



The Surprise in the Freight Car.

"The freight's coming!" called Clifford, the station agent's little son, to his friend Mollie. "Don't you see the smoke and hear the rails singing? She's at the curve, now, and will be here soon."

A few moments later the freight train came roaring round the curve. It slowed down with a great puffing and grinding and was soon switched to an empty place in the yards. That train had been a long time on the way, for almost a month had passed since it had been loaded with sweet-smelling pine boards up in the forest country. The river had risen and swept away two railway bridges, and so the train was very late.

"Please don't take out all the boards," Clifford begged when a man came to unload. "Father has bought enough of the lumber to fix up a playground for Mollie and me. We are going to have a seesaw, a sliding board and a little house. Could we come down in the morning and take out our boards?" he asked.

The man nodded, and the children ran off, satisfied, to their homes.

"I'll be down right after breakfast," Clifford called.

But it was Mollie that was first at the tracks the next morning. The little girl, who was lame, lived with her mother in a small cottage a little way below the station. She had never had a real playmate until Clifford's family moved in to the neighborhood from a nearby city. And she had scarcely ever owned a plaything, either. No wonder she came running down to the siding just after sunrise and peered with such eagerness into the car.

But she only peeped in; then she ran away with a startled look on her face. Turning the corner of the station swiftly, she ran into Clifford.

"What's the matter, Mollie?" he asked.

Mollie's eyes were big. "The Little People came into our freight car last night, Clifford," Mollie said. "I heard them rustling round in there and I saw their red jackets."

Clifford laughed. "You have been reading your fairy book again," he

Hired Help From a Copper Thread.

Recently I talked to an agent for farm electric light and power plants. "What is your biggest difficulty in selling plants to farm people?" I asked.

"My biggest difficulty is to put in all the plants I can sell," was his answer. "I have installed fifty during the past year, and I could have sold as many more, if I could have put them in."

I mention this because it is one of the best ways I know to say that farmers are satisfied users of electricity. It is not the only instance I know which indicates that electricity is fast becoming the farm power; I can name many others. The use of electricity is growing just about like a strawberry runner; wherever it touches it takes root. That is why the agent with whom I talked had more work than he could do; every user of electricity was so pleased that the idea took root, and grew in his neighbor's mind.

Not only is this true with people who have their own electric plants, but also where people get electricity from city power plants, or from neighborhood power plants.

Electricity, like any other farm necessity, can be bought. All things being equal, it is the best plan to buy it from an electric power company, if it can be secured reasonably.

But thousands of farmers do not have access to power companies, and that means they must establish neighborhood power companies or own individual plants. And of the latter two methods the individual plant idea is the better. The chief disadvantages of a neighborhood plant are the difficulty of getting a good operator, and excessive overhead charges.

The cost of individual plants varies with the manufacturers and size of plant—generally from several hundred dollars up, for the plant. The average buyer gets a plant that is too small expecting to use electricity only for lights and light jobs, then ends up by buying a larger plant and putting electricity to work in earnest. Besides the individual plant a motor is needed to make electricity run machinery.

Uses of electricity? That is an endless tale. It will take the backache out of almost anything that can be done by machinery, and do it cheaply. Hired help from a copper thread is dependable.

Sure.

"Ma, I wish you wouldn't call me your lamb when folks are around."

"Why not, Eddie?"

"It makes me feel so sheepish."

The total enlistments into the Canadian Expeditionary Force during the war was 590,572, of whom 418,062 proceeded overseas.

Take a Trip on a Sunbeam

Emile Belot, the French astronomer, suggests that, if one were able to straddle a light ray (which travels 186,000 miles a second) and thus voyage through space, observations along the route would be exceedingly interesting.

It would take only a little more than a second to reach the moon and in four minutes and twenty seconds one would arrive at the planet Mars. One would get as far as Jupiter in thirty-five minutes, to Saturn in seventy minutes, to Uranus in two hours and a half and to Neptune in four hours.

On the way one would come across a great many comets without tails—nebulous bodies of spherical shape which are rarely seen from the earth. It would take two years to get out side the sphere of the sun's attraction, and by that time our orb of day would look like nothing more important than a big star. The star nearest to us, Alpha Centauri, would meanwhile be looming up, and the wayfarer through space might expect to arrive there in a little more than four years. By this time he would have journeyed 24,000,000,000 miles.

This star nearest to us is in reality two suns revolving about a common center of gravity. Celestially speaking, it is not a freak, inasmuch as the heavens contain plenty of such "dou-

ROMANCE OF PEACE RIVER COUNTRY

WHEAT GROWN IN 1876 RECEIVED FIRST PRIZE.

Oil, Pulpwood, Fish, Grain and Cattle Are Assets of Promising District.

The common conception of the Peace River District in Northern Alberta is that of a semi-arctic region as yet only half-explored, progressing but slowly at the cost of the toil and privation of pioneers, a country of the future possibly—but a future yet remote.

Against this stands the fact that a hundred years ago, when the wealth of this northern area was apparently realized, when the Hudson's Bay Company had established posts throughout the region and were taking from it furs of inestimable worth, the plains to the south, now the greatest contributor to the world's granary and meat market, were considered as barren waste fit only for the buffalo and the coyote and of no value in comparison to the obvious richness of the north.

In western history the fact stands out that as far back as 1876, when the agricultural productivity of the west was yet problematical, wheat grown at Fort Chipewyan, a post established by Roderick Mackenzie, a cousin of the great explorer of the same name, secured the first prize at the Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia. This was followed up by another record in 1893, when the prize-winning wheat at the Chicago World's Fair came from the Shaftebury Settlement, fifteen miles from Peace River Crossing.

Its Agricultural Wealth Proven.

Following the settlement which has taken place in the past few years, the names of Grande Prairie, Pouce Coupe, Spirit River, Fort Vermilion and Lake Saskatchewan have become renowned in western lore from their productive capabilities, whilst that large region from the Whitehead River to Dunvegan Crossing as far west as Fort St. John and Hudson's Hope, in British Columbia, has proved its agricultural worth after years of successes.

As the region is attracting to it so many settlers, there being a large number of ex-Canadian soldiers among them, many false ideas of this country, which persisted in spite of proof to the contrary, are being eradicated. We know now that it possesses a climate which surpasses in value that of the country to the south of it, with a longer growing season and a milder winter. Crops this year raised on the land tributary to the two railroads are estimated to amount to between 2,500,000 and 3,000,000 bushels. Little wonder then that this year, farmers have been flocking in to file on the rich agricultural lands, or that ranchers have been attracted by the luxuriant verdure of the park-like expanses and the mild prevailing winters.

The discovery of oil in the Mackenzie River basin has drawn fresh interest to the country, and the finding has been described as the most important discovery in the history of Canadian development since the striking of gold in the Klondyke. The strike occurs in a territory embracing a vast extent of the same geological formation, encouraging belief in the possibility of widespread deposits. Certain it is that there is much oil in the region as the huge areas of tar sands indicate.

A Possible Pulpwood Supply.

A great forested area containing white poplar and spruce lies between Edmonton and the Peace River country, which is attracting a good deal of attention at the present time as a possible resource of pulpwood supply in view of the enormous demand which the exploited regions of Canada are being taxed to satisfy. Farther back in the interior of the country, where the land assumes the aspect of a well laid out park, large stands of the same class of small timber are to be encountered, all of which will have a considerable future value.

Another source of important revenue which is developing rapidly and assuming greater commercial importance each year, is the inland fishing industry of the lakes which abound in this territory. Whitefish and other lake fish are now brought down in large quantities and supply not only the Alberta market, but that of eastern Canadian cities, and have also attracted the favorable attention of New York and other eastern cities of the United States.

In the coming spring, a total of \$500,000 will be spent on the Mackenzie River fisheries for the maintenance of a fishing fleet and other kindred operations. The growth of the industry, which commercially is very young, has already justified the establishment of a cannery on Lake Athabasca, completely equipped with modern machinery and employing more than 100 men. This company, when it secured its fishing rights last summer, stated that it expected to catch and can 70,000 pounds of fish daily.

Wheat, Oats, Barley and Cattle.

The production of wheat in 1920 is estimated at 400,000 bushels as against 370,000 in 1919; barley, 250,000 bushels as against 50,000; oats, 2,000,000 bushels as against 1,500,000. There are from 25,000 to 30,000 head of cattle in the district, 7,000 horses, 8,000 sheep and 18,000 hogs. During the fiscal year ending March, 1920, there was a total of 797 homestead entries, 590

soldier grants, 38 land sales, 383 applications for patents, 232 grazing leases granted, 237 timber permits taken out, 433 hay permits secured, and 600 applications for petroleum leases. These figures speak for themselves in regard to the popularity of this country with the modern pioneer, and bear tribute to the flow of people one year witnessed into this area.

The progress of the Peace River district has been somewhat hampered in the past by the lack of railway transportation, and general satisfaction is expressed at the taking over for operation of the Edmonton, Dunvegan and British Columbia Railway by the Canadian Pacific Railway. This year, in addition to the large yield the area has obtained, there is a considerable portion of the 1919 crop yet to come out, all of which will be shipped down to Edmonton during the winter months.

The past year has been a most encouraging one for settlers in this region and for those contemplating settlement there. The spring will doubtless see a yet greater flow of agriculturists into the yet unsettled portions north of the railway to supplement the grain growing, mixed farming and ranching, which have proved so successful in the past and are making the Peace River country one of the most promising areas of the Canadian west.

Ways to Catch Skunks.

Skunk and civet cat are not hard to trap. Once you become familiar with their habits, you will find that they will spring even naked sets occasionally. Covering is not absolutely necessary. Yet, if you take pains to conceal your traps, you are almost sure to catch wandering mink or raccoon, which otherwise you would miss.

The simplest way to catch skunk and civet cat is to arrange traps at the den entrances. No bait of any kind is needed. When it is doubtful whether or not a burrow is occupied, you have but to examine the interior for black, white, or black and white hairs. When these are seen, furs are almost certain. Of course, other signs are helpful, such as tracks, droppings, etc.

Skunk and civet cat live in colonies. It is not unusual to find a number in a burrow. Remembering that these animals do not move about freely in cold weather, you can realize the necessity of getting as many skins as possible during the warm months. Pen sets near the burrows are best.

To make these, employ boards, rocks, or stakes. Form a U-shaped pen for each trap. Put a piece of bloody meat in the back part. Several such pens near a hole will often yield a number of pelts in one night. With only a set at the entrance, but a single skin can be obtained at a time.

Good catches often may be made along hedge fences, where the animals travel, hunting food. Small pieces of meat hung about a foot from the ground, with traps under each bait, will bring success. It is best to tie the decoy.

Sets concealed under hedges often prove effective. Trails must be discovered, however, otherwise the traps will not get many animals. Traps placed at the entrances of small, dry culverts will often get fur.

Some trappers object to taking these animals because of their odor; in fact, I used to avoid them until I learned that the smell can be dispensed with, in most cases, where care is used. While there are many so-called methods of killing—to my sorrow I experimented with them all—the best seems to be shooting. Use a small calibre rifle or pistol, approaching the quarry so as not unduly to excite it. When within five or six yards, shoot the animal just back of the head, so the bullet cuts the spine. This instantly paralyzes it so it cannot eject its smell. Remember, that holes in the body of a pelt damage it for manufacturing purposes, so try to have the bullets come out under the jaw or in the throat.

However, if some of the smell does get on you or the skins, it may be removed by a thorough washing in gasoline. It is safest to do this outdoors, to avoid danger from fire. You will get into difficulties if you forget that the scent glands lie at the root of the tail. I have always found it best to skin around these glands, leaving a small patch of fur. Pelts so removed bring full value, and are much more pleasant to handle than smelly ones.

Skunk and civet cat begin to shed very early in the spring. Just as soon as you notice signs of deterioration, stop trapping them. It does not pay to get poor quality hides. Besides, we must give the fur bearers a chance to multiply.

Celery-Planting Machine is Self-Propelling.

By the ingenious application of a discarded two-cylinder opposed motorcycle engine, a New York farmer has devised a celery-transplanting machine that automatically sets the plants while propelling itself. The motor, hung between the front wheels, transmits its power to them, and also operates two endless belts. While one man guides the machine, two others at the back place the small plants on marks on one of the belts, as it crosses a feed table. The other belt holds them in position, roots forward, until they enter a furrow made by a small plow on the machine, and two following disks then turn the earth back around the roots.

Ontario was set up as the Province of Upper Canada in 1791.

Our All for the Kingdom

And behold one came and said unto Him, Good Master, what good thing shall I do, that I may have eternal life? ... He went away sorrowful for he had great possessions.—St. Matt. 19: 16-22.

Loyalty demands consecration and consecration means the complete giving of self and all of self's possessions in the service of the one to whom we are loyal. In the Kingdom of God, therefore, if we are loyal, all that we have and all that we possess must be ready for the call of our loving and glorious and perfect King. The sin of Ananias and Sapphira was keeping back part of the price—that is, it was disloyalty and deceit. (Acts 5, 1-11).

And this young man of whom our text to-day tells us, was not willing to be loyal. He wished to enter the Kingdom, but he was not ready to consecrate his possessions to the service of the King.

What was the trouble with this man? He certainly was desirous to obtain what he called "eternal life," for he came running, as St. Mark tells us, and he knelt at the Master's feet. And when Christ recited to him the last six commandments relating to our duty toward our neighbors, he declared that he had observed them from his early years. How near he was to the kingdom! Yet he was not ready to make a complete surrender. His wealth, or rather his love for his wealth, came between him and his God. God wants our all, in order that He may help us. If we love anything or anybody more than we love Him we cannot receive the blessing He has waiting for us.

The Miser Spirit.

What was the demand made by Christ which sent the young man away sorrowful? "Go and sell that thou hast." It was hard for him to part with his possessions. The sense of ownership and a resulting sense of power made him sad at the call to sell. For wealth does not generally increase generosity, and it is the mere fact of possession that breeds the miser spirit. The landowner looks out over his acres and cries, "These are mine!" The man with a big house feels a little proud that he can call it his house. The rich man is tempted to calculate frequently the value of his stocks and bonds. The man with hosts of friends delights in his popularity. To part with these pleasures is an agony if it is forced upon him; voluntarily to surrender them seems suicidal and idiotic. "Have I not earned or inherited these things? Why, then, should I give them away or sell them as if I cared nothing for them?" It is a question of values, and the problem is how to serve two masters—to have treasure in heaven and to hold fast to earthly possessions.

Then the command came: "Give to the poor." And again the young man was troubled. Perhaps economic suggestions came to him: "Let them earn, as I have earned. To give to the poor without their working would encourage pauperism. How can these poor people use rightly the money I am asked to pour into their eager hands?" It is the catechism which we are always asking ourselves when there is a call for generosity. And the fallacy lies here, that we forget our own need of poverty, our own joy which can only be gained by giving, while we spin economic cobwebs which seem as golden threads of truth. The poor are not as easily spoiled as we think. There are always enough worthy folk to whom our gifts would be as a blessing falling from heaven. Christ was offering salvation to this young ruler, a salvation from pride and conceit and luxury, a salvation found in eternal love and service; and the young man went away sorrowful, rejecting the great gift of joy on earth and bliss in Heaven.

A Wrong Choice.

"Follow me." That was the last command and it was perhaps the most startling of all. To join that little band of men, homeless, poor, journeying from place to place, sleeping often on the ground with the Syrian skies their only covering? A little band led by One who was mocked and counted even by His own relatives as crazy, and who was treating a way that led to Calvary's hill. Oh, if he could only have known that this lonely "Man of sorrows and acquainted with grief" was God! If he had only gone after Him in accord with his sweet invitation and found peace and wealth of spirit which no thief could take from him! But no! Wealth and comfort and earthly luxury could not be so lightly cast aside. He was sorry—but the kingdom was barred for a mess of pottage!

Christ wants everything—because so only can He give us everything. Heavenly treasures cannot live in earthly vessels. What we have God has given to us that we may use it in His service, and from such a dear service He garners for us glories beyond all earthly measure. St. Paul learned the lesson: "As having nothing, and yet possessing all things."—Rev. F. W. Tompkins.

Which Shall it Be?

Which shall it be? Which shall it be? I looked at John, John looked at me, And when I found that I must speak My voice seemed strangely low and weak.

"Tell me again what Robert said," And then I listened bent my head. This is his letter: "I will give A house and land while you shall live If, in return from out your seven One child to me for aye is given."

I looked at John's old garments worn, I thought of all that John had borne, Of poverty and work and care Which I, though willing, could not share;

I thought of seven mouths to feed, Of seven little children's need. And then of this: "Come John," said I, We'll choose among them as they lie Asleep." So, walking hand in hand, Dear John and I surveyed our band. First to the cradle lightly stepped Where Lillian, the baby, slept. Softly the father stopped to lay His rough hand down in a loving way. When dream or whisper made her stir, And huskily he said: "Not her!"

We stopped beside the trundle bed, And one long ray of twilight shed Athwart the boyish faces there, In sleep so beautiful and fair. I saw on James' rough, red cheek A tear undried, ere John could speak, "He's but a baby, too," said I, And kissed him as we hurried by. Pale, patient Robbie's angel face Still in sleep bore suffering's trace; "No, for a thousand crowns, not him!" He whispered while our eyes were dim.

Poor Dick! bad Dick! our wayward son Turbulent, restless, idle one— Could he be spared? Nay, He who gave Bade us befriend him to the grave. Only a mother's heart could be Patient enough for such as he.

"And go," said John, "I would not dare To take him from his bedside prayer. Then stole we softly up above, And knelt by Mary, child of love. "Perhaps for her 'twould better be," I said to John. Quite silently He lifted up a curl that lay Across her cheek in a wilful way, And as he shook his head, "Nay, love, not thee," The while my heart beat audibly.

Only one more, our oldest lad, Trusty and truthful, good and glad, So like his father, "No, John, No! I cannot, will not let him go."

And so we wrote in a courteous way, We could not give one child away; And afterward toll lighter seemed Thinking of that of which we dreamed, Happy in truth that not one face Was missed from its accustomed place, Thankful to work for all the eyed Trusting the rest to One in Heaven!

Prosperity is not without many fears and distastes; and adversity is not without comforts and hopes.—Bacon.

Duke of York is "Industrial Prince."

Prince Albert, who is Duke of York, Baron Killarney and Earl of Inverness, as second son of the King, who possessed the title as King Edward's second son, is known as "the Industrial Prince" because of his keen interest in economic questions, his belief that he is no member of "the idle rich, but a genuine worker" and the popularity he has won with wage earners with whom he frequently and comfortably converses.

The Prince is described as "a typical, amiable, likeable, practical Englishman, who has no brilliancy but knows the job of being a prince is no sinecure." His passion is for lawn tennis and squash racquets and his chief indoor amusement is dancing. He is now a wing commander in the Royal Air Force, in which he has won his wings as a pilot.

Elephants Once Roamed British Isles.

The bones of a prehistoric animal were found in the heart of London by workmen excavating on the site for a new bank building in Regent Street, S.W. The bones, which are believed to be those of an elephant or mammoth dating back thousands of years before history began, were found in the virgin soil, which is alluvial gravel, at a depth of about forty-five feet.

The bones have been taken to the Geological Museum, where they will be examined. Authorities there said that among the bones was one that looked like a part of an elephant's tooth, indicating that the bones are those of one of the great herbivorous mammals which at one time inhabited the British Isles.

What He Called Him.

The following story is told of a certain school in central New York. Dr. L., the health officer, had just made the customary physical examination and filled out the various health certificates.

One afternoon he received a visit from an irate mother.

"I should like to know," she said belligerently, "what you mean by calling my boy a poor nut?"

"Madam," said the astonished physician, "I haven't an idea what you are talking about. To the best of my knowledge I have never applied the epithet you mention to any person."

"It's down in black and white," continued his visitor unmoved. "My Jim has just been transferred to D. school, and it's on his health card as plain as can be, 'Poor Nut.'"

The light of comprehension dawned on the bewildered doctor. He smiled. "Ah—I see! 'Poor Nut,' my dear madam, is merely an abbreviated way of saying 'poor nutrition.'"

The earth is a cooking body, and is therefore, becoming very gradually smaller.