

For the Boys and Girls

Sitting on the Log.
Two children, a boy of ten years and a little girl of six, were out at the woodpile. As the bucksaw was too high for the boy, he had made his little sister sit on the log to steady it. She had left her playhouse and her dolls and with a big sunbonnet over her head was sitting out there unsmiling in the sun. Her dolls were lonely, and she felt greatly abused. As she sat there, thinking about her trouble, the tears ran down her cheeks, and she wiped them away with the edge of her dress.

"What's the matter, sister?" asked the boy as he straightened up.

"Oh, I don't think I ought to have to work all the time. Other girls don't have to work as I do. I don't think it's fair." And she sobbed more than ever.

"Work all the time!" exclaimed the boy. "Why, you're not working at all! You're only sitting on the log. I'm doing the work."

A gentle voice spoke beside them; they had not noticed their mother approach. "Children, you are each doing your part, and if you do it well the work will be finished and will make you happy. But when you complain and disparage the part of another the work stops and the satisfaction is spoiled. All through life you will find that God asks some person to do hard-er things than He asks others to do, but He is pleased more by the spirit in which we obey than by what we actually accomplish; we are not really able to accomplish much with our own strength.

"As you look back over your lives from old age it will seem to you as if you had spent most of your time sitting on the log. There are so many things to do that seem entirely beyond us, and yet somehow they are accomplished. As we look back at them we realize that we did not do them ourselves, but that God did them for us. We trusted and prayed; we sat on the log, and God finished the work that was too big for us to do. God is satisfied if we do our small part well, even though it is nothing more than trusting in Him while He does the things that are impossible for us to do. And yet even to older persons sitting on the log seems hard enough when we

had rather be carrying out our own plans for life."

I Took Father's Place.
I am going to tell you how I became the owner of my 640-acre farm by hard labor. At the age of fifteen Father died, and left me to support Mother, who was in very poor health, and two sisters and one brother, two years younger than myself, with nothing to start but 40 acres of land and an old team.

After Father's death Mother said: "Now, Jimmy, you will have to take Papa's place and do your best." I could do my best, but how could I start out with no one to advise me and not much to do with. I decided first that I must quit school for good and start on life's journey alone. Spring's work was far behind, as Father had been sick so long, but kept thinking he would be able soon to be about again and put in the small crop.

The first of May I started in with a determination to win, and plowed the 40 acres and put it all into corn, afterwards hiring out for \$15 a month, and working steadily until my corn was ready to cultivate, which took me one week, as I remember. Then I went back and worked until fall, when I came home a proud boy with \$75 in my pocket, and next day went to town to deposit it.

My brother and I husked 1,400 bushels of corn that fall, which sold for \$795. Later I bought 20 acres of fine land, paying \$400 cash for it, which I put into alfalfa.

The next fall, with my alfalfa money, I bought several head of milk cows and a bunch of hogs, and went into the dairy business, which brought in money fast. In a few years I had from my hard labor two large silos and a large dairy barn, with the addition of 640 acres of very fine land. With the help of my brother we kept our silos full, and a fine bunch of full-blood cows and a bunch of hogs which brought in money faster than anything we knew of.

At the age of twenty-one I found myself quite independent and caring for my invalid mother and two sisters, who were receiving the best kind of an education. Two years ago I refused \$300 an acre for my 640-acre farm, and also refused \$27,000 for my dairy herd of full-blood Holsteins.—James Keeber.



Chief Deskahah
Leader of the Six Nation Indians, who are demanding the privileges of home rule on their reserves near Brantford. They claim to be allies, not subjects, of the British Empire. They have just been offered arbitration.

TREE-PLANTING IN THE CANADIAN WEST

PROGRESS IN EASTERN PROVINCES.

City Streets and Forest Areas Alike Receive Attention of Civic Authorities.

The Canadian prairies, from the exceedingly low level of the agricultural products, have achieved such world renown that the question of the fertility of the soil, climate and other factors entering into profitable farming are beyond question. These objections would be satisfied did the Canadian prairies present such a bare, unattractive aspect, but such is no longer the case.

When the great trek to the Canadian West was first well under way, the Canadian government proved to its own entire satisfaction that, for whatever reason few trees were found to be naturally growing on the prairie lands, it was not to be accounted for by the inability of these lands to produce and support substantial forest growth. Being satisfied to this extent, in the interest of better and more economic farming, in the fostering of more attractive living conditions, and the promotion of a spirit of content and an appreciation of the beautiful in the farming population, it inaugurated a campaign of tree-planting, at no expense to the farmer, save his initial labor in planting and subsequent care.

The establishment of a 450-acre nursery by the government at Indian Head was closely followed by a similar establishment by the Canadian Pacific Railway at Wolsely in the same province, which organization also undertook extensive distribution. About five thousand farmers per year, in the three provinces, who have made application, have been satisfied. The principal varieties of trees sent out have been Russian poplar, willow and caragana, species to which the prairie soil and climate are especially adapted. In the past twenty-one years, the Canadian government has distributed 60,418,000 seedlings and cuttings, or about 3,000,000 annually.

Forty Thousand Shelter Belts.
In the time which has elapsed since the initial work was done, the Canadian prairies have undergone a gradual transformation. Beautiful green groves of thriving trees surround many prairie farm homes, imparting shade in summer, giving shelter in winter to farm stock, having an ameliorating influence upon the living conditions within the homes, and furnishing additional touches of beauty to the landscape. Their economic value must not be underestimated. It is figured that the government's work has resulted in the establishment of 40,000 shelter belts on the prairies which are valued by their farm owners at from \$500 to \$5,000 each, with an average value of about \$1,000.

The tree-planting movement has received increased impetus and momentum each year since establishment with the wider advertised possibilities

of growing belts, as well as the realization of their great agricultural value, and the enthusiasm and activity which have characterized the spring and summer of the present year have resulted in more trees being planted in 1923 than in any previous year. About six million trees have been sent out from the Dominion Government nursery at Indian Head alone, whilst the forest nursery at Petawawa, Ontario, has been responsible for planting 150,000 trees on the forest reserves of the Prairie Provinces.

It is gratifying this year to note that the exceptional interest manifested in tree-planting is generally over the Dominion, and that the prairie planting is but a small part of the main movement. The Quebec and Ontario government nurseries have done a great deal more tree-planting this year than ever before. Several of the big pulp and lumber companies have done considerable planting, and there has been active evincing by the municipalities of Quebec and Ontario in forest plantations. In the latter province the scheme of county and township forests devised last year has been put into active operation.

In the Eastern provinces as well as on the prairies, cities, towns and villages have planted trees by the thousands along the streets and in the parks, and where provincial highways are being constructed trees have been set out under a systematized plan. Many public centres and municipalities have decided upon avenues of trees as most appropriate and permanent war memorials, an important one of which is the planting along the proposed boulevard which is to traverse Montreal Island from end to end. It is significant of many things that the cities and towns of the prairies are now, from the beauty of their arborage, their well-set-out parks and shady avenues, almost indistinguishable from the older cities and towns of the East, where trees are indigenous and where growth has been promoted for a number of years. Canada certainly has a keen appreciation of the value of tree growth, both from the aspects of economy and beauty, and is fostering the planting of trees in every way.

Mother.
By right of courage facing death.
By right of bliss through travail won,
What claims to filial love and faith
Are laid on every mother's son.

Encompassing each bygone day
The mother's guardian love appears,
How shall the boy in life repay
That debt of sacrificial years?

No human touch like hers could heal
Each childish hurt and poignant loss,
No sympathy so surely feel
All sorrows, standing by the cross.

Her life was reverence and truth
With all things lovely, high and pure,
She braced the will of wayward youth
To venture greatly and endure.

Her pitying eyes could bear to read
Where sin had left its scourging sign,
Her comfort in her children's need
Was like the tenderness divine.

Next to His son, to mortals given
With endless honor from above,
God gave to earth, in type of Heaven,
The wonder of a mother's love.

Most prized when death hath borne it hence,
It still illumines those who roam,
And for eternal recompense
Allures and leads the children home.
—Mary Rowles Jarvis.

His Own Bank.
Bob was cashier in a bank in a small country town. He had been engaged to Dolly Brown, but, alas! a rift came in the love! They quarrelled.

"And please remember," said Dolly, in haughty tones, as she handed back the ring, "that when we meet again we meet as strangers."

A few days later she entered the bank to cash a cheque. Bob was on duty. He took the slip of paper, eyed it back and front, and then instead of counting out the money, handed back the cheque.

His time for revenge had come! "I'm sorry, madam," he said, coldly, "but it is against the rules of the bank for the cashier to cash cheques for strangers. You must find someone in town to identify you!"

Handicapped.
This is an unequal world. Some are born lucky and have to work; others are less fortunate, they are born rich.

Mesopotamia has cost the British more than \$500,000,000 since the Armistice.

SMOKE

OLD CHUM

The Tobacco of Quality

Stories of Famous People

Ninety Miles of Ice Sea Did Not Daunt Dr. Peck.

One of the most interesting persons to be seen these days on the streets of Ottawa is a short, thick-set man of about seventy, with a bushy white beard and the somewhat rolling walk of a sailor.

This is Rev. E. J. Peck, made a doctor of divinity not long ago by Wycliffe College, Toronto, for his labors in translating the Scriptures into the Eskimo tongue. For forty years he was a missionary of the Church of England on the east coast of Hudson Bay and in Baffin Land, and farther back than that he was an A. B. seaman in the same ship of her Majesty's navy as a small youth. Middle-aged Fisher, better known to this generation as Admiral Sir John Fisher.

At the present time impaired eyesight reduces Dr. Peck's activity, but he usually manages to work in one or two addresses or sermons a week on behalf of his beloved Eskimo. Until three years ago he made an annual trip to inspect and supervise the mission stations in Hudson Strait and Baffin Land, traveling by the Hudson Bay Co. steamer Nascopie, which sails from Montreal up the coast of Labrador and through Hudson Bay to York Factory.

It was Dr. Peck's custom to leave the Nascopie as he went into the bay at the southern point of Baffin Land and rejoice her again when she called on her way out. On his last trip he was anxious to spend more time at a mission station on the southern shore of Hudson Strait than would be allowed by the one or two days' stay of the steamer on her way out. There was a small motor boat and a supply

of gasoline on the north shore, but no crew. Nothing daunted, Dr. Peck discovered an Eskimo youth who said he could run the engine and taking the tiller himself, they plunged out into the icy dangers of Hudson Strait, which at that point is ninety miles wide.

Dr. Peck brought his little craft into the haven on the south shore without mishap and spent a week at the mission station before the Nascopie arrived. The captain and crew of the big steamer were astonished at the feat, but to Dr. Peck, who for forty years had traveled about Hudson Bay in whaleboats, canoes and Eskimo skin boats, the trip of the power boat seemed rather a providential opportunity than an adventure.

Explorer's Dreams.
If you want to know what hunger is, try the frozen North, and see how you like the doubtful diet which it provides! A slice of penguin and a whale chop do not form the most appetizing meal in the world, nor even if a hard dog biscuit is added.

Sir Ernest Shackleton used to relate a delightful yarn bearing on this subject. He was approached one day by a gushing lady, who immediately tackled him about his voyages.

"I always think," she said, "that one must have such wonderful dreams while leading that kind of life!" "Beautiful dreams, indeed!" admitted Sir Ernest.

"Oh, do tell me," she cried, "what you used to dream about in the Antarctic?" "Treacle pudding!" replied Shackleton.

Wilhelmina's Royal Palace.

Queen Wilhelmina's palace at Amsterdam is built upon a foundation of 18,000 piles driven deep into the ground—150 carloads of pile. On such a base the conservative royal family of the Netherlands, which has withstood the recent tempest of Europe, has its official residence.

The Hague, where the States General meets and the Dutch Government is located, is not, as is generally believed, the capital of the Netherlands. Amsterdam, a city below sea level, re-claimed from the sea, is the legal capital of Holland and the Queen's official residence.

Although Her Royal Highness spends more of her time at her palace in The Hague and a great deal more still on her country estate at Het Loo, she is obliged to visit her magnificent palace at Amsterdam at least once a year in order to receive an allowance which is made to her by the city government of Amsterdam. But she does not like to live in the palace, which is one of the finest in Europe.

These royal visits to Amsterdam take place in May of each year. On such occasions a royal ball is always arranged, a gala function which is attended by the elite of the little kingdom of the Netherlands. Resident officials of other Governments and their wives are then introduced to the Queen, provided they are approved by her attendants beforehand.

The simplicity of this event otherwise is remarkable. On the part of the ladies who attend conservative de-lete is about the only requirement or restriction of their wardrobe. The gentlemen, on the other hand, are required to wear a high hat, white gloves and evening dress. The men are introduced before the day of the ball, in a body, while presenting the ladies to her Majesty is a part of the evening's entertainment. Consequently a great deal of practicing for the court bow necessarily precedes the presentation.

When the presentations are over the Queen and her consort, Prince Henry,

mingle with the visitors in the large main reception hall of the palace. Upon request, the subject of a desired interview communicated and approved first, guests are permitted to speak a few words with them. These conversations are short and formal.

Points for Parents.
Valuable hints for parents were given in a recent lecture by Dr. Margaret Thackrah.

The first rule, she said, is never to scold. When children are naughty, punish them, but do not bully them.

Secondly, tell your children the truth even when their questions concern the most obscure subjects. If you do not know, admit your ignorance at once. An untrue answer is worse than no answer at all.

Never warn them about danger until it is absolutely necessary. Avoid all stories and fairy tales dealing with evil.

Do not make them think that telling the truth is a virtue. It should come naturally. George Washington made far too much fuss about it. He should have told the truth right away and got a good thrashing.

Finally, always remember that, although children may be too young to understand, they are never too young to misunderstand.

Well, Well.
"See those bugs waving their antennae?"
"Sure. Now I understand."
"What?"
"They talk by radio."

ELLIS BROS. LIMITED
Jewellers
95-97 YONGE ST. TORONTO
Try them for your
CHRISTMAS GIFTS
Their Catalogue will be sent on request.

GINSENG IN CANADA

Ginseng is a medicinal herb considered an excellent tonic and one of the best invigorators of failing health. Commercially there are two species, the Chinese, which does not grow wild, and the American, which is a native of the country. The principal market for this plant is in China, whilst a quantity of ginseng root is used by Chinese residents in America and also by drug manufacturers for making medicine. It is taken by the Chinese in the form of pills, infusion and confection as well as oilment.

Ginseng was first discovered in Canada near Quebec in 1704, and later a Jesuit missionary again found it near Sault Ste. Louis. The Indians and settlers in Quebec began to collect the plant and a considerable amount was exported. In 1752 the quantity recorded as being exported to France was valued at \$60,000. The careless methods of curing led to exhaustion of supply and a dwindling trade. In 1872 the Ontario government prohibited the gathering, destroying or buying between January the first and September the first. It is therefore probably the only known plant that has enjoyed a close season.

Wild ginseng in Eastern Canada has largely disappeared, and as a result certain individuals were farsighted enough to undertake the cultivation of the plant in an experimental way some years ago. Today it is reported to have attained such proportions that the output of cultivated roots is almost equal to that formerly collected from the forests. There is still, however, a certain importation of ginseng, whilst the export market has possibilities, and for this reason the Department of Agriculture of Ontario recently issued a comprehensive booklet on ginseng cultivation to encourage its production.

Cultivated in British Columbia.
The yields of dry roots from a well-cared-for plantation will run approximately one ton to the acre, and in view of the limited market an over-production would seem eminent, but this is largely offset by the length of time required to mature the roots, these not being usually marketable until the fifth or sixth year from seeding, whilst the first crop of seeds is produced in the third year.

What is probably the first serious experimentation in ginseng cultivation in Western Canada is that conducted by T. C. Jenner, the owner of skitiks of Vancouver, who has been growing the herb over a period of seven years with gratifying ultimate success. Half an acre of land is sown to the crop, and some of the plants are now three years old, strong and sturdy and increasing in value each year. A Chinese doctor who visited his garden recently so admired it that he offered a high price for it. The garden is the more valuable because the ginseng crop originated from Korean seed and the cultivation of the crop in that country is now under government control, it being forbidden to export any of the seed.

Mr. Jenner believes he has engaged upon what is to be a profitable industry in view of the consistent demand of the market, though small. Leaves of the ginseng sell for about \$2.00 per pound. The seed sells at \$2.50 for fifty seeds. The fibre from the roots sells at from \$12 to \$15 and is used by the Chinese in their tea. The roots are worth anything from \$30 a pound upwards.

The garden at Vancouver is the only known place in British Columbia where ginseng is cultivated and probably the one locality in Western Canada. The success Mr. Jenner has attained should encourage others to engage in this profitable small-farming enterprise. The production of ginseng has long been successful in Ontario, the only requirements being a fairly light soil, fairly well drained, with forest leaf or other fertilizer. There must be hundreds of places in Western Canada where the cultivation of a half-acre or so of this crop would be a source of handsome revenue.

Clock Worked by Radium.

One of the most wonderful clocks the world has ever known is designed to run for a thousand years without winding. It is worked by radium-power!

At the bottom of the clock is a tube, at the foot of which is a tiny grain of radium. The rays from the radium strike on two thin strips of metal, which hang down parallel, with each other until they begin to get charged with electricity through the influence of the radium rays.

As the strips become charged they gradually separate until they stand out in opposite directions. When this happens they come in contact with two metal electrodes, through which they discharge their current. Then they drop back into their former positions and the charging process starts all over again.

It was expected that the rays from the radium would be unaffected by any outside causes and that the radium clock would run with unfailing regularity. But it was found that for some unknown reason the movements of the strips of metal varied, and that though the clock worked it was inaccurate.

However, when our knowledge has increased, it may be possible for the radium clock to be as accurate as the ones we use to-day.

Further Oil Development in Canada

Further interest and significance in the search for oil in Alberta, which is in active prosecution from the international boundary to within the Arctic circle, a distance of over a thousand miles, is attached to the proposed large oil refinery in the city of Calgary. The new establishment is fraught with considerable importance not only to the Alberta city, but to the entire West and to the oil situation in Canada as a whole. It is in their evidence, if any were needed, of the Imperial Oil Company's persistent faith in the existence of commercial oil in Alberta and its determination to prosecute its operations until a successful conclusion is reached.

The new refinery is to cost approximately \$2,500,000, and will be the largest project to locate in Calgary since the Ogden Shops of the Canadian Pacific Railway. A commencement will be made either this fall or next spring. The construction work upon the plant alone will employ from 300 to 500 men from six to eight months. The completed refinery will employ from 200 to 250 skilled men. The payroll of the city of Calgary will receive an addition to the extent of about \$50,000 a month, and taxes will jump on the property several fold. The output of the plant is expected to be from 2,500 to 3,500 barrels of gasoline per day, resulting in the centralization of the gasoline distribution business of the Province of Alberta in the southern city.

The new plant, it is announced, will at first secure its crude oil from the United States, that is, from the well recently brought in in the Sweetgrass country across the Montana border. There is every reason to suppose, however, that a development of such proportion is made with an eye to the future and the confident expectation of success attending the drilling activi-

ties at one or more of wells which are being drilled at the present time in many parts of the province by the Imperial Oil Company.

The Imperial Oil Company is at present prosecuting drilling operations at ten different points in Alberta, ranging from a few miles north of the international boundary to the Fort Norman district within the Arctic circle. The following is the depth of drilling at the various wells on August 18th: Bound-ary, 3360 feet; Monitor, or Misty Hill, 2,907 feet; Fabvan, or Grattan, 2,188 feet; Willow Creek, 2,705 feet; Ponce Coupe, 2,230 feet; Coalapur, 1,110 feet; Turner Valley or Black Diamond, 2,704 feet. There are three wells in the Fort Norman district which at the latest reports received had attained the following depth: Mackenzie River South Shore 1704 feet; Bear Island, 455 feet; Blue Flag, 495 feet. These are in addition to the first well at Fort Norman where oil was struck, and which is at the present time being produced at an average of from 60 to 70 barrels per day, and the original depth of which has been increased to 991 feet.

The new oil refinery at Calgary comes in addition to thirteen similar plants operating in Canada, to which again must be added six proposed further. In addition to the first well at Fort Norman where oil was struck, and which is at the present time being produced at an average of from 60 to 70 barrels per day, and the original depth of which has been increased to 991 feet.

Lloyd George's Wit.
When Lloyd George was to address a meeting in South Wales, the chairman, thinking to be funny at the speaker's expense, said in introducing him: "I had heard so much about Mr. Lloyd George that I naturally expected to meet a big man in every sense; but as you can see he is very small in stature."
Lloyd George arose. "I am grieved to find," he said, "that your chairman is disappointed in my size, but this is owing to the way you have here of measuring a man. In North Wales we measure a man from his chin up, but you evidently measure him from his chin down."

The average depth of the English Channel is 180 feet.

A Tragic Indictment

"To me, the tragedy of this earth is a diseased child. The natural inheritance of a child is a joy in strength and growth and freedom. He is robbed of it all by disease."
"The most tragic indictment of civilization is a diseased child—civilization that stands still and lets a little child, through his teacher, or for any cause, be his teacher, or for any cause, be robbed of his divine inheritance of the joy and happiness of childhood!"

"Medical inspection is intended to help prevent that tragedy—to help remove that terrible indictment against our Christian civilization."—J. Y. Joyner.



AMERICA MAY YET PROVIDE A THRILLING RESCUE SCENE
—From the Bulletin (Glasgow, Scotland).