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London, Ont., Thursday, February 19.

THE PRESS AND THE UNREST.
A citizen charges the press with being responsible for the world-wide industrial and social unrest. This is not the case, as a very superficial consideration of events and their causes would have shown. The power of the press as an influence for good or evil is tremendous. Probably it exceeds that of any other man-made agency for intercourse between men and peoples, but it does not possess the potency to have brought about the present upheaval and unrest. Back of that is the age-old discontent born of injustice and cruelty. The industrial and social crises of today are the logical outcome of conditions of the past. Their sources are deep in the life of the race. Sooner or later they would have burst into the present disturbances and clashes. The convulsion due to the war merely hurried the explosion. The sudden crumbling of autocracies and tyrannies, the passing away of the old political systems in these and the unspeakable agony, distress and misery of the world war, are to be found in the immediate causes of our present industrial and social unrest.

It is to the credit of the press as a whole that its strength has been thrown into the fight against the extremist, the anarchist and all agencies that would destroy constitutional government. It fights for moderation, decency, decorum. It is not responsible for the prevalent restlessness; quite the contrary is the case. But for the curbing, guiding, moulding influences of the press through channels of publicity, advice and information, the state of the world today industrially and socially would be immeasurably more perilous than it is. The press is a pacifier, not a trouble maker.

THE TEACHER PROBLEM.
From all parts of Canada comes the cry for teachers for the public schools. Manitoba's minister of education reports that scores of the province's schools have had to close up through the lack of teachers. Quebec is also hard put to secure enough to go around. Several other provinces state that while they have sufficient teachers, many of them are far from being suitable. Thus the primary education of thousands of Canadian children is being held up, while thousands of others are being trained by the inexperienced and the unsuitable. This makes for a serious social situation, for which a remedy must be found at once. Next to that of the home there is no influence that so directly acts on the children as that exerted by the public school teacher. This is so obvious that it is amazing we have not sooner seen to it that our schools are adequately supplied both as to quantity and quality.

Unquestionably one of the reasons, probably the main reason for this dilemma, is that the teacher is very much underpaid, considering the vital importance of his service. Hundreds of men and women, who are thoroughly equipped for the teacher's profession, and who have a natural inclination in that direction, turn to other professions or enter business life, where the monetary returns are in fairer proportions to the service given. In these days of widespread propaganda, it would be a move in the interests of the country's welfare if a campaign was launched with the object of awakening the public to the importance of this problem.

CULTIVATE THE WASTE LANDS.
Mr. Cauchon, who is well known to Londoners because of his town beautifying schemes, is out with the proposal that the vast waste areas of the older sections of this province be reclaimed. He points out that this is one way in which the soldiers and other settlers could be kept in Ontario, instead of trekking to the west in huge numbers, as is the case at present. He sums up the advantages of this scheme as follows:

1. To Ontario by the retention of its people within its borders.

2. To the cause of production, in that the settler on the reclaimed area can from the first devote all his energies to production, whereas the settler on the wild areas cannot do much in the way of production for some years.

3. To the settler in the way of the amenities of life to be had by living in a settled and developed community.

4. To the cause of land settlement, in that people will be more inclined to go on the land and stay on it under the social and economic conditions prevailing in Ontario.

Commenting on this excellent suggestion, the Ottawa Journal says:

"For many years Ontario has been losing too many of her best people, some of them going to the Western Provinces to farm, some to the labor market of the United States. If Mr. Cauchon's estimate of the extent of the waste areas of older Ontario and the practicability of their reclamation is correct, the province has within her borders a counter-attraction against both the agricultural inducements of the West and the industrial demands of the United States. The cultivation of these areas would be less hazardous and generally as profitable as the cultivation of the prairies, or even of New Ontario, and farming in an old, settled, and well-served community would not be at so great a disadvantage in comparison with life in industrial centers as farming under primitive conditions."

We believe the third and fourth clauses of Mr. Cauchon's argument touch the nub of this problem. The settler who goes into the wilds of the northern sections of Ontario to hunt out a home and some acres for production cuts himself off completely from the social and economic privileges that tend to make life

contented and enduring. Only the adventurous and the physically hardy can tackle this life. On the other hand, huge areas of reclaimed land close to urban centres would appeal to thousands who would go back to the land but for the isolation and hardship involved in opening up the wilderness. And, what is most important to the country, these reclaimed areas, under the application of scientific methods of cultivation, would at once begin to produce.

THE CHICKADEE.
Piped a tiny voice near by,
Gay and polite, a cheerful cry.
"Chick-chickadee!" Saucy note,
Out of sound heart and merry throat,
As if it said, "Good-day, good sir!"
"Fine afternoon, old passenger!"
Happy to meet you in these places,
Where February brings few faces!"

Introducing himself by singing to all the world his cheery little name, the chickadee is one of the most winsome of winter birds. Friendly, fearless, interested, he can be won very easily to the intimacy of the window-board, and the shy acceptance of food from the hand, or even at times from the lips. Not the least wonder he is so loved and sought. Frank W. Chapman says: "In addition to the calls which have given him his name, he utters also a clear, high whistle of two or three notes. It is so musical, so sad and plaintive, so filled with tender sentiment, that it is difficult to believe such a matter-of-fact fellow as the chickadee seems to be can be its author. When, on a winter's morning, I heard it floating through the woods, as a boy, I used to fancy that perhaps it was Jack Frost, with an icicle for a flute."

The inquisitiveness of the chickadee asserts itself when he answers one's whistle, and by degrees comes closer to investigate his human friend. J. C. Middleton, of the Ridgeway, London, whose lawn is surrounded with evergreens, has among his bird friends twelve chickadees. These have become such chums that the least whistle brings them to feed from the little boxes of food that Mr. Middleton invariably carries in his pockets for just such hungry little feathered folk. The winning of a wild bird's confidence is perhaps a special privilege given to certain people, but so happy are the results of training that the chickadees watch familiar doorways for food from sometimes a stranger, and to know the magic touch of tiny, clinging feet on one's hand is to feel oneself in league with the fairies and wood sprites. Then to note the wonder of the pale buff breast, the glossy black crown and brilliant dash of glowing black immediately beneath the bill, to study the folded wings edged with the frailest fluff of down, is to see into the Great Heart of the woodland world. Careless of the cold, contagiously cheerful, irresistibly winsome in his attempts to sing his optimism into the heart, the chickadee is worth cultivating as a sunny little friend for a wintry day.

EDITORIAL NOTES.
Let us hope that Bolshevism, like the flu, will soon be over the peak.

The Allies have told Holland it can keep the ex-kaiser, but that it must keep him in jail.

Ice on your steps spells trouble. Keep your steps clean is the timely advice of the Ontario Safety League.

If Senator Lodge were only as strong for the League of Nations as Sir Oliver Lodge is for the league of apparitions everything would be lovely.

British labor announces that it will oppose the new home rule measure. That seems a reflection on the ability of the Irish to do all the opposing that is necessary.

A WAY TO HELP FARMERS.
[Buffalo Courier.]
The Toronto papers are carrying an advertisement inserted by the Dominion minister of lands and forests, announcing that "the bureau of colonization and immigration expects a large number of first-class men from the old country during the latter part of March and the beginning of April, some experienced, some inexperienced young men, and experienced married men with and without families."

This announcement is made for the information and benefit of farmers with vacancies to be filled. Ontario farmers are requested to file their applications with the director of colonization, Toronto.

This method of helping the farmers is going on in Canada while Congress at Washington has been talking of suspending immigration altogether, or of increasing restrictions that would discourage immigration.

Why should not Congress organize effective agencies for the distribution of immigrants in such a way as to help our farmers? From every point of view this is desirable. It would not only help the farmer, but it would be the best possible step toward the much-talked-of Americanization.

There are thousands upon thousands of immigrants who would be far better off on farms than in cities and factories. They should be encouraged not only to become farm help and farm tenants, but also owners of land. When an immigrant becomes a land owner he has taken a long stride toward Americanization, and is secure against the Red or Bolshevist propagandists.

A NEW ANAESTHETIC.
[Owen Sound Sun-Times.]
Ether has long been known and much used as an anaesthetic, but the honor of discovering a process of preparing it which adds incomparably to its value has been reserved for Dr. Cotten, a young Toronto surgeon. The new preparation, called "Cotton process ether," has been tried out in the Toronto hospitals and found to be much quicker in its effects than ordinary ether, and much preferable to either it or chloroform. A few drops of it is said to destroy all sense of feeling, without producing unconsciousness. A little larger dose results in unconsciousness, out of which patients recover quickly without the nausea that is so distressing after other anaesthetics.

One small defect in the drug remains to be eliminated. When a certain amount has been given patients are said to become most confidentially communicative, and are quite willing to tell anything about themselves that is asked, and to be audaciously truthful. For this reason, it is supposed, opens up illimitable possibilities of which advantage may yet be taken; but the ordinary patient might hesitate to put himself or herself at the mercy of the surgeon and nurses in this respect. The newspapers have had their turn of fun out of suggestions as to possible uses to be made of the new ether, but if it is perfectly safe it will become immensely popular and be a real boon to humanity and a boon to the medical and dental professions. Already the demand far exceeds the supply.

FIRST FOOTPATHS IN 1762.
The student of old London, noticing the whitened curbs in the streets today, is inevitably reminded that the institution of the footway is really of quite recent date. It was not, indeed, until after the Westminster paving act of 1762 that footways became at all general. Before that time man and beast took the same road. Many of the old iron posts, which are still to be seen in Regent street and elsewhere, showing the crown and the monogram of the Georges, indicate the corners of these first footways.

From Here and There

ONE AND TWO.
[Wilt Carleton.]
If you to me be cold,
Or I to be false to you,
The world will go on, I think,
Just as it used to do.

The clouds will flit with the moon,
The sun will kiss the sea,
The wind to trees will whisper,
And laugh at you and me;
But the sun will not shine so bright,
The clouds will not seem so white
To one as they will to two;
So I think you had better be kind,
And let the old love go on,
Just as it used to do.

If we who have sailed together
Flit out from each other's view,
The world will sail on, I think,
Just as it used to do;
And we may reckon by stars
That flash in some different skies,
And another of love's pirates
May capture my lost prize;
But ships longer the tempest weather
Than any other two;
So I think you had better be kind,
And I had best be true,
That we together may sail,
Just as we used to do.

A HARD PROPOSITION.
[Kingston Whig.]
The Queen's University professor of political economy hopes that our public men, our press and our students of public affairs will make plain to the people of the United States the basis of Canada's claim to a vote in the League of Nations by showing them the change in our status—that we are no longer part of a state, but a nation in ourselves. Well, to get that into the heads of our American neighbors—we can scarcely regard them as friends now, since they are charging fifteen per cent duty on our money—would be some job. Roosevelt, Taft, Sims and other great Americans have failed to make their countrymen understand that they did not win the war, so how can we expect them to understand that we are a nation and not a colony? Our American neighbors may have eyes, but they see not, and ears, but they do not hear.

THE CAVELL MEMORIAL.
[Halifax Memorial.]
The Edith Cavell monument in London is now ready for unveiling. The standing figure, in the simple dress of a hospital nurse, will at once attract the eye, but it is itself dominated by the impression of a great cross that rises high in air behind. The "Mother of Humanity," seated on a great cross-beam of stone, with hands upraised, bless or protect the child safe and happy on her sheltering arm, embodies the helpful pity that was the ruling passion of Edith Cavell's life, and the engraved letters around the monument complete the tragic heroism of her story.

"For King and Country," "Faithful Unto Death," "Sacrifice," "Devotion," "Fortitude"—these words explain the motives that prompted Nurse Cavell to run risks of death as she fully aware as any of her friends in taking up the work that had an ending so suddenly brutal and tragic. The monument near St. Martin's Church is described as impressive by its simplicity of design, and teaches a lesson that future generations will do well to bear in mind.

LINCOLN.
[W. R. Rose in Cleveland Plaindealer.]
Again the dear familiar form,
The homely, rugged, kindly face,
The knotted hand that stayed the storm,
Bring from the past their gentle grace.

And some in gladness will recall,
As 'twere a blessing sweet and choice,
That they have seen and heard his voice,
And heard his well-remembered voice.

Through this old street he made his way,
And here he stood and swayed the crowd,
And here he bowed his head in prayer,
When all the land in sorrow bowed.

His cradle was the wilderness,
His road was marked by toil and tears,
And millions still his name will bless
Throughout the countless coming years.

CLASS RULE OR COMMON GOOD.
[Montreal Star.]
By means of destructive class warfare the sum total of the benefits of industry is visibly reduced, and the maximum of advantage for all necessitates co-operation.

Red agitators who stir up class antagonism have their answer in the political situation now developing in Great Britain. The great intelligent salaried class is coming together for a wider and more intense conflict, with unprecedented losses in production, or for a new situation in which the apostles of class warfare had reason to regret their machinations.

The agitator is a wastrel. He serves nobody but himself. To what end is his fiery denunciation? Sympathy, tolerance and good-will, the qualities he preaches, must always remain at play in human affairs. If he has been wronged, he is himself the victim of a condition he seeks to perpetuate. Instead of joining in a fight for over-coming injustice, he lies before it under its mastery, a creature and servant of the thing against which he rails.

This type of man might ruin, but he will never rule. The needless waste of his creed will stir up the very forces he would destroy. He is peaceful, naturally abhorring the loss entailed by strife.

The wider class consciousness of those who toil is a realization that all have in common an advantage in harmonious life. Whether they endure exertion and responsibility, they need peace in order to prosper. The will of the majority finally will insist upon it.

HAPPY WHEN ABSENT.
[Calgary Albertaian.]
Sir Robert Borden, far from the scene of tumult and out of range of postal deliveries, telephones and telegrams, is enjoying his night, according to the report from Ottawa last night.

The dispatch seems to place a heavy pedal upon the fact that it is because of absence that he is having a pleasant life. Without doubt he is the only member of the United Government who is having anything like a good time at the present moment.

What worries the government at the present time is the plague of carrying on. If vacancies did not occur in constituencies and the government could back up against the wall and stay there, it would not have such a distressing existence.

But portfolios have to be filled, and men have to be re-elected, and elections are the most distressing things that any Unionist cabinet minister can contemplate these days. In the last bunch of seven or eight elections the government out a very poor figure, and, consequently, occupied ammunition. Another disaster like the last group of elections would place the government perilously near the danger mark.

And all this time we are under the impression that a government remains in office because it represents the will of the people. The present government is remaining in office because it knows very well that it does not represent the will of the people.

Accordingly it is not surprising that the Ottawa scribe in chronicling the contentment and happiness of the absent leader, adds that he is out of touch with Ottawa and hears nothing from the government.

ARE YOU COUNTING THE COST?
[Owen Sound Sun-Times.]
Our question, are you counting the cost, is addressed to labor, not to the farmer. We appeal to the farmer to continue his great production. If labor does not soon wake up it will receive a rude awakening. With it the farmer is too prevalent that we can have more and produce less.

The whole strife today seems to be to divide what we already have without any thought that the farmer, who has been exhausted, and that the real remedy is to produce more that we may divide more. Goods and not money are the means of life. Better standards of living are impossible without producing more goods, and more goods cannot be produced without more labor. Team work is imperative. And it is just as essential between retailer, wholesaler and producer as it is between employer and employee. The entire nation must return to the unity that won the war.

Group interest and undue personal gain must give way to the good of the whole nation if the situation is to be squarely met by all.

Work, save, co-operate, produce.

LOVE OF THE WILD

BY ARCHIE P. MCKISHNIE

"Colonel Halliburton's comin' for more than his own," said Boy gloomily.

Paisley stretched his long arms.

"Well," he laughed, "I've picked posies when bees have been workin' among 'em. They didn't molest me any—not then. Once I was in a little bit of a chap with flour and trailed him down to his tree. I was hungry for honey and he was a good deal more so."

"You were a good deal more so when he came to protect his own. I learned a lesson. Now, when I handle the pumpkins, I don't mind a little sugar and eat that. We can't stop Halliburton from comin' up Lee Creek, but we can stop him from hoggin' our homesteads out of us; so we won't worry no more. Come on to beat his Mondy will come right soon, and we've a lot of traps to set."

Boy picked up the candle and led the way.

"My, but it's a grand place to stretch yourself out and enjoy rest, this," said Paisley, stooping low to keep from bumping his head on the roof. "You should see this baby up here, Boy. You sure should."

"I used to," said Boy. "Martha'll be able to again. It's restful all right. Bill, to lie here and listen to the rain patterin' on the roof. And in the mornin' I hear old Buck and Bright a-come across the open and he tread on me here, and he tread on me there, and every time I struck the roof on the inside he would spit and snarl out. The old fellow would come right up and shoot him at last."

"Sure," said Bill dreamily.

He stretched himself out on the willow bed, and already healthy sleep was wooing him away, when he was startled by the late day into strange by-paths of dreams which he never remembered.

CHAPTER XVI.
Preparing for the Logging.
Next morning a fine break of day Paisley and Boy, laden with rat-traps, struck out toward the creek. Big Bill accompanied them as far as the stable and gave them a parting send-off.

"If I had the chores done I'd go along and show you fellows how a real trapper sets a trap," he said, hesitatingly. "I hear old Buck and Bright a-come across the open and he tread on me here, and he tread on me there, and every time I struck the roof on the inside he would spit and snarl out. The old fellow would come right up and shoot him at last."

"Don't think you can drive oxen any better than you can set rat-traps," returned Paisley. "Jim Peeler says he can out-haul Buck and Bright any day."

"Get along with you, you scamp," laughed the old man.

He passed into the stable and, slapping the hungry and expectant oxen, he spoke to them as was his habit.

"Buck, you moon-eyed old beggar, I expect you to get some food for me tomorrow like you never pulled before. You heard what Bill said about Peeler's oxen? Well, Peeler can't out-haul us. I guess not."

He reached across the stall and patted Bright's broad shoulder.

"As for you," he said, "course you'll do your best. If you don't Brightly, I won't feed you any corn for a whole week."

He filled the mangers with fragrant fodder and passed outside. The glorious morning was shooting up above the fringe of Point Aux Pins. From the pine woods a billion dull-red arrows of light were glancing, and striking the bosom of Rond Bau, darting upward again toward a sullen arch of cloud where they clung and mingling with it painted a glorious border of orange and crimson.

A rooster, high on the stack of corn, clucked and clucked, and proclaimed his gladness. Down in the second-growth bushes a brood of foxgloves were whispering, and out above the creek a blue king-fisher stood poised, then a pair of blue jays, and a quail on the air, for the fish his bright eyes had sighted.

McTavish looked about him, smiling and whispering to himself. At the doorknelt he paused and accented the words.

"So you're tied up, eh? Well, I follow the boys, did you see? Well, we'll see you free now to go where you please."

He unsnapped the dog's chain and Joe sprang up and left a wet carpet on the man's cheek. Then with a low whine of welcome he bounded away.

"Get down, Joe, you scoundrel—nothing in dog's den," commanded a voice, and McTavish turned to see Mrs. Ross and Mary Ann coming up the path.

"Good mornin'," good mornin'," he shouted. "Well now, but you two are early visitors. Well, let 'em in, grand mornin'." Come up to the house—the little man's head was high on the stack of corn.

"How is she today?" Mrs. Ross, rather out of breath from climbing up Joe set her basket down on the grass and leaned against a tree.

"I can't say as she's any stronger," replied McTavish.

"Verily, all flesh is grass," sighed the good woman, shaking her head dolefully.

"Ma is quoting scripture," explained Mary Ann. "She says we all should work according to some text in the Bible."

"That's goodly man, Mr. Smythe has taught me much, Daniel," proclaimed the widow, stooping for her basket. "I don't see what it was that he said, but that flesh was anything like grass till Mr. Smythe pointed out the words in the Bible."

"Works in the garden, eh, yes, yes, Mr. Smythe's words were good. But it's wonderful things the good Book teaches us."

McTavish looked at Mary Ann. The girl was smiling and her black eyes were dancing with merriment.

"You're thinkin' of the verse as cautions man against drinkin', ain't you?" said McTavish, kindly. "Look 'n' upon the wine when it is red. Do you know, I've been thinkin' that flesh was anything like grass till Mr. Smythe pointed out the words in the Bible."

"Yes," nodded the woman, "she did, and it is so strange that witchcraft could do anything as is real good, don't you?"

Gloss met the visitors at the door and clapped her hands with delight.

"Oh, she cried, 'we were all wishin' to see you both come over this mornin'. What d'ye suppose we are doin'?' Mary Ann."

"We will," cried Gloss, "we'll make her do all the bakin', Granny."

McTavish entered, carrying a big golden pumpkin in either hand.

"Deedle says he wants those pumpkins made according to ma's order," he grinned. "Boy and me raised these pumpkins just so's we could have a feelin' of the pumpkins in the girls' hangin' around our cornfield all fall. I was hungry for honey and he was a good deal more so."

"You were a good deal more so when he came to protect his own. I learned a lesson. Now, when I handle the pumpkins, I don't mind a little sugar and eat that. We can't stop Halliburton from comin' up Lee Creek, but we can stop him from hoggin' our homesteads out of us; so we won't worry no more. Come on to beat his Mondy will come right soon, and we've a lot of traps to set."

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