba came and laid jewels and fine raiment before Solomon, what did he say?" she asked.

One small girl, who evidently had experience in such matters, replied promptly: "Ow much d'yer want for the lot?"

Circumstantial Evidence.

The Bingville board of select men had held many sessions and finally formulated a set of auto laws that was the pride of the county. So the constable felt no worry when he stopped a motorist.

"Ye're pinched for violatin' the auto laws," he pronounced.

"Which one?" inquired the traveler. "Durned if I know, but ye certainly hain't come all the way down Main Street without bustin' one of them."

Irish emigrants to the number of 4,338,199 left their native shores for other lands between May, 1851, and December 31st, 1920.

Tragedy of an Avalanche

An American officer tells a moving story of sudden and swift destruction in the U. S. Northwest. It happened on a February day, when a warm sun and a Chinook wind from the Pacific was melting the snow. All along the trail, as the officer and his party wound up the mountain side, great masses of snow seemed to be overhanging them, and more than once the officer noticed how anxious the grizzly-haired old guide seemed to be. Only a narrow path had been cleared through the snow, and the twenty mules followed one another in single file.

Halfway up they came to four cabins occupied by miners. Three brown men in red shirts stood at the door of one of the cabins talking as the party filed past. Salutes were exchanged, but the officers party had no occasion to halt.

They had gone about three hundred feet, and were about to make a turn in the trail, when the leader halted to look back. The guide was ahead—the officer second. The line of mules was

strung out for a quarter of a mile, and on foot among them were five packers, all half-breeds.

The officer heard no signal of danger, no cry of alarm. With the swiftness of thought the snow, five hundred feet up the mountain, began to move. The width of the avalanche was about half a mile, and it moved very rapidly. There were thousands of tons of snow, hundreds of trees, hundreds of great boulders.

In a few moments it was all over, and a cloud of what seemed like smoke hung over the spot. It drove off down the mountain after two or three minutes, and the officer looked for his pack train.

Not a man nor a mule had escaped. He looked for the cabins, and they, too, had disappeared. Indeed, the very trail had been swept down into the valley a mile below, and almost across it. For a space of half a mile wide there was neither tree nor shrub—not a yard of earth. The avalanche had ground its way down to the rocks.

—and the worst is yet to come



In Childhood's Magic Land

We never met a ruffian there—except in picture books!

Each man was trusty-hearted, true; each woman perfect seemed,

We judged the world with kindness, we'd never heard of crooks, And noble lads and lasses walked along the dreams we dreamed,

Folks always gripped each other with a friendly helpful hand, And selfishness was blotted out—in childhood's magic land.

There were no people—save in tales—who spoke in lying guise, There were no people—save in tales—who acted meanly souled.

The citizens we sojourned with were oh, so straight and wies, And life was just a meeting-place for creatures "good as gold."

The days run on—don't let us join some sceptic hopeless band, Let's keep some grand beliefs we learnt in childhood's magic land.

MASTERPIECES THAT WERE ONCE DESPISED

SOME OF BRIGHTEST GEMS OF LITERATURE.

Regarded So Lightly by Their Gifted Writers That Only Chance Saved Them from Oblivion.

We know on the best authority that had John Keats never penned that marvellous "fragment of an epic poem," "Hyperion," his great contemporary, Shelley, would never have written "Adonais," which, next to Milton's "Lycidas," stands as the greatest requiem in the language.

Yet we know on equally good authority that Keats labored very fitfully at the poem, and finally gave it up in disgust, only including it in his last volume under protest.

The title page of this priceless volume runs: "Lamia, Isabella, The Eve of St. Agnes, and Other Poems," by John Keats, Author of "Endymion," London. Printed for Taylor & Hessey, Fleet Street, 1820."

Among the "Other Poems," not considered worthy of mention, is not only the longest poem in the book, but, in some, at least, of its qualities, the greatest thing the poet accomplished. Newman thought so little of his "Dream of Gerontius" that he is said to have condemned it to destruction, and was only deterred by the determined intervention of a friend, Browning, who destroyed every vestige of his "Juvenilia," made a desperate endeavor to include "Pauline," but, as it was published, he failed in his attempt. So scarce did it become that Rossetti, being unable to find a copy elsewhere, spent many laborious days in the British Museum Library copying it word for word.

Scott threw the original draft of "The Lay of the Last Minstrel" into the fire and was only persuaded to rewrite it by two friends to whom he had read it. John Keble, too, was averse to publishing his "Christian Year," yielding only to his father's express desire to see the book in print before he died, and Edward Fitzgerald was equally diffident with regard to "Omar Khayyam." There is, moreover, a story, which may or may not be true, that Kipling's "Recessional" was rescued from the author's wastepaper basket.

Carelessness a Fine Art.

Some weeks after leaving his lodgings in Morningside Place, Hampstead, Tennyson wrote to Coventry Patmore, from Barchurch, asking him to call there and see if he could find his "book of elegies"—a long, butcher, ledger-like book. Patmore went, and, in a cupboard where Tennyson had kept his butter and sugar, found the book full of verses. It was the book in which

Tennyson had been wont to inscribe those "swallow-flights of song" which we now know as "In Memoriam."

But it was Elizabeth Barrett Browning who made carelessness a fine art. It is possible that very little of her work would have survived, had it not been for a devoted lover before, and an adoring husband after marriage. "Aurora Leigh" was written in Italy, and, when the Brownings paid a visit to England, the manuscript was stuffed into the trunk containing her little son's velvet suits and lace collars.

At Marseilles the box was lost, and there was great lamentation. But was the grief for the lost "Aurora Leigh," which critics hailed a few months later as the greatest poem ever written by woman since the days of Sappho? By no means. Mrs. Browning never gave the poem a thought.

Her one concern was that she should not be able to display her lovely boy in his velvet suits and lace collars before her admiring friends at home! Fortunately—for literature—the box was traced to its lair.

Tell Him Now.

If with pleasure you are viewing Any work a man is doing, If you like him or you love him, tell him now;

Don't withhold your approbation Till the parson makes oration And he lies with snowy lilies o'er his brow;

For no matter how you shout it, He won't really care about it;

He won't know how many teardrops you have shed;

If you think some praise is due him Now't the time to slip it to him.

For he cannot read his tombstone when he's dead.

More than fame and more than money Is the comment kind and sunny And the hearty warm approval of a friend;

For it gives to life a savor, And makes you stronger, braver, And it gives you heart and spirit to the end;

If he earns our praise bestow it, If you like him let him know it;

Let the words of true encouragement be said;

Do not wait till life is over And he's underneath the clover,

For he cannot read his tombstone when he's dead.

Just So.

Tommy's uncle asked him the name of May's young man.

"I call him April Showers," replied Tommy.

"April Showers?" cried his astonished uncle. "Whatever makes you call him such a ridiculous name as that?"

"Because he brings May flowers," Tommy explained.

The greatest depth yet found in any ocean is 32,088 feet. It is at a point about forty miles north of the island of Mindanao, in the Philippine Islands.

Sugar-Mill Waste Yields Building Material

Once more science has turned a waste product into one of commercial value. This new achievement is the making of building board from the refuse of sugar cane after the juice has been pressed out at the sugar mill. The refuse, known as bagasse, is about 10 per cent. of the weight of the entire sugar-cane crop and amounts to 250,000 to 500,000 tons a year. Its disposal has long been a problem, and the original practice was to burn it in great piles. It is now being made into a substitute for lumber which possesses peculiar qualities, and for some purposes is superior to wood.

The first plant for manufacturing bagasse "lumber" was built in New Orleans, at a cost of \$500,000. The bagasse is baled, as it comes from the rollers of the sugar mill, and shipped to the "lumber factory." There it is first cooked to destroy the decay-producing spores and is treated with chemicals to make it waterproof. It

then passes to beating machines, which pound it to a pulp. When thoroughly beaten, it is passed through rollers and compressed into a continuous sheet, 12 feet wide. At this stage it is soft and must be dried.

The drying building is more than 1,000 feet long. Here the product is subjected to intense heat by means of coiled steam pipes placed beneath the floor. The finished lumber comes out in sheets 12 feet wide and 900 feet long, sufficient material to build three or four five-room bungalows. It is saved, in the same manner as ordinary lumber, into standard-size sheets, 4 by 12 feet, though of course it may be cut into any other sizes.

One ton of bagasse is required to make 3,000 feet of lumber, so the total possible production from the waste of Louisiana's cane land would be from 750,000,000 to 1,500,000,000 feet a year, if there were sufficient manufacturing facilities to use it all.

The Thinker.

Back of the beating hammer By which the steel is wrought, Back of the workshop's clamour The seeker may find the thought. The thought that is ever master Of iron and steam and steel, That rises above disaster And tramples it under heel!

Back of the motors humming, Back of the belts that sing, Back of the hammers drumming, Back of the cranes that swing, There is the eye which scans them Watching through stress and strain, There is the mind which plans them, Back of the brawn, the brain!

Might of the roaring boiler, Force of the engine's thrust, Strength of the sweating toiler, Greatly in these we trust, But back of them stands the schemer, The thinker who drives things through, Back of the job—the Dreamer Who's making the dream come true!

A Short History of England.

A schoolboy was told to write a short history of England. His efforts contained the following: "Caesar invaded England in the year 1111 A.D."

"He landed at Runcorn and bravely defended the bridge with Horatius against the German Fleet."

"He then went to Goodison Park, where he made arrangements for the football match on the following day."

"On the morrow the teams charged on to the field. In the first stages of the game, Caesar made a splendid run on the right wing, but finding that Admiral Jellicoe, the back, was charging him, he passed to his inside-right, Anselm, who in turn passed to Lloyd George, a brilliant young centre forward, who scored a splendid goal."

"The next ball Charles II. sent down the pitch, Caesar hit for six over the grand stand."

"The Britons completely lost their tempers, and pinning the umpire and the referee to the ground with the balls, seized the stumps and charged down upon the Romans, who, forming a testudo, were lucky to escape with their lives."

"A few days later Caesar happened to meet an old friend in Jack Sharp, when he was buying a cricket bat. After the usual greetings, Caesar asked William if there were any fresh news, and was told that the Armada had just left Constantinople. Caesar rushed down to Dover and made Earl Haig sign the Magna Charta."

If you don't think co-operation is necessary, watch what happens to a wagon if one wheel comes off.

The Grandmother.

Upon her folded hands the sunshine falls, Bathing their lines and scars of toil in light, And they are quiet as the evening earth That waits in peace the coming of night.

She has held children's children in her arms, Whose babies soon may lie against her breast; Now, in the shade of memories withdrawn, In the high midday sun she sits at rest.

To her, remote, with her completed life About her like a garment, age is kind, For still her children, small and very dear, Play in the secret dwelling of her mind.

Summed Up.

"What is the secret of success?" asked the sphinx.

"Never be led," said the penit.

"Do as you like," said the eraser.

"Rub along somehow," said the eraser.

"Be sharp," said the knife.

"Never lose your head," said the barrel.

"Strive to make a good impression," said the seal.

"Make the most of your good points," said the compass.

"Turn all things to your advantage," said the lathe.

"Oh, shut up, you people!" cried the door petulantly. And then there was silence.

Color Combinations.

The following color combinations harmonize: Blue and white. Blue and gold. Blue and orange. Blue and salmon. Blue and maize. Blue and brown. Blue and black. Blue, scarlet and lilac. Blue, brown, crimson and gold. Red and gold. Red and black. Scarlet and purple. Black with white or yellow and crimson. Scarlet, black and orange.

"The Silent Navy."

A captain of a British cruiser, on landing at a certain Irish port recently, was accosted by an old Irish woman, who said to him:

"Excuse me, but have you got Michael O'Connell on board?"

"No, my good woman, I have not," replied the captain.

"Shure, but ye must hev," retorted the old woman; "fer didn't the darlint himself tell me he had joined the British Navy?"

Graham Bell's Latest Invention

In recent months a weird-looking glider, tearing about the peaceful Bras d'Or lakes in Nova Scotia at seventy miles an hour, has excited no little attention and even astonishment.

It is the latest invention of Prof. Alexander Graham Bell, and the idea it represents is that of lifting a cigar-shaped boat hull clear of the water by submerged planes, which are not part of the hull itself. The craft uses the denser medium (water) to obtain the lift, while taking advantage of the low resistance to propulsion offered by the air.

Prof. Bell has allowed a description of the boat, which he calls the H.D.-4, to be published in the forthcoming Smithsonian Annual. It gives the following details:

Steel planes are arranged in sets like rungs of a ladder, and graduated from large ones at the top to small ones at the bottom. The faster the craft travels, the more of the planes rise out of the water, until only sufficient surface to carry the load remains submerged. In other words, there is an automatic reefing of the supporting surface.

At first glance the planes seem ridiculously small to support so large a hull. But it should be remembered that water is nearly 800 times as heavy as air; so that the area of the submerged "hydrofoils" need have but 1-800 of the wing area of an airplane.

The hydrofoil surface of the H.D.-4 support 2,000 lbs. to the square foot at sixty miles an hour—which is 200 times the load carried per square foot of wing area by an airplane.

To lift its hull clear of the water,

the glider must gain a speed of about twenty miles an hour.

The hull is torpedo-shaped, sixty feet long, with two outrigger pontoons, each sixty feet in length, connected to it by a deck. The deck supports two Liberty motors, which are mounted on either side, just abaft the cockpit.

The hull, covered with canvas, has a fuel tank in the stern. It has additional room enough to accommodate twenty persons.

The tail hydrofoil set acts as a rudder, and is operated by tiller lines running to the steering wheel in the cockpit. The motors are provided with compressed-air starters, and all controls are led to the cockpit. The fuel is forced from the tank in the hull to the level of the carburetors by air-pressure maintained by a hand pump.

Sixty miles an hour is the glider's maximum speed. Flying is a dull business compared with skimming over the surface of water at that terrific rate.

The glider starts off with a rear (its motors are not muffled), and at fifteen knots one feels the machine rising bodily out of the water. Once up and clear of the drag on the hull, she drives ahead with an acceleration that makes you grip your seat to keep from being left behind. The wind on your face is like the pressure of a giant hand, and an occasional dash of fine spray stings like birdshot. But there is no pounding or jolting. A slight undulation like that felt in a Pullman car is the only sensation. She steers with the ease of an automobile.