

Manitoba Review

'The Courier'

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YOUR WINTER SUPPLY OF BUTTER

(By L. A. Gibson, Dairy Commissioner for Manitoba.)

A great many householders are now storing away their winter's supply of butter. In this connection, may I offer the following suggestions:

Have the butter made from fresh flavored, sweet cream. Butter made from your sour or stale cream will not keep properly.

Be sure all the butter-milk is washed out of the butter before packing, salt it lightly and work well to ensure a uniform color.

Keep the butter in the coldest place possible. In winter keep it outside the house, in a shed where the temperature is low.

IMPROVING MANITOBA'S CREAMERY BUTTER

Since the Manitoba Creameries scored so satisfactory a success by winning the first honors at the Canadian National Exhibition at Toronto this fall, considerable en-

quiry as to the secret of the excellence of Manitoba Creamery butter has come from various quarters to Mr. L. A. Gibson, Dairy Commissioner for the Province.

cremery butter and exported none. Up to the present date this year we have exported over 100 carloads, besides supplying our own trade.

Three leading means in effecting betterment are cited: 1. Grading of cream at creameries and payment on a quality basis.

2. Introduction of pasteurization and other improved creamery methods.

3. Government grading of butter.

Cream Grading. Four well defined grades for cream have been outlined for the Creameries, and most of the operators buy cream on the quality basis.

Pasteurization. One outstanding reason for dairy progress has been the fact that practically all Manitoba creameries have adopted the pasteurization method of treating cream.

Pasteurization makes the butter a safer article of food, and prevents the development of a fishy flavor when placed in storage.

In determining which lots of butter shall be given a Government grade certificate, the Dairy Branch makes laboratory tests with the Storch Test.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

The Spanish government has decided to put into immediate service 62 German ships lying in Spanish ports as the equivalent in tonnage of Spanish ships torpedoed.

General Strike Seems Favored in Winnipeg

Winnipeg, Man. — "The vote being polled is the heaviest in the record of local labor circles.

Friedman Committed for Trial

Winnipeg, Man. — Detective Adolph Friedman, of the central police force, who is charged with bribing the star crown witness in a pickpocket case to leave the city, was committed for trial at the next assizes.

Don't Travel Now

Winnipeg, Man. — President E. W. Beatty, of the C.P.R., who is here today, stated that he wished to urge upon the public the advisability of curtailing all unnecessary railway travelling during the prevalence of the influenza epidemic.

Farmer Found Guilty of Wasting Food Products

Portage La Prairie, Man. — The first conviction in Manitoba under the order-in-council of April 5, governing the wasting of food products, was secured before Magistrate Marshall in the police court when G. E. Barth, a farmer residing north of Macdonald, was found guilty of such a charge.

Street Railway Has to Pay

Winnipeg, Man. — Judge Galt gave judgment recently in the appeal of the Street Railway company against having to pay \$6,300, the sum agreed upon as due Mrs. James Bartlett for the loss of her husband, accidentally killed at St. James crossing two years ago.

Baby Abandoned in Doorway

Winnipeg, Man. — Lying in a boy's cart and chilled through, a baby of a few days was found abandoned in a rear doorway of Balmoral court on Thursday last week.

1,000 Yearly for Memorial

Winnipeg, Man. — The council of Assiniboia at its last meeting, decided to set aside one thousand dollars a year to provide for a memorial for the men of the municipality who have fallen in the war.

CITY FREED FROM CLAIM

Winnipeg, Man. — The city of Winnipeg has been successful in its appeal against the decision of Judge Prendergast who granted Mrs. Annie Friedman damages amounting to \$3,520 for the death of her husband.

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GET RID OF YOUR FAT

Thousands of others have gotten rid of theirs WITHOUT DIETING OR EXERCISING often at the rate of over a pound a day and WITHOUT PAYMENT until reduction has taken place.



I am a licensed practicing physician and personally select the treatment for each individual case, thus enabling me to choose remedies that will produce not only a loss of weight harmlessly, but which will also relieve you of all the troublesome symptoms of over-stress such as shortness of breath, palpitation, indigestion, rheumatism, goiter, asthma, kidney trouble and various other afflictions which often accompany over-stress.

My treatment will relieve that depressed, tired, sleepy feeling, giving you renewed energy and vigor, a result of the loss of your superfluous fat.

You are not required to change in the slightest form your regular mode of living. There is no dieting or exercising. It is simple, easy and pleasant to take.

If you are over-tout do not postpone but sit down right now and send for my FREE TRIAL TREATMENT and my plan whereby I am to be PAID ONLY AFTER REDUCTION HAS TAKEN PLACE if you so desire.

DR. R. E. NEWMAN, Licensed Physician State of New York 286 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. Desk M-199

MR. CALDER'S SECRETARY ILL

Hon. J. A. Calder, Dominion minister of immigration and colonization, who has been touring the western provinces, has left Winnipeg for the east, accompanied by Mrs. Calder. C. H. Ireland, private secretary of the minister, was taken ill soon after arriving in the city, and had to be removed to the hospital.

A HUGE TURNIP

Winnipeg, Man. — A turnip weighing 19 pounds was brought into the Free Press editorial rooms recently by J. B. Craig, of Selkirk, Man. The huge vegetable was grown on the farm of H. M. Tueker, manager of the T. Eaton company, of which Mr. Craig is manager.

BABE ABANDONED IN DOORWAY

Winnipeg, Man. — Lying in a boy's cart and chilled through, a baby of a few days was found abandoned in a rear doorway of Balmoral court on Thursday last week. There was no identification marks on the little tot's clothing.

Rheumatism A HOME CURE GIVEN BY ONE WHO HAD IT

In the spring of 1908 I was attacked by Migratory and Inflammatory Rheumatism. I suffered as only those who have it know, for over three years. I tried remedy after remedy, and doctor after doctor, but such relief as I received was only temporary. Finally, I found a remedy that cured me completely, and I have never returned. I have given it to a number who were terribly afflicted and even bedridden with Rheumatism, and it effected a cure in every case.

I want every sufferer from any form of rheumatic trouble to try this sure-value healing power. Don't send a cent, simply mail your name and address and I will send it free to try. After you have used it and it has proven itself to be that long-banked-for-loves of curing your rheumatism, you may send the price of it, one dollar, but understand, I do not want your money unless you are perfectly satisfied to send it. Isn't that fair? Why suffer any longer when positive relief is thus offered you free? Don't delay. Write today.

Mark H. Jackson, No. 211 E. Garvey Bldg., Syracuse, N. Y. Mr. Jackson responsible. Statement true.

YOUR HOUR OF LEISURE

FOOTSTEPS OF ANGELS

When the hours of Day are number'd, And the voices of the Night Wake the better soul, that slumber'd, To a holy, calm delight; Ere the evening lamps are lighted, And, like phantoms grim and tall, Shadows from the fitful fire-light Dance upon the parlour wall; Then the forms of the departed Enter at the open door; The beloved, the true-hearted, Come to visit me once more: He, the young and strong, who cherished Noble longings for the strife, By the road-side fell and perished, Weary with the march of life! They, the holy ones and weakly, Who the cross of suffering bore, Folded their pale hands so meekly, Spake with us on earth no more: And with them the Being Beautiful, Who unto my youth was given More than all things else to love me, And is now a saint in heaven. With a slow and noiseless footstep Comes that messenger divine, Takes the vacant chair beside me, Lays her gentle hand in mine. And she sits and gazes at me With those deep and tender eyes Like the stars, so still and saint-like, Looking downward from the skies.

Uttered not, yet comprehended, Is the spirit's voiceless prayer, Soft rebukes, in blessings ended, Breathing from her lips of air. O, though oft depress'd and lonely, All my fears are laid aside, If I but remember only Such as these have lived and died!

The Come Back of Old Dad Lane.

And What He Told About the Great Truth That Led to It. By James Francis Dwyer. (Continued.) The tailor had a walking suit that fitted splendidly, but before putting it on Mr. Lane went across the street to Caddy's barber shop and had a bath, a hair cut and a shave. When he got up to leave the shop he said to Caddy, speaking softly: "Charge it to me." Caddy blinked and came from behind the counter. "I'd sooner you'd pay now," he said. Mr. Lane looked at him for a moment; then he said: "Caddy, will you send one of your men over with me to Mr. William Kenyon's? You will be paid immediately, but I will never come in your shop again." "Caddy, who was a cheap, bullying kind of person, sent one of his barbers across the street to the tailor's with Mr. Lang, and Mr. Lane spoke to Mr. Kenyon.

"William," he said, "will you please pay Caddy's bill for me and add it to what I owe you? Caddy is afraid to trust me for a dollar and sixty-five cents."

He walked out of the shop and strolled along Depot Street, while everybody he met stood and stared at him like as if he was a person who had come back from the grave. A lot of people spoke to him, people who had passed him by for years, and he spoke to them as if he did not know they had ignored him. A wave of curiosity traveled with him, and every person was asking his neighbor what had happened. No other suit of clothes that Mr. William Kenyon ever sold created half the commotion as the suit he sold to Mr. Lane. He turned through the arcade in the middle of the Lane Block, and walked up Grand Avenue till he came to Barbour's place. He stopped there and stood for a while outside.

John Barbour is a real-estate agent in our town, and he was a very capable person before he began to drink. Then he lost his grip and business slipped away from him because he was unable to talk to prospective customers. Every day he drank harder, and those people who have a habit of always shaking their heads when they saw John Barbour upon the street. He was sober on the evening Mr. Lane stepped into his place of business. Sober and rather pessimistic. "Hello, Lane," he said. "Why I didn't know you for a minute." Mr. Lane smiled as Barbour's piggy eyes glanced at the walking

suit; then he took a chair and sat down behind the little counter. "How is business, Barbour?" he asked. "Rotten," cried the real-estate man. "Absolutely rotten. I haven't made a sale in a month. Looked at my books yesterday and the figures sobered me, I've lost money on the year, lost hundreds. Got bit with that marsh property, and I'm wondering how long I can hold out."

"Barbour," said Mr. Lane, "I walked along Depot Street to-night looking for a business that would offer me the best chances to come back. One or two interested me, but there was something against them that sent me farther. Now I've come to the end of my journey."

"What do you mean?" cried Barbour. "I mean," said Mr. Lane, "that your business has gone to the dogs because you neglect it. You want a partner, and I propose that tomorrow morning we put up a sign reading 'Barbour & Lane.'"

Barbour took a seat and looked Mr. Lane over for about five minutes before he spoke. He looked at his face and his clothes, at his shoes and gloves, then he blurted out: "Lane, what's happened?" "I want to come back," said Mr. Lane. "Why! There's some reason, some big reason, behind this. You're not a bum turning over a new leaf; you've got the look of a man who's already cornered the town." "Is it a deal?" asked Mr. Lane. Barbour picked up the telephone

on his desk and called Will Hammond, the sign writer. "Will," he said, "I want you to send a man up here first thing to-morrow morning to change my sign. I've taken a partner."

On the day following I came in on the four-twenty from Haddonville, and I met Mr. Lane just outside the depot. "Hello, Billy," he said. "I'm glad to see you, because you will be the first to congratulate me on putting over a little deal. Barbour & Lane have just sold that vacant lot near Barrett's drug store."

I nearly cried. It was splendid to see him, dressed up just the same as I remembered him years before when he came down by Headley's Emporium at eight forty-five every morning. "Billy," he said, "you're pleased, I know."

"Why, Mr. Lane!" I cried. And then I couldn't say any more because a lump came up in my throat and nearly choked me.

I went home and told mother, and we talked over it for a long, long while. It was an almost miraculous happening. Mother laid down her knitting when it came bedtime and she looked at me through her glasses. "Billy," she said, "there's something behind the change that you and I don't understand. He's found out something. The Almighty has put a ray of light into his mind so that he has seen a great truth; and, Billy, I wish every man in the world who, like Mr. Lane, has slipped and gone under in the battle, could see the truth as he has seen it."

(To be continued)

STRANGE COMRADES

The Poisonous Death Adder Chums With the Rat

Though scientifically regarded as "the most dangerous and probably the most deadly" of Australian snakes, the death adder has to its credit many everyday proofs to the contrary; so many, indeed, that some are inclined to class it as comparatively harmless; the reasons for such opinion being: (1) the small size of the creature, reducing the risks of its being interfered with inadvertently; (2) its amiability; (3) the fact that unless the sensitive membrane at the end of the tail, to which the curved spine is the culminating point, is trodden on or otherwise insulted, the chances are that there will be no active resentment.

Many years ago a locality in Australia suffered from a raid by bush rats, which congregated in great numbers. Similar plagues have often been recorded from the western downs; but the coastal visitation was singular, for it was associated with death adders, which seemed to be on good terms with the rats. One of the settlers was growing sweet potatoes on a fairly large scale for pig food, the plough being used for the harvesting of the crop. Seldom was a furrow run for the full length of the field without turning up both adders and rats.

Suddenly the rats migrated, and then the death adders disappeared. A few of either being seen for a decade, when the association between them was again sensationally illus-

trated. The daughter of a settler rose at dawn, and with others ran off to the vegetable garden for salads for breakfast. While she was looking for a scanty cucumber, a rat was disturbed, and almost immediately after she was bitten by a death adder which had lain inert at the very spot whence the rat had fled. The child recovered, while the deceptive snake, which would not submit to have its tail nibbled even by the airiest of treads, was killed. This illustrates afresh the singular association between an adder and a rat. Why, and for what purpose does this apparent amicability exist?

THE PEACE OF THE BODY IN MATURE AGE.

The digestive troubles of middle and later life are frequently due to older people not realizing as keenly as they should that as the years creep on not so much food is required to keep burning properly the fires of life. There come with middle life inevitable changes in the circulatory and digestive organs. The digested foods are not absorbed quite so actively; there is little or no muscle building up in children; with less bodily activity there is a much weakened power to eliminate the wastes from the body. It follows naturally that while no set rules can be given, since age changes vary with individuals, these suggestions may well be kept in mind: Decrease the amount of muscle-building food eaten; eat only such foods as are easy and simple of digestion; eat at regular intervals in small quantities; and, lastly, eat less.