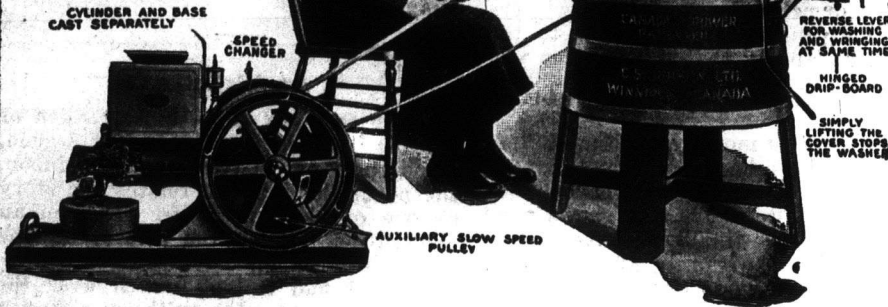


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REV. G. W. KERBY, B.A., D.D., Principal

heavy gold chain over her neck and let her wear the watch about the house awhile. She told Audubon to help himself to food, so he took some venison for himself and his dog. Just then the Indian arose from his seat and walked to and fro in the pain from his eye, but as he passed Audubon he pinched him. When Audubon met his eye he gave a terrible frown that struck a chill to Audubon's soul. He understood that there was danger here. He asked for his watch from the woman, wound it up, and put it in his pocket, then he went out-of-doors to see what the weather was and took this opportunity to load his gun. He came in, and calling his dog close to him, lay down on a heap of bearskins the old woman had pointed out for his bed. Even the dog seemed to feel the danger, for it kept an anxious eye fixed on the woman. Presently other voices were heard, and two brawny young men came in carrying a deer they had killed. They thought Audubon and the Indian were asleep, so they asked who they were. The old woman bade them speak softly. Then in a whisper she told of the gold watch and chain. The Indian exchanged a glance with Audubon, meaning that he would help him when the time came for them to fight for their lives.

The two men ate their supper and drank so much whisky that Audubon felt he need fear nothing from them. But though the old woman drank too, she did not become helpless. After a while she took a large carving-knife, and going to a whetstone began to sharpen it. You can imagine the feelings of the Indian and the naturalist, who lay watching this ghastly proceeding through half-opened eyes. Presently, with the knife sharp enough, she aroused her drunken sons and bade them kill the Indian while she slew the white man. Audubon lay with his gun ready, while she was creep-

ing toward him with the knife in her hand.

But at that moment of danger the door was opened and two travelers, who had been attracted by the light, entered. Audubon and the Indian bounced up and told the tale. The wretches were bound until morning, when they were driven away into the woods. There was nothing else to do with them, since there were no courts or prisons within a hundred miles, and none of the travelers wanted to take the responsibility of executing them.

All the goods in the cabin were given to the young Indian, and the cabin itself was burned to the ground. So that place, at least, attracted no more unsuspecting travelers to a dreadful fate.

The Deciding Vote

There lives in a western state a humble old lady whose interest in politics is confined to the single fact that her son was elected a number of years ago a member of the legislature, and has several times since been re-elected. What he has actually done in the legislature she does not know. She has no doubt that he has done all that a good boy, grown to be a great man, ought to have done or could do; and one good thing, at least, he did to justify her confidence.

When the legislature assembled in the autumn of 1906, the son visited his mother, and chided her good-naturedly for not reading the speeches he had sent her. She had saved them all, and knew just where they were; but she confessed that she had not been able to read them all, nor to understand very well what she had read.

"But you're going to make a speech this year that I shall read, every word," she said.

"Tell me which one that is, and I'll be sure to make it," said he.

"It's the one on the anti-saloon bill," said she.

"Oh, that one!" he said, somewhat confusedly.

"Yes. I know it will be a good one. My boy, you know what liquor did for our home years ago. I have prayed all the years that my son might grow up to save other boys from his father's fate. And this is your opportunity. I know you will be true to it."

"Well, mother," replied the son, "I don't know that I have much confidence in these efforts to make men good by legislation. You can't very well do more than regulate the liquor traffic. The attempt to prohibit it altogether always fails. I don't know that I can make a speech in favor of that bill."

But these arguments fell unheeded on her ears. She did not take them seriously. She thought her son joking, as was his wont.

"Oh, I know you like to tease me," she said, "but I know you'll vote for that bill, and speak for it. And I shall read every word of your speech, and I shall pray for you every day, that God will bless that speech and make it win the fight."

The son had, indeed, expected to speak on the bill, but on the other side; and he never had doubted, nor had his political friends, which way he would vote. But the weeks went by, and the fate of the bill hung in the balance, and he kept his own counsel. It was assumed, however, that he would vote against the bill in the end, and so his silence caused no uneasiness to the liquor men. "I know why you are waiting," wrote his mother. "You are waiting to make your great speech when the great fight comes. God bless you, my boy! I am praying for you. How proud I am of you!"

It was that letter that put all doubt aside. When the lines began to tighten and a deadlock was threatening, he first voted on an amendment which forecasted his final action. That vote brought surprise to the friends of temperance and discouragement to the friends of the liquor cause.

And when the bill came up on its third reading, he spoke. He did not see the members of the House, but he saw an old woman, reading his speech through spectacles that required frequent wiping, and it was a speech that carried conviction.

The vote was so close that any one of a dozen things might have turned the scale; but among the stories told in the committee-rooms, after the bill became a law under which several hundred saloons were obliged to close, is that here related. It is the true story of the way a mother's prayers and confidence had their decisive influence in the making of a law.

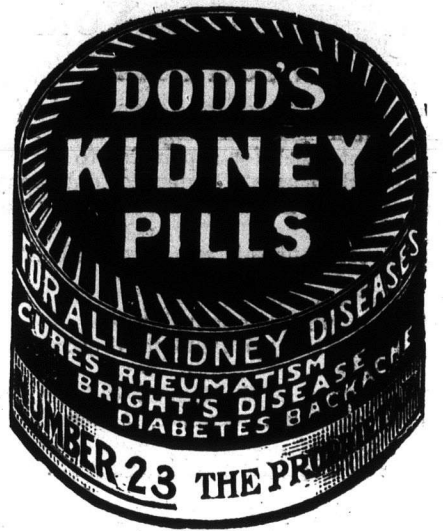
Hints on Artificial Incubation

More chicks can be hatched at one time by means of the incubator; and, for a given number of eggs, the incubator requires much less attention than does the necessary number of hatching hens. Pullets required for winter laying should be hatched during April and May, thus in cold climates the incubator becomes a necessity, as often the poultry keeper is unable to secure the requisite number of broody hens at this season, writes A. W. Foley in a recent Canadian poultry bulletin.

The incubator is a necessity because under advanced methods of poultry farming the poultryman requires to renew his flock each year. Thus the man with 100 hens would require to hatch each year 300 chickens because a reasonably large percentage of the chickens will be cockerels, and of the remaining pullets a number will not possess the characteristics of good layers. These with the cockerels should be crated fed at a suitable age and marketed. In attempting to hatch 300 chickens by natural means, the poultry farmer would find the task too great because he would be unable to secure a sufficient number of broody hens at the proper time to hatch this number successfully.

Location of Incubator

The incubator should be operated in a well-ventilated room, preferably one that is unheated and affected as little



as possible by foreign heat. A well-ventilated cellar or an ordinary living room is satisfactory, writes A. W. Foley in a Canadian poultry bulletin. Care, however, should be taken that the position of the incubator is such that it will not come directly in the line of any draft, nor where the rays of the sun can fall on it.

Most manufacturers of incubators send out illustrated directions for putting each together, and anyone of average intelligence should find no difficulty in setting the machine up ready for operation. Care should be taken to have it stand on a floor or foundation that has little or no vibration. The incubator should also be perfectly level as determined by a spirit level. It should be disinfected after each hatch or immediately before placing the eggs in the machine. A suitable solution for this purpose may be made by mixing one part creolin with 10 parts water. The interior of the incubator, including the egg trays, should be thoroughly washed with this solution and the eggs placed in the machine at once.

Her Health

She was not strong enough physically to do her work well. Her dresser was well decorated with bottles of medicine and she visited the medical man regularly. Her case was hard to diagnose scientifically. However the plain practical woman with whom she lived understood.

She went out with her young man friend four or five evenings a week and came home about eleven o'clock. She stood at the door shivering another hour.

When it was cold enough to wear a winter coat she wore a thin suit, sheer white blouse and summer underwear. She thought nothing of getting her feet wet.

Her clothes were tight and the heels of her shoes high. In the winter she never wore rubbers and the soles of her shoes were thin. Manitoba snow is cold and frosty in winter.

Her collar was low to show a bead necklace—the doctor treated her for throat trouble. The body is a sacred temple. How can the mind develop and the soul live in a wrecked temple?

When Mr. Sandman Comes

Benny Benton's bedtime comes at 8 o'clock. Then the silent sandman gives a silent knock. Enters very softly, looks around a bit, Passes all the armchairs where the grown-ups sit, Walks straight up to Benny, never stops to think, Makes him go to yawning, makes him wink and blink.

But the sandman's kinder to the grown-up folk, Lets them stay up later—laugh and talk and joke, Sing, and read nice stories—doesn't care a dime Whether they have bedtime any special time.

Sometimes Benny Benton wants to sit up late, But the sandman always comes to him at 8.