

The Upward Look

Misfortune: Good Fortune

REMEMBER evermore. In everything give thanks.—Thess. 16: 18. In a published letter I read the other day, from one musician friend to another, I found: "Dear Dan: The news you send me about your wrist is quite heart breaking." Then the writer reminded the other of how Schumann's lame finger prevented him from being the accomplished pianist he longed to be. But through that seeming misfortune, good fortune came to far more people through the beautiful compositions, which otherwise he might never have written.

One Sunday, a minister was taken so ill that he could not preach a particularly carefully-planned sermon, which seemed to him a great misfortune. Instead, his substitute preached with such God-given power that missions had the blessed good fortune of having Duff dedicate his life to that noble cause.

It is often so difficult to understand how some trial or sorrow may become a blessing. But look over the past years. Can you not see how many of them have become so? If from some we could see no resulting good, if we bore them and met them bravely and cheerfully, we could not but be stronger and truer men and women.

Yesterday was spent with a dear friend simply broken down under a recent bereavement. It will take her a long while to see that others see so clearly now, than after this her life will be more careful, normal, useful and happy.

In our own vision we cannot see matters aright. But cannot we rejoice that there is always the omnipotent, tender, strong, just vision of our heavenly Father?—I. H. N.

An O.A.C. Graduate in India

NOT long ago a journal on missionary work in India came to our hands and upon looking through it, we found quite an interesting account of the experiences of one of the missionaries who had visited some of the Industrial Stations to see how the work was being carried on. One account was that of a visit to a poultry farm. He says:

"We arrived at Elah early in the morning and I went to see Mr. Slater and his poultry industry. Mr. Slater is a graduate of the O.A.C., Guelph, and we had much in common. I enjoyed my visit there very much, besides learning something about the poultry business. Mr. Slater is a solid, well informed man, of a kind, generous spirit and is working hard to interest the native people in the poultry business. His opinion is that it will be well suited to the country and the people here, as little capital is required to start, besides there is a good demand for the product. For a few years his undertaking was anything but encouraging. On two occasions he lost nearly all of his imported birds. To make it hard for him his mission board decided that the experiment was a failure, and threatened to withdraw his allowance. Mr. Slater, however, had faith in the project, and succeeded in interesting the Government in his work, and again he launched out, and after much thought and work has managed to get the upper hand of the many foes, and now has a poultry industry he might well be proud of. He imports birds from America and England, and produces eggs much larger, in fact about twice the size of those the native hens produce, and consequently they sell for a much higher price. This selling value is greatly enhanced because the eggs are put on the market strictly fresh.

Mr. Slater furnishes hundreds of the natives with eggs for hatching purposes, and also finds a market for what they produce, each day having all available eggs collected and sold. The most formidable foe the poultryman has to contend with is a large tick whose bite produces a sort of fever from which the victim dies in a day or two. On two different occasions Mr. Slater's stock was almost wiped out by this pest, but he has overcome this difficulty by arranging the roosts so that the ticks cannot get to the birds. Snakes also are very destructive. One night a big cobra got in and was not satisfied until it had bitten and killed about 20 hens. A second one got stuck in the wire fence, not having learned the art of backing out. Vultures are also a deadly foe, but are kept off by having ropes strung over the yards. Other foes are rats, jacksals, foxes, lice and diseases common to poultry. In spite of these drawbacks success can be attained by anyone who applies himself and studies the situation carefully."

Amusements

Conducted by MARION DALLAS

Under the Spell of Cupid

TOMORROW is St. Valentine's Day.

All in the morning betimes, And I a maid at your window To be your Valentine.

Do we ever ponder on the significance of Shakespeare's words? Do we wonder who St. Valentine was, or why the 14th of February is celebrated yearly? And closely associated with these celebrations, there is always a Cupid. St. Valentine was a steadfast Christian, whose devotion drew upon his head the wrath of the Claudian persecution and he was thrown into prison. There are many stories and legends told as to why the name St. Valentine is associated with Feb. 14th, but the following one is the prettiest legend I have read:

Many years ago in Italy, there was a large monastery. All the brothers who resided there were men of exceptional talent, save one, and that was Brother Valentine. He was not a musician or an artist, but his one talent was the raising of flowers and fruit. Flowers simply had to grow for him, he loved them so. Children who passed the monastery were often surprised at finding luscious fruit, or the beautiful flowers showered upon them. This was just one way he had of doing a kindness. He seemed to have the faculty for finding out birthdays and remembering them. On anniversary mornings there would always be a bouquet of flowers or fruit tied to the door latch. He particularly loved to do these things to the young, or very old, or the poor. Few are gradually got to know who the doer of these kindnesses was, and after his death they chose his birthday, as the day on which to celebrate in his honor. So on that day, according to legend, we send tokens of our love to our friends. Valentine did not send anything but kindly gifts, so those ugly pictures which are displayed are not the spirit of Valentine. Any kindness shown, a flower sent, a cheerful message sent, these are Valentines.

A Valentine Bee.

On Wednesday evening, February fourteenth, the Red Cross Society will give a Valentine Bee. Please bring material along to make an original Valentine.

Time Place.....
 For the Society which wishes to combine pleasure and money-making on St. Valentine's night, this sugges-

Big Ben

A Westclox Alarm



6 a.m.—

There's Success in His Wake

BIG BEN at six a. m. for the big man of business—who knows the luxury of ample time—who's up before duty insists. Try Big Ben in the business of living. Set him a little ahead.

To get your salary up, a year of Big Ben gets-up is better than a gull

with the goose. You'll like Big Ben face to face. He's even taller, slankier, neebrierly—downright good.

Big Ben is six times factory tested. At your dealer's, \$25.50 in the United States, \$1.50 in Canada. Sent prepaid on receipt of price if your dealer doesn't stock him.

Westclox sells build more than three million alarms a year—and build them well. All wheels are assembled by a special process—patented, of course. Remark—accuracy, low friction, long life.

LaSalle, Ill., U.S.A. Western Clock Co. Makers of Westclox
 Other Wholesalers: Baby Bell, Foster Bros., American, Bays, Gray-Meyer, Lambert and Iremstad.

"A woman's reasons" for life insurance

Because: In the event of my husband's death my home could be maintained for an indefinite period by means of the proceeds of a Mutual Life Policy.

Because: To be compelled to manage my household and also to provide for it would be an impossible task—but it would be mine should I become a widow.

Because: The welfare of my children, apart from my own, demands life insurance protection—their prospects in life, without insurance, would be imperilled.

Because: There is no other friend of woman as dependable in the great crisis which removes her natural protector as life insurance. And there is no other company that offers more liberal policies or more secure protection than Canada's only mutual life insurance company—

The Mutual Life Assurance Company of Canada
 Waterloo, Ontario

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