



"Carry On."

Many people have heard of Jack Cornwall, the boy hero who served on the British cruiser Chester in the Battle of Jutland. It is a story that every youth of generous spirit should know and remember.

As soon as the battle began the forward gun turret of the Chester received the full force of the enemy's fire. Tons of metal exploded upon the deck; the noise split the ears, the flashes blinded the eyes, the stench of cordite and burning paint choked the breath. Yet when his gun crew lay killed or dying near him, Jack Cornwall, sixteen and a half years old, remained at his post. He was alone! In his own words he stayed because he felt he might be needed.

The point especially to remember about him, however, is this: he never knew that his heroism had been noticed, and that it would become an inspiration to the whole force of the Allies. As his captain wrote to his father, he simply did his duty with "just his own brave heart and God's help to support him"; and he died ignorant of his own fame. When he lay mortally wounded in the hospital the matron asked him about the battle.

"Oh, we carried on all right," he answered.

That was his idea of what was the thing to do. His simple devotion to duty became the inspiration of a whole people; and the crowning honor of a Victoria Cross was added to a name that had been raised by his quiet heroism from obscurity to fame.

Is not the story a parable that we may apply in our own lives? How easy it is to do our duty when the world is looking on, and there is some one to applaud us! But how hard just to "carry on" at our obscure post—to keep pure when no one is watching, to remain faithful when it seems that there is no one to notice and to praise us. Let us learn from brave Jack Cornwall's story that true virtue is never disregarded or unnoticed by our Great Captain, and that the faithfulness of the most obscure life sends a "great shout through all God's host." Whether noticed or unnoticed, applauded or forgotten, we should so act that it may be said of us also that we "carried on all right!"

#### The Houses You Live In.

Many boys and girls are so intent on big things that they forget the little things. They want to be fine and true and good and successful; but meanwhile they forget to take care of that part of themselves in which all their hopes of success or failure dwell. They forget their bodies.

There is a vast difference between foolish vanity and decent care of our bodies, boys and girls. Without the latter, we can never really succeed no matter how hard we try or how bright our minds may be. And I am talking of the little things now, not of the big principles that we must follow in order to keep our bodies healthy and fit.

We must not neglect to keep our skin, teeth, hair, hands and nails in good condition. To do so, we need not spend any great amount of time or money, but we must care for them regularly. The skin must be kept free of eruptions and black pores, the teeth must be white and clean, the hair soft and well shampooed (and here the boys have an advantage over the girls), the hands smooth and the nails clean and properly manicured. Unless we can achieve these things, we need not think that any number of nice clothes or good times can keep us from being frumps.

#### "Thou Art the Boy!"

I had missed three words in spelling and was told to stay after school. But I didn't mean to stay; and at dismissal time, up I got and out I marched with all the others.

When I had been home a little

while, father called me. "John," he said, "I want you to go on an errand for me, up to Elizur Tuttle's."

Elizur Tuttle's! Where the teacher boarded! And she might get her eye upon me, and remember! Suppose she should speak of my misdoing right before the family?

In all the world it would have been hard to find a more miserable boy than the one who crept up the hill to Elizur Tuttle's. The hill was steep—I almost wished it would fall upon me. It was short, and I wished it were miles long.

The teacher saw me and spoke pleasantly to me. Oh, how my conscience hurt then! Having given my message, I returned, but with a heavy heart. The teacher never remembered, while I never forgot. Lead is a feather weight compared with a boy's conscience when it says continually: "Thou art the boy!"

#### A Boy's Ambition.

The boys belonged to the hog-raising club. They were talking things over and comparing notes. One boy declared that he was most interested in the prizes that had been offered for the best hogs. "They're what I am after. Going to get 'em, too."

About that time a quiet sort of a chap spoke up: "I don't care half so much about the prizes as I do about getting the best hogs. You may have the prizes, if I can have the hogs."

That sounded fine, didn't it? And you may set it down for a fact that the boy who cared so much more for the fine hogs than he did for the blue ribbons and the cash prizes is the one that wins the prizes too. For that's the way to do it—get the good hogs, the prizes will take care of themselves.

We may be dead certain that the boys whose heart is set on growing good hogs is not going to stop there. He will leave his mark on everything he does. Not a lamb he grows, not a chick he raises but will have the same stamp of excellence upon it. His farm work in the fields will be done as well as he can do it, and the day will come when he will be looked up to as the best kind of farmer.

#### London Labor Plans \$2,000,000 Temple.

Plans are under way for a great building to be used as general headquarters for the London Labor party. It will be constructed close to Oxford Street or the Strand, says a London despatch. The building will cost \$2,000,000 and will serve as a rallying point for trade unionists and co-operators, who will use it both for business and social purposes.

Department stores, selling all kinds of food, clothing and merchandise, will occupy the ground floor, while the second floor will have a large hall seating 1,500 persons that can be used for meetings, lectures, and motion picture shows.

Club rooms, a restaurant for members, a library and statistical bureau and bedrooms for the accommodation of visitors will be provided and papal decorations will adorn the interiors.

Such a scheme is in keeping with the position which organized labor holds in England. The labor leaders are trained thinkers and organizers, and are well represented in Parliament. At the Labor headquarters in Euston Square visitors are received in a richly furnished oak paneled library, where the regulation tea is served daily at 4 o'clock.

Canada's national wealth is computed at \$17,000,000,000, or about \$200 per capita, the chief items being: Agriculture, over \$5,000,000,000; railways, \$2,000,000,000; manufacturing, \$2,000,000,000; current production, \$3,500,000,000; real estate and houses, \$3,500,000,000.

#### Prince of Wales Prints a Paper

The Prince of Wales has recently initiated into the complexities of modern newspaper production by visiting the offices of the London Times and following a piece of copy from an editor's desk through the composing, proofreading and stereotyping rooms, then he pressed the starting button on a mammoth octuple press and saw a article reproduced in print.

The first folded paper which came from the roaring machine was handed to a royal visitor, who smiled as he saw the front page a picture of himself with a caption stating that he had tested the machinery which printed

throughout his inspection of the newspaper departments of the great newspaper office the Prince kept up a rapid fire of questions, which showed his interest in the art of newspaper

ing. The difference between various methods of automatic typesetting machines, the amount of time saved by substitution for the old hand method, why cylindrical types of the original type forms are

placed on the presses instead of the flat classes of type themselves, the speed of the presses and the length of a roll of newsprint paper were among the points on which the Prince was curious.

He marvelled at the ability of "make-up" men to read type upside down and failed to recognize a form column "cut" of himself in the form he was endeavoring to read. In the composing room he picked up a slug of type as it came from a linotype machine, but found it too hot to hold.

John Walter, chairman of the Times, and Wickham Stead, editor, served as guides to the Prince. The directors of the newspaper, several departmental heads and a small number of visitors invited for the occasion were presented to him. With each he chatted a short time, discussing individual vocations, business, sport and travel in his usual simplicity of manner.

The Prince is the second heir to the throne to visit Printing House Square. In 1863 the late King Edward, then Prince of Wales, made a similar inspection of the Times plant.

#### GIVING AWAY 350 MILLION DOLLARS

MR. ANDREW CARNEGIE, FAMOUS STEEL KING.

#### The Bobbin Boy Who Became the World's Greatest Philanthropist.

Twenty years ago Andrew Carnegie decided to stop making money and to give away the wealth he had already acquired.

The world-famous steel millionaire asserted that "to die rich is to be disgraced." But he could not give away quickly enough, and in spite of the fact that his total benefactions amounted to three hundred and fifty million dollars, he died worth twenty-five millions.

His record is unique. When he decided to distribute his wealth, Carnegie's income was \$40,000,000 a year. Fifty years previously, at the age of fourteen, he was glad to earn \$1.25 a week as a bobbin-boy in an American cotton factory, and thought that he had attained the height of his ambition when it had increased to \$5 a week.

Then he was given the chance of investing five hundred dollars in an express company. At that time he did not possess five hundred cents. But he borrowed the money. The first dividend was a cheque for ten dollars.

#### Making His Money Work.

"It gave me my first penny of revenue from capital," he said—"somehow I had not worked for with the sweat of my brow. 'Eureka!' I cried, 'Here's the goose that lays the golden eggs!'"

When he decided to give his money away, Carnegie was inundated with letters from people telling him how he could do it. The most amusing of these came from Mark Twain, the great American humorist. It read:

"Dear Sir and Friend,—You seem to be prosperous these days. Could you lend an admirer a dollar and a half to buy a hymn-book with? God will bless you if you do; I feel it, I know it. So will I. If there should be other applications this one not to count.—Yours, Mark."

P.S.—Do not send the hymn-book; send the money. I want to make the selection myself.—M.

A striking illustration of Carnegie's foresight is provided by the story of the discovery of oil in Pennsylvania. Carnegie and a friend obtained a certain option for \$40,000. The wells which this sum enabled them to acquire paid \$1,000,000 in one year in cash and dividends, and eventually became worth \$5,000,000 on a stock basis.

Apart from the cotton shrewdness, grit, self-reliance, and enterprise which enabled Carnegie to become the world's greatest steel master, his most prominent characteristic was his quiet sense of humor. He was always an optimist.

To his intimate friend, Lord Morley, he once told the story of a pessimist whom nothing ever pleased, and an optimist whom nothing ever displeased. They were being congratulated by the angels upon having obtained entrance to heaven.

The pessimist replied: "Yes, very good place, but somehow or other this halo don't fit my head exactly."

The optimist retorted by telling the story of a man being carried down to purgatory, and the Devil putting his victim up against a bank while he got a drink at a spring. An old friend accosted him: "Well, Jim, how's this? No remedy possible; you're a gone coon sure."

The reply came: "Hush, it might be worse." "How's that, when you are being carried down to the bottomless pit?" "Hush!"—pointing to his Satanic Majesty—"he might take a notion to make me carry him."

The millionaire cultivated the acquaintance of many well-known men, among whom was Josh Billings, the American humorist and lecturer. Josh was once asked the secret of holding audiences.

"Well," he replied, "you mustn't keep them laughing too long, or they will think you are laughing at them. After giving the audience amusement you must become earnest and play the serious role. For instance: 'There are two things in this life for which no man is ever prepared. Who will tell me what these are? Finally someone cried out, 'Death!' 'Well, who gives me the other?' Many respond—wealth, happiness, strength, marriage, taxes. At last Josh begins, solemnly: 'There are two things on earth for which no man is ever prepared, and they're twins!'"

Josh was full of good sayings. "When you take the bull by the horns, take him by the tail; you can get a better hold and let go when you've a mind to," was perhaps one of his best.

#### Mr. Gladstone's Retort.

Matthew Arnold, the brilliant author and apostle of sweetness and light; Lord Rosebery, Mr. Gladstone, and Herbert Spencer, the philosopher, were also among Carnegie's intimate friends.

In his Autobiography the millionaire tells a delightful anecdote of Mr. Gladstone. Going home from a dinner on the day of Queen Victoria's Jubilee, he recognized Mr. Gladstone's voice close to the Reform Club. Moving back a few paces, he came to a muffled figure and whispered, "What does gravity out of its bed at midnight?"

"Mr. Gladstone was discovered. I told him I recognized his voice whispering to his companion. And so I said, 'The real ruler comes out to see the illuminations prepared for the nominal ruler!'"

"He replied, 'Young man, I think it's time you were in bed.'"

"A story I told Herbert Spencer about Texas, writes Carnegie, 'struck him as amusing. When a returning, disappointed emigrant from that State was asked about the then barren country, he said: 'Stranger, all that I have to say about Texas is that if I owned Texas and Hell, I would sell Texas.'"

"One day," continues Carnegie, "my eldest nephew was seen to open the door quietly and peep in where Spencer and I were seated. His mother afterwards asked him why he had done so, and the boy of eleven replied: 'Mamma, I wanted to see the man who wrote in a book that there was no use studying grammar.'"

To be an editor and writer was one of Carnegie's earliest ambitions; to secure the world's peace was his last. He was an admirer of the Kaiser before the war, and his description of a meeting makes ironical reading to-day:

"The year before last (1912)," he says, "I stood before him in the grand palace in Berlin and presented the American address of congratulation upon his peaceful reign of twenty-five years, his hand unstained by human blood. As I approached to hand to him the casket containing the address, he recognized me with outstretched arm, and exclaimed: 'Carnegie, twenty-five years of peace, and we hope for many more.'"

"I could not help responding: 'And in this noblest of all missions you are our chief ally.'"

"Optimist as he always was and tried to be, even in the face of the failure of his hopes, the world disaster was too much. His heart was broken," says Mrs. Carnegie, and his autobiography remained unfinished.

#### Pain.

Pain may be called a special sense, or at any rate a special variety of the tactile sense, for there is a special apparatus of nerves to carry it through the body. Like the other senses, its seat is the brain, although the feeling usually seems to be in the injured part. Like the other senses, also, the sense of pain is the gradual growth of ages. Even now only those parts of the body which are most exposed to injury cause us any pain when hurt; moreover, even when hurt they will cause no pain if the injury is one to which they are not ordinarily subject.

Take the intestines, for example. Ordinary ill-such as distension or inflammation, which may become dangerous if not relieved, may cause exquisite pain, whereas an unusual injury, such as a cut, may cause no pain whatever and will cause none until the more common ill of inflammation sets in.

All persons are not equally sensitive to pain; certain races—the Chinese, for example—feel pain much less acutely than Europeans feel it. Europeans feel pain from adolescence on to middle age more acutely than they do either in infancy or in old age; and the men feel it more than the women, or at least do not bear it so well.

Pain may be subjective or objective; that is, the brain may feel it either when it has a real physical basis or when it has no physical basis at all. Pain is frequently deceptive, for the brain sometimes refers it to a part more or less remote from the injury that provokes it. For example, a child with hip disease usually says that his knee hurts; a person with spinal disease feels pain in the abdomen; a person with pneumonia may have such acute pain in the abdomen that the surgeon is deceived into operating for appendicitis.

But, though imperfect and deceptive, pain is nevertheless a great blessing; for it is a danger signal without which mankind could not exist. Without it we should all perish from injury or disease in early childhood.

#### A Scotch Mist.

Why should a drizzly mist be "Scotch," any more than it should be "Irish" or "English"? These compounds of heavy mist and dreary drizzle certainly occur in Erin's Isle as well as in England. Yet it is always "Scotch mist."

The fact is that Scotland has to suffer in reputation because of her hilly nature, for it is the presence of these uplands that are responsible for so many thick mists being experienced.

It comes about in this way: Scotland lies fairly in the track of wet weather systems travelling from some westerly to some easterly point. These systems—cyclones or depressions—being a vast quantity of low-lying cloud, whose lower edges trail along only a few hundred feet above sea level.

Now, the northern part of Scotland particularly has a very extensive area elevated several hundred feet above sea-level, and of course, when the frequent great rain-clouds are travelling across the country, they actually touch the surface of this elevated area, and when they do there is a Scotch mist.

Hence, a Scotch mist is a rain-cloud trailing its watery, clinging mass along the ground. Clouds may be very beautiful objects to gaze upon from a distance, but they are depressing and uncomfortable things to be enveloped in.

Two thousand and forty-eight aliens were naturalized in Canada in 1919, representing 27 different countries.

#### Eyes Have They and See Not

Howbeit in vain do they worship me, teaching for doctrines the commandments of men.—St. Mark, 7: 7.

In the seventh chapter of St. Mark's gospel, Christ makes a serious charge against a certain class of men. He says there they have forsaken the commandment of God and have substituted the commandment of men. He says that these men have tampered with conscience so long that they cannot think right, cannot see right, and hence cannot act right. Their inner monitor has become so twisted that they do not recognize right when they see it. First, they would not see. Then, they could not.

A gnat is a tiny insect about the size of a mosquito. It does not look very much like a camel. But Christ says that the Pharisee's sense of right and wrong is so warped that he cannot tell a gnat from a camel. The Pharisee has moral astigmatism. Going still further, Jesus uses a modern illustration. He says the Pharisee's soul is like a metal dish, highly polished on the outside, but on the inside it is septic, foul, putrid. And the tragic side of it is, the Pharisee is utterly unconscious of all this. He regards himself as quite the model of what a man ought to be, in morals and religion.

Now, how can a man get into such a perverted state? How can he develop such a combination of contradictions? How can he become such a blue ribbon hypocrite? It is not hard. It comes on unconsciously. You can see it in Germany. Germany did not think she was particularly bad, when she said that God had called upon her to impose her Kultur on Europe and the world. She excused her practices by saying, "War is War." Intelligent people can be found who will argue by the hour for the saloons, and will enlarge on the benefits of liquor.

While the populace of Petrograd is dying this winter, and people are falling over dead in the streets from cold and hunger, Trotsky and Lenin state that they are the heralds of a new age, which will surpass all previous ages, as the modern dwelling surpasses the cave.

#### When Conscience is Warped.

Tennyson represents in the "Lotus-Eaters" a company of men and women on an island who were anxious to get back to the mainland, where their families lived. Before embarking, they ate of the lotus-tree, which has the fabled power to put its victims into a dreamy half-sleep, and takes away all energy. From that

time, the lotus-eaters make no efforts to leave the tropic isle, where they are marooned. They are content with a half life.

Now if all this is true, about the soul getting into a state where it is asleep or blind, until it gets insects mixed with camels, what about the conscience? Is not that a guide? How many times I have had men say, "Well, I do what my conscience tells me and that is religion enough for me." To obey conscience is a great thing, and happy the man who really does so. But what are you going to do when conscience is warped? What if your guide is blind? The German leaders we spoke of were perfectly sincere. Many saloonists were sincere. The African chief who kills all the wives of a leading man when he dies, so that they may accompany their husband into the other world, is also sincere. No, conscience alone is not sufficient. Conscience requires education, or it is an unsafe guide. It needs the correcting power of daily prayer, to keep it attuned to God, who is the only standard.

#### A Standard for the Soul.

The best and most elaborate timepieces require correction. In a certain public building in London, there is a yardstick of metal, embedded in the floor. It is exactly a yard long, to the one-thousandth part of an inch. It is the standard yard of the British Empire. And the soul requires a standard. When we measure ourselves by ourselves, it is easy to get far away from the yardstick, and ere we know it, we will be counting thirty-four inches as thirty-six. When we set our spiritual clocks by other people's clocks, instead of God's clock, it is not surprising we get sadly mixed, in our soul-time. It is easy to become blind.

Young people are often blind. A young man will grow up in a rural community, goes to college, and makes for the city. He does not ask himself whether the community that gave him birth may not need him, and whether, in fact, he may not do as well there as in the city. A young man of the writer's acquaintance went back to the ancestral farm. To-day he has a large family, and is a much consulted member of the community where he lives.

After all, it is selfishness that blinds. We are liberated as we are enabled to forget self and despatch duty without asking how it will affect our pocketbooks or our prospects.—Rev. N. A. McCune.

#### Birth Rate in England Highest in a Decade.

Vital statistics just issued by the Ministry of Health show that the birth rate for 1920 in England is the highest for the decade and the death rate the lowest ever recorded, says a London despatch. The infant mortality rate also is the lowest on record. The number of births is the highest ever recorded, while the number of deaths is the lowest since 1862, when the population was only 20,000,000. The figures are:

For England and Wales—Birth rate per 1,000 of the total population, 25.44; deaths, crude rate, 12.4; deaths under one year per 1,000 births, 80.

For London—Birth rate per 1,000, 26.3; crude rate, 12.4; deaths under one year per 1,000 births, 75.

The increase in the birth rate is attributed to the number of delayed marriages prevented by the war and to the remarriage of war widows. It is suggested that the low death rate may be due to the rapid strides taken in surgery, medicine and sanitation during the war.

A constituency that returns a spinster to Parliament is sure to be misrepresented.

Canada's water powers are estimated at 19,260,000 horsepower, of which only 12 per cent., or 2,417,394 are installed.

#### Spectres Seen in Royal Palaces

Perhaps the most widely-known case of Royal hauntings is that of the Hohenzollern family, which possesses a ghost, commonly known as the "White Lady of the Hohenzollerns."

This apparition is said to appear before some dire catastrophe to the ex-Royal House of Prussia.

In December, 1828, prior to the death of the representative of the House, several of the officials in the Palace at Berlin were immeasurably startled by seeing the ill-omened figure in the white robes suddenly appear before them.

Uttering the words "Veni, judicavos et mortuos!" Judicium mihi adhuc superest," that is to say: "Come, judge the quick and the dead! I wait for judgment," it glided away from them, disappearing quite inexplicably in one of the ancient archways.

#### The Ghost of Himself.

On another occasion, far more recently, it revealed itself to one of the late Royal House during her sojourn in the Castle of Neuhaus, Bohemia. She was standing before her mirror one evening, trying on a new robe, when, wanting something, she called to her attendant.

In response there was a shuffling movement in the rear of the room, and, turning round to ascertain the cause of it, the princess perceived to her horror the tall figure of a female clad in white, with the face of some one long dead.

In slow and measured tones the figure pronounced the words: "Zehn Uhr ist er ihr Liebchen!"—"It is ten o'clock, my love!"—which is the mode of address in that part of the world, and, stepping backward, vanished behind a screen. The princess was taken ill soon afterwards, and died.

The last time the White Lady is said to have been seen was in July, 1914, prior to the declaration of war against Russia.

Talking of Russia, the late Tsar is said to have seen his double shortly before the great revolution. According to a rumor prevalent in Moscow

at the time, the Tsar was passing through that city on his way to the front, when, descending the staircase of his headquarters one morning, he met a figure slowly ascending with its head very much bowed.

On approaching the Tsar, the figure suddenly looked up, and Nicholas then perceived, to his consternation, the exact counterpart of himself, but with this difference—the countenance revealed to him was that of the dead and not the living.

#### Italy's Warning Plume.

The Royal Family of Italy are reported to possess several ghosts, one of which takes the form of a man's head, which is seen looking through a doorway whenever the death of a prince or princess is going to occur. Another of the ghosts is the shadow of a gigantic plume that is seen waving to and fro on the wall or floor prior to a Royal death, or some very grave catastrophe.

It was alleged to have appeared during a banquet at which the late King, Victor Emmanuel, was present, and to have been seen by everyone there, saving the monarch himself, who died within a week of the event.

Denmark has a very unpleasant royal ghost, that of a prince who murdered his brother in circumstances of almost unparalleled savagery even in those times. For that and other offences he was buried in unconsecrated ground near the Wood of Noole, which his spirit even now haunts in a guise so terrible that those who see it sometimes go mad with terror.

It was reputed to have appeared to a number of soldiers prior to the Schleswig-Holstein War, of 1866 and again to servants of the Royal Family before the death of the late King.

Another Danish Royal phantom is that of Valdemar IV, that haunts the Forest of Gurra, near Helsingfors. This ghost is alleged not to have any particular significance, excepting if it shows itself to anyone connected with the Royal Household, when its appearance must be taken as a portent of ill to the nation, and to the Royal Family, in particular.