



**YOUR FUTURE DEPENDS ENTIRELY UPON YOU**

Your thought should be, what chance am I going to have in the reconstruction period that is coming. It is only those who have equipped themselves with a sound education who are going to hold the important positions in the business world. Now is the time that you should plan for the future. Ask us to send you information of what you can do at the Canada Business College, how long it will take and what it will cost.

**The CANADA BUSINESS COLLEGE**  
HAMILTON  
CANADA



**Loan Shark King Dead.**

D. H. Tolman, known from coast to coast as the "King of Loan Sharks," has just died in New York, leaving a fortune of \$7,259,344. He operated more than sixty agencies throughout Canada and the United States.

**On the Wife.**

"Do you find your wife an inspiration?"  
"She keeps me hustling, anyhow," answered the poet as he went feverishly on with his work.

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**THE PIPING QUAIL.**

**A Valuable Diploma.**

When Miss Daisy Dunn, of Paris, Ont., received her graduation diploma at the Brantford General Hospital recently, she received a bequest of \$100,000 from an aunt, who had made it a condition in her will that the legatee should become a competent nurse.

**Instal Machinery Class.**

Chatham's local educational authorities have installed a complete machine shop at the Industrial School there. Both day and night classes are conducted.

**Waterspouts on Lake Erie.**

A large and a small waterspout were observed with interest from Port Colborne recently, apparently about nine miles off shore. Both were travelling at high speed up the lake.

**Halibut Catch Falling Short.**

Extinction threatens the rich halibut banks of British Columbia and the Alaskan seaboard, the inevitable result of unrestricted fishing.

**A "Song Bird" That Deserves More Credit.**

Last January, after weeks of bitter winter, the quail came to the farmyards, and the farmers put out grain for them. No one can fathom the impulse or instinct that led these wild and timid birds to seek, in their direst extremity, the aid of men; but they did seek, and many sought not in vain. Despite the food that was placed conveniently for them the coveys diminished in numbers from day to day. The struggle against cold and hunger was a losing one. When February brought warmth and thaw many of the quail had perished. In some parts of the country it is said that no quail were left alive.

Now comes the time when the year's bird songs begin to wane fewer and weaker. The chorus of early morning is still sufficiently jubilant, the vespers are as yet not hushed to midwinter silence. But there is coming to many of the singers a weariness of rollicking and exultation. The robin in the bare tree is less persistently hilarious at break of day. The setting sun stirs bobolink to no ecstatic wildness. Chewink in the outer beeches talks and grumbles more than he sings; while the catbird of the brambly borderland has become more catty and less birdlike. Cardinal, pewee, vireo, yellowthroat, wren have gone and we shall not hear them again until next year.

The quail and two others stands together in a little class apart. The other two are the mourning dove and the screech owl. Of the soothing, reposeful love murmur of the mourning dove there can be no two judgments. It is one of nature's sweetest calls, an irresistible hest to peace and contentment. The ululation of the little screech owl, which is anything but a "screech," is in its way as wonderful as the song of the dove. It is the gentlest, softest wavelet of sound, a ripple over a mossy brink, a nocturne of mysterious melody, a dream song when the moon hangs just above the orchard canopy.

Quail, dove and owl, who would call them "song birds"? To be a song bird must one be little, and follow fixed rules? Measured by their music these three are song birds as truly as thrasher, bobolink, thrush or bluebird—and the best of them is Bob White.

Like Shelley's skylark, Bob White is a disembodied voice. The afternoon falls toward evening, and we see the bobolinks and the meadowlarks consciously making music. We note the portly robin and the fitting song sparrow. We rejoice in the gleam of the undulating goldfinch and in the pert familiarity of the friendly wren. But from somewhere, near at hand or far away, always from some hidden, grassy, fairy dale, there comes a song that is quite incomparable. It is ever a song from an invisible singer. If anyone ever saw a quail in the act of singing he is a searcher with the patience of Job—which is of double meaning, for Mr. H. K. Job has, with his camera, caught birds doing more things than any other naturalist living or past.

"Bob White" is but a poor rendition of the liquid splendor of the quail's song. It carries no idea of the honey sweetness or the profound depth of the call.

"More wet," the rural philosophers interpret the quail's song, or "No more wet," when the prefatory note is audible. Weather predictions are thus made, with almost goosebone assurance. It is probably true that the quail is moved to vocalism by the coolness that precedes rain, but whether the two notes of "More wet" or the three notes of "No more wet" are heard depends largely on the proximity of the hearer. As many of the notes of the wood thrush are audible only to the listener who creeps to a front seat in the forest, so the first note of the quail's three may be unheard across the pasture by an offhand interpreter and "No more wet" may be proclaimed as a sure prophecy of rain at hand.

There is, indeed, no adequate rendition of the quail's song. It has the depth of a thrush, the cheer of the meadowlark, the liquidness of the cardinal's whistle, and the contentment of the mourning dove. No small part of its charm lies in the invariable invisibility of the performer.

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**Waterdown Branch  
of the Bible Society**

The truths of the Bible exemplified in the hearts and lives of Men would be a panacea for the ills of the world.

We would respectfully call the attention of our friends to the needs of this society, the canvassers for which will call upon you in the near future.

The world owes a great debt to the Bible in literature, in law, in ideals and in moral standards.

The Rev. Dyson Hague, speaking recently said, "The Bible has survived the struggle of the ages, and has a circulation of 28 million copies annually. It is the hope of man alike in this world and that which is to come, and there is no help or safety in democracy, save as is founded on the word of God."

Please receive the canvassers kindly and generously and help on the work of the Bible Society.

**JAS. E. EAGER,  
President**