



UNDER REFUGEES TRYING TO ESCAPE FROM TURKEY
Thousands of Greeks from Asia Minor are waiting at Gallipoli for some means of transportation to Greece. The picture shows them waiting by the shores for Greek steamers.

Martha's Day of Days

A Lovely Prophecy, Made to Her in Childhood, Came True on New Year's Day.

BY ELIZABETH ANDERSON

The air was heavy with the odor of stale studs and wet linen. Martha slammed her iron down on the stand and straightened her tired back. She was a big, rugged woman with the beauty of strength about her. The year that was drawing to a close had brought cares and sorrows but she had squared her shoulders to the burden, as she had squared them throughout all the years past. In repose her face was cold, her mouth stern and hard but the coldness vanished in the radiance of her smile, a rare, difficult smile that melted the armor of aloofness and showed that Martha had a beautiful heart.

She busied herself about the preparation of the evening meal and presently her son came in, quietly, as usual. He hung his hat on the nail back of the door then crossed the room to his mother and undemonstrative; his caresses were very precious. Martha smiled.

"Tired?" she asked.

The boy pulled out his chair and sat down at the table.

"Yes," he said. Something in his tone made the woman look up but she made no comment.

Stephen barely touched the warmed-over stew. He drank two cups of strong black tea, then leaned back and stared morosely at the pattern of the red cotton tablecloth.

Martha cleared away the supper and washed the dishes, glancing at Stephen now and again as she worked. How broad his shoulders were as he sat there, hunched in his chair; she noticed that his coat was growing shiny.

For several days Martha had been worried about Stephen. Something had been troubling him, something she did not understand. She longed for his confidence; a hundred times she had been on the point of asking him to open his heart to her but each time she hesitated, repulsed by his sullen eyes.

Now she tapped him gently on the shoulder. "Come over by the stove, son, the room is getting cold but I don't want to make any more fire. I'll just mend your old gray trousers then I'm going to bed."

Stephen moved his chair and sat with his chin in his hands, absently watching his mother thread her needle.

Martha sewed for some minutes in silence then made an effort at conversation. "Did you work very hard to-day?" she asked.

"Yes. We're always busy around the holidays."

Martha sighed. She hated to think of this boy of hers tied to a clerk's desk for life, adding up interminable dollars—other people's dollars.

"Another year almost gone by! It's good to think that, at this rate, in five more years we'll be clear of the debt and then we can start all over again."

"Five years!" groaned Stephen and clenched his hands.

"As we are doing now it will take five years. But you may get promoted and perhaps I can find another family to wash for." Martha rocked as she sewed.

"It was a man's debt and it ought to be paid by a man," Stephen scowled. "I hate to have you work."

"It's mostly the women that pay—one way or another," said Martha. "I suppose five years does seem a long time to you; it doesn't to me."

"That's where we're different," said the boy. "I don't see anything but

A NEW YEAR'S WISH

The Old Year is gone, with his pleasure and pain,
We hasten to welcome the New Year again;
We hail him our friend and we cannot refrain
From giving a cheer.

For the gift of Old Time is a gift to us all,
May his woes never kill, may his joys never pall,
And may we ne'er spoil him, whatever befall—
Our glad some New Year.

May all of his paths lead to plenty and peace,
May all from grief's bonds find a joyous release,
And may all the discords of enmity cease.
In every sphere.

May goodwill o'er all the earth brood like a dove,
May we speak words and do actions prompted by love,
And may every blessing from Heaven above
Come with our New Year.

May each one act kindly, forgetful of self;
May hatred and malice be placed on the shelf;
And may he bring plenty of pleasure and pelf
To all we hold dear.

May each of his days, as they come to an end,
Be filled with the will, help to others to lend;
And may each new day prove to each a new friend—
This glad some New Year.

she feared. Twice she started toward the shelf where the paper lay, then drew back. Finally she stilled her conscience—maybe she could help Stephen—maybe it was her duty to know.

She unfolded the paper. It was the last page of the letter, evidently, for it held only a few typewritten words: "It's only a little thing I ask. All you have to do is to say 'No' instead of 'Yes'—hardly a lie. It will mean big money for you. If you won't agree to back us up, you'll be fired. I'm not afraid of you; everyone knows your father's record. Jobs are hard to find this time of the year. Think it over."

The woman stared at the words for a long time. Then, gradually, a vague certainty of their meaning dawned upon her. Her boy! Her son! His father!

She slowly she refolded the paper and tucked it away behind the clock; then went back to her work. Now she understood why the boy was worried. She yearned over him.

Martha had never quite understood Stephen. Even as a baby he had been difficult; he had never come to her to be petted, never held up a hurt finger to be kissed. Perhaps it had been her fault; she was shy of emotion and self-expression was hard for her. She adored her child in secret and had often stood by his bed in the night, gazing over the beauty of him. As he grew older, he became the centre of her existence; she lived in and for him; he was her world. She had striven for his good opinion. How she had treasured his little acts of kindness! Steve had always been a thoughtful son.

Because of their mutual troubles, a comradeship had sprung up between them. They were both shy and unobtrusive; theirs was a silent affection. Yet Martha had been content; she had her son and he was fond of her.

Now, when she realized what a small part of Stephen's life she was, she blamed herself. She had been able to give him so few ideas and ideals—even her love was inarticulate.

Perhaps Stephen thought she wouldn't understand. She remembered one day, when he was a little boy, she had come upon him suddenly in the street below. Half-a-dozen boys were teasing him and he stood with his back to the wall, eyes blazing and fists doubled to defend himself. A new idea dawned on her; she had been so content, she had her son and he was fond of her.

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GRAND-GRANDSON OF QUEEN VICTORIA
Master Alexander Ramsay, the only child of Princess "Pat," now Lady Patricia Ramsay, pays a visit to Queen Alexandra to present her with a bouquet of flowers on her birthday.

Dominion News in Brief

Vancouver, B.C.—Valued at \$11,500,000, the 1922 British Columbia salmon pack aggregates 1,290,326 cases. It has been exceeded only on four occasions since statistics have been compiled during the last twenty-six years and the most recent was in 1919, when the total was 1,393,156 cases.

Calgary, Alta.—At a meeting of the United Grain Growers' delegates, representing Western Canadian farmers, it was unanimously decided to go ahead with a co-operative cattle marketing scheme which embraces the valuing of cattle offered for sale, payment in advance on a basis of 70 per cent. of the current value, sorting of cattle to make up uniform loads, pooling receipts of cattle at the end of one week, distribution of proceeds and distribution of expenses.

Moose Jaw, Sask.—The plans of 40 towns and 49 villages were completed during 1921, according to the annual report of the Director of Town Planning. The subdivision of land approved and which the owners propose to register represents an area of 7,349 acres. Of this 6,747 acres are included within the Hudson's Bay reserves which were divided into farm plots. In the development plans approved 24 parcels were set aside for public use, representing a total area of 41.2 acres, which by the process of registration will become dedicated for public use.

Winnipeg, Man.—It is estimated that Western Canada's wheat crop this year will bring in a profit of \$45,650,625, divided as follows: Manitoba \$3,193,750; Saskatchewan \$28,777,250; and Alberta \$8,654,625. These figures are based on the last Government estimate of return.

St. Catharines, Ont.—Work on the Welland Canal will be continued during the winter, except in very severe weather, according to an announcement by Chief Engineer Grant. There are about two thousand men engaged in the work. A few men have been laid off on sections Nos. 1 and 2, but work on sections 3 and 4 will be maintained up to normal point.

Port Colborne, Ont.—The International Nickel Company's refinery here is reported more active now than at any time since the cessation of wartime demand for nickel. Operations are also fairly active at Creighton Mine and at the Copper Cliff Smelter. Both monel metal and nickel are sought by industrial users.

Montreal, Que.—Approximately 100,000 sailors passed through the port of Montreal during the past season of navigation. Eighteen nationalities were represented, including Malays, Danish, Italian, English, Irish, Swedish, Norwegian, Chinese, Serbian, Arab, French, Russian, Yugoslavian and Estonian.

Summerside, P. E. I.—It is estimated by the Federal Government that last year over 600 pairs of live foxes were exported from Prince Edward Island, and that 6,000 pelts were sold, the average price of which was \$275 per skin.

Martha stifled a sigh and looked away. She was not to know yet, it seemed.

Another meal was eaten in the heavy silence of reserve. Once Stephen raised his head as though about to speak and his mother caught her lip between her teeth but the moment passed and no word was spoken.

Steve pushed back his chair. "I'm going to wash the dishes," he said. "You're tired."

Martha gave way readily enough and sat to watch him at the work. He was careful to do things as he knew she liked to have them done. He hung the dishcloth in its proper place and then, with hands thrust in his pockets, he began to pace the floor. Martha pretended to be busy with her sewing but no movement escaped her.

For a time the boy stood at the window, looking at the scattered snowflakes that found their way into the narrow court.

Suddenly he spoke. "Mother—I've been, then stopped as if it were difficult to go on."

"Yes?" his mother's quiet voice encouraged.

"I was just wondering—would you like to go away—start the year somewhere else?"

Martha leaned forward; her hand went out across the table toward her son and the suffering of all the mothers in the world was in her eyes. Did Steve, her Steve, want to go away because he'd made "big money"?

"Steve!" she pleaded.

The boy flung himself into a chair, his elbows on the table.

"I want to get away from it all, to get out into the open where I'll have a chance. I meant to tell you several days ago but I didn't want you to worry. I—I've lost my job. This was my last day." He checked and flung his face from her hid it against his arm.

Martha was stunned. Lost his job? "If you don't agree you'll be fired." She dared not think just yet what Stephen's words might mean. Surely there was only one meaning?

Slowly she rose and went around the table to him. Her shy hand stole out and rested on Steve's head; his hand reached out and tremblingly closed over hers.

"I'm sorry," he said brokenly, trying to control his sobs. "I'm sorry, Mother, for you."

Then Martha knew. "I'm glad!" she whispered. "Oh, Steve, I'm glad! It means—" and then she stopped—Steve must not guess.

But Steve was quick at guessing. He raised his head and his eyes met hers squarely for the first time in many days.

"You're glad?" he questioned. "Oh, then I guess you understand. How I wonder? Well, I'll tell you. There was dirty work going on down there and when I found them out, they tried to force me to go in with them. I'd never thought of it until that night we talked and you told me of your Day. You'd waited so long and there didn't seem much chance—those five

A SATISFACTORY YEAR

The Dominion of Canada, arriving at the termination of the year 1922, has every reason to look back over the past twelve months with a sense of intense satisfaction and to face the prospect of the next twelve months in a spirit of faith and optimism. The past year has seen the last struggle in the emerging from the period of post-war depression and the taking of the first lengthy stride in the new and more prosperous way. This is not a mere venturing of opinion, but an existing state of affairs which will only be appreciated when the cold, convincing figures of production are published and enjoyed in retrospect. In practically every phase of her national activity Canada has, in 1922, seen the dawn of brighter conditions evidenced in enhanced output.

The cost of living has substantially declined. The index of wholesale prices is lower than it has been for years. The average cost of the weekly family budget is only \$10.28 as against \$11.82 in 1921 and \$15.95 in 1920. It has still some way to go before reaching the \$7.83 of 1914, but the tendency is rapidly in the right direction.

Unemployment has practically disappeared. In fact, as a consequence of the draining of the East by the West for harvest workers, an artificial labor shortage was created temporarily, certain trades, notably building, being acutely affected.

Perhaps nothing so illustrates Canada's rapid recovery as the retrieval of the Canadian dollar, which, quoted at a discount of 19 per cent. at the end of 1920, is at a slight premium at the end of 1922.

Fresh capital for development has come into Canada at a very pleasing rate during 1922 and industrial establishment has progressed on a substantial scale. The outstanding feature has been the resumption of the flow of British capital and the first move in the further establishment of branch houses by British manufacturers. There is in sight, as evidenced in the expressed desire of both countries no less than economic necessity, a great trade development between the Motherland and Canada.

The Canadian crop has been a bumper one, uniformly heavy in all grains and roots and falling in volume little behind the sensational yield of 1915. This being marketed, for the main part, overseas on account of the barriers raised by the United States tariff, is resulting in great railway activity and increased business at Canadian terminal ports.

There are to be substantial increments over the figures of 1921 in practically all Canadian minerals. Gold is expected to reach a new production record in Ontario and British Columbia.

The mining year has been featured with many new discoveries, some of which are important, and development has been initiated in the neglected fields of Quebec.

Timber, Fishing, Construction and Trapping.

The timber season has been a busy one. In shipments of lumber Montreal has doubled its last year's figures and Quebec exceeded 1921 exports by fifty per cent. On the Pacific Coast there is a considerable increase, and likewise in the Maritime ports, in which provinces the cut this winter will be trebled. A record for Canada has been achieved in newspaper output, and with a ten per cent. increase anticipated next year the Dominion production will be equal to that of the United States in 1921.

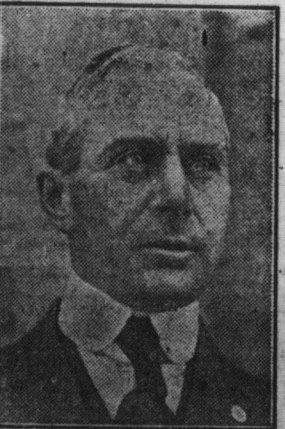
The fishing industry has had a banner producing year, there being substantial increases in the catch in every section—Prince Edward Island, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Quebec, British Columbia and the inland waters of the Prairie Provinces.

The building trades have been more active than for some time and a greater volume of construction has been achieved than in any year since 1914. Even the tourist traffic to Canada was this year greater than ever before, and this should be listed, as it is coming each year to assume a more important place in Canada's sources of revenue.

The big game and fur industry has been eminently satisfactory, and the Dominion was host to a goodly volume of visitors during the hunting season in the fall. There has been a considerable increase in the establishment of fur farms, and the trapping season at present in progress is stated to be one of the best Canada has had for some time.

In view of the many rigors of the immediately preceding years and the many obstacles she has had to surmount in her national progress, Canada has every reason to feel satisfied with what she has accomplished in 1922, and every justification to regard her future without apprehension. Canada still has her problems, some of sufficient seriousness, but the difficulties arising from her economic position after the war have been largely overcome, and Canada has in a spirit of equality taken her place among the nations of the world, striding out with them.

To graduate "cum laude" a girl well might be required to have among her credits a record of service in the home of some overburdened young mother. To act as a "mother's helper" is one of the most useful and wholesome things that a high-school girl can do.



New Chief of U.F.O.
W. A. Amos, elected president of the United Farmers of Ontario, to succeed R. W. E. Burnaby.

