

MORE WITNESSES IN FORD LIBEL SUIT

Story of Disorders Along the Mexican Border Told at Tuesday's Hearing.

Mount Colera, Mich. June 10.—The story of disorders along the Mexican border, from the first rumblings of the revolt of Francisco Madero against President Porfirio Diaz in 1909 down to June 23, 1916, continued today in the hearing of Henry Ford's libel suit against the Chicago Tribune.

The witnesses were John R. Harold, an immigration inspector at Brownsville, Texas; E. T. Reynolds, the chief inspector in that district; and Norman Walker, for twelve years an El Paso newspaperman and since 1915 correspondent of the Associated Press at El Paso, the gateway of most of the news of Northern Mexico.

Harold was the translator of the "plan of San Diego," taken from the person of a captured Mexican, Pacilio Ramos, in 1915. The document bore the signature of about twelve Mexicans and outlined a plan for an uprising of Mexicans in border states, negroes in other states and the formation of a republic.

Attorney Alfred Lucking, representing Mr. Ford, as a translation of the plan was about to be offered in evidence objected on the grounds that a federal judge and federal district attorney in Texas had investigated the whole plot and found it trivial, of no importance whatever, and for the further reason that counsel for the plaintiff had had no time to examine it. Judge Tucker instructed that the subject be skipped until Mr. Tucker had studied it.

It appeared in the testimony of Mr. Reynolds that the original copy taken from Ramos had disappeared and he had never been able to trace it. Mr. Reynolds testified that Mexican raids into American territory became more frequent after the discovery of the plot.

Mr. Reynolds said that the Brownsville immigration district stretched 500 miles along the Rio Grande, in 1915 he estimated that this stretch was guarded by about 2,000 soldiers but in 1916 when the National Guard was mobilized the number was increased to 60,000.

He told of a railroad train which was wrecked by Mexican bandits who invaded Texas Oct. 15, 1915. He said all the passengers were robbed, three killed and five or six wounded by Mexican bullets.

In his official capacity he testified he talked to thousands of Mexicans and learned that sentiment was strongly anti-American among them. He and a deputy, he said, had a personal encounter with two Mexican editors whose paper, El Demócrata, published in Matamoros across the Rio Grande from Brownsville, had published rabid anti-American articles and a vicious and unfounded attack on the immigration service. At another time Carranietas and Villistas battled for three weeks for the possession of Matamoros. Bullets fell in Brownsville he testified and citizens took measures for self-protection. Hundreds of refugees found asylum in a relief camp established at Brownsville.

Mr. Walker was permitted to tell an almost uninterrupted narrative of his experiences and observations of border conditions during his residence in El Paso.

He had investigated many tales of German propaganda, he said, but had never been able definitely to substantiate any of them. He did not know whether the raid on Columbus, N. M., was due to German propaganda, he said. The arrival of the National Guard, he testified, had a wholesome effect in the El Paso district. In general he did not believe race feeling was apparent in the El Paso district and he considered that the two races got along on a very friendly basis. This he said, was particularly true among the educated classes who for the most part believed the interest of the Washington government in Mexico was unselfish.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

By William T. Ellis.
The International Sunday School Lesson for June 15 is, "Prayer."—Luke 18:1-5, 9-14.

In the East beggars abound. Many are of an equal and abjectness that makes the knowledge of the West. It is a favorite device in Egypt for begging children to go about almost entirely naked. Another trick is for them to sit hunched up in rags, head between knees, in apparently speechless misery, alongside of a wall on a popular thoroughfare. The prevalence of mendacity in these oldest parts of the world is one of the sights

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that adder travelers' eyes. Jesus knew these beggars, and looked some of them. But he never held them up as a type of prayer.

That is an important point to perceive in taking up the old, yet ever-exhaustless subject of prayer. All our understanding of prayer depends upon how we regard it. It is not mendacity. God never portrayed his children as beggars at his gate. He is not a detached, impersonal Giver of alms. The attitude of the person who prays is rather that of a child toward a father, than of a beggar whining for charity. Of his unfathomable bounty, God has given man the right to a filial relationship with himself. He abates no job of his effable sovereignty; nevertheless, he teaches us to say "Our Father."

Over and over again his tender truth is taught. The analogy of the parent is employed to make clear the idea that God's thoughts toward us are father-thoughts; and that he seeks from us the loving, dependent relationship of children. "Take as a father pitied his children, so the Lord pitied them that fear him." When we pray, we are turning, as naturally, properly and instinctively as children to a father, to One whose love is as great as his power; and who has joy in granting the requests of his children.

The Up-Looking Life.

The Epworth League has for its motto "Look up, lift up." That is to say, ability for service results from devotion. Prayer precedes power. It is the up-looking life, the one that views all experiences in their heavenly relationship, which walks most serenely and helpfully among men. Prayer is an act; but it is also an attitude—the Godward turning of the soul at all times. This spirit reverently and modestly takes God into account in its daily affairs. Nothing "happens" to it; all is ordered by a benign and wise Providence.

Would we know the secret of the placid, beautiful faces that we occasionally meet, of the spirits that are unruffled by the daily trials; of the joy that does not languish on the dreariest road? This is the answer: these are the up-looking ones. Their sense of God is so real, and he is to them so near, that nothing less matters vitally. They are at peace, because they are ever in prayer. Life is to them a continual "looking into Jesus."

Only yesterday, off here in Egypt, I visited a veteran American missionary who is confined to his bed by illness. It chanced to be a day of great anxiety for him, as for his associates. There have been developments in the Egyptian crisis that may turn the native sentiment against all things American, to the serious injury of the mission work that has been building up for three quarters of a century. Was that veteran excited or fretted? Not at all. His smile was as serene, his face as untroubled as has been its wont throughout the years. He has watched the march of events, but he also has a trustful eye upon the Ruler of events. He walks serenely and beautifully among men because he talks confidently with his Father in heaven.

Getting Relations Right.

Perhaps some practical persons say that this is a "dry" subject that the international committee has assigned for the present season; they would rather have a discussion of current problems. Wait a moment. Much as I should like to see all intelligent persons aware of the world and the current vexatious questions, hard as I am working to interpret fairly and without bias the complex and ominous Near Eastern situation, I say frankly that I deem it of far more practical importance for people to get a fresh hold upon the reality of God than to master all the intricacies of oriental statecraft. I would do or say anything within my power that would send Christian people to their knees in renewed devotion. There is no measure in the universe more "practical" at the present time than that men and women should pray, "pray without ceasing." Only as we lay hold on God can we get any mastery of social and political conditions that grow more ominous.

If there is one bad idea that ought not to persist after the world war it is that more physical force is the ultimate solution of problems. That is a pagan notion, which should have disappeared from the present generation when the might of Germany was broken. This belief in the omnipotence of the gun is one of the world's greatest dangers. So is trust in mere statecraft and worldly guile. What a middle these have made of the nations! From this angle, it seems to be growing worse instead of better. Our times are out of joint. The machinery of civilization is knocking and banging and rattling. Something has gone wrong. What is it? Nothing less than that it lacks adjustment to the Center. Once let the world get right with God, and the world's straightway get right with itself. A fresh consciousness of spiritual obligations and relationships would solve all our questions. A return to God would be a return to sanity and safety. If we could only get men to saying together in sincerity "Our Father" there would be no need of treaties. Short of that, permanent and real peace is not coming to this old earth. The woman or man who is leading a group of persons, preferably children, to an understanding of the true place of God in every life is contributing most directly to the solution of the vast perplexities of our day.

In The Statesman's Role.

Hopeful new enterprises are afoot for a united world-service by Christians of all names. Thank God for every one of them! World that behind all else, and under all else, and comprehending all else, there might be a mighty covenant of prayer among all Christians—not a mere organization or enrollment, but a general diffusion of purpose to pray daily, and often every day, in private as well as in public and at the daily altar, for the coming of the kingdom of God among men.

Ambitious spirits are eager to go to the foreign lands and have a share in shaping the new conditions. The shortest route of all is via the throne of God. One may directly and powerfully affect the course of events in Asia and Africa by way of the prayer closet. The lowliest and most requested Christian may pray a statesman's role in the remaking of the world. More than it needs editorials or



When the Sword Dangled—Between Teuton and Briton

HOW men's hearts quavered in those doubtful days before August 4th, 1914, when the Teuton hurled his monstrous machine against civilization! Hour after hour, day after day, the world stood expectantly on tip-toe—would the thunderbolt of grim war be launched? Never in all history was a time of such suspense, a time when at every second the fate of nations was being drawn nearer, nearer, to the vast crucible of WAR!

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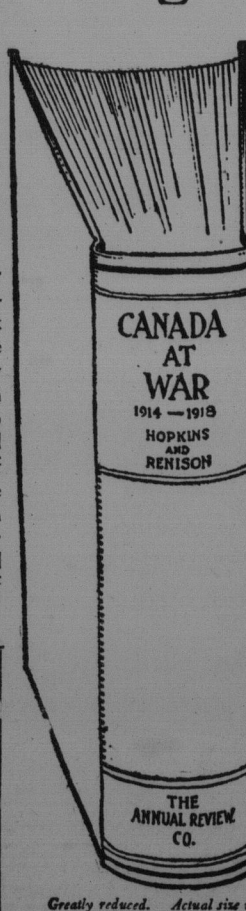
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The Authors

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The first section of the work covers all the many undertakings of the people at home—from Red Cross, Patriotic Fund and Victory Loan campaigns to making shells. It also tells in simple, understandable language the authentic story of all the exploits of our soldiers up till the day of the Armistice.

The writer's name vouches for the work. J. Castell Hopkins has for 17 years compiled "The Canadian Annual Review." Premier Borden says that no Canadian is better fitted to tell the story of Canada's part in the war.

Wonderfully Illustrated

Then comes the greatest story of the war yet published—"The Story of Five Cities." This epic of the last hundred days of fighting was written by Capt. R. J. Renison on the battlefield. As chaplain of the 4th Infantry Division he marched with the boys through these victorious days. And his superb record of these amazing battles is filled with the tragedy and pathos, the humour and courage of Canadian soldiers' life in mud-soaked Flanders.

As a final proof of the completeness of this Canadian story of the war, remember that it contains 64 full-page half-tone illustrations—pictures of our boys at work and play—a record that will be of lasting interest. The frontispiece of the book is a colored photograph of General Currie. And listed in the book is the name of every Canadian who won the V.C.

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speeches or commissions or experts, this present mass of human society needs the divine help that may be inspired by sincere prayer.

The Secret Trust.

Two characteristics of the prayer that counts are set forth in the day's Scripture lesson. One is the story of the widow who kept on asking

until she received. There is an opportunity that God will not deny. All persisting prayer prevails, in God's own way. When a man is really in love with a woman, he will not be denied though she say him nay through long years. There flash across my memory the stories of friends, now happily married, who refused to accept repulse at the hands of the women they loved. God

prizes that kind of wooer for his favor. He asks patience and continuance in prayer as proof of a faith that will not be denied. Any boon from on high is worth waiting long years for receive. True prayer keeps on praying until it knows itself answered. The other incident in the lesson pictures two men at prayer; one a Pharisee, correct in posture and phrase, publicly displaying his devo-

tions; the other, a despised tax-gatherer off in a corner secretly daring to lift his eyes, and murmuring only "God be merciful to me a sinner!" One prayed to be seen of men and therein had his reward; the other prayed to be heard of God, and God heard him.

Prayer is not a pose nor a parade. It is not an affair for the public eye; but rather for the hidden ear of God. Prayer is a secret trust with a loving Father. No man may know the soul's supplication; that is a personal mystery, sacred beyond all revealing. Rare indeed is the life which does not have its unsanctified spaces where it holds rendezvous with God. Out of that holy seclusion springs strength for all public life and endeavor.

Motto: Kind Weekly

My Dear Kiddies—

It is sad but nevertheless some of you need it, so we might just as well start at the beginning. Some very nice letters received, read and yet, I must acknowledge be entirely with me. I beg your patience as news. It is really too told me of birds' nest and the progress of the many such interesting to hear about, so that I can't tell you all. I enjoyed reading some of the letters I sent as they were of your own.

Well, it just goes to show that you are a little Dick can be care other people, even the to give the best of ad Corner chums be who Never mind kiddies, or her weak points, and it wouldn't be any of us to be perfect.

I expect you are a frisky as the lambs was fous sunny spring way to even count. I saw such a wistful and parading around a and down between the kinds of vegetable pling above the earth. I was just watching for worm to feed his baby. I was deciding quite make out, for grand to even bob h haps he wished me to see him. Anyway, the robins says:

"When leaves are the The robins fill the

so I imagine a little taste very sweet and. Did any of you green carpet which covered the earth w dotted in places with spots? I did find a must look much like the petals of the frum certainly been throw by Mr. Wind during the And the part of the remains on the tree, in a few weeks and some rosy juicy fruit. And the part of the when a kiddie and in I could have believe hadn't the chance came fruit trees as seemed to me like fairy tales grown up try, so I wasn't going thing like that possibl inspection every few found out it was a alright, but it seemd to me now as it know that lots of like that happen all don't stop and think but just take every! Even the many bleas all accepted without thankfulness on our how happy-go-lucky health, then when and only then, do we grow blessing health be just grow-up things like that, our boys and girls "But last winter, I think more of the bi especially when well did before. It is a are good for a dog from brooding over perhaps a certain a teaches us to be m give otherwise would be otherwise world. Heaps of the best.

THE FAITHLESS

I went this mornin' to the John-John. I like naughty purple a row, I stayed most all the night. I was out and in. I went and washed and I did them and then I jump! And Golden-Glow t and yellow by t. It doesn't glow a al just pretence. I ran down after watch them in I had to light a m didn't give a sp

And then the Bot bounce—I tried I picked a big pin the meadow wh I took a piece of str them in a ball, And throw them do—they never bi

And Tiger-Lilies m meet them all. All tall and back nodding by a st But they're no mor the dogwood's l Or tulushes are lth wort a frog!

I like the flowers v pleasant as can For bunches on the and wear and s But still it doesn't it does seem v They don't do wh for—at an ang

—Maggie

Boy—"A man call out, sir. He said he you." Editor—"And wh him?" "I said I w