

## The Upward Look

### Travel Series No. 7

#### The Power of Music

"SERVE the Lord with gladness: come before his presence with singing.

One of the greatest surprises about San Diego was the wonderful climate. As its location was at the southernmost corner of California, I expected the heat to be almost unbearable in July, but was not even uncomfortable any of the time, while the nights, the Pacific Ocean breezes, were refreshingly cool.

At the Exposition, there was a great grand open-air organ, the first I had ever heard. Owing to the even temperature of the climate the San Diegans can enjoy most of the year round, its sweet, strong, beautiful tones, as they sit there, under God's own canopy of sunny-blue or star-lit sky. Then the singing to that organ accompaniment was a rare treat, whether it was the voice of a famous soloist, a trained choir or the rousing tones of the great crowd of those present. Out through the peristyle, one could see the grand stretch of the great ocean.

That organ will mean much to the people of that city. Music should play a much more important part in all our lives. Just the other day I heard a beautiful organ, and I was so glad to get out with a basket. One by one I bring back all the request prayers he could find, the other all those of thanksgiving.

The first returned in a very short time, with his basket overflowing full. The second did not appear until late in the night, and even then the bottom of his basket was scarcely covered. In this there is a striking lesson.

One of the best ways we can show our gratitude and thankfulness is by singing. Teach the little ones our old hymns of praise, encourage them to sing the many little beautiful songs learned at school. It will do them good. It will do you good. It will do others good. Sing yourself; sing old songs; learn new ones. Many will say with great conviction that they never could sing; then it is high time to try to begin. One does not need to be a prima donna, to express this soul-gratitude. There is also the sweet, low humming, the rollicking, merry whistling.

In the dark days our baskets need filling more than ever, with the notes of thankfulness for all the blessings still left. So if we do this in the glad and in the sad hours, think that a great organ will be built, and thanksgiving is constantly being raised to the Giver of all good.—I. H. N.

### The Grackles

THE crow blackbird or grackle in one or more of its subspecies is a familiar object in all the states east of the Rocky Mountains. Throughout the year it is resident as far north as southern Illinois, and in summer extends its range into the Canadian provinces. In the Mississippi Valley it is one of the most abundant of birds, preferring to nest in the artificial groves and wildbreaks near farms instead of in the natural "timber" which it formerly used. It breeds also in parks and near buildings, often in considerable colonies.

The grackle is accused of many sins, such as stealing grain and fruit and robbing the nests of other birds. An examination of 2346 stomachs shows that nearly one-third of its food consists of insects, most of which are injurious. The bird also eats a few snails, crawfishes, salamanders, small fish, and occasionally a mouse. The stomach contents do not

indicate that it robs other bird's nests to any great extent, as remains of birds and bird's eggs amount to less than half of one per cent.

It is on account of its vegetable food that the grackle most deserves condemnation. Grain is eaten during the whole year, and only for a short time in summer is other food attractive enough to induce the bird to alter its diet. The grain taken in winter and spring probably consists of waste kernels from the stubble. The stomachs do not indicate that the bird pulls down sprouting grain; but the wheat eaten in July and August, and the corn eaten in fall are probably from fields of standing grain. The total amount of grain consumed during the year constitutes 45 per cent of the food, but it is safe to say that at least half is waste grain and consequently of no value. Although the crow blackbird eats a few cherries and blackber-



ries in their season, and in the fall some wild fruit, it apparently does no damage in this way.

Large flocks of grackles no doubt do considerable injury to grain crops, and there seems to be no remedy, except the destruction of the birds, which is in itself expensive. During the breeding season, however, the species does much good by eating insects and by feeding them to its young, which are reared almost entirely upon this food. The bird does the greatest amount of good in spring, when it follows the plow in search of large grubworms, of which it is so fond that it sometimes literally crams its stomach full of them.

## OUR HOME CLUB

### A Back-to-the-Lander

ARE any Home Clubbers back-to-the-landers? I am, but this little story with which I hope to gain admittance to your columns is not of my own experiences. It is that of a friend who is like myself, a back-to-the-lander. It should, I think, make many a country boy and girl more contented than some of them are with farm life.

This friend of mine worked in one of the machine shops in the city of Hamilton. He got good pay, lived in a decent house, fed in clothes, his family respectfully and managed to make ends meet, and by strict economy managed to save a few dollars a year. He and his wife had an ambition to own a little farm of their own, and three years ago he threw up his job and they came to our neighborhood and bought 50 acres. This city couple had their full share of discouragements, but this year, their third on the farm, they have rounded the turn and are simply jubilant over their success as farmers. Their strawberry crop was one of the best in our neighborhood and brought in a good many hundred dollars. In the meantime the men who once worked with this friend side by side in the machine shop in Hamilton are mostly out of employments and hardly know where the next meal is to come from. How much better off is Mr. L.—on his 50-acre farm?

Dear Home Club readers, I sometimes hear the old-fashioned sayings in these columns. The returns from the farm are not enough, we are told. Perhaps statistics showing only dollars and cents are not as favorable

as they ought to be, but let me tell you as one who has worked in the city and served under a boss that the independence of the farm is worth something. This surely is worth a lot; farmers are the last people on earth to starve and I am glad to be a "Back-to-the-Lander."

### A Supporter of "Aunt Greta's" Views

YOU are a champion of the woman suffrage cause all right "Aunt Greta," and I can probably best express myself in the old-time phrase, "Them's my sentiments." Your letter in the Dec. 2nd issue called to my mind a poem that I read not long ago on this subject. It was an adaptation of Kipling's "If" to the suffragist and runs like this:

If you can forge ahead when all about you are hanging back and criticizing you; If you believe yourself when Aunt's foot you see; If you keep it up till they believe it, too; If you can work and not be erim and grumph; Or being lied about, don't ever tell; Or being bossy, don't grow frayed and frumsh; And yet don't dress too smart nor look too well.

If you can learn to be a lifted eyebrow, If you can interest a doubting dame; If you can meet a Baby-sitter or High-brow, And treat those two imposters just the same;

If you can hear the Cause in all 'its phases Mis-tated by the Ant's o'er and o'er, And listen to their hookeyed, worn-out phrases, And being floored—just up and take the floor.

If you can make one heap of household labor, And just by going at them get them done; If you can hear the gossip of your neighbor, And never breathe a word to anyone; If you can keep your heart and nerve true, When Rumor says another chance is gone, And so hold on when there is nothing doing.

Except the Cause that says to you, "Keep on!"

If you can talk to crowds and keep your listener's attention, Or walk with men, nor lose your woman's ways; If every wrong encounters your resistance, And every right receives your honest praise; If you can take the thread as Fate may spin it; And weave your web of life with right good-will— You'll get the vote and everything that's in it, And, what is more, you'll be a Woman still!

### Valuable Lessons

BOY to Smaller Boy: You're a bloomin' fine soldier! 'Ere's me taught yer everythink I know, an' you stand there an' don't know nothink!

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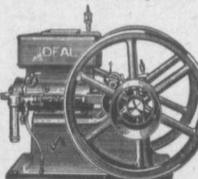
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