

# The Western Home Monthly

WINNIPEG, MAN. JUNE, 1920

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**A Chat With Our Readers**

The new zone postage rate on newspapers and periodicals which, it is feared, will shortly come into effect, will increase the already heavy burdens now shouldered by Canadian publishers. While anxious to assist the government in every possible way in its eternal hunt for more revenue, we question the wisdom of measures which will in any way hinder the people from buying Canadian literature, for, in many cases if not all, the publisher may have to ask the subscriber to share the new expense which has been so suddenly thrust upon him.

Canadian magazines are not a luxury, they are a necessity. A magazine should not be taxed either directly or indirectly as any other commodity might be and, if anything, the government should make it easier for Canadians to become readers of their own publications.

Canadian publishers certainly cannot be accused of being narrow-minded.

For many years past Canada from the Atlantic to the Pacific has been flooded with publications from other countries—particularly from the United States and Great Britain. No outcry has been raised about this because we believe that there is a big field in Canada for magazines and the native publishers do not want to be hogs.

But just the same we think that our own Canadian publications should come first.

American and British periodicals do not reflect our national aspirations. Published in other countries, they cannot be expected to.

The Canadian public must rally to the support of Canadian publications.

All said and done they are not too bad now and they are going to be a whole lot better in the future.

It rests with the public—with you!

Enlarging on the merits of The Western Home Monthly in these columns is something like a man getting up at a banquet to propose his own health.

We want to say, however, that in a humble way, we have always preached the gospel of Canadianism through the columns of The Western Home Monthly. We had views of Canada's national status long before the fighting started around the peace-table at Versailles and we are going to keep on insisting, as far as lies in our power, of a Canadian Canada.

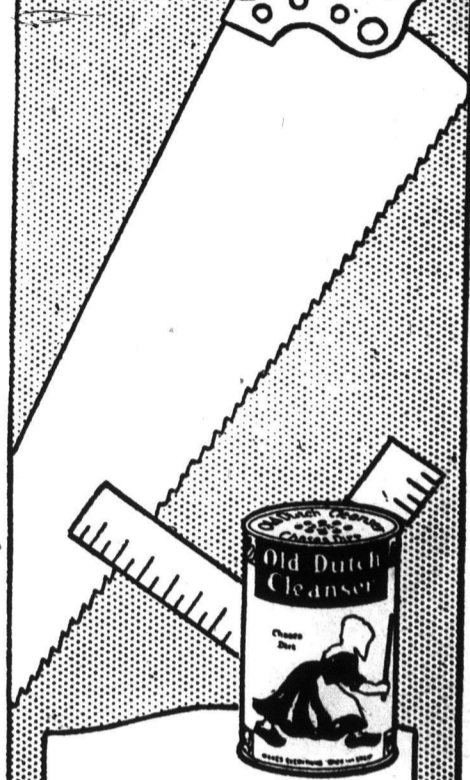
Our leanings are neither Imperial, or Bolshevik.

We have tried to steer a middle course because conditions here favor a form of government which is a combination of limited monarchy and republicanism.

This may appear perplexing to the outsider and incidentally is one more argument in favor of supporting periodicals which understand our national viewpoint.

The Western Home Monthly has been established well over twenty years and during that period has had its fair share of ups and downs. As the elevator boy remarks it is now a case of "going up" and we want as many of you as possible to give a shove.

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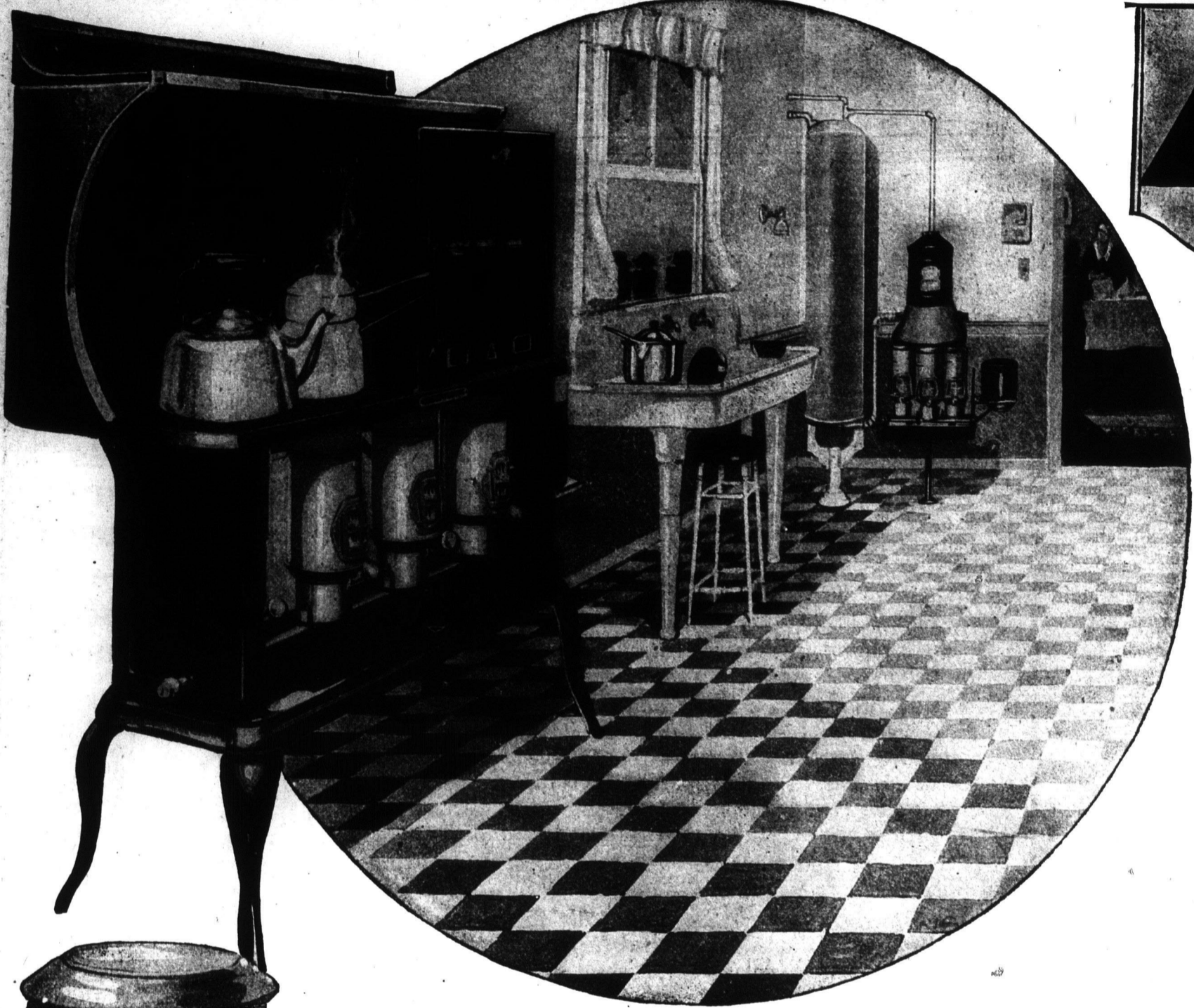
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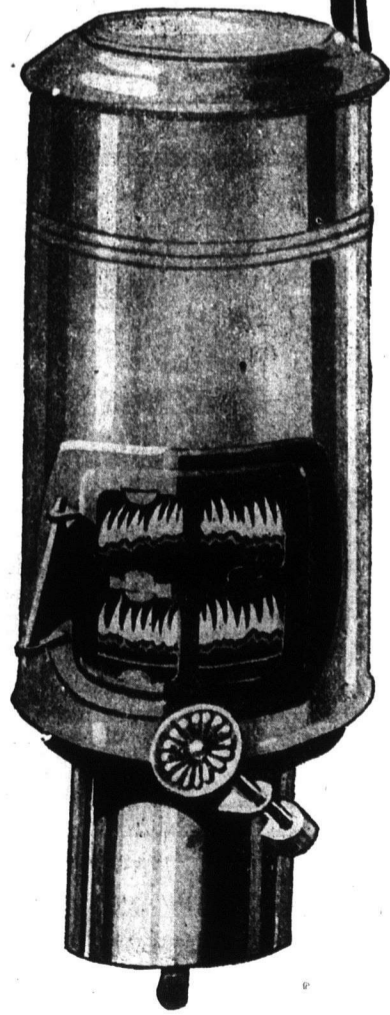
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## OUR VANISHING BIRTHRIGHT

SIR DIETRICH BRANDIS, the father of the present system of forestry in British India, in a letter written to the Dominion Superintendent of Forestry, some ten years ago, said: "I cannot sufficiently urge upon you the necessity of concentrating all your energies upon one point, and that is the constitution of as large an area of State forests as possible. . . . Norway and Sweden are cutting more timber than their forests annually produce and must soon cease to export. The United States now export little timber to England, and Canada is the only country from which a permanent supply of coniferous timber can be expected. So that prices will rise steadily, and it is for you in Canada to now seize the opportunity and lay the foundation of a magnificent future development of your forest wealth. Hence it is necessary that you should form as large an area as possible of State forests, and that you should place them under efficient, systematic management, so as to secure ample regeneration of the species you want."

A "conservation commission" has done much since then to call attention to waste, but the Canadian people, through their system of letting out lands, and their failure to limit export are fast squandering their resources. A recent writer has well said:

"All history proves that while the private individual makes the best farmer, the State makes the best forester, and perhaps the only safe forester. Being a permanent institution, it can exercise its providential function and make provision for the future. In Germany the scientific treatment of forest properties has reached its highest development. With her rapidly increasing population, Germany needs land for her people to settle on much more than we do, yet she carefully preserves the forest on all the principal hills and other rough spots. France is perfecting a most practical and effective system of forestry. Norway and Sweden have practically eliminated forest fires and are working towards the preservation of their timber wealth. In Japan the national Government has employed a German forester (Dr. Mayer), and her intelligent, industrious people are rapidly restoring her forests to their former condition. In Australia, New Zealand and Cape Colony, State forestry has already made some advance. In the United States some 171 Federal forest reserves, containing 175,000,000 acres, or 273,437 square miles, have been created and placed under management. In Canada, the Dominion Government has set aside 5,391 square miles of forest reserves and 18,467 square miles of national parks, situated in the four western provinces. In Ontario, the Provincial Government has established 16,308 square miles of forest reserves and the Algonquin National Park of 1,930 square miles. In Quebec a great forward stride has been made by the setting aside of no less than 166,795 square miles of forest reserves and 4,592 square miles of national Parks. New Brunswick and Nova Scotia have as yet no reserves."

## GO TO SCHOOL

The "Montreal Star" in pointing out how inflated money wages have created a new national problem, has these very sane words for parents of growing boys and girls:

"There never was a time in the world's history when education meant as much and promised as much as it does to-day. The call everywhere is for trained men in all branches of human endeavor. There is plenty of room at the top, but the lower rungs of the ladder of progress are getting painfully crowded. The parent who takes his boy away from school before his course is finished, save in the most dire necessity, is deliberately mortgaging that boy's future for a few dollars. Every parent makes ambitious plans for his son when he starts him off to school, and the course of progress thus broken cannot be mended in after years except with painful travail. The receptive years of youth ought not to be sacrificed on the altar of parental selfishness."

"The high cost in the necessities of life, and the inflated money wages given to all kinds of labor, have altered the problem of parental responsibility by increasing the difficulties of decision many fold. In the final analysis it simmers down to a question of sacrifice, and if it can be divorced from all selfish and financial aspects, the child will win out, the schools will be better filled, the hope of the future more brightly assured, and the temptation to parents met and overcome."

## THE COST OF COAL

With prices of all commodities aviating, it is welcome news to learn that there is likely to be a reduction in the cost of bituminous coal, because new methods of mining are about to be instituted in the Alberta fields. Sooner or later people in the towns and cities of Western Canada must be satisfied with soft coal for domestic purposes. It is a good policy to spend money in the country rather than to give it to the mineowners of Pennsylvania. With an inex-

## Editorial

haustible supply of fuel available right at our doors, there is no good reason why we should carry the most of our winter supply across a continent. The great need is the invention of furnaces suitable to our own product, or the treating of the raw material in such a way that the objections to it will be overcome.

## PULPWOOD

It is quite true that America has almost reached her limit in paper production. The forests of the United States can no longer supply the needs of the publishers. Naturally, there is a demand for Canadian lumber. There is only one course for Canada to take. If the lumber is to be converted into paper it must be in Canadian mills, and the export of pulp must be restricted, since we are likely to need paper for all time and not merely for the next few years. Further than this, as our great reserves are crown property, our people, as a whole, should get the benefit. The government will be justified in establishing paper mills, so that our Canadian trade may be supplied at reasonable rates. If higher rates are charged to outsiders the Canadian people rather than the mill owners will reap the benefit. There is no reason why the products of forests, mines and internal waters should not be used to meet our growing national indebtedness. As it is now, the profits are for the few rather than for the people as a whole. This is not only wrong in itself, but it leads to that discontent which underlies the unrest so noticeable everywhere. People are not going to be quiet so long as there is profiteering, and there is reason to believe that some of the paper manufacturers are among the greatest of our profiteers. When there is a deep-seated feeling that injustice is being practised and openly encouraged, loyalty is sure to decline. This is the rational bearing of the problem, and it cannot be ignored.

As for the American "big-stick," threatened by Senator Underwood, we are not dreading it just now. What both countries have to do is to look carefully to their resources. If the United States have used up their own inheritance they cannot surely expect to seize ours.

## THE REAL SUFFERERS

The real sufferers to-day are not the laboring men, so-called, nor the employers of labor, but the great middle class—the men with fixed salaries. Speaking roughly, the factory manager meets the demand of his men for higher wages by granting all or part of the demand, and by increasing the selling price of his goods, so that he will gain rather than lose by the change. The salaried man cannot adopt any such course of action. If he asks for an increase he will be refused, or granted a mere pittance, if he tries to unite with his fellows the union will come to grief. The great army of preachers, teachers and civil servants have not received increases commensurate with the increased cost of living. Unions of brain workers have for the most part fizzled out. Conditions as they are have to be changed, and changed at once. Hundreds of schools in Western Canada are without teachers; pulpits by the score are without preachers; many capable members of the civil service are resigning to take charge of private ventures. The end of all this is national disaster. A preacher's small boy, after doing his best to understand why they could not have butter on the table, summed it up in these words: "The capitalists and laboring man seem to be playing the game of hog, and they forget all about us." Will it be a good thing for Canada if both preachers and teachers resign their posts?

## TOWN AND COUNTRY

The cities of Canada are crowded. The rural districts are calling for men and women. It is impossible for many urban dwellers to live on their incomes, the tillers of the soil in many districts are growing wealthy. It is no wonder then that there is a definite movement landward. On the social side the town has some power to allure most people, but on the economic side it is ceasing to have attractions. A Toronto paper referring to conditions in Ontario says: "The deep and abiding basic cause of the deplorable depopulation of the rural districts is economic in its nature. Increase the annual income of the farmer sufficiently and you can start a Yukon rush back to the farms, which will so transform the housing situation in the cities that landlords will smile on children and reduce the rent." In Western Canada the exodus to the farms is beginning, and it should be encouraged. After all a farm is a pretty fine place to spend one's days. If

farmers will only put a little more emphasis on the social and cultural, their children will not desert the homesteads. People in towns are beginning to realize that in these days it is fairly easy to make the farm home attractive and pleasant. As farming is our basic industry we should have more people engage in it. It is gratifying to note the return movement.

## THE RESPONSIBILITY OF LABOR

The "Round Table" in discussing this problem in its last issue, and referring especially to conditions in England says. "The labor movement of Great Britain is almost as much awake to-day to the responsibilities which it carries as it is alive to the tremendous power which it commands. It desires as strongly as ever to challenge the structure of industry and of society itself. But it has no desire to see reproduced in Great Britain the terrible mistakes and crimes which have been committed in Russia in the name of democracy. It has grasped the fact that labor and the nation are not one body but two, that the nation is greater than labor, and that the true interests of labor are not different from the true interests of the nation. Labor has the national sense, the sense of collective and mutual responsibility."

Moreover, there is a difference between the attitude of the directive spirits in labor circles and the attitude of the great mass of laboring men. "In so far as the masses of the workers are concerned the chief cause of unsettlement is not an uncontrollable longing to remold the industrial system on the lines of collectivism, guild socialism, or any other ism, still less a conspiracy to destroy capitalism by a process of erosion; it is the anxiety of ordinary men to maintain for themselves and their families, in face of constantly arising prices their pre-war standards of comfort, and, if possible, to improve it. There are found in Great Britain, as in America and elsewhere, two great classes—those who believe in "direct action," and those who believe in political action. Those at the head of the political labor organization know that if they are to lead their men to the government bench within a reasonable time they must enlist the sympathy and the active support of the "brain workers or "black-coated middle classes," whether in industry or outside.

It is gratifying to note this observation, and the sooner labor in Canada recognizes the same principle the better. In the long run the great middle class will rule. Neither capital nor labor must take itself too seriously. As it is now it is the middle classes chiefly who are feeling the pinch. They have not yet attempted to make war on other classes. Nor is this their line of action. Yet their goodwill must be obtained by any political party that would seek control of government.

## RESTRICTED PRODUCTION

However it may be in times of plenty, it is surely true to-day that there will be no great decrease in cost of necessities until there is increased production. Prices are high because the world is not producing enough for food, clothing and shelter. We have not enough to go round. It is useless to quarrel over the division of the limited output, as if that would settle the difficulty. What we need is an output sufficient for the needs of all. The cure for our ills is not shorter hours nor bigger pay, but greater production. The true patriot today is the man who actually works. The real slacker is the man who stalls at his job.

## THE MENNONITE EXODUS

Some eight thousand Mennonites are said to be leaving Manitoba and Saskatchewan for the United States because they cannot retain the special privilege they have been enjoying in regard to schools. It is just as well, perhaps, that there should be a final understanding in this matter. The Mennonites are a fine people, honest, industrious, and well behaved, but neither they, nor any other class, can expect to come to Canada and settle here unless they are prepared to assume the full duties of Canadian citizenship and put up with conditions as they find them. There are sections in the Mennonite reserves in which educational conditions are scandalous, and it is only fair to the growing population in these districts that the Departments of Education should insist upon the establishment of state schools in which reasonable training will be given. It is only reasonable, for instance, that every young person in Manitoba and Saskatchewan should have a knowledge of English. This, of course, is not the whole matter. There is the old question of immunity from military service. Canada has lived up to her promise in this matter, but it will make no exceptions in future. She will expect that all settlers will assume the full duties of citizenship. Not one of us can have his own way in everything. On the whole there is greater freedom for the individual and for sects and classes right here than in any other country under the sun. We cannot but feel that in this matter the people concerned are being misled.

**B**ECAUSE Yvette was beautiful, men flattered her, and because men flattered her, Yvette was beautiful. Her dark eyes had the exquisite daring of the woman who knows she pleases. The blood came readily into her smooth cheek because admiring glances called it there; and her red flower of a mouth shaped itself easiest to smiling acceptance of broken hearts. It is a gracious look and difficult of attainment to the plainer sisters.

Yvette, withal, was not invincible.

Back in the earlier days of her reign there had been a man, and while the man went—as men do—the memory remained. I mention this merely to open the way to other facts. Yvette had, then, beauty, prestige—and a past, of a delicate hidden sort. It was but natural that thus endowed, she should come eventually to consider matrimony.

Her mother—have I said that Yvette's mother was none other than Mrs. Jacques de la Fuente nee Duprez—her mother, perhaps, stated the case most eloquently.

"In a year you will be twenty-four," she said, the beautiful limpid French softening and sweetening the words. "That is, almost an old maid. It is time, Yvette, you thought—I, myself, was married at fifteen."

Yvette touched her rosy nails with a chamois-skin, and sighed. She was standing at the moment before her dressing table, and the candles set in tall sconces on either side of that artistic bit of furniture afforded a mellow radiance to the mirror's depths.

"At fifteen," repeated the mother, a trifle insistently, "I was married."

"But from the cradle—to the grave!" said Yvette, and fastened a single string of pearls about her long white throat.

"What is it you say?" asked Mrs. de la Fuente somewhat sharply. She was not infrequently to be found some distance in the rear of her beautiful daughter.

"How you must have been bored!" said Yvette.

"In my trousseau," continued the lady, "I had, as you know, great quantities of real lace. The veil of my grandmother, alone—"

"Eh!" said Yvette, "it does not matter." She shrugged her slender shoulders. "I am quite willing to marry—but the man?"

Then Mrs. de la Fuente flung out a crafty feeler. "He has been most attentive," she murmured, "and there is no slightest fault to be found with his position, his name—"

"His money," thrust in Yvette, almost vulgarly. "Say it, mama! You mean Tony Whiting." She added with a little yawn, "I had thought of that, myself."

"He has perhaps spoken," said Mrs. de la Fuente rather eagerly.

"No!" said Yvette. "No,"—and finished superbly arrogant, "but he will speak to-night."

She drew on a pair of long white gloves, slipped into a long black velvet coat with a collar of fur, and extinguished the candles on the dressing table.

"What is it to-night?" she asked languidly. "Faust? If you knew how tired I am of that opera with its tenor who is just a grocer's boy in doublet and hose, and its so mysterious devil and its so silly Marguerite. Mind the stair, mama!"

And it came to pass, as they say in ancient chronicles, that Tony Whiting spoke that night. He had been wanting only the infinitesimal encouragement which Yvette allowed him during the "Jewel Song." The box was very dark, and he sat just behind her, where his eyes could rest without ostentation upon the little curl that touched her neck. It was in his sight, perhaps, the sweetest thing about her—that little wayward, kissing curl. Once she dropped her fan, and when he stooped for it, her fingers fumbled delicately over taking it back. It is just such things which derail the train of otherwise quite prudent events.

In any case, Whiting spoke, in a slow, careful whisper, while Marguerite upon the stage trilled brassily above some bits of colored glass; she was a stout Marguerite, it may be hardly necessary to remark, with a vanishing waist line and three chins.

Tony Whiting's waist line was also being threatened, and the hair at his tem-

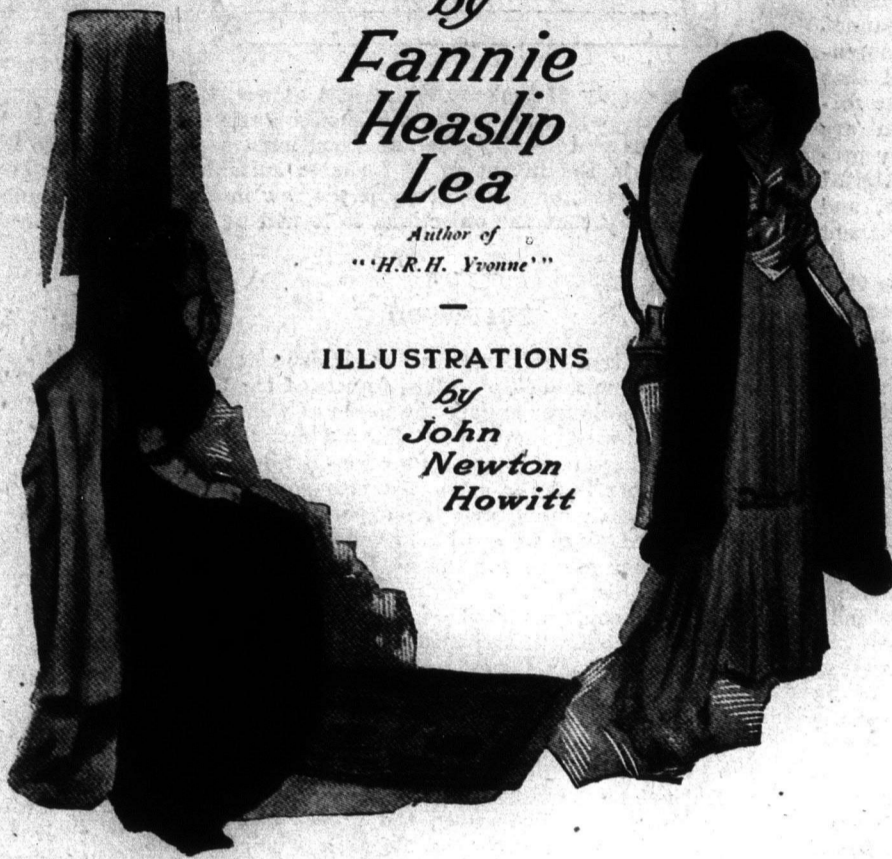
# The Peacock Screen

by  
Fannie  
Heaslip  
Lea

Author of  
"H.R.H. Yvonne"

ILLUSTRATIONS

by  
John  
Newton  
Howitt



ples had yielded visibly to the persuasion of time, but he had still but one chin and that a good one.

"Yvette," he whispered—not even her mother heard him, though she had always an ear that way—"Yvette! You're very beautiful to-night."

Yvette just lowered her lashes. They were long and touched her cheek with a suggestion of shyness. A smile stirred the corner of her mouth. She did not speak. She knew how it went, that game.

"Suppose," said Whiting very softly, "you put me out of my agony to-night—Yes or no? Are you listening, Yvette?"

Yvette bent her head a very little to say that she was listening. The real old lace above her heart lifted and fell quite evenly. She did not flush.

"Will you?" said Whiting. At least in his throat the breath caught nervously. "Will you, Yvette?"

It was a queer question to ask while Marguerite bedizened her matronly self with earrings and necklaces. Whiting, perhaps, realized the queerness of it, for he leaned a little nearer and touched Yvette's scarf reverently with the tips of his fingers.

"It's been going on a long time—with me," he said. "Nothing new—as you know."

Yvette folded her hands in her lap. She looked at the stage—and she looked back over her shoulder into Whiting's eyes. If you had been reared with the end in view of some day entering a certain road, you would not, when that road unfolded itself before your feet, draw back. Neither did Yvette. She took her first step between its orderly hedges, naturally enough, without excitement.

"I know," she said, very softly in her turn.

"You will?" said Whiting incredulous to the last adoring fiber of his being.

"Yes," said Yvette. "She was not at all slow about it."

And that was the great moment, come and gone, without any blare of trumpets. While Marguerite ogled herself before a mirror, and the devil loitered redly in the background coquetting with Dame Martha.

Mrs. de la Fuente received the news with radiance.

"Dear little one," she said, "I had hoped for it. He is most charming—in every way eligible—not a Creole, of course, but there are really many delightful people uptown. I am confident you will be happy. For the trousseau, of course, you will have Marie."

"I had not thought of the trousseau," said Yvette.

"Ah youth! youth!" sighed Mrs de la Fuente sentimentally. "Color of rose, and another color—of the loved one's eyes."

"I had not thought of that, either," said Yvette, quite truthfully.

When she stood once more before the mirror of her dressing table and lit the candles, she looked at herself with a vague interest. After a while she drew the back of one hand lightly across her lips. Whiting had kissed her in the discreet moment when Mrs de la Fuente, mounting the stairs, had left them alone together.

The lips were softly crimson, much as usual, but Yvette standing between the candles stared at them curiously, somewhat as though she expected a scar.

She was not given to analysis of her emotions, Yvette. She only stared and sighed, and presently undressed herself, and went to bed with a queer little smile twisting one corner of her mouth. She did not sleep very much, it is true, but an engagement involves a certain amount of excitement not conducive to slumber, and Yvette had not expected to sleep.

Next day she was none the worse for wear, and went upon her way with considerable calm.

Also, when Whiting next kissed her, she neglected subsequently to erase it. She was nothing like so ardent as he, it is true, but then as she explained to him with a lovely indifference, ardor is not the woman's part.

"You care the most?" said Yvette. "Naturally. It should be like that."

"H'mph!" said Whiting. After those brief crucial moments at the opera, he had regained something of his usual poise—a delightfully humorous sophistication not untouched with cynicism: "I dare say—balance of power—eh?"

"There is an old French proverb," said Yvette, turning her winking solitaire about a cool white finger, "which says that there is always one who kisses and one who—how do you say?—one who presents the cheek. It is true, I suppose. And it should be the man who kisses. Otherwise he might grow tired."

"H'mph!" said Whiting again. "There's something in that, of course—for flirtations—and episodes. This thing of ours goes a bit deeper—eh? I can't seem to see myself getting tired in case you—well, in case you ever decided to take the initiative. Mind being kissed, Yvette?"

"But that is absurd!" said Yvette, smiling.

"Yes—of course," said Whiting. He stroked his clean-shaven chin, which was as yet but one chin, and looked at Yvette

out of keen, clear, gray eyes. His own smile had a winning kindness, but it came slow. "Of course," he repeated. "By nature you're a trifle cold, I fancy—that's all."

Yvette looked at him swiftly and looked away.

"Queer!" said Whiting, "your eyes, now—but you wouldn't have said you'd marry me unless you cared—Yvette!"

"Why should you suppose?"—Yvette began haughtily.

"You're very beautiful," said Whiting, "and you're young. It's incredible that you shouldn't have stirred up a grand passion, somehow. I don't want to be insistent about it, but, my dear girl, don't for God's sake decide to marry me for any reason but the one I've mentioned! You'd do yourself a very cruel injustice."

"You seem to think," said Yvette, "that it is impossible I should care for you."

"Not impossible," said Whiting quietly. "An exquisite miracle, if you like. Nothing's impossible. But I can't seem to believe in my own happiness—and I wish it might sometimes occur to you to touch me of your own accord." Then he asked a strange question. "Ever been anybody else, Yvette?"

And Yvette said what every woman says when she feels the wall at her back. "I don't know what you mean."

"Any other man?" said Whiting slowly. "At any stage of the game?"

Said Yvette: "I have known a great many men."

And said Whiting: "Yes, of course, that's what I was thinking. Any of 'em leave a scar?"

A scar, you will remember, was what Yvette had looked for on her lips. Not having found it, she probably felt justified now in smiling and shaking her head.

"Thank God!" said Whiting rather suddenly.

Yvette turned pale.

Afterwards, when she remembered the conversation, she gave audience to a ghost by way of corollary; but nothing resulted, and the trousseau went forward triumphantly. Mrs de la Fuente swam in satisfaction like a trout in a purling stream. She designed gowns and matched laces. She hobnobbed with dressmakers, and bullied seamstresses. The line of a hat was in her dreams by night, and the argot of the sewing room was on her tongue by day. All of this demanded money, and to obtain that money certain of Mrs de la Fuente's diamonds found their way into the loan-shops. Yvette protested vainly.

"I do not wish, mama, that you should ruin yourself."

But Mrs de la Fuente was obdurate.

"In my trousseau were two dozen of everything. Upon my petticoats even was real lace—and the veil of my grandmother—Dear little one, will you have it draped back or falling before the face?"

When Yvette had no definite desire to express upon this point, her mother reproached her tragically.

"Is it that you do not care? Unnatural child! I remember that I was mad with excitement for weeks before my wedding. I knew to a fold how I wished the veil to fall. I shed tears if a tuck too much was placed upon a skirt—and I had but fifteen years."

"Did you perhaps hide your doll beneath the steps of the altar?" inquired Yvette. Then she kissed her mother upon the cheek and smiled. She might have been the lovely elder sister of that other little girl in veil and orange blossoms.

"At least," said Mrs de la Fuente, sighing before the hopelessness of Yvette's disinterest, "your papa approved. He found me wonderfully gowned. All men have eyes for chiffons upon a woman they love. Tonce will know if your veil is badly draped."

"And will he punish me, do you think?" asked Yvette. "Will he perhaps beat me, mama?"

She put on her hat while her mother was still scolding, wrapped herself in great, soft, black furs that accentuated the clearness of her coloring, and went out to motor with Whiting upon a wintry road. Those were not unhappy days.

Continued on Page 9



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## The Little Sister

By Pomona Penryn

**T**HE marriage of Elinora to the Reverend John Arbour was considered by their friends an experiment and not more solemn than any adventure. Everyone said enigmatically that the Reverend John Arbour had a problem. The interests from which Arbour and Elinora turned to each other were diverse. He emerged from a life which, while it interested itself in men and affairs, had yet been almost cloistral. It was as if he had been born in middle life, having an infinitely human tolerance for the social absurdities from which he demurred because he had outgrown without having experienced them. Even in the early days of his art study, before he had thought of taking orders, his studio had been a symbol of this attitude. It would have been impossible for him to work in a "den"—among belongings which appear to be en route from their owner's old self to his next year's incarnation. Even in youth Arbour was never amateurish in his friends or his homes.

Therefore, when he met in Elinora a woman who had arrived at the same



"Elinora was conscious of some one speaking in a near recess of palms."

belief by a sheer process of intellect and who held such a state to be proper and admirable even though she did not always trouble to practise its aloofness, he welcomed her as the ideal. He would have been content with nothing less than this special maturity in the woman whom he was to love, and having found it he went about his wooing with all the certainty of a man and the ardor of a boy. But he was partly in love merely with Elinora's aloofness from trivialities.

That a woman may have this essential aloofness of spirit and yet, in her immaturity, retain some very human signs of delight in the lesser interests was not revealed to him. He knew nothing of an innocent vanity which, however perilous its tendency, may yet, in that immaturity, be like the vanity of a child with new shoes. To be purified of small inconsequences, unreasons and coqueries would make a woman, Elinora would have said, one whom her husband praises to his friends the while he seeks with them relief from her rarified society. Perhaps Elinora would have said this because, though she was no longer in her first youth, she was still in the immaturity which believes that its moods are all reasons.

"For," she had said once to Arbour. "I am not socially delirious like many of my hostesses. I simply enjoy going where I go. I do not depend upon going—why, that is absurd. Neither do I depend upon etchings or beautiful rings, but I delight in these. As long as I understand that these things are by no means necessary to me I may safely

accept them as often as I choose. Surely you understand, dear?"

The Arbours were alone in the world, save for Elinora's sister, at school in Florence; and they took a little cottage, remote and made of roses. Here, through the long summer, they lived in the companionship of books and fields, and found happiness. To Arbour that happiness was so perfect that he trembled for its future, at the hand of Destiny. To Elinora the happiness gave new self-confidence, a new sense of her power to live fully, and a kind of pleased surprise that she missed nothing of the old life.

Arbour was to have a living the following year in a neighboring parish, and the interim he was giving to the completion of work which kept him closely at home. In the mornings he would take his books to the garden and there, after a time, Elinora would join him to read or sew or move among the flowers. In those days John Arbour watched his wife in infinite content and with no wonder; she was, he thought, exactly as he had known that she would be. All her joy in things of little worth seemed to have fallen from her and she was proving, as she had protested, that these things were non-essentials to her happiness.

"Is it not strange, dear," Arbour would say, musing over his books in the garden, "that anyone should ever miss this kind of happiness?"

"Yes, John," Elinora would answer raptly.

"And yet," he would add, "is it not wonderful that we have found it, Elinora?—that we have found what is worth while without coming to it through suffering? I think I have believed that everyone must come to it through suffering."

"Yes," Elinora would assent happily; and, looking at him and at the cottage, remote and made of roses, Elinora believed that she believed completely in the reality of that happiness.

On a morning in September Arbour went for a gallop to beguile the hour that a class of little pensioners from the village was accustomed to spend with Elinora. His wife, in her white gown, sat among the children like Our Lady of the Child's Garden, Arbour thought as he left her. He spurred away down the road, passionately glad of all that had come to him. Elinora—Elinora whose curiosity had been unbounded, had found her world with him.

Less than an hour afterward Elinora, still in the garden, heard voices at the cottage gate.

"I give it up!" cried some one merrily. "I never meant to walk across the whole country. Shall we ask?"

A man's voice laughed and answered. The gate swung open and Elinora, rising, looked from the door of the arbor upon three intruders.

"Emily Bannister!" she cried suddenly. "And—you! But I thought you were all on the Nile!"

A little blue linen figure sped across the lawn and threw itself into Elinora's arms.

"It's Nora!" cried the newcomer ecstatically. "Nora, married! Dear, this is Mrs. Bannister, Max's wife. Never tell me that you live here? But we have come to be your neighbors."

Max Bannister paled a little as he took Elinora's hand. Three years before he had gone abroad with her image acting in his heart. Then her letter had drawn down the veil. He had since lived abroad, and Elinora knew of his recent marriage in London.

Emily Bannister was running on, in her pretty vaporous way, about Green Hill, a mile away, which they had taken until after the holidays.

"A houseful, until after Christmas!" she concluded, triumphantly. "And a dear old house. Nora, do walk over with us. Mamma and Patty and Toby Beach have driven over. Do come."

Elinora hesitated, with a glance toward the arbor. After all, the lessons

were nearly done. Only the play-hour remained. She tried not to see the little faces fall when she told them.

Out on the shady country road Elinora looked at Max Bannister's wife. She was an Englishwoman, and Elinora was struck by her beautiful serenity. There was a kind of hush about the woman, as if all that had come to her had but served to keep her inviolate from all that might come. Elinora suddenly wondered how Max—restless, adventure-some Max—had breathed in that tranquil atmosphere. Swift and sharp as a stab of conscience came the longing to find out.

At Green Hill they all went through the great house, and Emily planned a party for every room. There was a perfectly appointed music room, and they decided to have out Benthaly and his harp, and give a soiree at once. The ballroom was quite made. Emily thought, for a Firefly cotillion, to be danced with lowered lights and electrical favors. In the court Toby Beach declared that they might have a wonderful breakfast some noon, with all the fountains playing, and a peacock in the little hanging garden. And there must be a field-party—Elinora had never been to a field party? They would put up silk pavilions all over the estate—in the meadows and the pastures—and have an orchestra in the orchard.

Elinora listened. It was pleasant to recall old days, old names, old delights. It was pleasant to have the adulation of Emily and Patty and Toby. Here, come calling and singing before her, was the world which she had almost forgotten. It was pleasant to see Max Bannister again, and irresistible to wonder if he had found happiness. Emily was planning to have all the others out from town, and all the old business of devising pleasant things was toward.

"Stay for luncheon," Emily pleaded.

"Do. We want to plan it all out."

"But no," declared Elinora, "I must go home. I'm married."

"Then let us drive Mrs. Arbour over," said Max Bannister to his wife. "the trap is still at the door."

Mrs. Bannister looked up serenely.

"If Mrs. Arbour will forgive me," she said, "I think I won't go. My head is aching a little, and I'm longing for my tea."

Max Bannister looked at Elinora.

"May I drive you over?" he asked.

It was mid-day, the sun was warm, the cottage lay a mile away.

"I shall be grateful," Elinora said quietly.

In the trap with Max a sudden shyness seized Mrs. Arbour, though she smiled at it and at herself. This was the first time that she and Max had met since the week before he sailed. His last words to her had been words of the utmost tenderness, his last letter a cry of pain. Now they met and talked of the comparative age of the elms that lined the drive, and that tranquil woman with the slow-moving hands and eyes had his happiness in her keeping. Had she? Elinora wondered again and glanced at his face. She had never cared for him, even remotely; there was not, she would have said, an ideal of Max Bannister's that was as high as the every-day living of her husband. Save casually, the thought of this man had not crossed her mind in two years. Yet her old unconscious impulse to witness, to determine, was uppermost.

Sooner than harbor a shadow of disloyalty by hearing even a word about those days, Elinora would have died. Yet—this man had loved her, had declared her to be necessary to his happiness, and now he seemed to have found that happiness with someone else. Had he?

It was Elinora's old way. This was one of the moments upon which she did not depend for happiness—neither did she depend upon etchings or beautiful rings. But it was a moment which gave a certain pleasant spice to the day which she had forgotten—and contented-

ly enough—that days possess. And now she remembered.

She was smiling as she went up the aster-bordered walk to the cottage; and Arbour, coming to the door to meet her, delighted in her beauty and her buoyancy. Elinora ran up the steps, with no thought but that her news was pleasant. She poured it all out to him—the Bannisters, Emily, Patty, Max, the soiree, the field-party, the orchestra in the orchard, the Firefly cotillion. To John Arbour, as he listened, it seemed as if doors in his bright world suddenly closed, cutting off all vistas. Something clutched his heart. These things were necessary to her, they had come back to claim her—and she did not know. That was the surprising part. She did not know. She did not know what her buoyancy meant. She was acknowledging her bondage eagerly, almost thankfully. She, who had declared herself ready to walk with him, casting off her allegiance to the old, putting on the new, now welcomed the first call to former things, and she did not know. And he was powerless to tell her. If only she were ten years younger, he thought swiftly, he could teach her. But not now—not now. The usual feminine im-



Arbour bent and drew her to him.

maturity which outlives youth was not in his reckoning. Because Elinora was past her first youth he fancied that the vanity of a child with new shoes had become a quality. If only he could have known her ten years ago!

"What a funny little look in your eyes, John, dear," Elinora said. "Of what were you thinking?"

It did not occur to him to evade her question.

"I was wondering," he said slowly, "what you were like at twenty?"

Elinora flushed. There was a certain refinement of brutality in the question, the keener that it was unintended.

"Oh," she said lightly, "brimming with opinions. I affected very slow speech, I believe, and fancied myself critical."

"Did you like—did you want," her husband persisted almost against his will, "admiration? I mean—flattery, Elinora?"

"Ah, you mean appreciation," she pleaded gayly. "No woman will confess to liking the other two. No, I rather courted reserve, I remember. I was afraid of being detected even in my choicest tastes. Of course, that was only shyness and a certain girlish snobbishness which the family ought to have beaten out of me."

"Oh, no," said Arbour wistfully. "No, Elinora."

In the afternoon Arbour went to his study, and found that Elinora had been there. Her mail was scattered about, a foreign wrapper lay on the floor—and a new visitor had come to his desk.

Continued on Page 64





# ROAD RECORDS



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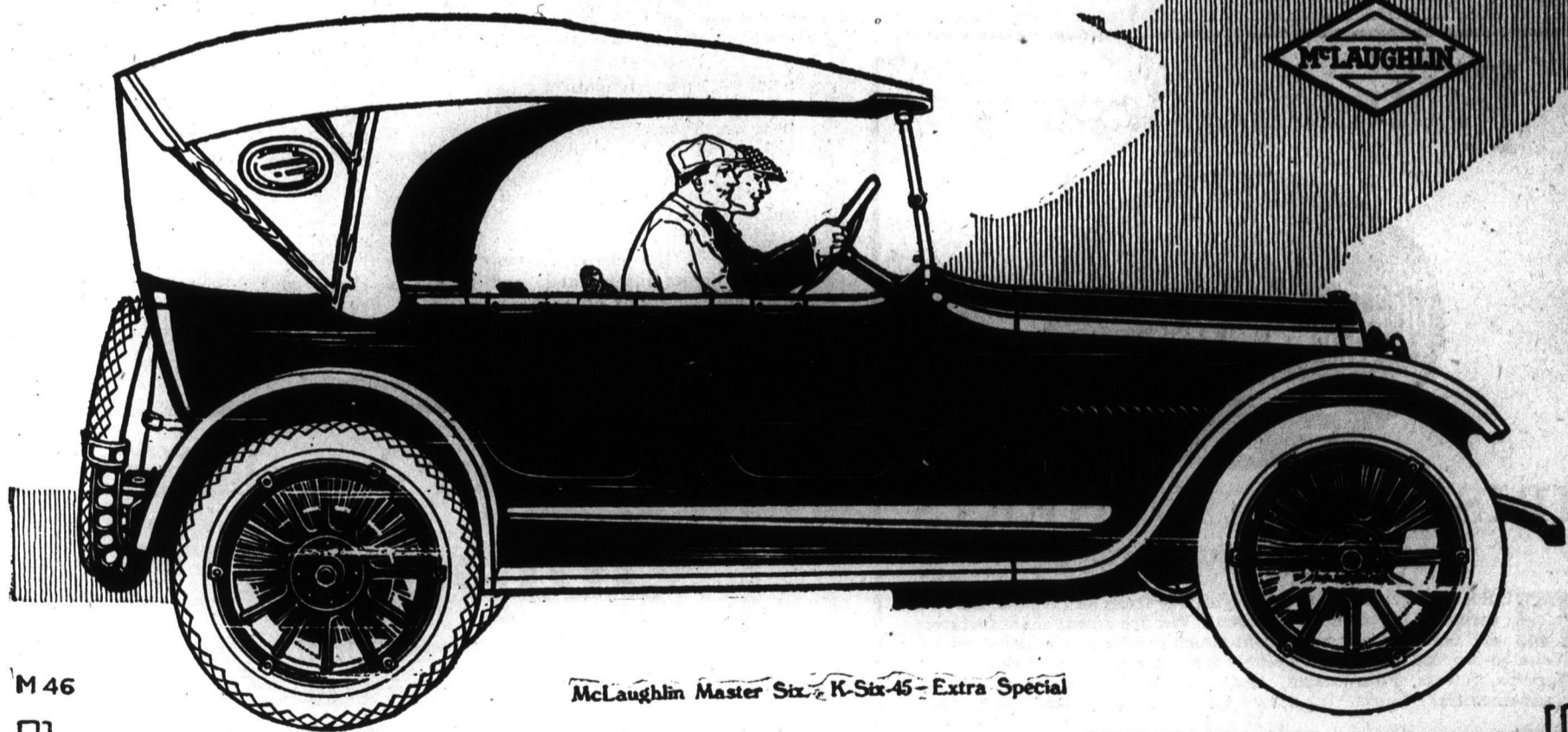
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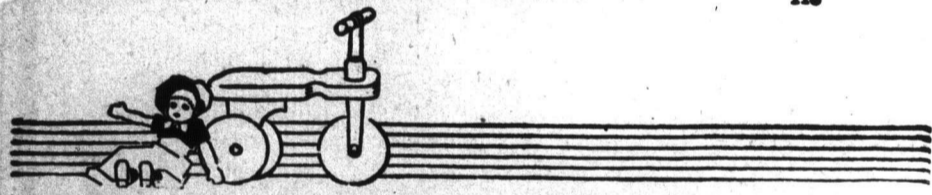
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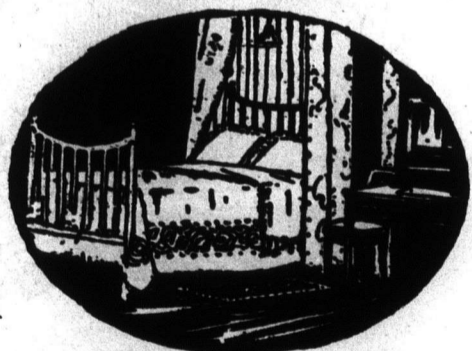
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### The Peacock Screen

Continued from Page 4

Then the man came back. I believe there is a saying that this feat is not possible. Still he came. His name was Douglas Hays, and Whiting brought him to call one Sunday afternoon.

Yvette, coming into the drawing-room, halted a very little in her slow, gracious step. Her eyes, when they first fell upon his face, widened and darkened. Perhaps a slow flush burned across her cheek. But she gave her hand unhesitatingly. Yvette had race.

"Yvette," said Whiting, "may I present Mr. Hays? Miss de la Fuente, Mr. Hays."

And Yvette smiled. "I think," she said, "that I remember Mr. Hays. The year I came out—was it not?"

Mr. Hays smiled in his turn, but somewhat stiffly. His surprise wrote itself almost imperceptibly upon a lean, sun-burned face. His eyes in that brown inscrutable setting were bright and blue like jewels, but the line of his mouth was hard.

"You've met before?" said Whiting in pleasant inquiry.

"Quite some time ago," the other man admitted, equally upon the surface of things. "It's good of you to remember, me—Miss de la Fuente." Only to Yvette's conscious ear did the slight hesitation suggest that he stumbled over the formal appellation.

"I never forget names," said Yvette indolently, and added as his eyes met hers, "but I have a dreadful memory—for faces. I am not sure I should have known—"

"Possibly I've changed," he suggested. Whiting, from a corner of the davenport, put in an idle ear.

"Men of your type don't change a great deal, under, say fifty."

At which the two men crossed glances, courteously enough.

"Why, no," said Yvette, "you have not changed—as I remember you."

"Nor you," said Hays almost significantly.

"Mr. Hays," said Whiting, in the ensuing pause, "is a stranger in a strange land, Yvette. Never been here but once before. I've asked him to see 'Aida' with us to-morrow night."

"That will be charming," said Yvette. "It's very good of you," said Hays.

"You'll find the old Opera House interesting," said Whiting. He stood up slowly. "Think by any chance I'd find your mother in the library, Yvette? I've a message for her from my sister."

"All afternoon," said Yvette calmly, "she has been in the library with a volume of de Maupassant. One fancies she will be there still, Tony."

And Tony went out with a nod and a smile. The curtains fell to behind him.

Then the other man spoke. He leaned forward in his chair, elbows upon his knees, hands interlocked, and looked a little mockingly at his hostess.

"Hello, Yvette!" he said, as if he had

not seen her before. The words were flippant, almost with a touch of impertinence.

Yvette looked back at him straightly. Nevertheless, an uncontrollable excitement strained her cheeks.

"You have not changed," she said, "in the least. You were always daring."

"Dear me, yes!" he agreed. "Why not? The ladies like it, God bless 'em!" Then, very suddenly, he dropped his smiling pose.

"I had no idea," he told her, "that it was you I was to see. Whiting mentioned no names. You believe me?"

"You know him well?" asked Yvette. "I hadn't seen him in years until today. I knew him back East. He added curiously, "And you?"

"Oh!" said Hays. A little thereafter he smiled. "I congratulate him."

"Thank you," said Yvette. Then the man looked into Yvette's eyes, and found them deep.

"Clean forgotten everything?" he suggested coolly.

"What was there to forget?" she asked him.

"Never dig in the ashes?" he hinted. "Ashes are cold and uninteresting," said Yvette.

She smiled, too. When he stared a little rudely, she smiled the sweeter. "It is almost impossible," she apologized, "to remember everything, across four years. I dare say there are a great many things of which you are thinking, that I have forgotten. One meets so many men when one is a debutante—"

"I should like to stake my reputation, of which I am excessively jealous," said Hays, "that you have not forgotten. There are some things which one does not forget, and die erste Liebe is one of them."

"Were you that?"

"I," said he, "was that—however unworthily."

Yvette shrugged.

When she did not speak the lines of Hays' face changed swiftly. A compelling youth spoke from his eyes, and the whimsical, lifting corners of his mouth. It was the look Yvette remembered.

"I've never changed," he said. "Believe me, Yvette—"

And at that juncture, rather appropriately, Whiting came back into the room.

"I found your mother," he said cheerfully, "and de Maupassant. Have you two revived your auld lang syne?"

Whiting's roses came next day upon the heels of Hays' less prodigal valley lilies.

Yvette wore the roses to the opera—and put the valley lilies in her room.

After the first act of "Aida," she questioned Whiting's pleasant hospitality abruptly.

"Tony—you know Mr. Hays well?"

Whiting shrugged. He drew his chair a little nearer, and lowered his voice.

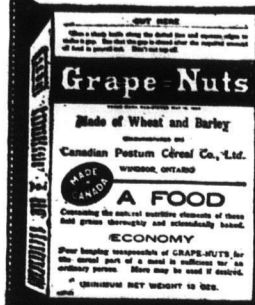
"Fairly well, not intimately. Likable chap, eh? Something of a gallant cavalier. Where did you know him?"

Continued on Page 9

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The Peacock Screen

Continued from Page 8

"He went about with the La Branches the winter I came out," said Yvette.

"Like him?" asked Whiting carelessly. "By the way, I've asked him to a little dinner I'm having next week—for you."

"A dinner you're having for me?" said Yvette.

"Thought you'd like it—an old friend and all that," said Whiting. He sat back in his chair as the curtain rose.

Yvette heard very little of the music that night.

When she went home, she put the bowl of valley lilies downstairs in the library on the plea that their perfume was too heavy.

"It sickens me," she said, more or less truthfully.

Another thing she did was not so wise. She resurrected from a box in the depths of a clothes-closet a package of letters and read them through deliberately. The dawn came in at the window when she had finished. They were long letters, for the most part, and there were rather a number of them. The last one was enlightening.

tower, and succeeded only in arousing in the maternal breast a small simoon of anxiety.

In herself, Yvette was prey to a variety of emotions. Her nerves wore to fiddle-strings, and her nights were sleepless treadmills. She desired to be loyal to Whiting, but the lure of the first love called her insidiously. Also she said to herself—as does many another beloved one—that matrimony allows one no rain checks, and having purchased a ticket one must willy-nilly sit through the entire performance or go forth into outer darkness with no prospect of returning.

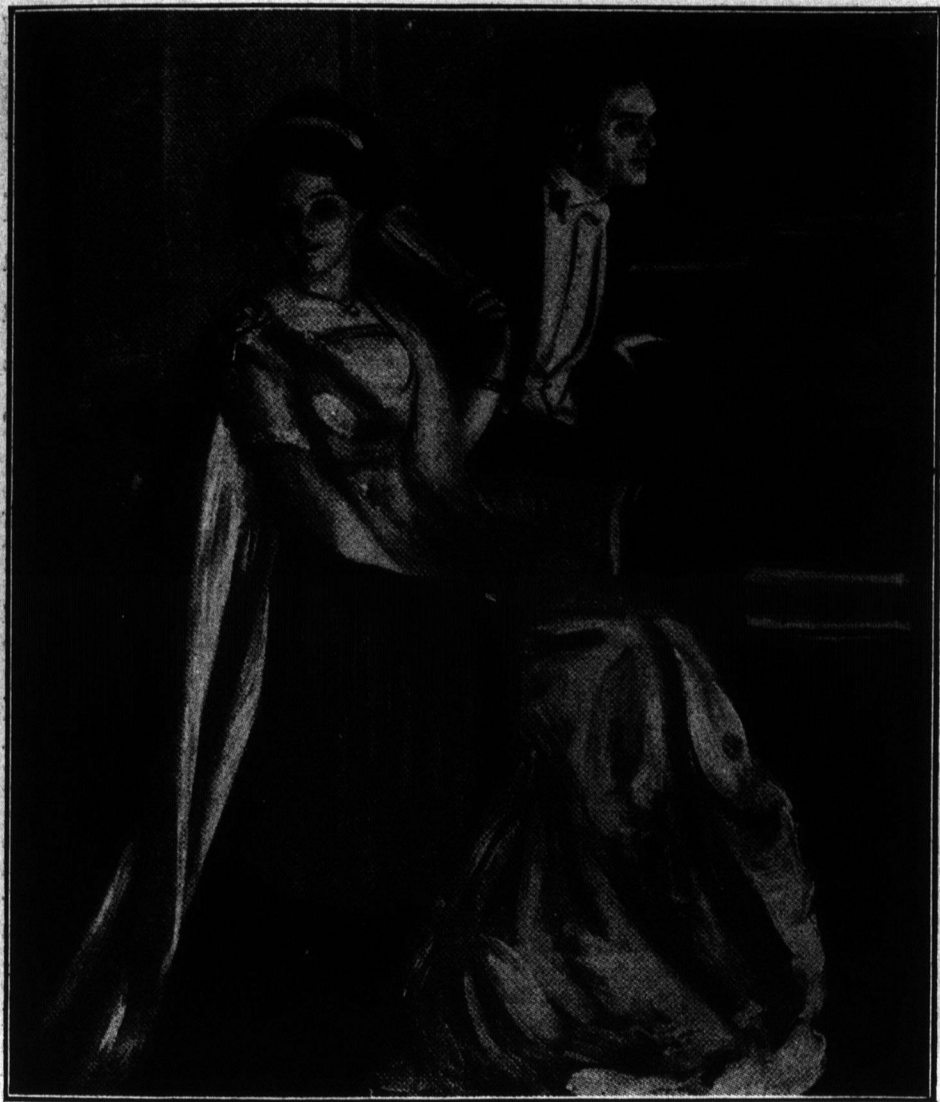
The thing faintly alarmed her—for the first time.

In contradistinction to each other she placed certain reluctant facts.

Whiting was nearing middle age. Hays was in the very prime of youth, daring, denied and dark—three potent D's.

Whiting loved her. Hays might or might not—a fact entirely in his favor by the very beauty of its uncertainty.

Whiting's hair was ebbing and his waistcoat obtained an almost imperceptible prominence. Hays was lithe as an Indian, and his hair thick as leaves at Vallombrosa.



"Do you ask me," said Hays all at once, if you are in the way—is that your question?"

"I accept your decision," it said carefully, "but I can't help believing that this is not the end. Suppose we call it to-morrow's tangle, and trust to Fate to unravel it. You may be right. In any case, there is nothing more now for me to say. You have closed the subject."

"It was a very easy acceptance—of my decision," said Yvette to herself. "He never cared. If he had—"

Without finishing the sentence she went to bed, just as the streets were waking. She did not go to sleep at once, but then when she did she slept till noon, which somewhat recompensed her.

It is not one of the conditions for a successful betrothal that memories return.

Yvette was unhappy.

She endeavored to be natural with Whiting, and succeeded in displaying to his keen, gray eyes an undue effusiveness. She endeavored to be natural with Hays, and by her resultant coldness convinced him easily that she was afraid of the old feeling. She endeavored to be natural with her mother, who had memories of her own concerning Hays and her daughter and was therefore pacing the watch-

Add to this: Whiting had money. Hays had not.

This last line is, of course, an inconsiderable factor. Another obscure line of reasoning is that she had given her word to Whiting; and once, a long four years ago, she had refused it to Hays who had accepted that refusal, as his conduct had instigated it, without enormous regret.

Yvette, as I said, was unhappy. She saw Hays often, and he made love to her so cleverly that only her wish which was perhaps the paternal progenitor of her thought could have been sure just what he was doing.

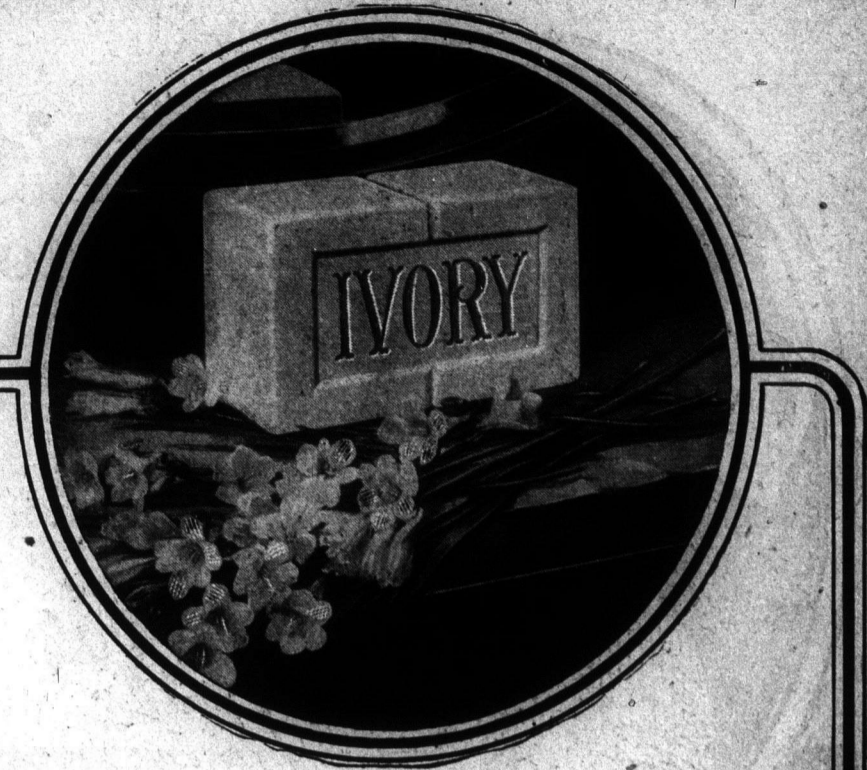
Also, she saw Whiting, seven days out of the week, and he made love to her less subtly, at the same time arranging ways by which the other man should have his opportunity.

"I'd like you to see something of Hays, said Whiting on one occasion. "You don't dislike him, do you?"

"On the contrary," said Yvette; but just how much on the contrary she neglected, quite naturally, to add.

Hays himself urged the question with rather more effect. Having come back, he desired to pick up the threads that his

Continued on Page 10



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MOIR'S LIMITED, HALIFAX, N.S. 114

### The Peacock Screen

Continued from Page 9

departure had broken. Yvette, more poised, more sought after, more delicately experienced in every way, appealed strongly to his appreciation. Possibly that appreciation acquired something of its fervency from the fact that Yvette was now behind the plate-glass window of another's prospective ownership. Men are like that. In any case, the appreciation was fervent, and its expression unmistakable. At first, for a little, he fenced, he experimented for the weak spot in her armor, and he fired from ambush. Then he came boldly into the open.

"You loved me once," he said. "You women don't forget."

"I cannot listen to you," Yvette rebuffed him uneasily.

"You could listen fast enough if you'd forgotten."

Which shot went home, and Yvette winced.

"You're afraid," he said, "that I can make you care again."

"I am afraid of nothing," said Yvette. But she would not look at him.

"Yvette," he said, with sudden passion, "it's like a flame consuming me, for all I thought myself so strong. I've forgotten all the other women I ever knew, and they've been more than two or three. You cared once — you've got to care again."

His hand shook while he said it, and it was true that Yvette had cared — once. There you have the makings of a very probable *da capo*, but time passed without a climax, and it came to be the night of the little dinner which Whiting was having for Yvette. He had it in his bachelor apartments, with Mrs. de la Fuente an imposing evidence of propriety at the head of the table.

In the center of the table, which was lit with rosy-shaded candles, was a bank of pale orchids, and around the table — it was rather small — were Whiting, Yvette and Hays. I have said that Mrs. de la Fuente presided.

"But Tony," said Yvette, a little nervously perhaps, "are we your only guests?"

"Why, there's a camaraderie, I think, about these little dinners," said Whiting.

There was, however, small camaraderie about that little dinner. Mrs. de la Fuente alone talked determinedly and lightly on many subjects. Yvette ate little, and laughed a good deal. For the two men, Whiting was cheerfully silent, and Hays taciturn. The courses came and went, and eventually dinner was over. When the coffee cups were empty, Whiting led the way to his library.

"There's a fire," he said, "an open fire, which I find is always first aid to sociability."

About a quarter of an hour later he appealed to Mrs. de la Fuente.

"I have been hoping all day that you would play for us."

Mrs. de la Fuente rose with a pleased flutter.

"Ah, but I am old-fashioned," she protested, "I have not the music of today."

"I don't know your equal," said Whiting, "for 'Lucia' and 'Aida' and 'Trovatore' — all the real tunes."

He led her to the grand piano which occupied almost all of the room adjoining the library, and then came back to the fire.

"Celeste Aida" followed him, sighing upon the air.

"Well!" said Whiting, pleasantly conversational. He stood with his back to the fire, one hand in the pocket of his trousers, and looked from Yvette to Hays.

"Well, what, Tony?" asked Yvette.

Hays crossed his legs, and looked at the fire.

"What have you decided?" asked Whiting.

"I!" said Yvette. She said it sharply, being startled.

"And Hays," said Whiting. He spoke quietly, beneath the music.

Then Hays looked at Yvette.

"What d'you mean?" he inquired, "I don't quite get you, my dear fellow. Is it a joke?"

"Shall I explain?" asked Whiting.

"If you please," said Yvette, her chin lifting proudly.

"I fancy," said Whiting, after a considerable pause, "it won't be any too easy. Still, I've arranged this little dinner with a view to explanations, where two or three are gathered together, y'know — Yvette, have you ever found me unreasonable?"

"No," said Yvette.

"Or exacting?"

"No."

"Or unfair?"

"No — no —!" She answered vehemently.

"Then you will answer a question if I ask it?"

"I will answer any question," said Yvette, "you choose to ask me."

"Thanks," said Whiting. He turned curtly to Hays.

"Never knew me to be anything but square, did you?"

"So far as I know," said Hays with the barest trace of a sneer.

"Then you will answer a question?"

"Concerning whom?"

"Concerning us three," said Whiting quietly. He added, lifting his voice a trifle, "Ah, don't stop, Mrs. de la Fuente! Give us the immortal sextet."

"I will answer any question," said Hays to Yvette, "that you wish me to answer."

"Good!" said Whiting cheerfully.

"Now then — here's the thing in a nutshell." He spoke swiftly, but rather low. "Do either or both of you wish me to release Yvette from her promise to marry me?"

The fire of seasoned logs crackled like thorns beneath a pot, and the immortal sextet flooded the room with melody. Otherwise ensued a silence.

"You're pretty frank, aren't you?" said Hays at length.

Yvette said nothing, only looked.

"It would hardly escape me," said Whiting, still with the same pleasant quiet, "that this is a triangle. Your firm sent you here, Hays, a couple of weeks ago. I had heard of you before you came. Gossip dies hard. I had heard that you were once extremely attentive to Miss de la Fuente. You're young, you're interesting, you have it on me every way but one. I wanted to be absolutely fair to the lady who had done me the honor to accept me, so I saw that she met you again — I saw that she met

Continued on Page 49



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Indian Council. Hudson's Bay Pageant. Old Fort Garry, May 3rd.

# The Death Leap

The Tale of a Deadly Gamble in the Wild

By H. Mortimer Batten

**F**IREFLANK, the fox cub, sat under the silent stars in the big white world and listened. He had come far and fast, and he was hungry, yet upon him rested the fear of the unknown, for this country was new to him.

Eight days ago Fireflank had left the green fields and pine woods of his native land, had left his father and mother, and sisters and brothers to seek fortune on his own. He had turned his steps northwards towards the blue hills—loping, loping, mile after mile, sneaking under cover where and when the dawn found him. He had eaten little during this late Autumn migration, for he was afraid—horribly afraid of the fox-hounds that had chased his sister and him—that had finally pulled his sister down though he did not know it, within sight of their nursery home. So Fireflank, alone, homeless, had fled into the heart of the mountains, where this peaceful winter evening found him, and here, among the loose rocks of the Garolgame Wood, he had already half decided to make his home.

He sat under the silent stars, I say, at his den mouth, his big ears acock, daring himself to sneak down into the valley towards that white-walled homestead across the river. An hour ago he had heard the honking of geese and the cackling of poultry from away over there, but he had also heard the shouting of a man and the barking of a dog. Fireflank was very young, or he would have waited till after midnight, but now his hunger led him on, and down towards the noisy river he stole, sneaking in and among the hazels till he reached the bank. The thunder of heavy waters filled the air, the trees at the river edge were all bearded and caked with frozen spray, but leaping from rock to rock, where a false step might have meant disaster, Fireflank gained the other side. The idea of having the river between the region of his nightly raids and the place he already called his home appealed to his native instincts, though he did not just know why.

There was a light in the farm window, but also there was wafted on the still air a delicious whiff of poultry. Fireflank kept his eyes upon the light. It seemed to draw him. From far out, in the centre of the field, he saw the farmer and his family seated over their supper; the fox cub snarled a silent snarl, then making a detour he got to the back of the farm buildings whence came the scent of the fowl, and sneaked in under the orchard gate. All was white and silent, and there—O delight!—sat five plump roosters, huddled together on the branch of a plum tree not twelve feet from the ground.

Fireflank drifted under the branch and looked up with shining golden eyes. The fowls moved uneasily, and their movements seemed to excite him. He yapped twice, two sharp metallic "yaps," and the foolish roosters, instead of sitting tight, began to edge out towards the end of the already overstrained branch. "Yap-yap!" said Fireflank louder now, for in his excitement he had forgotten the farmer and his dog—"Yap-yap-yap!"

One of the roosters fluttered, began to lose its balance, and then, fluttering weakly, slowly subsided backwards till it swung head down, in the most absurd manner imaginable, still hanging on frantically by its feet. Fireflank fairly yelled with glee, making desperate little jumps, though he knew it was only a matter of time ere the rooster fell to meet him.

At that instant the farmer rose from his supper. "Whist-ye!" he muttered, threatening to cuff one of his boys, then he held up his hand in a gesture for silence. All of them listened. The dog, basking before the peat fire, pricked his ears, and assumed an attitude of interest. "Yap-yap! Yap-yap-yap!"

"Yonder's a fox" said the farmer in an excited whisper. He snatched his gun from under a rafter in the oak ceiling, his dog was at his side, and as he opened the door he whispered—"Fix him, Nell!"

Nell shot silently forth, for she knew as well as anyone what was amiss. The word "fox" was associated in her mind

with many a breathless chase in the spring of the year when she and her master slept out on the hills to guard the newly born lambs, and Nell knew the ways of mountain foxes. So she stole silently out, swift as an arrow, intending to take the thief by surprise.

"Yap—Yap!" yelled Fireflank, and at that moment the branch on which the fowls sat gave an ominous creak and broke. Down came a veritable avalanche of chickens, each so dead with terror that it fell like a stone, and Fireflank found himself the centre of a hail-storm of descending riches. They landed in his face and on his neck, on his back, and like a little cyclone he whirled this way and that, sending up a cloud of powdery snow, and dealing death at every snap.

Over the boundary wall appeared a shadow, and had not Fireflank been too busily occupied he would have seen a vision of bristling hair and naked fangs bearing pell-mell upon him. As it was, he did not see Nell till she actually collided with him, rolling him over and over amidst a maelstrom of chickens, cutting his shoulder with her fangs. But Nell overshot and was too slow in turning. In an instant Fireflank was up, darting like a streak of light for the gate through which he had come. He wriggled under it, and Nell, at his very heels, collided heavily with the bars, for the space was too small for her to follow. She lost two priceless seconds in attempting it, then lost two more in scrambling over the wall. Away went Fireflank, floating easily over the snow, keeping to the shadow of the wall and heading back towards the river, while the farmer strove in vain with his rusty muzzle loader to get a line on the drifting shadow.

The sheep dog was very fast, and at the very river margin, as Fireflank was about to cross she turned him—O fruitless triumph!—forcing him to run down stream. Fireflank knew he could throw her off among the loose rocks of Garolgame Wood, so cross the river he must at all hazards.

His chance came and he took it. At the very brink of the fall, where the entire waters of that wonderful river topple over a cliff fifty feet in depth, there is a single, pointed boulder protruding above the angry flood, and tonight the surface of that boulder was sparkling with ice, affording scarcely sufficient foothold for a fly. It was a tremendous leap for a young fox, but for Fireflank it was neck or nothing. He floated out across the angry flood, seemed scarcely to pat the crown of the boulder with his dainty paws, then floated on, and up—up into the shadows of the friendly Garolgame.

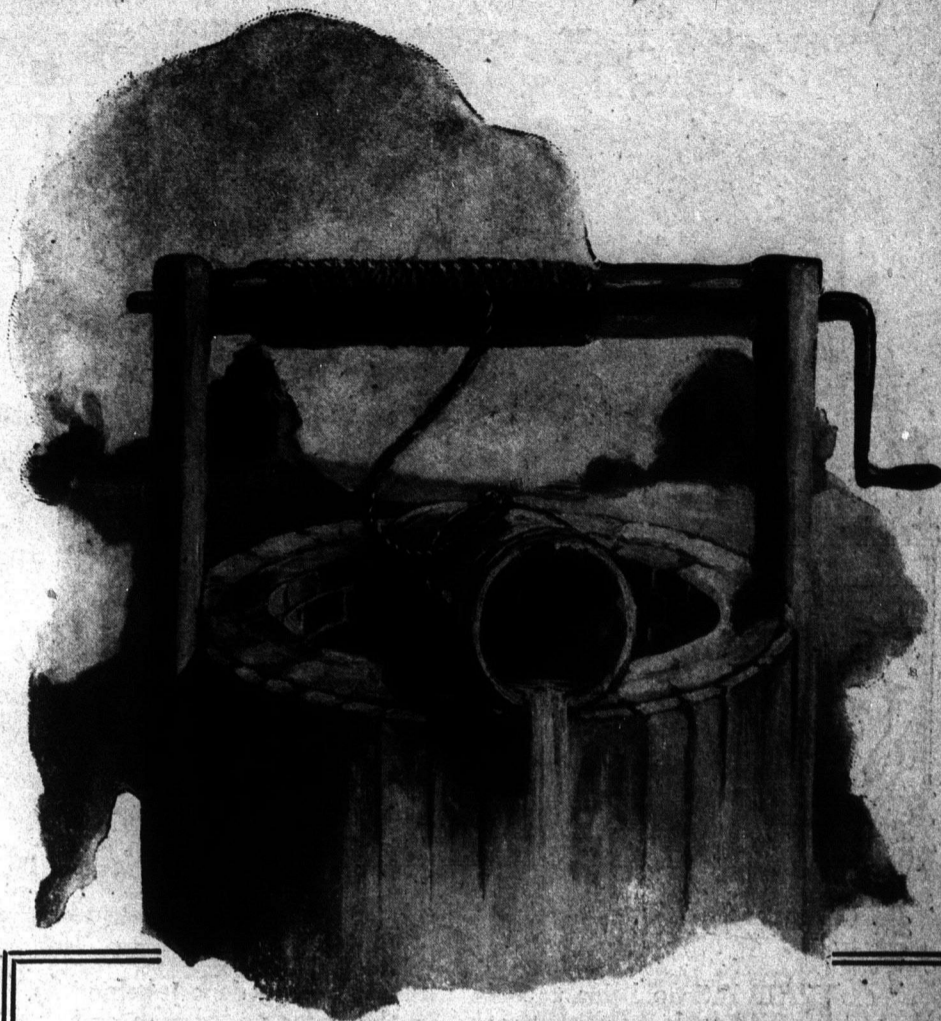
Nell also leapt, but the boulder was pointed and coated with ice, as I say. Immediately below was the waterfall, and below that still was a whirlpool, into which whole trees sometimes vanished to come up as splintered driftwood.

High up in the wood, at the mouth of a crevice among the rocks, all draped and festooned with masses of moss and weird growths of ferns, Fireflank sat with lolling tongue and listened. His pursuer was gone. Some minutes later the fox cub stole down to the water's edge and looked. She was not there! He chased his tail a round or two, crossed the river higher up, stole into the orchard and picked up the plumpest of his kill, while two fields away he could hear the farmer calling—calling for his dog.

It was late that night when the man returned, silent and heavy hearted. Something at the mistle door attracted his attention—it was Nell's food bowl, filled with dirt scratched up from under the snow and scattered broadcast. The man knew the sign as that of a fox's uttermost contempt, and as he swore heavily under his breath there sounded from two fields away Fireflank's "Yap—Yap of mockery.

Sweepingly triumphant though his first raid had been, Fireflank had sense enough not to visit the farm a second time. It was too near his home in Garol-

Continued on Page 12



## The High Cost of Water

This is one reason why Quaker Oats will often cut breakfast cost ninety per cent.

Quaker Oats is only 7 per cent water. It yields 1810 calories of food per pound. Many costly foods are largely water. Note this table.

| Percentage of water |         |               |         |
|---------------------|---------|---------------|---------|
| In Quaker Oats      | 7 p.c.  | In hen's eggs | 65 p.c. |
| In round steak      | 60 p.c. | In oysters    | 88 p.c. |
| In veal cutlets     | 63 p.c. | In tomatoes   | 94 p.c. |
| In fish             | 66 p.c. | In potatoes   | 62 p.c. |

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Here is what a breakfast serving costs in some necessary foods at this writing:

| Cost per serving    |     |
|---------------------|-----|
| Dish of Quaker Oats | 1c  |
| Serving of meat     | 8c  |
| Serving of fish     | 8c  |
| Lamb chop           | 12c |
| Two eggs            | 8c  |

In cost er serving these other good foods run from 8 to 12 times Quaker Oats.

In cost per serving these other energy measure of food value—they will average nine times Quaker Oats.

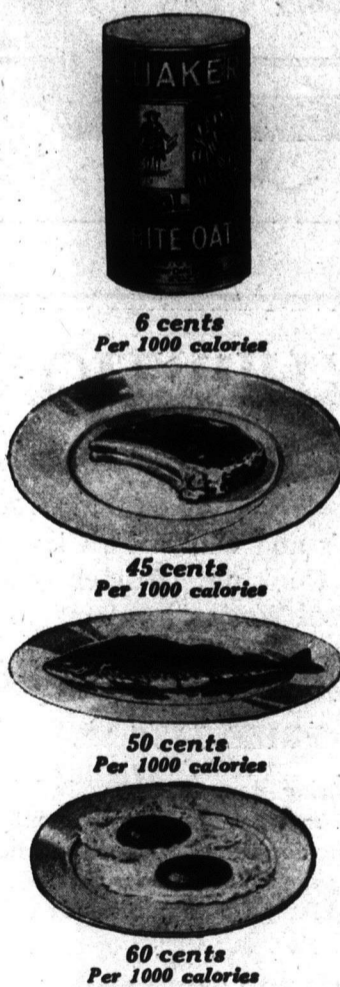
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## The Death Leap

Continued from Page 11

come Wood, and during the nights that followed he made several similar raids on other farms—farms far distant from his own home, and located on the ranges of other foxes. In this manner he became familiar with an immense belt of country all up and down the Redstone River—came to know the gaps in the walls, the gates with the narrowest bars, the drains and the swamps, all of which were endlessly useful to him in the way of baffling the clumsy sheep dogs.

One day, when all was very quiet, Fireflank stole from his subterranean dwelling and fell to amusing himself by tearing the bark off a dead tree in order to nose out the insects hibernating beneath it. Presently a movement near by attracted his notice, and looking up he saw another young fox standing quite near with ears acock, eyeing him enquiringly. Fireflank uttered a rumbling growl and his mane stood on end, but the newcomer did not stir. Fireflank moved to the windward side to get the caller's body scent. Both seemed satisfied, and they approached in attitudes of armed neutrality to sniff each other's noses. Thus formally introduced they considered themselves on terms of discussion, and half an hour later, strange to relate, the two solitary little dog foxes were curled up together in Fireflank's den, sharing each other's warmth.

Whence Goldeye had come I do not know, but he proved to be the most warm-hearted, silly-good-natured little fox cub that ever poked his nose into a cold mouse hole. The two foxes now took to hunting together, and ere their strange partnership was a week old it all but culminated in a tragedy for one or both of them. It happened thus:

With intermittent breaks the Frost King still held the country in his iron grip, and Fireflank and Goldeye, hard pressed for food, one night stole through the high boundary wall and out on the moor above Garolome. Here the snow lay in deep drifts among the crags; there were blue mountain hares and red grouse in the heather, but the foxes were after nobler game. They paused on a ridge, and sniffed the icy wind. It bore to them a strange scent, like the scent of sheep only more potent, for it was the scent of the half wild goat herd that dwells to this day among the crags of the Redstone Rigg.

Goldeye showered his kisses on Fireflank's nose to indicate his eagerness, then silently up wind they stole, keeping to the hollows, never showing themselves against the sky-line. There were the wild goats, basking in an open space among the crags—twenty or thirty strong, comprising mothers with their kids and one enormous billy who possessed towering, upsweeping horns.

Hidden in a hollow the two foxes decided upon their plan of campaign. Goldeye was to dash right in—which was just his mark!—looking as big and terrible as possible, and thus, having scattered the herd, Fireflank would single out one old nanny and keep her occupied, while Goldeye drove her kid down the slope away from the rest, and thus made sure of it.

Now this scheme would probably have worked very nicely had the goats been sheep instead of what they were, but being goats—and Fireflank and Goldeye knew about as much about goats as they knew about Euclid—it was just as likely to succeed as it was to evolve itself into a pleasant afternoon tea party.

Goldeye carried out his instructions to a nicety. He stole up unseen to within a few paces, then dashed out towards the goats, bristling and snarling. They, for their part, should now have scattered like chaff before a cyclone, but they did nothing of the sort. Every nursing mother of the clan calmly got up and sniffed her kid. The billy also got up, shaking his noble head, stamping his forehoofs and glaring at the fox. Then, in a perfectly orderly manner, without panic, even without haste, the whole herd, led by a disreputable old nanny, teamed out along a narrow shelf running across the face of the precipice to the north. The billy held the way till all were gone, then, with dignity, he too followed.

Once on the shelf the goats began to move, running in single file—drifting like a string of ghosts along the black face of the crags, while the rumble of hoofs filled the air. "Chase them!" yapped Fireflank, and suiting the action to the words he bounded out along the shelf in hot pursuit, Goldeye yapping wildly at his heels.

The shelf was scarcely two feet in width, and below them was a black fall through space almost sheer to the valley. Pell-mell along the perilous path the two young foxes ran, till they reached a point at which the mountain side jugged out, the trail beyond it invisible, and here, just round the corner, that fearless old billy was awaiting them. Fireflank was face to face with him in the twinkling of an eye. Down went those sweeping horns, and with a snort the old warrior dashed to meet the fray.

Another second and Fireflank would have been swept to meet his doom, but in that narrow interval of time he saw a protruding boulder jutting out from the face of the cliff twelve feet below. He made a desperate leap for it, and as he left the shelf the battering ram of bone and muscle hurtled past him, filling his eyes with dust. Goldeye had already turned back and was fleeing for his life, so, glaring and shaking his head at Fireflank, now secure below, the billy plunged on into the night after his harem.

Fireflank glanced about him. Only a young and foolish fox would have found himself in such a predicament, for there he was, perched dizzily on a pinnacle protruding from the sheer face of the precipice, gloomy space beneath him, night on every side, and positively no way up or down. He saw immediately that he was a fixture, and remain here he must—until, pressed by hunger, perhaps, he might nerve himself to making that risky and well nigh impossible leap back to the shelf. He began to whine pitifully, at which Goldeye came back and peered down at him, seeming to think his predicament vastly amusing. He yapped in mockery, while Fireflank growled thunder, and eventually Goldeye sauntered off leaving him to his fate.

But with the first streak of dawn Goldeye was back. All ridicule had left him now, he whined anxiously, and had there been a way down he would doubtless have descended to Fireflank's side, which was the sort of silly thing he would do. When daylight came he sneaked off into the heather near, overlooking the imprisoned Fireflank, and curled himself up there.

Some hours later two peregrines spied the stranded fox, and came hurtling down from the clouds, screaming savagely, and apparently intent on driving Fireflank over the edge with their lashing wings, but Goldeye dashed out along the shelf and stood above his friend, fangs gleaming, mane on end, and the peregrines planed and looped and cork-screwed back into the clouds.

The wretched day passed, night came with cold, driving sleet, and the noble little Goldeye, himself lean with hunger, appeared on the shelf above carrying a blue mountain hare. He dropped it to his mate and Fireflank caught it, feasting hungrily.

Again the cold grey dawn stole across the valley, and then, from away down the corrie at the foot of the crag, there sounded the barking of dogs. There was silence, then the dogs appeared at the foot of the crag, coming in this direction, and with them a man with a gun—a game warden! Foxes are not protected in these wild hills, in fact they are shot and trapped whenever possible.

Fireflank crouched low, in terror now, while Goldeye watched anxiously from his outlook near. To them the appearance of the man and dogs could mean but one thing—that the imprisoned Fireflank was seen, and they were coming to destroy him. Steadily the three approached, the man constantly pausing to peer up the face of the crags—looking for the peregrines really, though the foxes did not know this. They knew only that it was a time of mortal peril, and it was then that Goldeye did a very noble thing, which many a fox has done to save its cubs, but few have done to save one of their own kind who was purely a friend. He stole cautiously out to meet the man and his dogs—to lead

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**The Death Leap**

*Continued from Page 12*

them off in pursuit of himself and so save Fireflank.

Thus the keeper was suddenly surprised to see a little red fox loping across the open space just ahead of him in full view of the dogs, but also that Goldeye had never learnt the exact range of firearms! The keeper carried a long barrelled, ten bore gun, charged with heavy shot, and in an instant little Goldeye was aware of stinging pains all over his body, as though a swarm of hornets had attacked him. He yelped and doubled his pace, not mortally wounded though severely injured, and behind him came those two iron limbed missiles of death, schooled in all the lore of mountain foxes and nursing a bitter feud against their kind.

Fireflank, on the pinnacle above, watched the opening of the chase—saw the two hounds closing, closing, while Goldeye, limping as he ran, and leaving little spots of blood upon the whiteness of the snow, headed for a sheep hole in the wall and vanished.

Did Fireflank understand? Did he realize that his friend was gambling with death on his behalf? Be that as it may the sight of the chase excited him, seemed to make him desperate, and he forgot even his terror of the man.

Thus the keeper, looking up the face of the cliff, saw what he thought was a sheet of brown paper caught by the wind and beating against a shelf, till he realized that there was no wind. Then he heard a yelp, and realized that what he saw was a fox, leaping desperately to gain the goat track, leaping and falling

back again and again in mortal peril of sliding to his doom. The range was too great and the keeper stumbled towards a nearer point, but as he went he saw the fox gain a hold with its forepaws on the extreme edge of the shelf, and writhing, struggling madly, haul up till its hind paws gained a hold, and so on to safety. In a moment it was gone—racing along the shelf and into the heather, and the keeper swore softly.

Yet he knew he had seen a noble thing—he had seen a fox risk everything to save its mate, crag-bound on the shelf above!

Goldeye, in the meantime, hard pressed by the dogs, was making desperate efforts to regain Garolgame Wood, and each time he headed in that direction one of the dogs headed him off. His tongue was lolling now, his steps lacked their buoyancy, and every here and there a crimson spot on the snow told the tragic story. The trees seemed to sway before his eyes, a mistiness enveloped the trail ahead, and—goodness, how weary he was! His limbs ached, his brain throbbed, a burning thirst racked his throat, yet just behind him were those red-eyed snarling dogs, ready to tear him asunder. Once he fell; it was at the crest of a deeply washed watercourse, and one dog was upon him in a trice. Down they went together, over the edge, rolling and sliding down the almost perpendicular bank of moving shale, to land with a thud and split asunder among the rocks sixty feet below. The fox fell lightly and was up in an instant, but the fall shattered the breath out of the dog and left him panting. Goldeye headed tottering down the rocky bed of

*Continued on Page 14*

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When you end your corn with Blue-jay, it will be the last corn you let grow.

You will know how to stop the pain. And how to quickly and completely end all corns.

There are millions who use Blue-jay now, and they never let a corn remain.

**The new-day way**

Blue-jay is the new-day way, the scientific method.

It was perfected in a laboratory world-famed for its surgical dressings.

It is supplanting the many treatments which are harsh and inefficient.

It has made paring as ridiculous as it is unsafe, for paring doesn't end corns.

Do this tonight:

Apply to a corn a Blue-jay



© B & B 1920

plaster or the liquid Blue-jay—whichever you prefer.

Mark how the pain stops. Then wait a little and the corn will loosen and come out.

What that corn does all corns will do. Some 20 million corns a year are ended in this way.

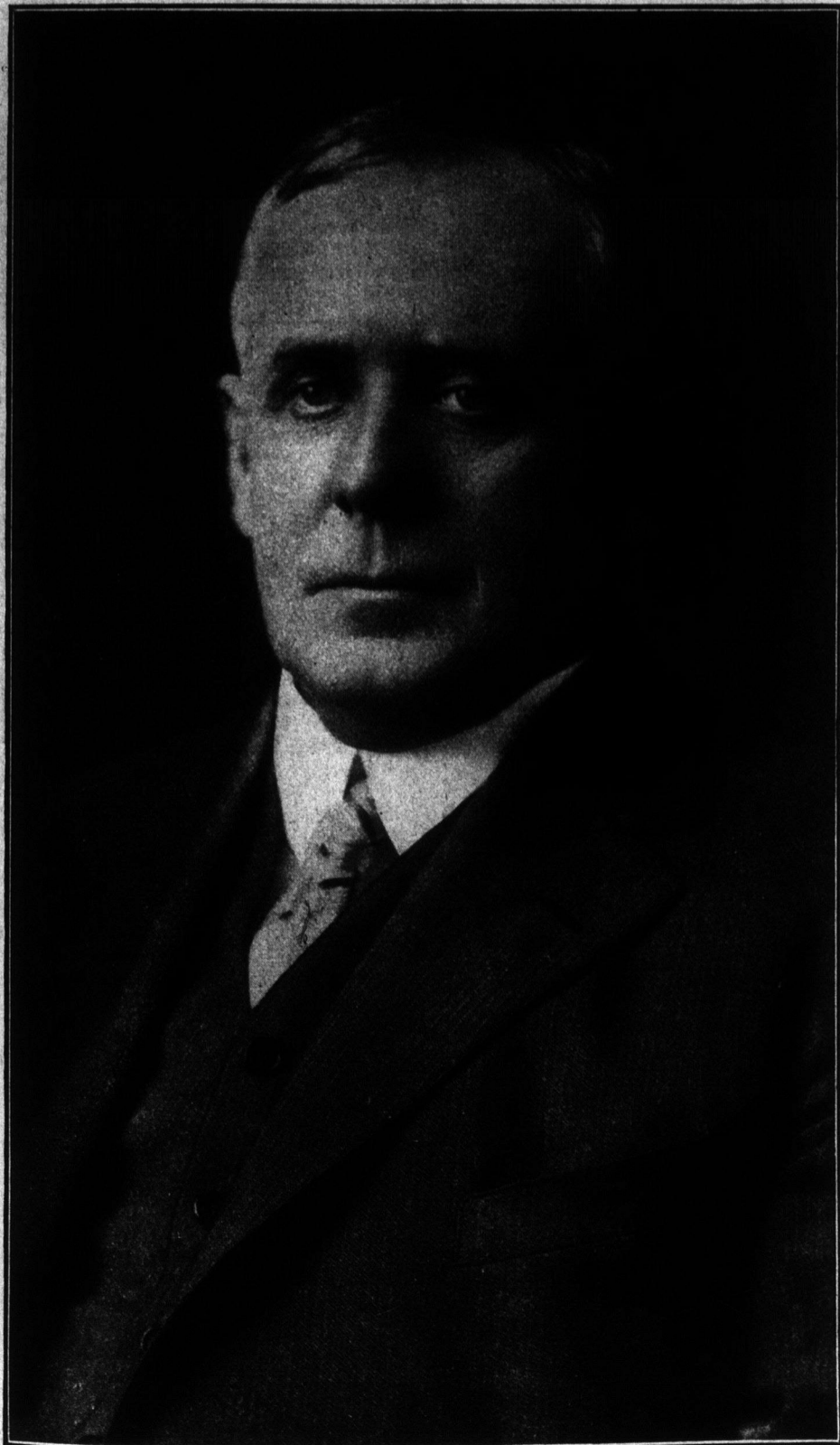
Don't suffer corns. Don't have your feet disfigured. They can be ended almost as easily as a dirt-spot on your face. They are just as inexcusable.

Don't forget this. It means too much to you.

Ask your druggist for Blue-jay.

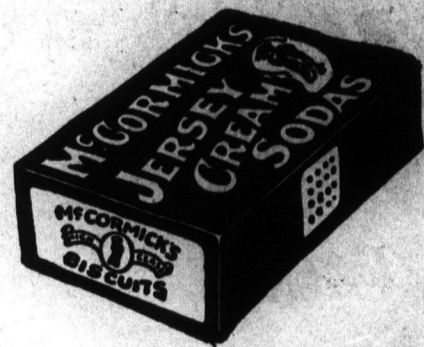
**B & B Blue-jay**  
Plaster or Liquid  
The Scientific Corn Ender

BAUER & BLACK, Limited Chicago Toronto New York  
Makers of Sterile Surgical Dressings and Allied Products



The Hon. T. C. Norris, Prime Minister of Manitoba since 1915, who will shortly appeal to the people for the re-election of his government, on the strength of their record in office.

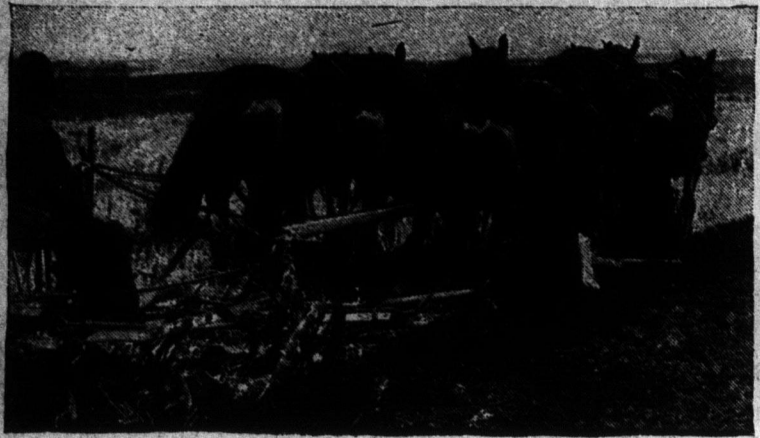
The airtight package preserves their oven freshness, crispness and purity.



**McCormick's**  
Jersey Cream Sodas

Factory at LONDON, Canada.

Branches at Montreal, Ottawa, Hamilton, Kingston, Winnipeg, Calgary, Port Arthur, St. John, N.B.



Are you thirsty for something different—more satisfying? Millions of town people and farmers have learned the way of

Delicious and Refreshing

**Coca-Cola**

A case of two dozen bottles is the cleanest, most convenient method of meeting the unusual and everyday need for a natural and satisfactory beverage.



Demand the genuine by full name—nicknames encourage substitution.

THE COCA-COLA CO.  
WINNIPEG

Buy a bottle  
or case

**The Death Leap**

*Continued from Page 13*

the creek, at which the second dog came tobogganing down the bank of shale in savage, bristling pursuit.

Goldeye tottered. Could he make it?—no! No! His own life's blood, teeming from a wound in his scalp, got into his eyes, his heart was thumping like a trip hammer, and behind him, not ten paces behind, came the leading hound. At the foot of the gorge, fifty yards ahead, he decided to turn at bay—to stand and fight for his life to the bitter end!

But as he neared this point there was a flash of gold and russet, and there, behind a windfall, stood Fireflank, white-fanged and prepared—a terrible little fighting machine, ready to meet his foes on their own ground—ready to take up the desperate gamble with death on his friend's behalf. Goldeye slipped weakly past him, then as the hound came dashing up Fireflank shot from his retreat like a bursting shell. His big tail struck the hound across the eyes, momentarily blinding him—snap, click, snap went his jaws, and the dog, thrown from the trail he was running, turned with dripping muzzle to face his assailant.

But Fireflank was up and away, sliding under the windfall, gliding in and out among the rocks, both hounds bellowing their hatred, following by sight. Away down to the river he led them, then across from rock to rock, through the poultry yard of the farm he knew, scattering the hens like chaff, then up a little-frequented valley that led to a land of dead and abandoned lead mines in the heart of the Bentland Heights.

Fireflank was running easily, but for the hounds it was the stiffest chase they had ever known. Now and then the fox seemed almost within reach, then suddenly he would slide through a gate with bars so narrow that the dogs bruised their backs and their shoulder bones trying to wriggle after him. Once he skimmed daintily down the sheer mountain side, leaping from rock to rock, but his heavy pursuers, hard behind him, set a veritable avalanche moving, and were almost annihilated by the crashing boulders. At the foot of the slope the fox looked round and leered at them, then down the valley again, back the way he had come towards the river and the friendly Garolgome.

There was a breath of icy wind, the snow flakes began to fall, blotting out all objects thirty paces away. Through the whirling whiteness Fireflank ran, decoying on his pursuers, ready now to lose them in the blizzard, for his breath was giving out. Then harsh fate dealt a stunning blow to the hunted fox, robbing him, in the moment of triumph, of his glorious gifts, for leaping the wall and landing on the highroad near the farm Fireflank trod on something—on a pointed spike of glass, buried in the snow! It passed clean through his forepaw, all but stunning him with agony, and hearing his yelp the dogs doubled their efforts, drew in behind him, encouraged to the utmost of their speed by his close proximity.

On three legs now, scarcely able to hold his own, sick with pain, panting for breath, Fireflank headed for home—straight and true, knowing that life lay in that direction only. He gained the

river bank with not a yard to spare; he felt the hot breath of the hounds on his flanks, and knew that they would catch him ere he could get across. Then he remembered—remembered another chase, glorious in its triumph! Quickly he turned and dashed down stream—down along the grassy bank till the thunder of the falls filled the air.

The single rock in midstream was covered with snow to-day, but beneath the snow was a coat of ice. Fantastic ice formations festooned every rock and clung in clusters from every beard of moss. Fireflank leaped, using his wounded paw and leaving a crimson imprint—he leapt and landed, light as a thistle seed, buoyant as a russet leaf of autumn, landed and floated on towards the rocks of his secure home.

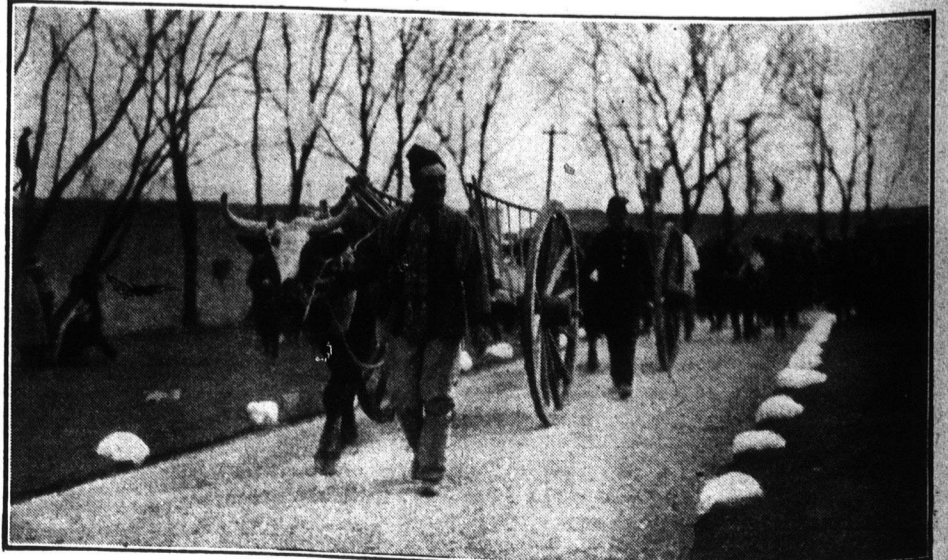
The hounds did not falter, and through the whirling whiteness they too leapt for the pointed rock in mid-stream. Instantly the first lost his foothold, clawed desperately for a moment but was caught by the tide and whirled away, uttering the cry of a dog who knows itself doomed. Unwaveringly, fearlessly, the second also leapt, gained a footing, slithered back, clawed to the top, slithered over, then fell back downwards over the edge, lashing the water into foam. And he too was drawn over the brink of the fall, to be shattered lifeless among the rocks, caught by the eddies of the whirlpool, sucked into its vortex, and so, beaten and pulped, to become the sport of the waves.

Long after darkness had fallen the voice of a man could be heard along the river bank, calling for his dogs as he searched the whirling whiteness. The snow had covered all signs, he could not tell what had happened, but it was only the stubborn Celtic blood in his veins that bade him continue the search long after all hope was relinquished. He knew that his dogs had been decoyed to their doom, he knew that he would never see them again, yet far into the night he searched. And when at length he turned his steps wearily homewards he heard from the heart of Garolgome Wood a mocking "yap-yap," which told him that he and his dogs were the sport of the wild creatures they had designed to kill.

**IN JUNE**

June's the time when all the wild things come a-peeping in the grass,  
When the buttercups and daisies bob and curtsy as you pass;  
Such a flushing, such a blushing of the roses, pink and red,  
Such a stirring, such a whirring of wee bird-wings overhead,  
Such a tilting, such a lilt of the bonny bobolinks—  
Oh, the June days are the joy-days of the whole glad year, methinks!

June's the time when all the children come a-dancing out of school,  
Out to find the wild strawberries, and the fishes in the pool;  
Such a tripping, such a skipping, such a rush of eager feet,  
Such a sounding and resounding of gay voices, clear and sweet—  
Ah, 'tis you, wee lads and lassies, with bright faces all aglow,  
Make the June-days just the joy-days of the whole glad year, I know!



Transcontinental 1879. Hudson's Bay Pageant. May 3rd, 1920, Winnipeg.



# The Greater Duty

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Francis J. Dickie

**D**UCK!" a man's voice shouted. Another's breath doused the big oil light. In the quick following blackness a revolver spat, its momentary flame lighting fitfully the cabin's single room.

Darkness again—the dead hush of tense, horror freighted air—then, after a breathless second, the soft slithering of unsteady moccasined feet on rough plank floor, and quick in the wake of this the sound of striking, inert human body, a hollow, heavy thud, gruesome in the silent blackness of the room. Almost in unison came the padding of another pair of moccasins, barely audible, yet clearly conveying the direction of their owner's steps. Only a moment this continued, dying in the feint creak and jarring slam of swiftly opening and closing door.

II

Corporal Morton snapped closed the fast metal clasp on his hip-length bearskin coat, pulled on a bit tighter the matching fur cap, drew on his mitts and, thus full prepared against the cold of northern winter night, pause, eyeing regretfully the comfort of his quarters.

The big tin Arctic-heater, now tight damped, hummed softly, from its rounded black sides and low conical top, wave on wave of heat atoms shimmered upwards in an endless succession of tenuous, rippling lines, no longer colorless, but tinged faintly golden under the play of yellow rays from the kerosene lamp. The room was somnolently warm; the air still strong with the fragrant incense of fresh pipe smoke from a tobacco redolent of much perique. A rough table occupied the centre of the floor; on it, face down and open, a magazine lay close to the zincware lamp. Beside this stood the Corporal's just vacated plain arm chair, its harsh outlines however, almost completely hidden by covering coyote pelts and a big cushion of goose feathers, covered by coarse brown twill. Despite the roughness of this furniture, the log walls and board bunk in the corner farthest from the stove, there was something attractive about the living room, a certain indefinable air portraying more surely than words that its solitary occupant was a home loving body.

"Gee, I wish the regulations would let me have him here with me," he voiced aloud, his eyes passing swiftly from object to object till finally they settled upon the magazine he had reluctantly put down the minute before, right in the middle of a most interesting story. "Now, I wanted to finish that story," he went on still aloud, after the fashion one much alone falls into, "but I guess I'd better slip down to the settlement and see the kid's all right. Now, if I could only keep him here with me, I'd be able to keep cases on him a little better." He shrugged his shoulders; tried to smile impatiently at his fears, and growled: "Getting to be a regular old woman, I am—a regular old woman."

But his face did not clear. Leaning over the table he blew out the light, crossed the room, and stepped out into the early born night, where the Northern Lights had just begun their dancing. Across all the expanse of sky they were, and wide; a shimmering sheen, disporting upon the vast blue bowl of heaven in multi and vari-colored brightness, softly brilliant, radiant though subdued. Moving in wonderful array, this driving host of hyperborean space ran in an undulating ribbon on the breast of night, then retired, to rush forth and back again in ceaseless play, while below the grey wilderness, crouching there under the frost and snow, listened grim and silent to the sounding of their dancing, at first but faint and weird rustling like gently crushed and bruised silk, then louder, till all the sleeping winter world became alive with tiny crackings, as the simultaneous snappings of the lashes on a million million toyish whips.

Yet the esthetic soul of Corporal Tenner Morton—usually responsive to all things beautiful—refused now to thrill at the sight, one often seen, and, until now, never fully without charm. To-night, however, his eyes travelled straight to where, two hundred yards away, the dozen cabins and three stores of Pelican Settlement lay dark against the snow.

Morton's cabin—known officially as Pelican Patrol Headquarters, one of the many lesser Mounted Police Posts in Division "N"—lay on the side of a hog's back ridge perhaps a hundred feet higher than the settlement snuggling in the valley below, giving him a bird's-eye view of the entire place.

From several of the cabin windows pin-points of light glowed through the soft dark, and out of every chimney the smoke, in slow, thick columns, climbed straight up, strangely like solemn, snow shrouded conifers painted by some fantastic artistry of the frost—and seeing this last, Morton knew how bitter was the cold, without needing to glance at the thermometer hanging beside the door.

A moment his gaze took in the whole scene, then his eyes came to rest upon the cabin nearest him, one lying back and a little apart from the rest. He eyed it frowningly.

For three years he had covered the four hundred odd square miles of his patrol, till now he knew every watercourse and trail, and the white and halfbreed trappers and small farming "squatters," in ahead of the survey, that dwelt within the land. Yet it was only lately that worry had come with its wearing strain and rust to rasp his nerves.

This was not caused by trouble within his district—for Pelican Patrol was fairly quiet, no different from most of these northern ones—but through the coming, in the late Fall some three months previously, of his brother Charley, aged twenty-two.

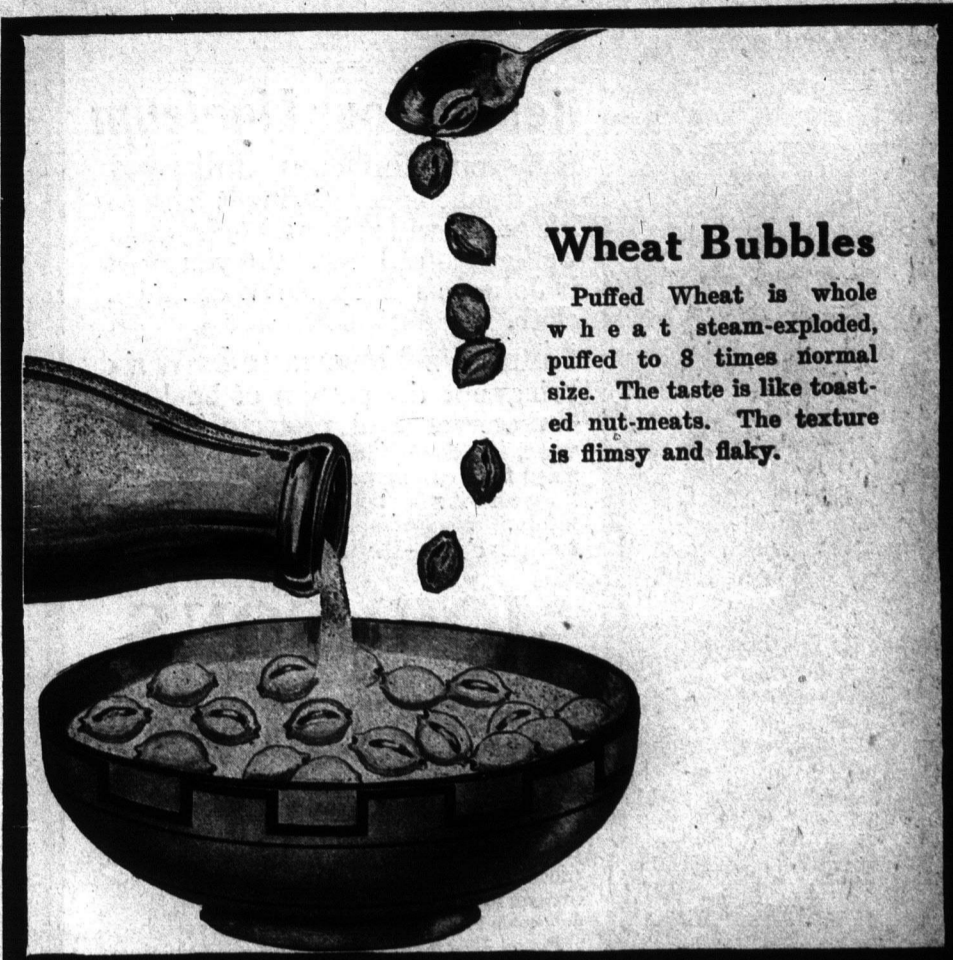
Charlie, ten years his junior, had been shipped post haste from the effete and distant East by frantic parents, after the boy, as assistant teller in the Merchants Bank, had gambled two thousand dollars that should have remained reposing in the strong boxes of that institution. To make this good, Morton here had hastily placed a mortgage upon his corner grocery, thus saving Charlie from jail and the family name from public disgrace. Then, with that fanatic faith and hope common to all parents, they had shipped Charley to his brother in the north, in the fond belief that few years spent where no temptations could harass would bring him to the age of riper judgment when he might once more safely return to the places of crowded things.

Corporal Tenner Morton, being a good son and, too, fonder of Charley than brothers generally are, had accepted the burden almost happily. And, being a general favorite with all the community, it had required little importuning upon his part to place Charley as bookkeeper and general store assistant to "Ginger" Smith, a veteran trader of the northland. Smith ran a string of small trading posts throughout the surrounding territory, with a headquarters one at Pelican. Finding his new assistant competent he had, for the past two months, left everything in Charley's hands at Pelican, while he spent his time between the other points of his string where business was always brisk with the deepening of winter.

This, while highly gratifying to Corporal Morton, had only increased his worry, for once again Charley was placed in control of a large sum of money; and Pelican Settlement, wilderness though it was, was yet perhaps a more dangerous spot than even a great city to one possessed of the gambling mania, for in the silent places time often hangs heavy on men's hands, and, unafforded the many sane and natural pastimes of civilized centres, they fall the more easily into reckless drinking and high play, the better to break the monotony of their days.

In Pelican lived "Piano" Jack Munro, an "ex-parlor house professor," and at the moment proprietor of the big cabin which Corporal Morton's eyes now rested upon. Within the cabin a card game went continually on. Here, too, Piano Jack sold whiskey, the same being forbidden north of fifty-three. But, though Corporal Morton had thrice raided the place in the past year, he had either come at the wrong time, or Piano's cache was too cunningly hidden, for never once had he found incriminating liquor upon the premises.

Continued on Page 16



## Wheat Bubbles

Puffed Wheat is whole wheat steam-exploded, puffed to 8 times normal size. The taste is like toasted nut-meats. The texture is flimsy and flaky.

# Children Forget

## All Other Dishes When They Get This

You never tasted cereals that compare with Puffed Grains. Other grain foods lose their charm when children once know these.

Why not then serve them morning, noon and night? And in a dozen ways?

Both are whole grains with whole-grain nutrition.

Both are steam-exploded. Every food cell is blasted by Prof. Anderson's process. So every atom feeds. No other process so fits these grains for food.



### Flimsy Tidbits

But they are whole grains made delightful and easy to digest.

## Too Good, Some Mothers Say

Some mothers say that Puffed Grains are too good. Children eat too many, displacing other foods.

But Puffed Wheat in milk is the greatest food that children ever get. All the 16 food elements are there, and fitted to digest. Whatever food Puffed Wheat displaces, the child is better for it. Few people ever get enough of the minerals in whole wheat.



### Blend with Fruit

These flimsy, crusty morsels add enticements.

In the morning serve with cream and sugar. At night in bowls of milk. For variety's sake serve both Puffed Grains. But the greatest is Puffed Wheat.

## Puffed Wheat

## Puffed Rice

Both Steam-Exploded—8 Times Normal Size



### After School

Crisp a Puffed Grain and lightly douse with butter. Let children eat like peanuts or popcorn. Nothing you can serve to hungry children is so good for them.



### Use Like Nuts

Use Puffed Rice like nut-meats in home candy making, or as garnish on ice cream. The flimsy grains taste like toasted nut-meats puffed.

# The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers

Peterborough, Canada

Saskatoon, Canada

3399



## Renew Your Linoleum

IS your linoleum dull and deadlooking? Bring it back to life and it will reflect a bright, clean well-cared-for home. All you need is Johnson's Prepared Wax and a cloth.

Johnson's Prepared Wax brings out the pattern of linoleum—preserves and protects it from wear. It doesn't take long—an ordinary sized floor can be polished in less than an hour and it may be walked upon immediately. Waxed linoleum and tile are easy to keep clean—they require but little care.

## JOHNSON'S Paste - Liquid - Powdered PREPARED WAX

Johnson's Prepared Wax is the ideal furniture polish—but it does more than merely polish—it renders the same service as a piece of plate glass over a desk, table or dresser-top.

Johnson's Prepared Wax has a form for every use:

**Paste**—The perfect floor polish—wood, linoleum or tile.

**Liquid**—For polishing furniture, woodwork, leather goods and automobiles.

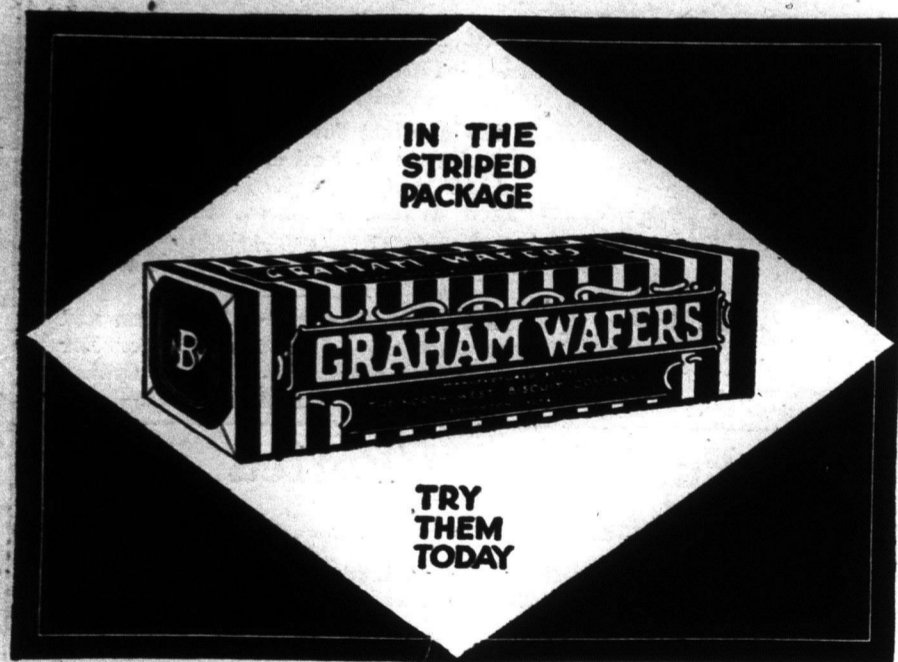
**Powdered**—For a perfect dancing surface.

We have just purchased a large tract of land at Brantford, Ontario, on which to erect a Canadian plant. We are absorbing Canadian exchange and have subscribed heavily to Canadian bonds.

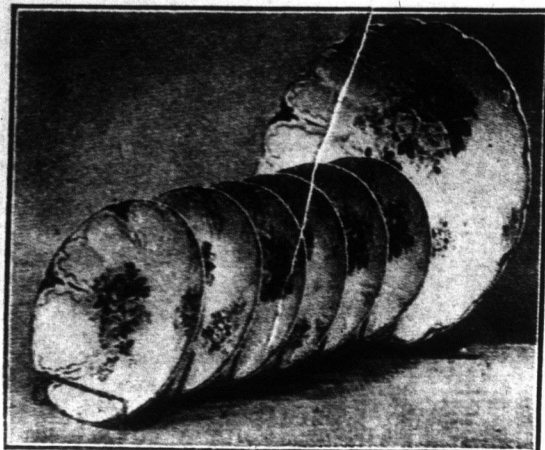
Your dealer has "JOHNSON'S"  
—don't accept a substitute.

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, RACINE, WIS., U.S.A.

"The Wood Finishing Authorities"  
Established 38 Years



## How about a Berry Set?



A VERY USEFUL and ornamental set, and one that you will be proud to have on your table when folks drop in to see you. Good quality china, and the hand decorations are very pretty indeed. We will forward you this seven-piece Berry Set on receipt of only three new subscriptions.

The Western Home Monthly  
WINNIPEG

## The Greater Duty

Continued from Page 15

As for the card game, he was helpless; for regarding such things the Canadian law is intricate, and in its rulings goes rather to help the gambler than the upholders of the law. Thus, while Morton knew that within "Piano" Jack's cabin a card game went almost continually on—from which the proprietor derived a fat living in the form of "rake-off"—the Mounted Policeman knew that until such time as he could procure two competent witnesses to swear to the existence of this "rake-off" it was useless to proceed against "Piano" Jack. The mere fact that cards were played within the house did not constitute an offence against the law—the taking of a "rake-off" had to be proved by at least two witnesses, and so far Corporal Morton had been unable to find two men willing to enter "Piano" Jack's for such purpose. This grieved him, for, while he held no malice against the cabin's proprietor, Corporal Morton was thorough policeman, holding duty first at all times. Too, with Charley's arrival, "Piano" Jack's place became a spot of new menace in the officer's eyes, standing as it did a continual temptation to the boy's gambling loving nature.

As yet the Corporal had had no proof that his younger brother had ever entered "Piano" Jack's. Several times, late at night, he had dropped down unexpectedly to Smith's store, always to find Charley at home in the little back room. Still, despite these evidences of good behaviour, the Corporal was worried, for he, being often away days at a time upon patrol, Charley had ample opportunities to frequent "Piano" Jack's without his knowledge.

So now to-night—though but a few hours returned from a hard three day trip—the Corporal was deserting the comfort of his warm room, book and pipe, to satisfy himself again that Charley was all right.

Then, just as he went to step upon the trail, and while his eyes still lingered on the light shining from the cabin window of "Piano" Jack's, the beam winked out. Almost with it came a revolver's detonation, the sound hollow, muffled, but still plainly audible in that frosty air.

Every instinct of police nature aroused, Morton broke into a run. With half the distance still to cover he saw the light flare out once more; but, the entrance door being on the side away from him, could not see whether anyone left the building.

Fully conscious of the value of even seconds if a murder had been committed and the killer escaped, Morton ran his best, bringing up panting before the door. Not knowing what to expect he drew his gun, then, pulling the latch string, threw the door open and sprang into the room, covering its occupants as he did so.

It was all quite unnecessary; and seeing, Morton put away his gun, crossed the room to a round table, near the farther side of which, and standing a little back therefrom, half a dozen breeds were standing staring stolidly at two white men kneeling over a still form upon the floor.

As Morton came forward they rose,

giving him full view of the fallen one. It was "Piano" Jack.

"Well?" Morton said, interrogatively eyeing the two.

Neither spoke for a moment. Then Dutch Webber, an independent trader, said: "He's dead."

"Damn it, man, that's evident," the policeman snapped, angered at the fatuity of the remark, "but how'd it happen?"

Instead of replying, Webber turned his gaze upon his partner, Durant, in his eyes a queerly fearful light. Following his glance, the Corporal fastened his eyes upon Durant's face; but he too remained silent, dropping his head to avoid the look and uneasily shuffling his feet.

Now thoroughly exasperated by this continued silence on the part of two men with whom he was upon the friendliest terms, the policeman roared, "If this is murder, and you're stalling to let the murderer get away, so help me I'll arrest you both as accessories, if you don't speak up. But even this threat elicited no response.

Furious, Morton turned his attention to the half breeds. "You—Johnny Boileau"—he growled, pointing a menacing finger at a swarthy youth, the most intelligent of the group,—tell me who shot "Piano" Jack?"

A moment the boy hesitated, his eyes dropping as Durant's had done; then, suddenly brave, he blurted out: "Charley kill heem; your brudair Charley."

"Great God!" Very low, very hoarse, his tone that of a stricken animal, Morton breathed the words. He shrank a step back, and in the pained hush that followed the announcement there came floating through the open doorway the momentary ecstatic yelping whine of huskies when first taking to the trail.

At that sound, Morton's official self leaped back into active being; the personal equation of brotherly love, all ordinary feeling that had swayed him for the moment, became secondary, without weight or power now to stem or stay his answering to the call of duty. He stood no longer individual, no longer as a distinct entity capable of controlling and guiding his actions along any personally desired groove in the scheme of things, but as the Law incarnate, a man apart, different from all these others, a mere flesh and blood cog in a vast organization that, like some perfect machine, moved relentlessly, though without fear or favor, demanding always from each and every part of its human mechanism unswerving loyalty, unquestioning obedience and prompt and unflinching action against all those who offended against its tenets and decrees.

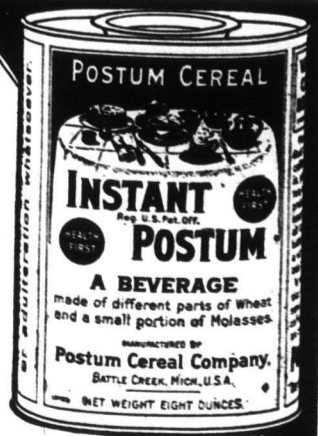
So, after a moment, turning once more directly to the two white men, Morton said: "Tell me about it, Durant—just as it happened."

"Well, all right," Durant replied, plunging into the story. "Charley found 'Piano' cheating'. You see, the two of them been playin' almost without a break for two days now, with 'Piano' winnin' steady," he waved his hand to the pile of bills littered on one side of the table, and went on rapidly: "Dutch and me wasn't in it. We'd only just dropped in a little while before from our store, bein' kinda inter-

Continued on Page 49

Less Trouble  
to make your table  
beverage when it is

# INSTANT POSTUM



It is made instantly by adding  
hot water to a spoonful in the cup  
stirring and adding sugar and  
cream to taste.

Sold by Grocers

# The Poor Man's Fresh Meat—the Clam

It also fills the Fisherman's bait box

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Bonnycastle Dale

**W**HAT are all those big fires over there?" asked Laddie. We were seated by the sea shore. The night had fallen and the prevailing west wind had died down. "Clam bake I guess," I told him. Just as you good people of midcontinent have "corn roasts" and "fish picnics" so do our new neighbors in Nova Scotia have their "clam bakes." And it takes a good host and careful cooking so as not to serve up a nice wee portion of sand with each and every clam. "I guess their bellies are full," irreverently quoth the lad, as wisps of merry songs were borne across the inlet. What other fires have burned along this strand? Only ten generations ago the then French settler watched with alarm the twinkling fires built by boat crews of the attacking British fleet, and on another beach to the westward the natives (Micmacs) built merry fires of the poor settlers' homes and crops. All these warlike scenes are past and gone. The Union Jack replaces the lilies of France. The Indians have gone to their unknown graves; all but a very few; and this forested, sea begirt, peninsula island of Nova Scotia is settled with descendants of Scotch, English and Irish, whose young roast clams where the Indians in olden times had more tragic roasts.

The main use of the festive clam is for bait; bait for the millions of big codfish that swim in the shallow water off the coast. Water to twenty fathoms where the modern steam drag-net (the new fishing boats) will foul every time on the boulder-covered bottom. From where I write this, as far as the eye can see, each and every field and all the shores are covered with great and small boulders and stones left by the retreating ice of the glacial period. If it spoiled the "hay-fields"—the one I see from this window is so bespattered that Laddie could leap from stone to stone across it (yet they take a fair crop of "English hay" from it; the other hay grown wild on the tide flats is known as "red top"). So it was the glacier that deposited the rocks in the fishing grounds and made them so that only handline or trawl fishermen could use them.

Laddie is going out on the morrow with some fishermen to catch the big brown codfish, if he is lucky enough not to hook all dogfish. So, as the baitbox is empty, it is up to him and they to fill it. Anxious eyes watch the retreating tide; as it takes two clams to every hook—two on a cod line and three to five thousand on a trawl, so it takes some digging, as the codfish eats only the soft bag and not the hard snout of the clam. I pictured the four men at the work. They use the N.S. clam hoe, and a good man can dig a bucket of these shell fish in a few minutes where they lie the thickest. They prefer the medium sized clam as the great big chaps have too much snout. It is wonderful how thickly they will lie within

a foot of the top of the sandflat. These are the "soft shell" clams. The big "hard shell" ones are found out on the open ocean shore. The lowest low tide lasted only a small part of an hour; so the men were constantly backing up. Before the tide finally covered the flats they had a good many thousand clams of the right size to pour into the bait boxes. These were then tied to anchors in the tideway and left floating there all night. It is remarkable how long clams will live in a floating box. I have known of a derelict box afloat until it was all chafed and rubbed up by battering for many tides on many shores, yet when we opened it the clams were right and hearty—as if that was their natural course of life. Within a few months these flats on which the clams were dug will again be filled with medium-sized bait. The men I am writing of take bait only for their own fishing. The men over at Fundy Bay dig bait for the fleets of fishing boats which go out to the banks. So they dig on every tide and store their clams alive, others catch and open and salt the bait.

There is an odd yarn of one of the young men of this "southwest shore" (really it is the east shore of Nova Scotia, but in the time of Halifax being the headquarters of the fleet all roads were built out from there; and so this is "southwest" of Halifax all right!) This young man was used to digging clams on this shore where we have only seven-foot tides. Arrived at Fundy and his work obtained he set out with his pails and took an outside position so as to be on good rich clam flats where the other chaps were not bothering him with their clam hoes. He threw his clams in piles as the ground was enormously rich. Once he thought he heard a cry or call, but the wind was setting towards the dory and the other clambers. A rich creaming wave that splashed into his outer pile of clams awoke him to the fact that the tide had him all but cut off. He started in haste to fill his pails or buckets; but the water was over his feet in no time. Discarding everything he started splashing ahead for all he was worth, but he was soon in softer flats and up to the knees. His mates now came rowing towards him and hauled him in. First thing he asked was, "how high does this tide run?" When they told him, "fifty feet odd during blows," he remarked he was lucky that only his legs were wet.

Although it is seldom that we men who follow Natural history work meet strange adventures (all these are met by the writers who never leave their desks—met in their minds) I did see an odd sight made by even the humble clam. I happened to be staying on one of the islands of the Gulf of Georgia. It was cold weather and sometimes at night we had nipping frosts. I was afoot along the great sandspit anxiously watching for seal which "sun" there. None were to be seen. A single blacktail deer, herded by me towards the narrow end of the spit,



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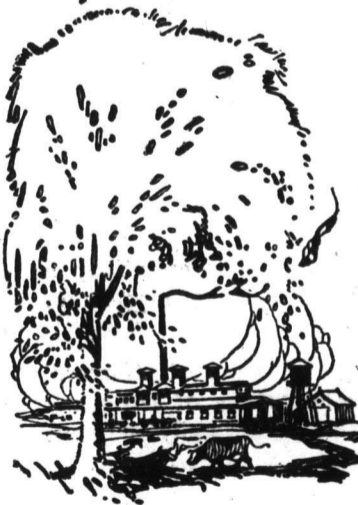
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Nova Scotia fishermen digging clams for bait.



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galloped along like mad, hurling spurts of dry sand ahead and behind. I pussy-footed to cross a tidal runnel when I was astonished to see a whole acre, or more of clams sitting up above the sand in various positions. As I advanced, and the tremors of the sand should have warned them of my approach, not a single one started to slowly dig in. I picked one up. The foot extended sluggishly so I opened it. Quite dead! So, indeed, was every one of the many thousands which made up the colony. It seemed that the unusual weather, which approached zero, had instantly nipped each and every clam as it worked close

ous. One of several feet deep and over an acre in extent tells us that the red man ate of the clam generously. Next to the oyster they are the most valuable shell fish the white man has, and you can't exhaust them. By the way this clam is one of those chaps who wears his skeleton outside. We call it his shell. He has a siphon four inches long which he sticks up through the sand like a marine periscope. Odd that the clam should be found close along the shore and in a hundred fathoms of water also. There is an old saying: "happy as a clam!" If this came from the idea that it "was a long time between drinks" (when tide was out) we will have to coin another, as the only part of the continent that is not bone dry are the clam banks.



Fisherman's shanty in Nova Scotia. In the Spruce Woods.

We think they spawn in May; poor little chaps they are when hatched out by the temperature of the water. They swim around until they are such great big chaps that fifty of them could sit side by side on an inch line. Then they seem to grow faster, as a pint of young clams would grow into four quarts in eight weeks. This is after he got so heavy he could not swim any more. Do not think that man alone preys on them. The great walrus digs them up in huge mouthfuls; the Arctic lives on them at times; gulls, cormorants, crows, crabs, fish, when they can get them. You chaps who are fond of ducks should see the surf ducks swallowing whole mussels and clams as big as a jackknife. Down it goes at one swallow and the bird is already looking for the next. Luckily Mother Nature gave them so acid a digestive juice that these shells, which a man cannot crack save with a good big stone, dissolve in the juices of the stomach in a few hours. Starfish, sculpin, all make a meal on the humble clam. So the two million bushels we use as food along the whole Atlantic coast must be small in comparison with the needs of nature.

below the exposed sand when the tide was out. Then the good old sun got up and warmed that flat and melted off the frozen part. The next tide washed it away and left the clam colony in its natural position, exposed to my eyes. I pictured it and marvelled at it. I think I am the only person favored with this odd sight; as I have never before heard any explanation of just how clams do live below the sands.

These soft shelled clams are very slow diggers when exposed, but the razor shell is not, he is about four inches long and as narrow as a razor handle. We were engaged in a study of these odd things when I heard one grunt. I put my head close down to the steamer rug it was on when lo! and behold! out came its inch-long foot and it tried to bury itself in the wool.

Pardon me, if I have been too diffuse, but there are pages yet to be told about "Mya" the clam, but if ever you come to this wonderful coast, build you a great fire and heat many stones in it. Rake off your fire, lay fresh seaweed upon the hot stones—now a layer of clams, another layer of seaweed, more clams, more seaweed; run around to get an appetite, and the steamed clams eaten from the shells, with a bit of seasoning and that hunger sauce, will make you long remember your clam-bake night.

"Let me take it down to the sand and watch it dig," volunteered Laddie. So off we set. We placed the long thin yellow shelled thing in shallow salt water pool and it lay inert. Within a minute the long flesh foot wriggled out of one end of the shell and dug down into the sand. It was then as narrow as a dew worm, but no sooner was it well buried than it pumped water into the foot and this bulged the lower end which was curved

Why Blossoms Fall

Dear Mother Earth, her children trees  
Clads well in robes of white  
That they may rest in perfect peace  
Through all the winter night.

When spring, the morning, softly dawns,  
She calls each sleeping one,  
Who wakens slowly, sighs, and yawns,  
Till day is well begun.

Soon April brings a shower bath,  
And May fresh garments clean;  
Bright trimmings gay each maiden hath,  
The lads wear sober green.

The sister-winds their playmates are,  
The gentle South and West,  
And quickly come they from afar,  
To help them all get drest.

Each garment new is soon unrolled,  
And smoothed well in its place,  
Till not a crease or crumpled fold  
Can anybody trace.

And then they hum a tuneful song  
And play at in-and-out,  
Until their brothers come along  
And join them with a shout.

The brothers, North and East are rough,  
And play with such wild glee,  
They tear the pretty trimming stuff  
Off every maiden tree.

So this is why the blossoms fall  
And leaves oft times look creased;  
The boisterous brothers do it all  
The merry North and East.

Alma Frances McCollum.

As A Little Child

More things are wrought by prayer  
Than this world dreams of.

—Tennyson



The Nova Scotia clam boy. Laddie getting a mess for lunch.

round a bit, making an actual foot to draw against. This made the entire four-inch shell stand erect on the sand. Evidently the foot was again extended. Again inflated; and down Mr. Razor Shell went almost an inch. Within a few minutes he was in his dark sandy home.

Many the man, hunter, prospector, trapper, who has been obliged to live on these succulent shell fish for many days until he found other food—as the stomach will rebel and expel raw shell fish food after a few days.

"Come down with me till I kill off some of my live stock," is a common saying of the "beachcomber" of the western shores of the continent. Luckily we are spared this semi-gipsy of the shore along Nova Scotian coasts.

The "Kitchenmiddens"—shell heaps left by dead and gone tribes—are enorm-

## Alberta Offers the Real Solution to the Fuel Problem

**Over \$70,000,000 Spent Last Year for Foreign Coal. Canada with One-Sixth of the World's Supply of Coal, Neglects Her Own Resources and Buys in a Foreign Market. Use Canadian Money to Buy Canadian Coal. Assure Next Winter's Comfort by Filling Your Coal Bin Now.**

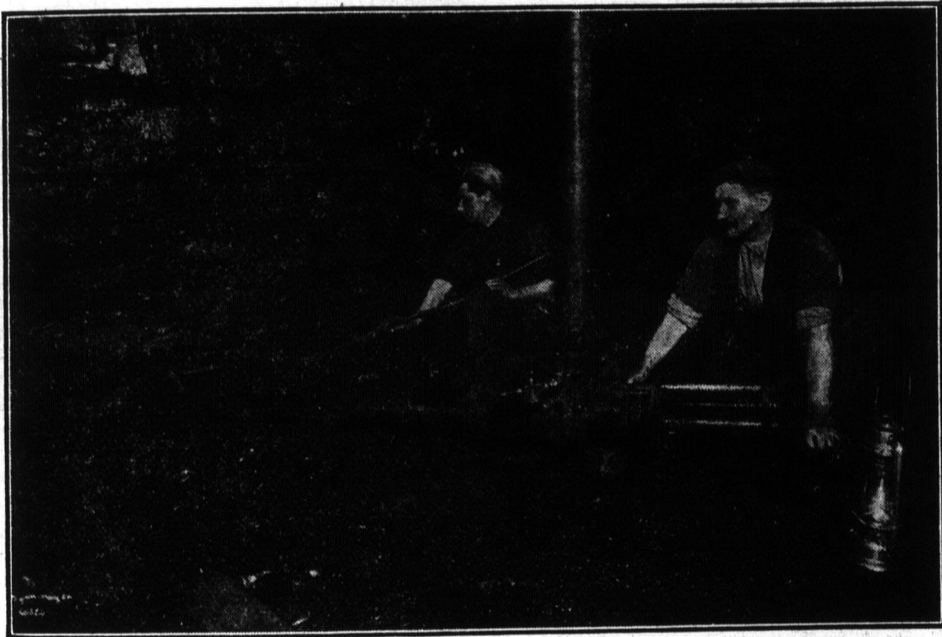
**H**OW many Canadians really understand what a serious matter the fuel question is? How many are there who know that the Canadian people sent \$70,600,000 to the United States last year for coal, \$20,000,000 of which went for shipments through Port Arthur, Fort William, and the western provinces? And yet we talk of greater production, and continue to talk, and while we talk we are busy paying good Canadian money to our American cousins for coal, while we have in Canada one-sixth of all the known coal deposits in the world awaiting development. Under existing conditions we are in the unenviable position of having to depend upon another country for our fuel supply—a very serious situation for a land with such an extreme climate as Canada has.

We only need to read what the United States legislators have been saying of late to fully realize the real state of affairs. Our good friends to the

by residents in territory which could have been supplied just as well and with just as good coal by the Alberta coal mines.

In a recent statement to the press, John T. Sterling, chief inspector of mines for the province of Alberta, stated that a considerable reduction took place in the amount of Alberta coal sold outside of that province during 1919, as compared with the previous year. The actual figures are as follows:—

|                                | 1918             | 1919             |
|--------------------------------|------------------|------------------|
| Sold in Alberta ..             | 3,440,154        | 2,991,110        |
| Sold in British Columbia ..... | 101,189          | 95,461           |
| Sold in Saskatchewan .....     | 1,372,439        | 1,115,329        |
| Sold in Manitoba ..            | 511,168          | 314,290          |
| Sold in Ontario ..             | 629              | 308              |
| Sold in U.S. ....              | 133,276          | 121,212          |
| <b>Total sold .....</b>        | <b>5,558,855</b> | <b>4,637,710</b> |
| <b>Total produced ...</b>      | <b>6,148,620</b> | <b>5,022,412</b> |



Up-to-date methods are used throughout the established mines of Alberta. The above photograph shows miners under-cutting in a deep seam mine preparatory to the use of explosives.

south depend upon Canada to a great extent for their supply of pulp and paper. The Canadian mills have been unable to cope with the demand, with the result that there has been a paper shortage in the U.S.A. United States legislators have discussed the matter at Washington, and some of them have been quite frank in their statements. If Canada cannot supply the United States with the paper her citizens require, why then the United States will have to consider stopping United States coal from being exported to Canada. This serves to drive home, especially to the people of Western Canada, the urgent necessity of developing and using our own coal resources. With her present unlimited coal deposits Canada should not look to another country for fuel.

### Development in Alberta

Eighty-six per cent of the coal resources of Canada are located in Alberta. These coal deposits compare favorably with those of other countries in respect of quality and accessibility. During 1901 the coal production in the whole of the north-west territories was 346,649 tons, while in Alberta alone over 6,000,000 tons were produced in 1918, and over 5,000,000 tons in 1919. The Alberta mines now in actual operation have a capacity of over 9,000,000 tons per annum—4,000,000 tons more than is at present being produced, and yet 2,500,000 tons of coal was purchased from the United States during 1919

This reduction is not confined to Alberta coal, for we find that taking Canada as a whole production is decreasing instead of increasing. The tonnage produced during the past three years in the different provinces was as follows:

|                     | 1917              | 1918              | 1919              |
|---------------------|-------------------|-------------------|-------------------|
| Nova Scotia         | 6,345,000         | 5,838,520         | 5,702,316         |
| New Brunswick ..... | 189,668           | 268,205           | 177,976           |
| Saskatchewan .....  | 360,623           | 347,622           | 381,967           |
| Alberta ..          | 4,873,637         | 6,070,600         | 5,022,412         |
| British Columbia    | 2,660,834         | 2,878,102         | 2,429,211         |
| Yukon .....         | 5,204             | 2,900             | 1,100             |
| <b>Total ....</b>   | <b>14,435,026</b> | <b>15,405,958</b> | <b>13,714,982</b> |

### Where Does Our Coal Come From?

In 1919 the Canadian people imported over 21,000,000 tons of coal from the United States, being approximately 61 per cent of all the coal used in Canada. In 1916 only 55 per cent of our coal supply was secured from the United States. These figures are significant. They show plainly that we are depending more and more on our American friends for our coal supply. Is this the way that you, Mr. Canadian Citizen, like to do business? Do you as a business man think it wise to buy from the fellow next door, just because you are not sufficiently interested in your own resources to encourage the development of your own property?

Alberta, with 86 per cent of the total coal supply of Canada, operates its mines for about four, five or six months in the year because the people are not buying Alberta coal. You will say there must be a reason for this lack of interest; it is admitted there are a number of reasons, and the outstanding reason is that the average man is not acquainted with the facts. We have coal right in our country; it is good and it is accessible to the miner. All that is needed is to get the people thinking and then to get them to follow up their thinking by actions—for actions speak louder than words, particularly when the question involved is "production."

### Why Not Buy Alberta Coal?

It is so easy to find fault nowadays. Everybody does it, for we are all in a more or less critical mood. A prominent man recently stated "Anthracite coal is a luxury, if we were unable to get it we could do without it." With \$70,600,000 of good Canadian money going abroad in one year, and with Canadian mines idle for six months in the year as a result of these foreign purchases, anthracite is certainly a luxury, and an expensive one at that.

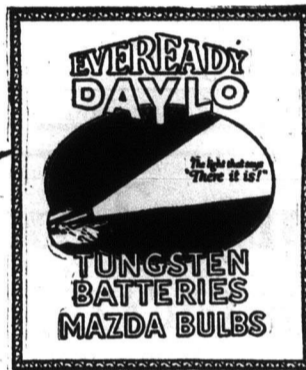
What are the usual objections made against Alberta coal? There are those who maintain that Alberta coal will not keep a building warm in winter. But what of the people of Edmonton—they keep warm with Alberta coal, and it gets

quite cold in Edmonton during the winter. What of the people of Winnipeg—they kept warm with Alberta coal during the winter of 1918-19 when Western Canada experienced a mild fuel famine. Our "doubting Thomases" declare that Alberta coal is dirty, and other objections of a comparatively insignificant nature are brought forward from time to time. The real trouble seems to be that the equipment in use in many of our buildings was designed for anthracite coal, and consequently is not particularly adaptable to the use of Alberta bituminous coal. And, furthermore, there is a lack of knowledge relating to the handling of such coal. It is not a question of the quality of the coal, it is rather a question of appliances and proper methods of usage.

There is one objection which cannot be lightly cast aside, namely, that upon a heating value basis, the cost of Alberta coal does not offer any particular inducement to the man who looks at everything from a dollars and cents point of view to substitute Alberta coal for United States coal. The remedy rests with the Canadian people—they have the solution in their own hands.

### How Can We Get Cheaper Coal?

A coal mine operator is guided by the same broad business principles which govern the activities of any other class of producer. It would be foolish for



*This is the sign that identifies dealers showing the Eveready Daylo '10,000 Contest' Picture. Look for this sign on dealers' windows*

## Three Thousand Dollars For Somebody. YOU?

**T**HREE thousand dollars in cash for one person; a thousand dollars for another; five hundred for each of three other people and ninety-nine other cash prizes from two hundred to ten dollars. **Ten thousand dollars in all! How much for YOU?**

This latest Eveready Daylo Contest will break all contest records. Anyone may enter—it costs nothing; there is no obligation of any kind. Men, women, boys and girls all have equal chances for any of the 104 cash prizes.

On June 1st, Daylo dealers throughout the United States and Canada will display the new Daylo Contest Picture in their windows. Go to the store of a Daylo dealer and study the picture. Secure a contest blank, which the dealer will give you, and write on it what you think the letter says. Use 12 words or less. For the best answer that conforms to the contest rules, the winner will receive \$3,000.00 in cash.

Get an early look at the picture. Submit as many answers as you wish. Contest blanks are free at all Daylo dealers. All answers must be mailed before midnight, August 1st, 1920.

A-3114

### 10,000 In Cash Prizes

|                         |                          |
|-------------------------|--------------------------|
| 1 First Prize.....      | \$3,000.00               |
| 1 Second Prize.....     | 1,000.00                 |
| 3 Prizes—\$500.00 each  | 1,500.00                 |
| 4 Prizes—\$250.00 each  | 1,000.00                 |
| 5 Prizes—\$200.00 each  | 1,000.00                 |
| 10 Prizes—\$100.00 each | 1,000.00                 |
| 10 Prizes—\$50.00 each  | 500.00                   |
| 20 Prizes—\$25.00 each  | 500.00                   |
| 50 Prizes—\$10.00 each  | 500.00                   |
| <b>104 Prizes</b>       | <b>Total \$10,000.00</b> |

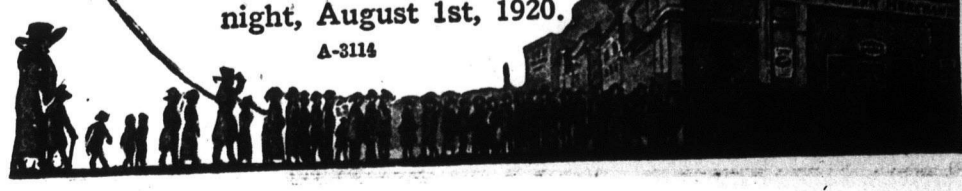
Answers will be judged by the editors of "LIFE" and contestants must abide by their judgment.

If two or more contestants submit the identical answer selected by the judges for any prize, the full amount of the prize will be paid to each.

Contest begins June 1, 1920, and ends Midnight, August 1, 1920. Postmarks on letters will determine if letter was mailed before close of contest.

Answers must contain not more than 12 words. Hyphenated words count as one word.

Complete Contest Rules are printed on Contest Blank. Ask Daylo dealers for them.



him to produce more coal than there is a demand for. As a result, the coal mines of Alberta are shut down for from six to eight months each year. The Canadian people will not buy their winter's coal supply during the previous summer. Why should they unless there is some advantage in doing so. The Red Deer Valley Coal Operators' Association have taken note of this, and are offering a discount on summer purchases as follows: May shipments, 4 per cent; June shipments, 3 per cent; July shipments, 2 per cent. This is to the consumer's advantage, and he is entitled to the discount through his dealer. This feature of discounts it is understood has already produced very satisfactory results.

If the people of Western Canada can be persuaded to order their coal ahead of time, and thus give the operators plenty of orders to work upon, the mines could be operated for a longer period each year. This would mean that the cost of production would come down. It is obvious that the cost per ton would be less if the period and quantity of production were increased. So the first step towards righting the situation is for the citizens to order early and often, and to insist on Canadian coal when ordering.

Another factor in the cost of production is the cost of transportation. The mineowners of Alberta are alive to this phase of the situation also, but their efforts towards a reduction of freight rates have met with a temporary setback. The Railway Commission has refused to order a special summer freight rate on Alberta coal, holding that pres-

ent rates are not unreasonable, and that it has no jurisdiction to take into account any consideration other than the reasonableness of rates. If this is the case, the next move must be made in the Dominion Parliament, which presumably has power to deal with such questions.

#### A Few Plain Facts

Great Britain owes her position in the world of commerce to the enormous coal resources which she possesses. Her coal has been used as the magnet which drew to her shores the buyers of all nations. Her ability to compete in the world's markets and beat her competitors to a standstill resulted from her cheap and adequate fuel resources. Cheap fuel is an essential factor in industrial progress.

Canada aims to be an industrial, as well as an agricultural country. Alberta coal will help us to achieve industrial success. We can never be truly successful in the world of commerce while we depend on the United States for the greater portion of our fuel supply. However willing our American cousins may be to furnish us with fuel the time may come when they will be unable to do so. We came very near to that point last winter during the big coal miner strike a few months ago. Aside from industrial causes, such as strikes and the possibility of an embargo there is a natural cause which will eventually prevent us from bringing anthracite coal from the United States. Hard coal deposits are limited in America, and the time is not far distant when the supply will be seriously reduced, which will inevitably result in an increase in cost. During the past few years the



Pick-mining, showing the actual coal seam in an Alberta mine.

cost of anthracite has increased considerably, and there is every indication of further increases.

The very marked exodus of foreigners from the U.S. mining districts during the past year, the periodical strikes of one kind or another which affect coal production and transportation directly or indirectly, and the very serious shortage in railroad equipment—all of these factors combine to place the Canadian who depends upon United States producers for his coal in a very precarious position.

#### A National Problem

The fuel problem is a national one—not a provincial one. There are two outstanding reasons why Canadians should use Canadian coal. The first and foremost one is that we as a nation cannot afford to be dependent upon any other nation, no matter how friendly that nation may be, for an adequate fuel supply, particularly when we have untouched fuel resources of our own which could and should be developed with the money which is being sent out of the country. The second reason is a very popular one just now. Buy Canadian products and get a full dollar in value for every dollar you spend.

If more Alberta coal is bought by the Canadian people, the Alberta mines can be operated more consistently, and the cost of production will be reduced. The Canadian government should give reduced freight rates on summer shipments of Alberta coal, and thus reduce the cost to the consumer and alleviate the car shortage which becomes so pronounced during the fall and winter months when heavy shipments of both grain and coal overburden our transportation facilities.

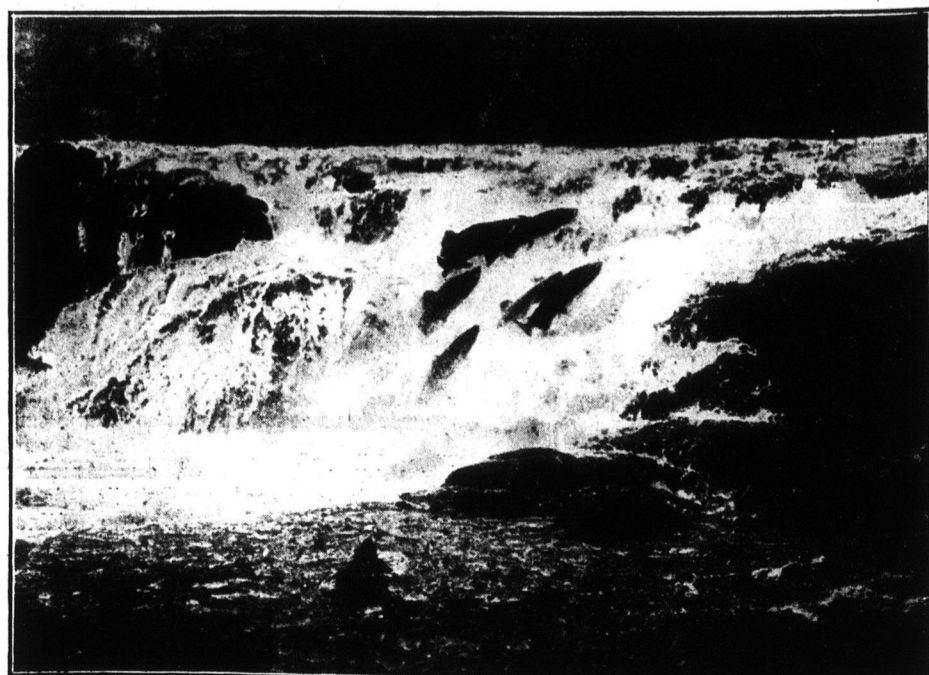
The consumer should order early, and thus enable the dealer to secure adequate supplies before winter sets in. Alberta mine operators have already tackled the storage problem, and have secured extensive storage facilities in Winnipeg during the past few weeks. The consumer should be shown how to

use Alberta coal to the best advantage, and last, but by no means least, Mr. Canadian Citizen should be sufficiently interested in his country's welfare to give his own fuel producers a fair trial. Use Canadian money to buy Canadian coal.

#### SALMON'S WONDERFUL FEAT—ASCENDS 15-FOOT WATERFALL

By Francis Dickie

The Pacific Coast salmon is the most remarkable and most mysterious fish that man has to do with. The salmon come from the ocean in the spring and summer and until late in the month of September, each of the six different species having a different time to run, and go up the fresh water streams and rivers of the Pacific Coast of North America, spawning in the sand in the shallows of the rivers often a hundred miles from the sea. The hatched salmon when about ten weeks old go out to sea, and for four years no man knows where they stay. At the end of this time they return to spawn in the very streams where they were born, and die, as their parents did before them. Salmon of the same age, vary in size. In getting to the spawning grounds they perform feats that, unless seen by the human eye, are unbelievable. Smaller streams are often entirely blocked with logs and branches. Over such obstacles as high as six feet the salmon jump. Small waterfalls they also leap over. Higher ones up to fifteen feet they swim up. On reaching a waterfall too high to jump, the salmon swims around the foot of the fall for a time, studying the best place of attack, then floats down stream a dozen yards or so, and comes charging back at great speed, the momentum thus gained aiding it in its first dash up the fall; and up the salmon go, in defiance of the law of gravity, and in spite of the certainly superior force of the down-pouring water. The fish swim up where the fall is heaviest. The picture tells more than volumes of words could convey.

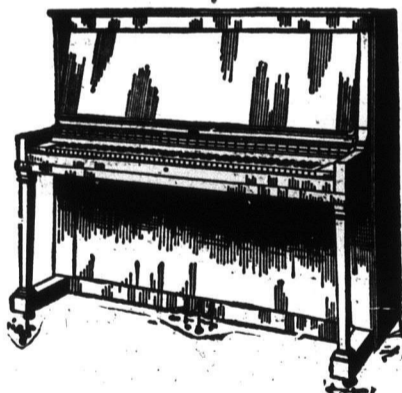


## Save the Luxury Tax USE YOUR WHEAT CERTIFICATES

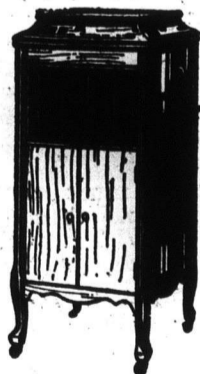
**GET A GOOD PIANO TO-DAY** THIS special offer is necessarily limited to the number of pianos in our warehouses prior to the announcement of the luxury tax on May 19th. This may be your last opportunity to secure at the old prices the piano you have so long wanted.

Not only that, but we are prepared to accept your wheat certificates as part or full payment at their ultimate redeemable value.

You may also secure the same easy terms if you desire—\$50.00 down and three years to pay the balance in Fall payments.



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# Poultry Chat

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Helen Vialoux, Charleswood

**J**UNE is the month of roses, the poet tells us, and it is a pleasure indeed to go about attending to the practical work in connection with our growing flocks of chicks, and turks and ducks, with the beautiful wild roses of our fair land running riot in every nook and corner about the grounds. Roses are so deep in color, and luxuriant, in a chicken run, owing, no doubt, to the droppings spread broadcast among the bushes by the chicks. Incubators should be cleaned and disinfected when the season's hatches are taken off, then stored in a dry place. Too often expensive machines are left in the open or thrown aside where the wood gets warped and next spring the incubator is not up to the mark as a hatcher. The boxes where the broody hens have set need looking after also, they are liable to have red mites in every crack, and should be put out of the fowl house or stable, sprinkled with coal oil or kerosene, and stacked outside. The growing flocks, now fairly past the tender stage of chickendom, should claim our attention in June and July. The hopper of dry mash should be always available for the chicks and they will not eat too much of it. Made of equal parts of bran, shorts, crushed oats or barley, some corn meal and a cupful of granulated charcoal, some beef scrap may be added, and this is the best way to feed beef scrap or meat. I prefer using milk in some form rather than giving meat at all. Buttermilk is a perfectly safe food, or sour milk may be used. Young birds fed on meat often develop bad habits, picking at each other's toes or tails, causing wounds—plenty of green food, lettuce, young grass or a large grass run will prevent this vice, and grain spaded into a corner of the yard keeps them out of mischief.

The late June hatched chicks have such ideal weather conditions, coupled with green grass, and garden produce, they often grow more quickly than April and May chicks. Give them plenty of shade on hot days, and keep a watchful eye on mites and vermin of all kinds. The mother hens begin to lay again in June, leaving their broods to fend for themselves at a month old. Care should be taken that the feathering chicks are comfortable at night. Teach them to roost, safe from rats and cats. I found a small wooden house very useful, using a shelf like roosting board on the level, with some cut straw on it. Another method is to tack a flat board a few inches from the floor of a common coop, for the little ones to roost on. Train them to go onto the roost after dark when you will find them huddled up in a corner or under the board. A couple of lessons will get them into the habit of roosting, instead of crowding together, in a little heap, where the weaklings get trampled upon. Once again we must "swat the rooster" when the breeding season is over, and produce only infertile eggs on the farm during the hot months, when eggs deteriorate in quality so quickly. Valuable birds can be penned of course, and the ordinary male bird kept in a coop 10 days to fatten up, when he makes a good dinner at any time.

I advise selling off the surplus cockerels, also, as broilers, in July, as the price is good, and all grain feeds higher in price than ever before. The pullets develop and make better growth when separated from the cockerels. At three months of age the pullets can be housed in a colony or wooden house which will accommodate 50 birds nicely at night, and during the day give them free range if possible. This method of rearing pullets will produce a fine flock of winter layers. The egg laying contests in Canada and the United States have created a great deal of interest, and the hen seems to be improving each year in egg production. For instance, at Storrs, Connecticut, where egg laying contests have been conducted for several years. In the past five years the hens at Storrs have averaged 42.9 per cent of their annual yield during the first six months. On this

basis the 1,000 hens in the contest will lay 166,733 this year. This will be 3,000 more eggs than the best yearly record ever made by them. These hens have laid 71,546 eggs in 184 days, an average of 71½ eggs each. The three utility breeds, Barred Rocks, Rhode Island Reds, and White Wyandottes have led in the Storrs contest.

Western hens are holding their own with the best of them, however, as the record at the Brandon contest is a splendid one. The leading pen at Ottawa, 10 Barred Rocks, owned by J. E. Rhoades of Ottawa, laid 898 eggs in 25 weeks. Second in Canada is a pen at Brandon, owned by W. Howe of Winnipeg, Anconas with a total of 882 eggs in 25 weeks. Manitoba hens hold second, third and fourth place in all the Canadian egg laying contests held at five different points east and west. White Wyandottes, Barred Rocks and Rhode Island Reds are going strong with Mr. Howe's Anconas making a wonderful record for themselves, and the Canadian average per hen is fully as high as the American. The grant given by the government for poultry products raised by the boys' and girls' club, has been cut down a good deal this season of 1920. The same percentage, 60 per cent of actual prizes given, is granted on chickens, but all other fowl, turkeys, ducks and geese, etc., have been cut off in Manitoba. This seems regrettable, but, no doubt, the woman's institute or some other club will help the boys and girls and encourage them to raise all kinds of poultry. Flower growing receives no grant from the Manitoba government either this season, but here again it is hoped that the children's interest will not flag, but they will "carry on" and make their farm gardens a thing of beauty as well as utility by growing plenty of lovely flowers. When country homes are made beautiful our young people will feel encouraged to live at home instead of rushing off to town.

The government grants given to boys and girls in the form of a bounty on the destruction of gophers, crows, hawks, etc., has also been withdrawn this season. The municipalities, in some cases, may be giving grants, as the matter has been left to them to consider on a local basis, but I fear all the "varmints" will increase and cover the earth during the summer, and much good work in destroying pests be left undone in Manitoba owing to this policy.

## THE AVIATOR

I have lain at early morning  
On the lowland;  
Watched the rising sun adorning  
The peaks on either hand;  
And have seen, beyond the crags, the  
beetling crags,  
Bathed in the morning light,  
An eagle wing his flight,  
Higher and still higher,  
As a beaming point of fire,  
As a thought, a winged desire,  
Soar and circle as he lags  
Above the height.  
And as I have watched him gliding  
On in flight,  
Or have paused to watch his riding  
Upon the silver cloud,  
My heart has called aloud  
In a wish to be as free  
In a land of light as he;  
So to bid the world adieu  
For a glorious hour or two;  
So to sail the heavens lone,  
Over mountain, over foam,  
And at eve come circling home  
To an eyrie of my own.  
And again my heart has shouted, "Could  
it be?"

So desire has bred a passion,  
And the passion clothed a thought,  
Aiding man to shape and fashion  
The instrument he sought.  
So to circle and to soar  
So to glide above the mountain  
Free as eagle, eye and more,  
Blither than the bubbling fountain.

## Classified Page for People's Wants

If you want to buy or sell anything in the line of Poultry, Farm Property, Farm Machinery, or if you want Help or Employment, remember that the Classified Advertisement Columns of The Western Home Monthly are always ready to help you accomplish your object. Cost 5c word. Minimum 50c. Cash with order.

### AGENTS WANTED

**AGENTS WANTED**—100 per cent profit selling Vol-Peek. Mends holes in pots and pans. Graniteware, aluminum, etc. Different from other menders. Easily applied. Every housewife buys. Nationally advertised. Albert Sales Co., La Prairie, Que. 7-20

### EDUCATIONAL

**J. D. A. EVANS**—Teacher of English Composition, etc., Crystal City, Man. t.f.

### FOR SALE

**FOR SALE**—Two foxhounds, registered Russian Wolfhound, five registered greyhounds and pups of both breeds. These dogs hold Saskatchewan record for coyote catching and killing. Pheasant Valley Kennels, Abernethy, Sask. 6-20

**ONE MALE FOXHOUND**, trained on fox; one trained on fox and wildcat; one female, trained on fox and wildcat; one not trained. T. R. Lyons, Waterville, N. S. 6-20

### FRUIT AND FARM LANDS

**IF YOU WANT TO SELL** or exchange your property, write me. John J. Black, 14th St., Chippewa Falls, Wis. 7-20

**CALIFORNIA**—Improved farms near Sacramento for sale; terms. Write for list. E. R. Waite, Shawnee, Oklahoma. 6-20

### MISCELLANEOUS

**AN ESTABLISHED MANUFACTURING COMPANY** wants a capable man in every town to open branch office and manage Salesmen, \$300.00 to \$1,500.00 necessary. Handle own money; should make \$5,000 yearly. Prospective sales in every home. Expenses to Montreal allowed when you qualify. Sales Manager Walker, 225 West Notre Dame Street, Montreal. 8-20

**TRAPPERS, FUR FARMERS**—Subscribe for a monthly paper that will give you more information regarding fur markets, fur farming, trapping and hunting, than any other paper published in Western Canada. Subscription rate \$1.00 per year. Address, Trapping & Fur Farming News, New Sarepta, Alberta. 6-20

**ALL MAKES SEWING MACHINES REPAIRED**—Send machine head only. Needles and parts. (Repair Dept.) Dominion Sewing Machine Co., 300 Notre Dame, Winnipeg. t.f.

**DISABLED WAR VETERAN** knits men's high-grade wool socks at only \$1.50 per pair postpaid. Satisfaction guaranteed. Address Edw. C. Colles, Salmon Arm, B.C. 7-21

**WANTED**—Ward maids, \$30 per month and board, to strong, willing young women. Supt. of Nurses, Brockton Hospital, Brockton, Mass. 7-20

**VICTORY BONDS** Bought and Sold. J. B. Martin (Member Winnipeg Stock Exchange), 232, Curry Building, Winnipeg. t.f.

**"NEW HEAT WITHOUT COAL OR WOOD"**—Price \$15.00. Agencies open. 225 West Notre Dame Street, Montreal. 8-20

Casting off the chains of race,  
To the skies I turn my face,  
And I soar,  
More and more;  
Top the peak  
And climb the thunder,  
Circle onward toward the sun,  
Till the screaming eagles wonder  
At their wildest dreams outdone;  
Till the ocean, as a streak,  
Through the cloud-floor glimmers dim;  
And I view the farther glories  
Toward the planet's outer rim;  
Till I feel at last the bounds of space  
are won.

I have paled their boldest stories  
As I sailed above the cloud-rack,  
Till the very thunders rumbled far  
below;  
And I bid them take their shroud back,  
For I look into the sunset, and I know  
That on an eve, through heaven's burn-  
ing,  
To allay a passion's yearning,  
I shall sail into a sunset-golden star.  
Out above the purple ocean,  
With a gentle gliding motion,  
Out beyond the harbour bar  
Shall I go.  
To the sun my face be set;  
Out beyond the farthest West  
Past the ancient realms of rest,  
And farther yet— Claude E. Lewis.

### MISCELLANEOUS

**PROTECT YOUR CHILDREN!** Secure your copy of "What a Young Boy (or Girl) Ought to Know" from Eaton's before it is too late. Children's Protective Society. 4-21

### NURSING

**WANTED**—Young women over 18 years of age with good education to enter Training School for Nurses. The term is 3 years and a full course in theory and practice given. The standard curriculum is followed. The school is approved by State Board of Massachusetts. \$10 per month is given to cover cost of uniforms and text books. Supt. of Nurses, Brockton Hospital, Brockton, Mass. 7-20

**PRIVATE NURSES EARN \$15 to \$30 A WEEK**—Learn without leaving home. Descriptive booklet sent free. Royal College of Science, Dept. 9, Toronto, Canada. T.F.

### POULTRY

**HIGH CLASS ROSE COMB RHODE ISLAND REDS**—Eggs from pen containing 1st and 3rd prize pullets Manitoba Winter Fair, 1919, \$4.50 per 15; from pen 2, \$3.00 per 15. John Duff, Mekiwin, Man. 6-20

**STANDARD BRED BARRED ROCKS**—Splendid winter layers, pens headed by Holterman's Aristocrats direct; pullet mating. Eggs, \$3.00 and \$5.00 per setting. Mrs. Dumbrell, Long Acre Poultry Farm, Charleswood, Man. 6-20

**EGGS FOR HATCHING**—Barred Rocks, \$3.00 per 15 eggs, \$5.00 per 30. Mrs. M. Vialoux, Littlecote Poultry Yards, Varsity View, Man. t.f.

**HATCHING EGGS** from Houdans, single comb White and Black Leghorns and Rocks. Drop a card for price list. Fred Krell, Port Dover, Ont. 6-20

**PURE-BRED BARRED ROCK EGGS** from prize-winning stock, \$3 per 15, \$5 per 30, \$15 per 100. W. C. Davis, Box 161 Spring-side, Sask. 6-20

### PATENTS

**PATENTS**—Trademark copyright, consulting engineers. Agencies in all foreign countries. Inventories Adviser sent free on request. Marion & Marion, 164 University St., Montreal; 918 F Street, Washington, D.C. Over thirty years of continual practice. t.f.

**FETHERSTONHAUGH & CO.**—The old established firm. Patents everywhere. Head office, Royal Bank Bldg., Toronto; Ottawa office, 5 Elgin St. Offices throughout Canada. Booklet free. t.f.

### STAMMERING

**ST-STU-T-T-TERING** and Stammering cured at home. Instructive booklet free. Walter McDonnell, 109 Potomac Bank Building, Washington, D.C. 2-21

### STAMPS

**STAMP COLLECTORS**—50 scarce, including rare war stamps, 20c. Ask for classy approvals. Bruce, 915 Fourth Avenue, Sunnyside, Calgary, Alberta. 6-20

### English As She Is Spoke

Americans who are coming to the British Isles in great numbers are supposed to speak the English language, says Tit Bits, but we sometimes find it a little difficult to understand them. But it must be much more difficult for them to understand the different dialects that are spoken in this country. Lancashire furnishes a good example. What would an American make of "Tint oan ee!" or "Wheer ta baan?" or "Ise lippin on yo?" three phrases that are commonly heard in that country. Translated into modern English, they mean, "Shut one eye!" "Where are you going?" "I shall depend upon you," or "shall expect you."

A young man from the United States went into Scotland Yard, on his way to the hospital, to report his change of residence, and the sergeant in charge, a cockney, asked:

"Are you going to die?"

The startled American said he hoped not, but that if he did he hoped that they would ship his body back to the States, and turned to go.

A laughing clerk called him back and explained that the cockney sergeant only meant, "Are you going to-day?" Quite another thing!



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## Children's Cosy Corner

Conducted by Bobby Burke

### A LITTLE CHAT WITH BOBBY BURKE

Boys and girls of the Cosy Corner we have a little news to tell you—interesting news—the buttons are finished. And such buttons. When you hear about them you will all be putting on your thinking caps and putting your pens to work to try and win one. To begin with they are gold. In the centre is an open book with the letters W.H.M.C.C. (Western Home Monthly Children's Club) on the pages; above the book is a tiny Roman lamp, signifying the light of learning or wisdom, and underneath the book the motto, "Wisdom is more precious than rubies." In the upper right and left hand corners are small spaces, and in these spaces stars may be placed, that at the end of the year the boys and girls who have sent in the greatest number of successful stories and letters in the different competitions will receive a star for this space.

Did you miss our corner in April? I hope you did, and that its absence was a great disappointment to you—it was to the Editor, for you'll never believe all the nice things that were ready for the month of April. I'll tell you something, though, it was the printer's fault, somebody made a mistake, and so there was no Cosy Corner. Cheer up, it's not going to happen again, and I hope from now on that you will not only look for, but find, your own corner the first thing every month.

### SOMETHING TO LEARN

Seldom "can't,"  
Seldom "don't,"  
Never "shan't,"  
Never "won't."

### SOMETHING YOU WANT TO KNOW

A Londoner made a wager that he could cook a plum pudding ten feet beneath the surface of the Thames, and won the bet by placing the pudding in a tin case and putting the whole in a sack of lime. The heat of the lime, slacking when it came in contact with the water, was enough to cook the pudding in two hours.

### Naming a Goblet

Why is the large glass that holds our milk and water called a tumbler? Years ago Max Muller was giving a luncheon at All Souls College, Oxford, to Princess Alice and her husband. The curiosity of all strangers present was aroused by a set of little round bowls of silver about the size of an orange. They were filled to the brim with the famous ale brewed at the college. When one of these little bowls was empty it was placed upon the table, mouth downward. Instantly, so perfect was the balance, it flew back to its proper position, as if it asked to

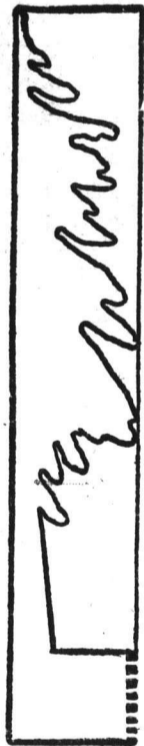
be filled again. No matter how it was treated—trundled along the floors, balanced carefully on its side, dropped suddenly upon the soft, thick carpet—up it rolled again shaking and swaying into its place, like one of the India rubber tumble dolls that babies delight in.

This was the origin of the word tumbler. At first the vessel was made of silver. Then, when glass became common, the round glasses that stood on a flat base superseded the exquisitely balanced silver spheres, and stole their names so successfully that you have to go to All Souls to see the real thing.

### FOR THE WEE ONES

#### How To Grow a Forest Quickly

Take a strip of paper about 4 inches wide and as long as you like; fold the paper so that you have a strip about 1/2 inch wide, outline the little tree in a pot as in the copy and cut out along the drawn lines but do not cut along the marked line. You will find you have a nice little row of trees which may be painted if you have a paint brush or crayons handy.



Once I saw a little bird  
Come hop, hop, hop,  
So I cried "Little Bird"  
Will you stop, stop,  
stop?  
And was going to the  
window  
To say, "How do you  
do?"  
And he shook his little  
tail,  
And far away he flew.

#### Glycerine

Glycerine is a thick, sweet white liquid obtained from fats and oils. In the making of hard soaps salt is added to the soap when soft to separate the glycerine from it. Harmless by itself glycerine can be very dangerous when treated with nitric and sulphuric acid, for it then becomes the most terrible and destructive explosive we know of, nitro-glycerine.

### SOMETHING TO LAUGH AT

A recent examination in the public schools at Brooklyn brought forth the following answers:  
What is an impulse?  
An impulse is what the doctor takes hold of to see if you are sick.  
Name the vowels?  
Vowels ain't got no names.  
They are under the stumik.  
What are the duties of a citizen?

The duties of a good citizen is not to spit on the sidewalk and to hold his banana peels until he meets an ash can.  
Name the races of mankind?  
Bicycle races, horse races, potato race, automobile race, and other kinds.

Who was Nero?  
Nero was a Roman emperor. A song has been written about him called "Nero, My God to Thee."

### And Lash It In Its Fury

Tenderfoot—Why do you have knots on the ocean instead of miles?  
First Class Scout—Well, you see they couldn't have the ocean tide if there were no knots.—The Yale Record.

Jack—"Did you hear of the daring hold up, last night, in our back yard?"  
Jim—"No, what happened?"  
Jack—"Two clothes-pins held up a shirt."

The porcupine, no doubt, is liked  
By those he mingles much with,  
But, as a rule, outsiders find  
Him hard to get in touch with.

Belike, among his intimates  
He's not averse to gassing,  
But he is not the sort of friend  
That one picks up in passing.

Though here is one best left alone,  
Your cautious instincts tell you,  
'Tis hard to put your finger on  
The features that repel you.

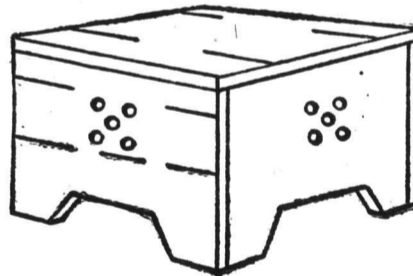
Here one withholds the shoulder clap,  
The warm, fraternal clasp,  
Because of barriers divined,  
Though difficult to grasp.

Now, mind, 'tis not his inner self—  
His soul—that I'm indicting;  
But his outstanding attributes,  
I claim, are not inviting.

Withal, a lusty chap is he,  
Of sinews, blood and joints,  
And those in contact with him say  
The fellow has his points.

—W. E. Nesom.

### SOMETHING TO MAKE A Footstool for the Porch



Select a good stout box made of thick wood. Drive additional nails to hold all together securely. Cut out a piece from each side, as shown in the picture. Bore holes to make the rosettes. Smooth the whole with coarse sand paper. Stain or paint it any color you want.

For a very nice stool cover the top with burlap or carpet or a remnant of chintz. Cut a piece two inches larger all round than the top of box. Turn in a hem. Put two or three thicknesses of old blanket, bed quilt or sacking on the top of the stool. Tack it down firmly, cover with chintz, and finish with brass-headed tacks.

### BEFORE THE RAIN

We knew it would rain, for all the morn,  
A spirit on slender ropes of mist,  
Was lowering its golden buckets down  
Into the vapory amethyst.

Of marshes and swamps and dismal fens—  
Scooping the dew that lay in the flowers,  
Dipping the jewels out of the sea,  
To scatter them over the land in showers.

We knew it would rain, for the poplars showed,  
The white of their leaves, the amber grain  
Shrunk in the wind—and the lightning now  
Is tangled in tremulous skeins of rain.

### SOMETHING FOR YOU TO DO

Send in an original poem on the gopher—not more than sixteen lines long.  
Prize—a membership button in the W.H.M.C.C.

Send us a list of your six favorite story books. The list containing the books receiving the most votes will receive a membership button in the W.H.M.C.C.

### SOMETHING TO PUZZLE YOU Enigma

I am composed of fourteen letters.  
My 1, 6, 5, is a domestic animal.  
My 6, 7, 10, 6, is a girl's name.  
My 6, 12, 12, 13, 14, is a fruit.  
My 4, 9, 8 is a comfortable position.  
My 4, 9, 3, is a violation of God's law.  
My 4, 5, 11, 3, is what is used in building.  
My 13, 9, 14, is what wicked people do.  
My 8, 2, 4, is a part of the body.  
My whole is a capital in Europe.  
—Maxine E. Sutherland,  
Hillcrest Farm.

### SOMETHING FOR YOU TO WRITE

Esther L. MacRae (age 10), Chipman, N.B., would like to hear from boys and girls of her own age in other parts of Canada.

Iris Noel, age 8, of Alcomdale, Alberta, who has written us a very neat letter on the typewriter, would like to hear from girls of her own age.

We also received a nice letter and a story from Lily M. McCaw, Brookside Farm, Hubbard, Sask.

We shall be glad to have the names and addresses of other boys and girls who would like to have correspondents in other parts of Canada.

### Something to Make

#### Sugar-Saving Chocolate Cake

|                   |                   |
|-------------------|-------------------|
| Corn Syrup (dark) | 1/4 cup           |
| Sugar             | 1/4 cup           |
| Vegetable fat     | 3 1/2 tablespoons |
| Egg               | 1                 |
| Milk              | 1/4 cup           |
| Flour             | 1 cup             |
| Baking Powder     | 1 1/4 teaspoons   |
| Salt              | 1/4 teaspoon      |
| Chocolate         | 1 square          |
| Vanilla           | 1/4 teaspoon      |

Cream the fat; add sugar gradually, syrup, and egg well beaten. Mix and sift dry ingredients and add alternately with milk to first mixture. Add chocolate which has been melted over water; add vanilla. Bake thirty minutes in a moderate oven in layers. Average cost 20 cents.

### Charade

My first in Rome's victorious days,  
Did each proud triumph grace;  
My second has the baneful power,  
To spoil the fairest face;  
My whole's a delicacy sprung,  
From luxury's soft root;  
Yet e'en in these luxurious days,  
Is trodden under foot.

### Something to Write

Write a letter to Bobbie Burke, and give one good riddle (with the answer) one funny story, that will interest us all. The best letter will be printed and the writer will get a button.

### Something New

Do none of you know anything new? Come along. What is new in your neighborhood? Aren't there any new rabbits or chicken? Hasn't anyone said anything funny or invented anything, or made a kind of cake? Here are lots of suggestions.

Address your letters to Children's Cosy Corner, Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg.

Label them on the outside plainly: write on one side of the paper only; be sure the work is your own; send it in before the 10th of the month. This is important.



## The Foundling

By Theodora Horton

"Oh you darling auntie," exclaimed Stephanie clasping the watch bracelet on her pretty wrist and holding it out to be admired. Then she pushed aside the letters and papers that lay strewn about the breakfast table, and jumping up began hugging the grey haired lady who was presiding over the coffee pot, until they were both breathless.

"It's just what I was longing for," she said as she reseated herself, and taking up a lovely sheaf of roses buried her tip-tilted nose in it, while she looked at her aunt with loving eyes.

"I am so glad you like it, dear," said Miss Trevaine, who was busy settling various hairpins and whisks of hair that had become displaced during her niece's caress. "And the roses, I suppose I may guess who sent them?"

The dark lashes dropped for a moment as Stephanie answered demurely, "Oh, there's no harm in guessing is there?"

"And does Mr. Mainwaring say if he is coming to dinner this evening?" asked her aunt, glancing at the letter Stephanie had picked up.

"Yes, he's coming all right. Heigh ho, I can hardly believe I am really twenty-one, I ought to feel very old."

"I wonder if you can spare me a few minutes in the library after breakfast," said Miss Trevaine. Her voice sounded so grave that Stephanie looked up wonderingly.

"Why yes dear, of course, as long as you like," she answered, "Why I do believe you're going to give me a nice little birthday lecture as you used to do when I was a little girl with a pig-tail."

Miss Trevaine did not answer, but asking Stephanie to ring the bell she went slowly off to the library, and Stephanie joined her there a few minutes later.

"Sit down dear child," said Miss Trevaine, "I have something that I want to tell you."

Stephanie looked grave; something in Miss Trevaine's voice and manner told her that her aunt was troubled over something.

"You have often asked me about your father and mother, Stephanie," said Miss Trevaine.

"And you have never told me anything," rejoined Stephanie in a somewhat aggrieved voice. "Are you going to tell me about them now?"

"No, dear, I have nothing to tell," answered Miss Trevaine, "I never saw your father, and I am not sure that I ever saw your mother."

"Oh, auntie," exclaimed Stephanie, "Never saw my father? Why he was your own brother!"

"You have always thought so, dear, since you were old enough to puzzle your head over your parentage, and I have not contradicted you, but now you are twenty-one I feel that you should know all that I know about you. Dearly as I love you, Stephanie, more perhaps than any niece was ever loved, you are no relation of mine, and if you will listen I will tell you all I know, and all I surmise about you, but I must warn you that the greater part of it is surmise."

Stephanie did not speak, but waited for Miss Trevaine to go on.

"I have often told you that I was left an orphan before I was thirty, but I do not think that I ever told you that I was engaged to be married for nearly three years. My fiance obtained a good position in India, but as I was only eighteen at the time, and we had not been engaged very long, my parents desired me to wait until I was a little older before we were married. After he had been out nearly three years there was an attack by the Indians on the northern frontier, and Guy volunteered for service. He was killed." Miss Trevaine paused.

"Oh, auntie, dear," cried Stephanie, "how sad for you, you poor, dear auntie."

"During the next five years," Miss Trevaine continued, "I lost both my father and mother, but I was left with a comfortable income, and I kept on the old

house at Downwold as you know till two years ago. Here I lived alone with the old servants who had been with us since my childhood, and it was here that I always believed, though I have no proof of it, that I saw your mother."

"Twenty-two years ago Downwold was a much smaller and quieter place than you remember it. It was just such a day in June as to-day, when I recovered sufficiently from a rather trying illness to stroll outside the garden. You remember the old green door at the end of the garden that opened on the cliff; I went out this way, intending to stroll along the cliff and perhaps go down to the beach, but I found I had overrated my strength, and turning faint, was obliged to rest on a seat just on the outside of the garden wall. A girl, just such as you are to-day Stephanie, though after all these years I cannot say that

den I heard a faint cry. It sounded to me something like a kitten, and I peered about in the half light to discover what it was. A bundle wrapped in a large shawl lay just at the side of the garden walk. Amazed I stopped and picked it up. It was a baby. I hurried into the house; old Margot, you remember her Stephanie, was the only servant I had in the house then, and she was standing in the hall as I came in, waiting to lock up the house. Together we unrolled the wraps and shawls and discovered you, very hungry and puckering up your little face for another wail. We fed you and warmed you, and presently you fell asleep, but there was no sleep for me that night. I searched over your little garments to see if I could find any name on them, and the only thing I discovered was a paper pinned to your shawl, on which was written, 'Stephanie, born July 21,' and underneath, 'Out of pity for a heart-broken mother and helpless babe keep her and shield her, and tell no one as you value her happiness and safety.'

"I give this to you my darling," she said, "it contains the ring and the message. Now you know all I can tell you and it is for you to judge if you will try to find out your parentage."

"Oh, Auntie, I don't know," said Stephanie, quite bewildered by all that she had heard; "She could not have cared for me to have left me like that."

"We may not judge, dear," returned Miss Trevaine, without knowing all the circumstances. Think well before you decide to rake up the ashes of the past; all I can say is, if you wish to make enquiries I will help you all I can."

That evening Stephanie, looking lovingly in her simple white evening gown, sat gazing into the fire, her thoughts full of Miss Trevaine's story.

"Many happy returns of the day, birthday princess!" said Kenneth Mainwaring as he came softly up to her side.

"Thank you for the good wishes and for the roses," said Stephanie, smiling up at him, then as he still held the hand she had given him she looked away and blushed.

"Stephanie," said the young man, earnestly, "Stephanie dearest, I have been waiting for to-night, oh, so impatiently, to tell you how I love you, but you have known it haven't you my own, own love?"

Stephanie turned and placed her other hand in his. "Yes, Kenneth, I have known it, I could not help but know it," she answered, but, but . . .

"No, you must not say you do not care for me, tell me dearest, do not keep me in suspense, I have so hoped."

"I do love you, Kenneth," she said simply, "but before I say more I must tell you what Auntie told me this morning, and hear what you have to say."

"As if it would make any difference my own precious," said Kenneth, after the story had been told from beginning to end. "What do I care who your parents are, it is you I want."

But I do not even know my name," said Stephanie rather piteously.

"All the more reason you should have mine," returned Kenneth. "Now just say nothing more about it for I hear Miss Trevaine coming, and I have twenty-one kisses to give you."

It was now five years since the young solicitor Kenneth Mainwaring had come to the little town of Rainham and bought a partnership in the old established firm of Graham and Strong. Old Mr. Strong had died a short while before, and the name of the firm was now changed to Graham and Mainwaring. Kenneth had had rather a dull life in the quiet little town until Miss Trevaine and her niece had come to the Red House two years ago. Mr. Graham was a silent taciturn man, who rarely spoke to his partner except on matters of business. An old housekeeper looked after his house, and he seldom went anywhere outside his office. But with the coming of the Trevaines all was changed for the younger partner of the firm. Miss Trevaine and her niece became very popular, and Kenneth's circle of acquaintance greatly increased after their advent. Almost from the first he had fallen in love with Stephanie, but he was resolved he would say nothing until he was more settled in his new sphere of work. He had taken a great interest in his profession and was now a very prominent member of the firm, and he felt that there was no longer any reason for delay. As he went to his rooms that night he seemed to be walking on air. Stephanie loved him, had promised to marry him, and that at no very distant date, and Miss Trevaine had beamed on the happy pair.

The story he had heard from Stephanie had not troubled him in the least. He agreed with Miss Trevaine that it was wiser not to try and rake up the dead past, it would do no good and might cause Stephanie pain, and Stephanie had allowed herself to be persuaded to let the matter drop.

They were to be married early in the new year, and the days that followed were busy ones for Kenneth. Mr. Graham was taking the first holiday he had allowed himself since his new partner came, and now the doctor had ordered him complete rest, and had told him that he must avoid excitement or violent exercise as his heart was badly

## The Prairie Flower

Oh prairie flower, in thee I see  
Borrowings from immortality—  
Thou dost not strive to fill a place  
Adorning mankind's troubled race.  
Yet here amid the rankled grass  
I fain would praise thee as I pass.

Thine is a beauty made to fill  
A humble world with a humble will.  
Thou dost not know that the world outside  
Rolls on in its grasping greedy tide—  
Men come and go, or they rise or fall;  
But thou knowest not: God is thine all.

Thou carest not for their paltry dress,  
For the sheen that oft hides wickedness,  
Nor dost thou think of the human tide  
Forgetting their God in the world so wide.  
'Tis enough for thee that thy God above  
To thee is clothing, meat and love.

Thou'rt happy, oh flower, to be so free.  
I would that the tribes of men could see  
That all their strivings for happiness  
Oft leads to where there is most distress,  
While out with God on the prairie here  
Thy life is sweet and thy God is near.

Thy peace, sweet flower, I envy so,  
For I know that my life must onward go,  
With its trials, its cares, its fields of pain  
And I may not pass this way again;  
Yet there is much of joy to be possessed  
If I come to Nature and ask for rest.

Thy world is full as well as mine;  
The bees buzz round and the black ants climb,  
While beside thee rises the roses red  
'Neath the fleecy clouds in their balmy bed,  
The wailing note of the coyotes howl,  
While the evening breeze brings the waterfowl.

—Geo. H. Hambley.

I recollect any likeness to you, was seated there reading a letter. She saw that I was not, well and asked if she could do anything for me, but by this time I had recovered. In her haste to lend me a helping hand an envelope slipped from her knee, and from it fell the photo of a young man. She blushed and smiled as she picked it up, and I glanced at the ring on her finger. She was staying at Downwold for a short time, and I saw her twice after. I never knew her name, but she told me as we said good-bye the day she was leaving, that she was to be married the next week, and she showed me her engagement ring, a chased gold band without a stone. I felt strangely interested in her, and I remember I said something of this kind to her, 'May you have the happiness of wifehood and motherhood that I have been denied,' and she looked at me wistfully and said, 'You are what I have always thought my mother must have been like, I cannot remember her.'

More than a year went by and one August evening I went out as was my usual custom to walk round the garden and gaze out over the quiet sea. As I neared the gate at the end of the gar-

Tied round your little neck was a chased gold ring. I told no one how you came to me, I called you my orphan niece, and as such you have always been regarded by all who knew me, and that, Stephanie, is all I know and surmise of your parentage."

Stephanie had listened breathlessly; "And you think the girl on the cliff was my mother?" she asked.

"I feel almost sure of it," Miss Trevaine answered, but what terrible trouble had befallen her I cannot imagine. I used to fear that she would come and claim you, but now all these years have gone by I have given up all idea of ever hearing from her."

"And did you never make any enquiries?" asked Stephanie eagerly.

"No, dear, I could not at first bring myself to disregard that appealing message, and afterwards I grew to love you so fondly that I dreaded to think of anyone coming to take away my treasure."

There was a long silence, and then Miss Trevaine rose, and unlocking an old davenport took out a small packet which she handed to Stephanie.

## Poor Old Uncle James

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Daphne Cederquist

affected. At first he had rebelled and had declared that he wanted no holiday, but he had at last allowed Kenneth to persuade him to go away for a change.

It was drawing near Christmas time when Mr. Graham returned to work. Kenneth thought he looked very little better for his holiday, as he came into the office the morning after his return. Kenneth was already busy at the correspondence, and looked up as his partner entered.

"Nothing but what I can do this morning," he said except this, he handed a letter to his partner. Mr. Graham glanced at the envelope, it was addressed to him and not to the firm, and marked in the corner "Private and confidential." "A begging letter I expect," he said rather wearily, as he took it and cut open the envelope.

A groan startled Kenneth, and looking up he saw his partner leaning forward his head on his desk. Receiving no answer to his startled enquiry, Kenneth went round to his side. Mr. Graham did not move. Kenneth tried to raise him but his head fell forward again on his desk. When the doctor arrived he shook his head.

Then he questioned Kenneth as to what had occurred. Had Mr. Graham received any shock? Kenneth shook his head. "I do not know," he said, "it might have been something in that letter he had just opened."

The doctor picked up the open letter; it was from a firm of solicitors and ran:

Sir.—We have a letter for you dictated by your wife, the late Mrs. Graham, on her death bed which relates to the whereabouts of your daughter. Kindly let us know if you will have this despatched to you by registered post, or if you prefer to call and see us about it.

Yours faithfully,  
Millar & Watts,

When he had read it the doctor handed it to Kenneth. "Did you know he had a wife and daughter?" he asked.

"No," replied Kenneth, "I have always thought he was unmarried, he has never spoken to me about any of his private affairs and I have never heard him say anything about his relations."

There will be no need for an inquest," said the doctor. "His heart was in a very weak state, and we may suppose that this was the first notice he had of his wife's death and that it was a great shock to him. I have known him for ten years, and gathered from something once said to me by an old resident of the town, that his wife had died soon after his marriage, but this is all I ever heard about it."

Kenneth used to say in after years that he never lived through another week so full of surprises as the one that followed Mr. Graham's death. When his will was read, Kenneth found that he had been left his partner's share in the firm and five thousand pounds. The rest of his money, for Mr. Graham died a wealthy man, was left to his daughter if living. If after the period of twelve months the executors failed to obtain news of her the money was to go to Kenneth Mainwaring. "Who has been to me what I should have wished a son of mine to have been," Kenneth was deeply touched at the wording of the will. He had not dreamed that the cold, silent man had any feeling for him beyond his mere business relations. But he felt glad that he had been able to help him during the last few months of ill health, and save him as much as possible.

But a still greater surprise awaited Kenneth on that eventful day.

A letter was read from Millar and Watts, saying that the letter which had been dictated to Mr. Millar by Mrs. Graham on her death bed gave full particulars as to where the missing heiress was to be found. They would be able to place before the executors full proof of the identity of this young lady, and information as to where she was now residing.

As soon as Kenneth could escape he hurried off to see Stephanie. She saw him coming and ran to the door to meet him. "I have good news sweetheart," he said, and told her of his legacy, and of the surprise it was to him. "I wish

I could have known during his lifetime that he liked and appreciated me," he said, "he must have had a very lonely life."

"And now," said Stephanie, when she had heard all about it, and they were seated over the cosy drawing-room fire, "You are not the only one that has good news; I couldn't tell you mine until I had heard yours. But tell me first, have you not all sorts of hateful feelings for this girl who is going to inherit what might otherwise have been yours?"

"Why, no," answered Kenneth, "I am glad she should have what is rightfully hers, but of course I should have liked to have the money for your dear sake. But we shall not be poor, darling, the practice is a good one. But I know you are just aching to tell me your news."

"Well, then," said Stephanie, "prepare for a shock. You are not going to marry a poor penniless girl without a name. I am Stephanie Graham, Mr. Graham was my father."

When Kenneth had recovered a little from his surprise, she began telling him of her mother's dying confession.

"Poor mother," she said, "and poor father; I do not know which I pity most. I have read the letter, Kenneth, and it is all so sad. She was a gay, happy, rather frivolous girl, she said, and he was so stern and grave. They never agreed from the very first. She blamed herself for not being more docile, but I could read between the lines that he was harsh and stern. I hardly think that she intended to leave him altogether, but she was very nervous and unhappy after my birth, and my father was very vexed that I was a girl and would never look at me. She said she could not bear that I should be brought up in such a home, and at last she ran away. She had no friends and thought of auntie, who had made a great impression on her. She did not intend to leave me there altogether, but she had very little money and knew she must get something to do. She succeeded in obtaining a post as companion to a wealthy lady, but two weeks after she went there she was taken ill with brain fever, and for weeks her life was despaired of. Her employer had already grown fond of her and nursed her most tenderly, but when she recovered she had completely lost her memory. She had given her maiden name when she took the situation and by that she was always called, and after her recovery her mind was a blank as to her married life, and she remembered nothing about us. Otherwise she must have been normal, for Mrs. Mavin her employer was extremely fond of her, and she remained there in her capacity of companion till her death. As she lay dying her memory strangely returned to her, and she at once dictated the letter to my father. The lawyers say that auntie's evidence, and the ring which my mother described, together with my uncommon name, Stephanie, are sufficient to prove my identity, and now you have heard all the sad story, and I have neither father or mother," said Stephanie sadly.

"I will try to make up to you for both darling," said Kenneth earnestly, and he kept his word.

Neverwill, April 15, 1918

"Dear Niece:—I guess you have forgotten your uncle James Kennedy, have you not? I am writing this to see if you haven't a girl or boy, you could spare for a while to visit me. It's a very lonely place here and a girl or boy would help to cheer things up a bit. I am sending the fare, hoping someone will come. Write to me at Wareham and let me know when he—or she—will be coming so I can meet the train. Hoping again that someone will come to cheer an old man up.

I remain, your Uncle James."

"Who in the world is he, mother? Is he rich or poor," came eagerly from Elsie. "I don't know, dear. I can't remember any such person. It seems from the letter as though he were poor," answered Mrs. Norman.

Just then the door opened and Mary came in, two bundles under her arms. She looked pale and tired as she hung up her hat on a hook behind the door.

"Mary, what do you think! Mother has received a letter from an uncle James, and he would like one of us to go and see him. I certainly don't want to go!" said pretty Elsie, with a toss of her head.

Mary took the letter and read it through. To the surprise of the others she announced, "Mother, I think I'd like to go. My vacation comes in three weeks and I have no place to go, and, seeing that uncle James has sent the fare, I

MOTHER! mother!" shouted Elsie Norman, running towards the house.

Elsie was a very pretty girl, about fifteen years of age, with merry brown eyes and curly hair.

"Mother!" she shouted again, as she opened the front door and ran to the kitchen, where Mrs. Norman was baking a cake for supper.

It was evident that Mrs. Norman had once looked just like Elsie. Since the death of her husband, four years before, however, she had altered greatly. She had two daughters, Mary, a small, pale, delicate girl of nineteen, "the ugly duckling," as everybody said, and Elsie, "the beauty."

Mr. Norman had not been a wealthy man, and at his death, he had left a very small income, which came regularly at the first of each month. Mary was a stenographer and gave more than half of her earnings to her mother; and so by strict economy they managed to make both ends meet.

Mrs. Norman turned as Elsie opened the kitchen door. "Oh, mother, here's a letter for you," her face flushed with excitement.

"For me?" asked Mrs. Norman in surprise as she took the letter.

"Yes," returned Elsie, still somewhat breathless, "and please read it out loud, mother."

Mrs. Norman opened the envelope, not recognizing the crabbed hand writing and read:

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hope there will be no objection."

"I don't think you'd like it. Why he might be a cranky old man and make you scrub floors and do things like that," objected Elsie, and their mother nodded her head in agreement.

Mary said nothing.

"What have you in those parcels? May I open them?" asked Elsie after the excitement had died down a little.

As Mary nodded assent Elsie opened the largest one which contained three yards of pink silk. "Oh, isn't it lovely! Is it for a waist? It's nearly too nice for you," Elsie thoughtlessly exclaimed.

Mary flushed, and a hurt look appeared in her eyes. "Oh, why can't people stop making remarks about my ugliness? It's bad enough to know it," she thought bitterly.

"Yes, it's for a waist," she quietly replied, and after pausing a while continued, "It will come in very handy now, if I go to mother's uncle at Wareham." She brightened up at the thought of going away somewhere.

Then Elsie opened the small parcel which contained two smaller ones wrapped in tissue paper. On one was written, "To Elsie," and on the other, "To Mother." Elsie handed her mother her parcel and opened her own. It was two yards of navy blue silk ribbon.

"Thank you, Mary," cried Elsie joyfully, going up, and kissing her sister. "It's just what I've been wanting for ever so long to wear with my new dress, but I knew the payment had not come yet, so I did not like to ask."

Mary flushed with delight at her mother's happy smile on opening her parcel and finding a pair of brown gloves.

"Thank you ever so much, dear. How did you know I was just longing for a pair? You always do get such lovely, useful things." She kissed Mary again and again.

Mary made the pink silk into a waist, saying she wouldn't wear it till the day she left for Wareham. Mother, also made a white voile waist for her, and a pretty black satin skirt, as well as a few other things.

Everybody was busy, getting things ready for it was a long time since any one of their family had gone on a journey. Elsie had saved all her nickles and dimes and had bought a brooch and had the initials, M. N. engraved on it. Mother had made a case of some fancy chintz and filled it with darning and sewing things. "For you might have to mend, dear," she had said as she handed her present.

At last Mary's vacation came and the next day she was to go. She looked through her valises at least fifty times to see that nothing was forgotten.

The next morning dawned bright and clear and the Norman family were up early, "so as to get Mary off," as Elsie laughingly explained.

Mary at last came down dressed in her new pink waist and black skirt, with her long blue coat, hanging on her arm.

"Why, you don't look at all plain this morning," cried Elsie when she saw her and Mary flushed with pleasure, for no one had ever said that before.

They all chattered without stopping on the way to the station.

"You must write soon and let us know how mother's uncle is," said Elsie, now half wishing she had gone.

The train was ready to go and Mary was in her seat. Mary settled back and interestedly looked around her, as this was her first train ride. There were not many people in the train, so she finally turned, and gazed out of the window at the lovely landscape and the pretty villages, they were constantly passing through.

Her mind was a jumble of thoughts. "I suppose he is an old man with gray hair and whiskers, and wrinkles all over his face. He must be very poor. I'll try to help him all I can while I'm there," she determined.

"Wareham next!" shouted the conductor, and Mary, her heart hammering in her ears, began to gather her parcels and



Showing a seam of Alberta coal—see article on pages 19-20

Continued on page 39

## How to Choose Clothes Most Becoming to You

**E**VERY woman possesses some charm, of which she herself may not be aware. That charm, however, may be completely hidden from her friends because she does not know how to dress. We may argue all we wish concerning the fact that clothes do not make the woman—but yet, after all, we know in our own hearts that they go a long way toward doing that. The most beautiful woman in the world can quite ruin her appearance by the wrong sort of clothes.

We have warm colors and cool colors. Red and yellow are called warm colors, while blue and green are cool. Try to make your costume appropriate to the season; at the same time simple, and somehow like your own personality. Just because one's neighbor looks well in "fancy" garments is not at all a sign that you yourself can wear the same style garments. Somehow there is a great deal of personality in clothes, and the personality should harmonize with the wearer's own.

Look down the column and decide in which group you belong. Read down and discover whether you will look best in grey, purple, red, yellow or pink. Remember that for spring, even the most becoming color will not be effective if it looks too wintry.

### Blonde Type.

**Type of Woman**—Fair; blonde hair, flaxen or golden. Eyes—blue, gray, or brown. Complexion—clear; little color.

**Gray**—Good; especially pearl, dove, and warm shades.

**Purple**—Good; especially heliotrope wisteria, and blue-violet.

**Red**—Dark and brilliant shades, like golf red are best.

**Yellow**—Avoid all except very pale yellow.

**Pink**—Good; all shades—delicate or subdued, from lightest to old rose.

### Titian Blonde Type

**Type of Woman**—Titian blonde. Hair—red. Eyes—blue, gray, or brown. Complexion—medium clear and clear white; varying color.

**Gray**—Good; especially gray with a pink cast.

**Purple**—Avoid. If complexion is clear and white darkest and lightest lavender or violet may be used.

**Red**—Avoid.

**Yellow**—Fair. Dark rich orange or amber tones are best as trimming or veiled by white or black.

**Pink**—Lightest tints all right; shell and flesh best.

### Blonde Brunette Type

**Blonde Brunette** or "In Between" Type—Hair—Light chestnut or brown tone. Eyes—hazel, gray, blue-gray, or brown. Complexion medium.

**Gray**—Clear or blue-gray fair. Avoid combinations gray and black.

**Purple**—Fair; darkest shades are best. lavender.

**Red**—Good in darkest shades, especially if used with very dark blue.

**Yellow**—Palest yellow fair. Avoid ecru tints.

**Pink**—Good; especially pale pink and rose.

### Pale Brunette Type.

**Pale Brunette**—Hair—black or dark brown. Eyes—brown, gray, or blue. Complexion—fair. Skin—fair; varying color.

**Gray**—Good; all shades, especially pearl, dove, blue-gray and color gray.

**Purple**—Fair; must be used carefully. Orchid is good.

**Red**—Only dark red such as garnet and burgundy, is good.

**Yellow**—Mustard, amber, and canary yellows are best.

**Pink**—Good; all pinks, except where cheeks are high colored.

### Olive Brunette Type

**Olive Brunette**—Hair—dark brown or black. Complexion—dark in tone. Skin—smooth. Lips—very deep red, sometimes with a purplish tinge.

**Black**—Avoid.

**White**—Excellent; especially ivory and cream.

**Brown**—Fair in very dark shades. Mahogany with cream for collar is excellent.

**Blue**—Excellent if very dark.

**Green**—Good in dark, silent tones.

### Florid Brunette Type

**Florid Brunette**—Hair—black or dark brown. Eyes—black, brown or gray. Complexion—dark. Skin—highly colored.

**Black**—Very good; especially with color touches of cream or ecru lace.

**White**—Good; especially cream and ivory.

**Brown**—Good; especially golden, tan, and nut browns.

**Blue**—Very pale dark, or peacock devoid of purple tinge, are best.

**Green**—Dark green is best.

### Sallow Mature Type

**Sallow Mature Woman**—Hair—gray or white. Eyes—brown, blue, or gray. Complexion—sallow, without color.

**Black**—Good only with white or cream and touch of color.

**White**—Only cream and milk white are good.

**Brown**—Avoid.

**Blue**—Midnight and navy, without any tinge of purple are good.

**Black**—Midnight and navy, without any tinge of purple are good.

**Green**—Avoid.

### Fair-Skinned Mature Type

**Fair Skinned Mature Woman**—Hair—gray or white. Eyes—blue, brown, or gray. Complexion—fair, good coloring in lips and cheeks.

**Black**—All right if relieved by white or palest ecru collar yoke, or vest.

**White**—Excellent.

**Brown**—Very dark, but not golden, brown is good; seal and chestnut are best.

**Blue**—Use only dull old blues, pastel tints, and mid-night blue.

**Green**—Dark shades treated the same as black are good.

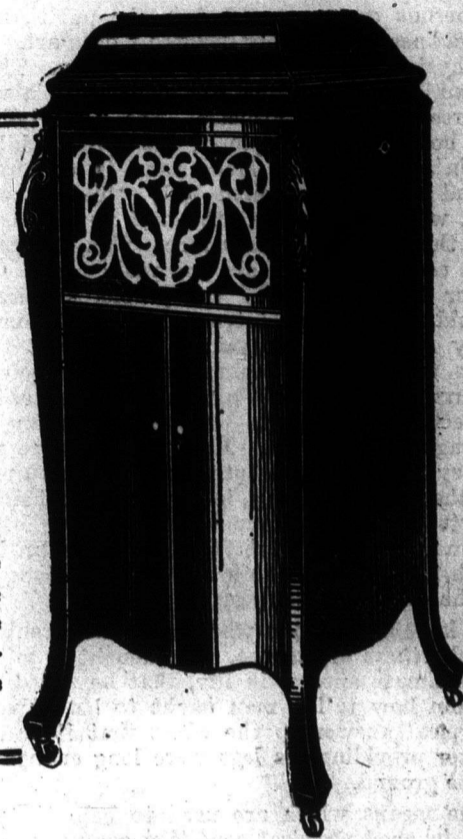
### Joy:

Not by appointment do we meet Delight And Joy: they heed not our expectancy; But round some corner in the street of life,

They on a sudden clasp us with a smile. —Gerald Massey.

# Sonora

THE INSTRUMENT OF QUALITY  
CLEAR AS A BELL



**"MINUET"**  
An Exclusive  
Sonora Model  
**\$285.00**

In Golden Fumed, Early English or Mission Oak, Brown Mahogany or Mahogany. Plays all types of disc records. Double Spring Motor, playing from 4 to 5 10-inch records with one winding. Tone modifier, Automatic Stop, All-wooden Tone passage.

Let the Choice of Your Phonograph Prove a Constant Pride and Pleasure—As It Will be a Part of Your Home for Many Years

## THE SONORA-Supreme in Tone

The Sonora is wonderfully beautiful, a joy to listen to, with a tone that is sweet, true, clear and incomparably lovely. The Sonora is the leader in the phonograph world, and has won its supremacy because of its matchless tonal value.

At the Panama-Pacific Exposition "the only jury which heard and tested all of the phonographs exhibited recommended that the Sonora be given a marking for tone quality higher than that given to any other phonograph or talking machine."

**Plays All Records**—The Sonora plays all makes of disc records perfectly without extra attachments.

**Long-running Motor**—The splendid design and construction of the Sonora motor is of great importance, and the Sonora is famous for this extra-long-running, silent, powerful motor.

**Tone Modulator**—The tone of the Sonora is regulated at the sound source—the correct place—and only the volume, and not the quality, of the tone is altered.

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## PHYSICAL CULTURE

A correspondent is good enough to suggest that physical culture would be an appropriate subject to discuss in these columns, and we are quite in agreement with him. The remarks that follow, however, are only by way of preliminary, as the subject is obviously much too extensive to do justice to in a few paragraphs. The literature available on physical culture probably runs into thousands of volumes; numerous courses are before the public, and many magazines are entirely devoted to the art.

Physical culture is not a new thing. The present Olympic championships are evidence of a very early interest in things athletic. The Bible tells us that the body is the temple of the spirit, while the old Latin phrase runs: *Mens sana in corpore sano*—a sound mind in a sound body. Then, too, the old folk will tell you that the best physic is fresh air, and the best pill is plain fare. This, I believe, is the first essential—fresh air and plain fare.

For the majority of the people, physical culture should not mean an intense desire to become exceedingly strong, or the taking of thought to add to one's stature. It ought, rather, to mean a quiet determination to maintain the body in that state of perfection that befits the average man who has average tasks to do. Many people have put time, money and strength into certain plans and devices for the purpose of, say, increasing their height. Such efforts hardly come under the heading of physical culture, and it is doubtful if they are productive of much real good. In any event, they belong probably to the domain of surgery.

It is said of a man who was rather troubled about his shortness of stature, and thought it might affect his ultimate success in life, that he asked President Lincoln how tall a man ought to be. Lincoln gave a typical answer to the effect that it really didn't matter providing his legs were long enough to reach to the ground.

The means which are used to help the people to keep in good physical condition are very varied and numerous. In the cities, we have the school and institutional gymnasia, the great public playgrounds, the swimming baths, the skating rinks in winter, and various other activities. In the country, the variety of artificial aids is not so evident, but here the need is not so pressing, for there is no gymnasium like that of God's great outdoors. Sometimes, indeed, I think we make a mistake in investing from ten to a hundred thousand dollars in enclosed buildings of imperfect ventilation, when we might be making use of Nature's parks in a revival of the community games that seem unfortunately to have lost their attraction for this generation.

Two years ago, I was with some friends at a country picnic in the heart of a farming district. The visitors thought they would like a swing. In a moment two young fellows of about twenty had taken the ends of the rope and were high up a pair of poplars. About five minutes later the swing was ready. Later in the day I learned that the school trustees of that district were to make a special visit to the city for the purpose of finding the cost and studying the equipment necessary to fit up a local gymnasium!

Some people feel the need of considerable physical exercise; others can do with very little. Many successful and long-lived business men, bankers, editors, authors and scientists, have been known to take very little exercise. Others on the contrary cut their working hours as much as possible, and spend their surplus time in a variety of exercises. The problem, after all, seems to be largely one of relaxation.

On a future occasion, if it can be done, I will try to present a brief outline of exercises for those who desire regular practice. In the meantime, here is a list of ten health commandments for which Mr. B. C. Forbes is responsible:

1. Good habits.
2. Good food.
3. Plenty of sleep.
4. Fresh air—breathe it deeply.
5. Plenty of exercise.
6. Lots of water—outside and in.
7. Sensible clothing.
8. Right thoughts.
9. Work.
10. Freedom from worry.

## OBSERVATION

It is said that Dr. Conan Doyle based his famous story of Sherlock Holmes on a real character—a professor under whom he studied. It is said further that this professor was a man of very keen observation, and that he tried constantly to develop this faculty in his students.

## The Young Man and His Problem

By H. J. RUSSELL, F.C.I.,  
St. John's Technical High School, Winnipeg

On one occasion during a chemical experiment, he had before him a pot of vile smelling substance into which he dipped a finger and then put one in his mouth. "Do as I do, gentlemen," said he, passing the pot around. The students dipped their fingers into the pot and then put them in their mouths, making very wry faces as they did so.

"I must remind you once more, gentlemen," said the professor, "of the importance of observation. If you had really been observing me, you would have seen that the finger I put into the pot was not the one I put in my mouth."

Some time ago, I was required to set an examination paper in which I put the question—"Write an article on Accounting as a Factor in Conservation." The examinees were studying for work that required more than ordinary keenness of perception, and yet ten per cent of them misread the title and wrote on "Accounting as a Factor in Conversation."

Herein they were hardly as observant as another professor whose students once asked his opinion of the identity of a "specimen" which they had skillfully compounded from the body of a blue-bottle, the legs of a spider, the wings of a dragon fly, and a few bristles from a blacking brush. The professor, after a thoughtful scrutiny, asked his students for their own conjecture—

"We think, sir, that it is some species of bug."

"You are right. It is a very distinct species of hum-bug."

## THE GOVERNMENT AS PROTECTOR

It is not correct to say that the government has no part in industry. On the contrary, a just and strong government is the most important single fact for the attainment of industrial success. History does not provide a single case of a flourishing industry under a corrupt or weak government; but it furnishes many illustrations of fields unworked, and of industries falling into decay, because workers were deprived of the protection of strong and just governments. Government as a protector is an essential condition of an effective and progressive business community. It is in this sense that we include the protective function of government as a part of the legal framework of industry.

The protective functions of government of importance to industry are:

- Protection against aggression from without.
- Protection from violence within, and
- Enforcement of contracts.—Henry C. Adams.

## SELF-RELIANCE

D. O. Mills was once asked this question: "To what formative influence do you attribute your material success?" To this he replied:

"I was taught very early that I would have to depend entirely upon myself; that my future lay in my own hands. I had that for a start and it was a good one. I didn't waste any time bothering about succession to wealth, which so often acts as a drag upon young men. Many persons waste the best years of their lives waiting for dead men's shoes; and, when they get them, find them entirely too big to wear gracefully, simply because they have not developed themselves to wear them.

"I have never accepted an inheritance or anything but good-will from my family or relatives. As a rule, the small inheritance which, to a boy, would seem large, has a tendency to lessen his efforts, and is a great damage to him in the way of acquiring habits necessary to success."

## THE RIGHT PLACE

The whole problem of employment is to find the right man for the right place. Clearly, the right place for a man is where he can do the best work, earn the most money and be the most contented. Since a man can do best the work he likes best, the safest rule for choosing a vocation is: "Follow your liking." Your natural liking for a certain line of work is a pretty safe indication that you have some natural ability for that work.

Even as children we tend to follow our natural ability. I know one small boy who will play only with railroad toys; and another who wants only fairy stories. If these boys develop along their natural lines, one will become a mechanical engineer, and the other a writer. If they're forced into other

lines, they will always be round pegs in square holes.

Not so long ago, it was the custom for the boy to follow his father's trade or profession, on the theory that he had inherited special ability for it. But in America to-day, it's recognized that the son of a blacksmith may have unusual aptitude for law, while a lawyer's son may find his proper berth as a mechanical engineer. Provided you're willing to get the training and experience required for the position you want, it's your business to decide what shall be your right place.—C. R. Barrett.

## STAND FAST

Dr. Ellis Powell tells an interesting story in connection with the building of the Canadian Pacific Railway. It is said that at a critical moment in the history of the railway, Lord Mount Stephen sought counsel by cable from the late Lord Strathcona, who happened to be in England.

Within a few hours, Lord Mount Stephen received the laconic reply: "Craigellachie—Strathcona."

The slogan of the Highland Grants, to whose country both the Canadian pioneers belonged, was "Stand fast, Craigellachie." Lord Mount Stephen acted upon the cryptic exhortation, and the creeping rails of the C. P. R. moved westward again towards Vancouver.

## OPPORTUNITY

"Are you a believer in opportunity?" was once asked of Theodore Roosevelt. He replied:

"To a certain extent. Many of the great changes in our lives can be traced to small things, a chance acquaintance, an accident or some little happening. A time comes to every man when he must do a thing or miss a great benefit. If a man does it, all is well. If not, it isn't likely that he will have the chance again. You can call that opportunity if you wish, but it is foresight that leads a man to take advantage of the condition of things. Foresight is a most valuable thing to have."

Master of human destinies am I!

Fame, love and fortune on my footsteps wait.  
Cities and fields I walk; I penetrate  
Deserts and seas remote, and passing by  
Hovel and mart and palace, soon or late  
I knock unbidden once at every gate!  
If sleeping, wake; if feasting rise before  
I turn away.

This verse it might be said, has met with some rather severe criticism in our western continent. There are many who maintain that Opportunity knocks not once, but many times. The problem challenges the attention of the young man.

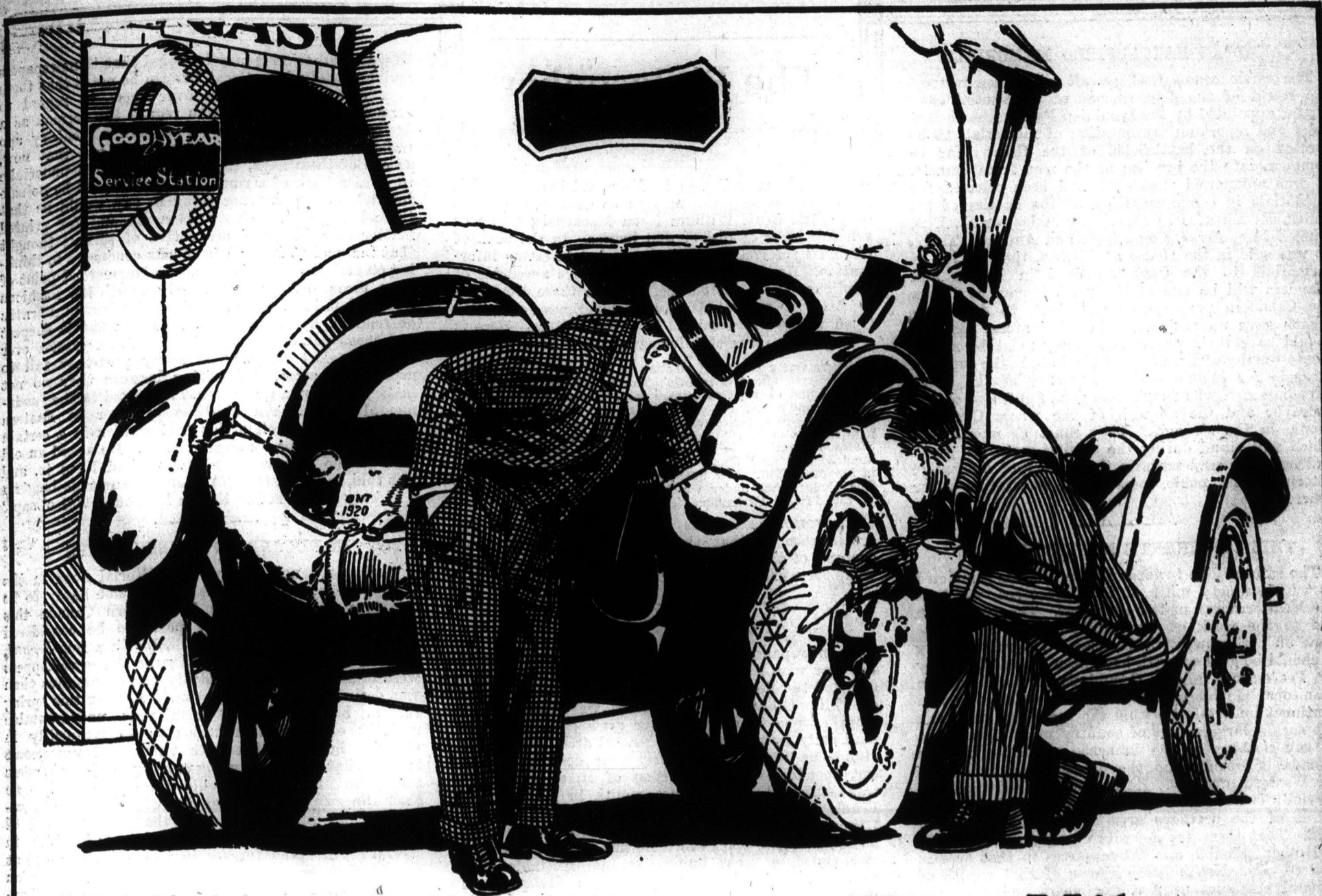
## EARNING A LIVING

Upon those who can work well at something, a great responsibility rests. In every ten people, taking them as a mass, four are too young, too old, or too feeble, to take an active part in the world's labor. At least two more are engaged in home duties, thoroughly necessary, it is true, but not of a kind to bring in ready cash. One more is usually out of a position temporarily, either because he is personally shiftless or discontented, or because business in his line happens to be dull. That leaves three out of the entire ten who must not only support themselves but earn enough in addition to keep the other seven from starving to death.—R. O. Hughes.

## GETTING ON

Mr. Harry C. Spillman, in his book "Personality" writes that the earth's most dependent paupers live in bank books and strong boxes; the exchequer is the largest slaveholder in the world. A great editorial writer has recently estimated that ninety per cent of people are trying to make money, thinking of little else and envying those who have money; seven per cent despairing of making money and bitterly envying those who have money; and three per cent thinking of earnest, useful effort apart from money, like the noble Agassiz who said he hadn't time to make money.

While there is no way of verifying these percentages, the greatest chance for error lies in the liberality of the three per cent. This unhealthy state is due to a false idea of wealth. In Lapland a man's wealth is measured by the number of his reindeer; in America, by the number of his automobiles. Therefore, the ninety per cent are striving to become millionaires, notwithstanding the assurances of the statistician that a man has sixteen chances of being killed by lightning to one of being worth a million dollars.



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### CANADIAN BATTLEFIELD MEMORIALS

The whole country will await with keen interest the result of the deliberations of the special committee appointed by the Dominion Parliament to consider and report on the question of memorials to be erected on the battlefields of the Great War to commemorate the heroism of the men from Canada. It was announced that sites had been selected for memorials in commemoration of the battles of St. Julien, Passchendale, Observatory Ridge, or St. Eloi, Vimy Ridge, Arras, Courcellette and Amiens. Truly, as was said in the House at Ottawa, the erection of memorials to the Canadian dead in France and Flanders will be one of the most important things the Canadian people ever undertook to do. Canadians gave up their lives in other areas, too; all should have their memorials. They must be monuments worthy of the part Canada took in the supreme struggle for human freedom, worthy of the brave Canadian men who fought the good fight, and of the endeavor and the anguish of the whole Canadian people in the struggle. They must be monuments which will stand during the coming centuries, great and inspiring landmarks in the history of humanity, uttering their noble message to generation after generation.

### THIS CONTINENT'S MEDITERRANEAN

The railway line towards Hudson Bay is completed to within ninety miles of that great sea, which is the Mediterranean of this continent. The war put an end to the work of construction, which should be gone on with now, without delay. The reasons why it should be gone on with have been stated strikingly by Professor Wallace, Commissioner for Northern Manitoba. In his opinion, no other railway on this continent undertaken within the next fifty years can tap such a large extent of country worth developing, to say nothing of the immense value to Western Canada of opening up the direct route to Europe for Western products. He is positive that there are possibilities of agricultural development in two-thirds of the northern area added to Manitoba in 1912. That there are deposits of copper, silver, gold and other valuable mineral resources in that area is now certain. Nothing was known of that wealth of mineral resources until a few years ago. Already copper ore, gold and silver to the value of \$2,500,000 have been exported from northern Manitoba, with transportation facilities of the crudest kind. It is known that one property contains 20,000,000 tons of copper ore, valued at \$180,000,000. The maritime possibilities on Hudson Bay are of immense importance. Fisheries, furs, timber, pulpwood, mining and agriculture—there are great possibilities in all. One large flooded area on the banks of the Saskatchewan River produced last year more than 9,000 tons of hay, which was sent to farmers in Saskatchewan and Alberta when their hay crop failed. But apart from all other considerations, there is the commanding importance of opening the route via Hudson Bay to the markets on the other side of the Atlantic for the products of the West. On behalf of Ontario it was announced last month by the Premier of that Province that the Provincial Railway of Ontario will in due time be extended to Hudson Bay.

### TO PROMOTE TRUE CANADIANISM

An article by Professor W. S. Wallace in a recent number of The Canadian Bookman dwells on "the unpopularity of Canadian history among Canadians." Professor Wallace writes that "the overwhelming majority of Canadians seem to make a point of forgetting promptly what little Canadian history they learned at school." And he goes so far as to say that "the opinion may be hazarded that, even among educated people in Canada to-day, there are comparatively few who if they were pressed could tell a stranger exactly how long the Dominion of Canada has been in existence." Is it true that we Canadians care so little for our country's history? Not many countries, when the comparative lengths of time covered by their annals is taken into consideration, have a history richer in dramatic and picturesque interest than Canada has. Knowledge of our history and love of it and understanding are vitally essential to the growth of true Canadian national feeling. This must never be lost sight of, if the growth of true Canadianism is to be promoted. National unity can grow only out of the soil of common national memories and traditions.

### AN ELECTION NINETY YEARS AGO

An old book which The Philosopher has had the privilege of reading recently is "Sketches of Canada and the United States," by William Lyon Mackenzie, which was published in 1833, four years before the outbreak which brought about the establishment of responsible government in Canada, which is most commonly referred to as "the Mackenzie rebellion" against the autocratic maladministration of the

## The Philosopher

notorious Family Compact. No man has a truer title to a place among the makers of Canada than that fiery little Scot, William Lyon Mackenzie, who was a heroic lover of liberty and justice. In the book of Sketches referred to there is much interesting information. Among other things, there are anecdotes of elections, which, of course, were in those times extended over several days, and sometimes for weeks. Open voting prevailed, as in Great Britain. Here is a surprising piece of information from that book:

There was a contested election in Montreal in May, 1831, which lasted about a month. During its continuance two hundred and twenty-five women came forward to vote. One of the candidates, Dr. Tracy, was an Irishman, and for him ninety-five ladies recorded their votes. The other gentleman was Mr. Stanley Begg, a citizen of the United States naturalized in Canada. For him there were one hundred and four female voters. One married lady voted in her own right. Her husband was found to have no vote. The Quebec Act under which the ladies voted was passed in the British Parliament forty years ago.

That women had votes in Quebec was due to the continuance at that time of certain practices and customs of the old French regime. Thus we see that votes for women are no novelty on Canadian soil.

### "NOW IT CAN BE TOLD"

No newspaper correspondent at the front during the war wrote such vivid word-pictures of the progress of the life-and-death struggle from day to day as Philip Gibbs. His despatches were cabled daily from Europe to all the other continents, and were read daily by millions. By general acclaim his work stands as the most masterly ever done by a war correspondent. In recognition of it, a knighthood was conferred on him last month in London, and France has made him a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor. And now Sir Philip Gibbs has published a book about the war, which he has written since the war ended—a most impressive, unforgettable book to any one who has read even only a few pages of it, a book which will make many enemies for its distinguished writer. The book has two titles. One is "Now It Can Be Told." The other is "The Realities of War." It is a frank setting forth of what the writer of the book saw and heard and knew, including things which for good and sufficient reasons could not be published to the world at large during the actual fighting of the war. It is a terrible arraignment of war as a means of settling international differences, and is written with burning earnestness, in the hope of helping towards the education of future generations in regard to the truth about war. Sir Philip Gibbs is no visionary propagandist of pacifism. He is a man who is concerned with realities. His book is a superbly courageous achievement in its laying bare of the methods, incidents and results of war. He saw the greatest war in all history from beginning to end. He saw hundreds of thousands of young men, strong and inspired in their heroism marching into the battle areas, and he saw those who came out again. Of frail health himself, and sustained by a spirit of whose intensity all who met him bear testimony, he shared the lives of the men at the front, and resolved that when the war was over he would write this book. There are chapters of thrilling heroism in the book, pages telling with wonderful power of sincerity and truth of the great moments when souls were bared. But of war itself there is condemnation expressed in language which has rarely been surpassed in intensity. Sir Philip Gibbs does not believe that war is a science. In his opinion, it is "mainly a mass of blunders." He says that "It will be hard to look back on the war without feelings of despair, unless its lessons are taken to heart by the nations." Whatever may be thought of the book, which will undoubtedly make enemies for Sir Philip Gibbs, it will live as one of the sincerest and most vivid books ever written.

### THE BUSINESS SIDE OF RELIGION

Religion in the modern world is compelled to have a business side. It must have organization to look after its necessary worldly affairs, as well as soul and mind to dwell on heavenly things. It needs administration no less than preaching. This is the answer to those critics who fail to realize that the true purpose of the churches, namely, to call out and minister to the religious nature of man and cultivate in him the habits of meditation on divine things and of prayer and worship, cannot be served rightly and effectively without due regard to the business side of churches as institutions existing in this practical, actual world. The Philosopher is impelled to these reflections by some criticisms he has been reading in newspapers he has received from Eastern Canada in regard to recent necessary activities of the churches.

In this connection it may be noted that in newspapers arriving lately from Great Britain he notes that there is a discussion going on over there in regard to sermons. Some critics, who regard the sermon as a declining force, point out that half a century ago books of sermons were widely read, but that now, as one of them says, "No publisher would undertake to print a book of sermons, as there would be no sale for it." Surely a truer thing to say would be that there has grown up so huge a demand for printed matter of a kind not productive of serious thought that the modest demand for books conducive to thinking on serious things is, from the commercial point of view, inconsiderable in comparison with it. Fashions change, but the utterances of the fundamental truths of religion, appealing as it does to what is deepest and most permanent in human nature, cannot ever become a lost force. Too many preachers fail to make their sermons inspiring because they do not make them direct and earnest in regard to the fundamental things. An old-time preacher in Eastern Ontario used to tell of his first sermon in a certain district famed for its sugar bushes. He asked an old man in the congregation how he had liked it, and was told, in reply, that "A chunk of sugar no bigger'n a hickory nut is better than a hull bucketful o' sap."

### IN REGARD TO GRASSHOPPERS

"It is good news," says an editorial note in the Winnipeg Free Press, "that there is not likely to be a plague of grasshoppers in Western Canada this year. There are plenty of pests to be considered without being called upon to deal with a four-legged, double-jointed variety." Last year the grasshoppers were in some districts decidedly more numerous than was desirable. With the first mild weather this spring rumors became current with that unaccountable rapidity of circulation which is so frequently in evidence in connection with rumors of unwelcome import, that there were going to be many grasshoppers this year. So prevalent did those rumors become that the suggestion found its way into the newspapers and into Parliament that the method of destruction by poison gas, the use of which in warfare will stand forever in the historic record as one of the characteristic achievements of Prussian kultur, should be resorted to against the grasshoppers. It is satisfactory, indeed, to note that there is every reason to believe that there will be no occasion this year to write of the grasshoppers as one of the Selkirk settlers wrote in 1816, "These animals are a troublesome pest." It is sad to read in the old records of the visitation of grasshoppers which the Red River settlement suffered a century ago. In the summer of 1818 "Locusts appeared in clouds that obscured the sun, and swarmed upon the fields to the depth of several inches." Wheat stripped of all verdure, a few potatoes, and "ears of barley, half-ripe, gleaned in the women's aprons," were all that remained of a promising harvest. For three years the pestilence became "a sickening and destructive plague." The grasshoppers devoured the very leaves from the trees. "The water was poisoned with them." To read of such things now is like reading of a past whose return is not imaginable. Half a century ago the grasshoppers were troublesome. Mr. J. H. Ashdown, of Winnipeg, has told The Philosopher that on his arrival at Fort Garry, the site of the future city of Winnipeg, in 1868, cartloads of dead grasshoppers were being taken along the bank of the Assiniboine near its junction with the Red. But never since a hundred years ago has there been a visitation which has come within measurable distance of being comparable with what the Red River settlers suffered then.

### THE MOVIES

There are now 840 moving picture theatres in Canada, and the average total daily attendance in them is between 650,000 and 750,000. The influence of the films in its cumulative effect on the minds of those who are in the habit of seeing them (and a very widely diffused habit it is) is powerful; especially is it powerful in its effect on minds in their formative stages. Children and young people form a very large proportion of the habitual frequenters of moving picture theatres. The Dominion and Provincial governments are using films for health instruction, for instruction in agriculture, and for many other purposes. The railway companies are using moving pictures of Canadian scenery to attract tourist travel. The uses of "movies" and their possibilities of educational value are only beginning to be realized. They can be made an effective agency in the right training of the young and for the promotion of good citizenship. Think of the record of the Great War period which they will preserve for generations yet unborn—records such as the world has never had of any previous war. But it is the character and the influence of the general run of the films shown day after day, week after week, that should be considered. It is an educative agency operating all the time. This is a matter to which every thoughtful Canadian, certainly every parent, should give attention.

## The Phonograph in the Home

By A. C. Farquharson

Music is not merely entertainment. It is a tonic, a vital medicine, essential to the well-being of every home.

There are few people who have not experienced this phase of music's influence. Overwhelmed by troubles and difficulties of life, oppressed by financial losses, worried over unsuccessful business transactions, sorrowful over the loss of a friend, disgusted and sick at heart generally, who, when thus distressed, hearing the strains of some sweet melody, has not felt in his heart peace, consolation and renewed hope?

Not many years ago human invention came to our rescue when it placed at our disposal the gramophone—the music and voice reproducing instrument, stimulating or soothing us according to our needs.

But the gramophone goes farther than just the provision of needed music to stimulate or soothe. It is the greatest single agency in educating us to know and learn the best in music, the greatest of all God-given gifts.

The gramophone itself is useless without the record. Take a record up and examine it. You notice minute lines travelling around and around the surface of the disc. The lines mean nothing; but in between these lines are small indentations, small indeed, but representing the thrilling notes of a soprano, the profound voice of a basso, or it may be the melodious strains of some world-famed orchestra. The record lies dormant until placed on the revolving disc of the gramophone, but while dormant it still contains the living music which can be brought into being any time you may so desire. Records are crowded with precious memories for the individual, recalling some great occasion perhaps at Grand Opera, bringing back some loved one's voice, or opening anew the personal memories of some noted musician, and when the music flows from the instrument the memory pictures cherished in the past are once more brought clearly before us.

Music is a blessing bestowed upon us by the great composers. For ages their works have given delight to the hearts of millions and will still continue to lavish their charm upon millions more in the centuries to come. There are many compositions that are especially suited to bring pleasure, happiness and peace when most needed.

We cannot all journey to hear famous artists render the works of the great masters, but by means of the gramophone and gramophone record, these artists are brought into your own home to entertain you and give their best—their best because they know they are entertaining millions all over the world by means of the record, and this world contains many critics.

The child on the mother's knee listens attentively to the martial strains of some great band and will ask for more. Youth will clap its hands and request an encore. The aged, knowing the world's pleasure and pain, will enjoy the replaying of some simple old-fashioned air dear to their hearts. Music is a requisite of time and eternity. Music is essential in the home.

The educational value of the gramophone cannot be over estimated not only in our home but in our schools. Children can be easily taught to recognize the works of the great masters, to distinguish the playing of the various instruments. Pupils enter into the various physical culture exercises with greater zest, when they are accompanied by music rendered by well-known and world-renowned musical organizations.

Factories are daily recognizing the value of the gramophone in their work-rooms, finding that their employees render greater and better service when allowed to listen to and appreciate good music, which relaxes the nervous tension, under which the present day workers labor.

But to return to the home. The gramophone is not alone for the person of means to possess and enjoy. There are instruments to suit every home, from the humble table instrument to the cabinet showing the highest art of the skilled workman. All render the best to the circle of hearers.

The jolly dance, the gay song, the old-fashioned and best beloved hymns, all are played and sung well, whether your instrument be large or small.

The isolated farmer in some pioneer district, the lonely rancher or trapper who lives away from the haunts of men, to them the gramophone is indeed a boon. It renders its best not only in secular music, but also in the glories of Divine Service. The solemn strains of the organ, the swelling voices of the church choir, and the preaching of the Gospel, are brought within reach. And comforting it must truly be in their humble and lonely homes.

In short the gramophone is the most willing, most versatile, most satisfactory and best entertainer and comforter you are privileged to be able to obtain.

# Columbia Grafonolas

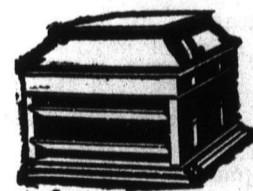
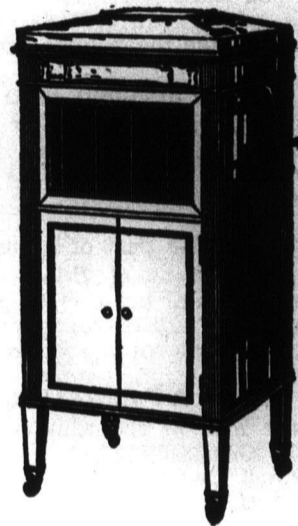


THE music of the Columbia Grafonola fills your home with all the harmonies you long to hear. It gives you symphonies, opera arias, old familiar songs, Hawaiian selections, the latest dances, negro melodies, the most recent popular hits and many martial airs.

The Grafonola's tone is pure and sweet. It gives you this music unmuffled, unmarred, made by the famous artists, leaders in every branch of music, who make records for Columbia exclusively.

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- ROSE OF WASHINGTON SQUARE**—Henry Burr and **TIRED OF ME**—Lewis James A-2898 \$1.00
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- SHADOWS**—Campbell and Burr and **SUNSHINE ROSE**—George Meader A-2920 \$1.00
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## What the World is Saying

### Women and Democracy

Women are coming into politics to-day to the completion of democracy.—London Nation.

### Production and Distribution

Our problems are first and last economic—that is, straight business problems—concerned with production and distribution.—Lethbridge Herald.

### A Thing To Be Remembered

In their day of suffering and tribulation, Germany and Austria should remember that nobody forced them to start the war.—Kingston Whig.

### A Different Way Altogether

Germany's war vessels are going to all parts of the world, but they are not going the way Germany once expected they would.—Halifax Herald.

### En Eruptive Era

Cable despatches state that Mount Vesuvius is in a state of eruption again. It appears to be becoming a habit over there.—Vancouver Sun.

### One of the Many Rumors

Hungary favors a Hapsburg as King. Her people may discover that there is no great virtue in a hair of the dog that bit them.—Turner's Weekly, Saskatoon.

### It Strains the Imagination

The Allies are granting modifications of peace terms, but imagine a victorious Germany making concessions to a defeated enemy!—Victoria Colonist.

### Sir George's Mixed Genders

Sir George Foster announces that "Canada is the master of her own fortunes." One could sometimes wish that Sir George would endeavor to be mistress of his own rhetoric.—Ottawa Citizen.

### She Is Still a Cause of Trouble

After all these centuries Cleopatra is the cause of a lawsuit arising out of motion picture rights. It's enough to make the Sphinx smile.—Duluth Herald.

### Staunch John Bull!

John Bull continues to live up to his reputation for weathering the roughest storms. There is no blow so severe but that he makes a rapid recovery.—Philadelphia Record.

### The Best of Investments

The government of Prince Edward Island is to impose additional taxation to provide higher salaries for teachers. Education pays. And it is worth paying for.—Edmonton Journal.

### A Follaged Monarch

After a look at the whiskers of the new King of Syria the impression is that the barber shop is purely an abstract proposition with the latest monarch.—Regina Post.

### One M.P.'s Point of View

Prohibition is the work of the Devil, according to Mr. Burnham, M.P. There are some people who have a habit of mixing up outsiders in every controversy that crops up.—Brockville Recorder-Times.

### There Would Have Been No War

Count Bernstorff declares that if it hadn't been for the German military element, America would never have been in the war. Neither would Britain or France or Italy or Belgium.—Winnipeg Telegram.

### He Is Awake to Realities

Sometimes it looks as if the radical leaders in Britain are becoming a little bit conservative. Old John Bull is not quick in dropping the substance to grasp at the shadow.—Vancouver Province.

### Is This the Cow with Crumpled Horn?

The ministry of food are trying to develop new sources of milk supply, and for the purpose intend to make use of the motor lorries the military authorities are about to release.—Manchester Guardian.

### Remarkable, if True

An exchange states that in China eggs are three for five cents, coal fifty cents a ton, and wheat thirty cents a bushel. But who wants to go and live in China?—Minneapolis Journal.

### The Senate's Cost, and Value

The cost of the Senate to the country in 1919 was \$365,299—about \$1,000 a day, counting every day a working day. That was the cost; the value—well, that is another story.—Saskatoon Phoenix.

### An Essential of Democracy

One of the first duties of those people who are firm believers in the principles of democracy is to have their names put in the voters' lists. Otherwise there is no democracy.—Brandon Sun.

### A Barbarous Sport

The bull-fighting business is reported on the decline in Madrid on account of the scarcity of bulls, and up to date no one has come along with a substitute labelled "just as good."—Chicago Tribune.

### A Kultur-paved Roadway

Ten thousand German army helmets have been crushed by tanks to make a roadway for heavy traffic at Croydon, England. What more appropriate use for the spiked headgear of the Hun?—Peterboro Review.

### One of Our Country's Problems

The Canadianizing of our alien population is one of the urgent problems before the country, and education seems to be the most effective and surest way of teaching them how to become good citizens.—Halifax Chronicle.

### A Thing To Be Remembered

It will make for international good-will to remember that the forces in the United States friendly to the British Empire are more powerful than the Empire's enemies, except in the vocal organs.—Winnipeg Tribune

### Mixed Farming

An Ontario man received \$169 for the logs in an elm tree, plus a family of coons that he found in the top of it. This is the kind of farming that should make an appeal to the city man.—St. John (N.B.) Telegraph.

### Doggedness and Horse Sense

An American writer says that Europe may be able to weather the crisis by a dogged effort and the use of a little bit of horse sense. Why not call a veterinary surgeon into consultation?—Toronto World.

### Historic Ground for Canada

The site of Bourlon Wood has been presented by France to the Canadian government as a memorial to the deeds of the Canadian army in that area. The story of Canadian valor will not die lightly.—Topeka Capitol.

### Germ Tanks?

"The next war will be fought with bacteriologists," says Captain Wedgewood Benn. The report that the army council has already ordered the Royal Engineers to construct a couple for experimental purposes is declared to be premature.—Punch.

### The Good Time Coming

A United States doctor has discovered a memory serum. If the world had an injection or two it might be able to remember the name of the man who told it everything would be lovely when the war was over.—Toronto Telegram.

### Who Can Tell?

The optimistic Canadian may be justified in saying that before another 250 years elapses a large number of the trading posts of the Hudson's Bay Company in the far north may have grown to good sized cities. Who knows?—Dundee Courier.

### An Unfulfilled Prediction

Speaking of the shortage of houses in Winnipeg, what has become of all those buildings used as hotels in the anti-prohibition days and which, according to the claims of some people, would remain as empty monuments to a decadent city?—Winnipeg Free Press.

### There Has Been a Great Change

The former Kaiser expresses annoyance at being watched by a sentry. Yet in his palmy days he was fond of having his armed guards always in attendance on his person. No one loved military show better. Things have changed.—London Daily Mail.

### The Well-Worn Leap Year Joke

The official figures from the Toronto city hall show that the marriages thus far in 1920 are almost double those of the same period in 1919. We wonder if the fact that this is leap year has anything to do with this remarkable increase?—Toronto Mail and Empire.

### Wireless Talk

A 700-mile wireless talk between a point in Spain and Chelmsford, England, has been successfully carried on. By and by the scientific knowledge may be so put into practice that a man may be able to shout out so strong a sound wave as to make it go right around the world and come back to his own ear.—Washington Star.

### Belongs to a Bad Family

Alcohol comes from a bad family stock. Nearly all its young brothers and sisters, both older and younger, from fusil oil to wood alcohol, are dangerous poisons of swift action and evil odor. We are beginning to suspect that it differs from the other members of its family chiefly in its slower action and more agreeable flavor.—Toronto Globe.

### Humane Progress

A bill for the total prohibition of importation into Britain of the plumage of birds is now before the British House of Commons and is expected to pass by a large majority. The new law will put an end to the barbarous business of killing birds for their plumes. It is estimated that the number of birds killed for the British trade alone has amounted to as high as 25,000,000 a year.—Christian Guardian.

### Why, Oh Why!

Why is it, it is often asked, that people in small towns can find no better business than prying into other people's business, and exaggerating the truth in regard to the same. While they would not steal from them worldly goods, yet they rob him or her of what is more precious than gold—a good reputation. Why can't people "do unto others, as you would have do unto you?"—Kerobert Citizen.

### Wooden Footwear

Those Dutch manufacturers who are planning to introduce wooden shoes into the U.S. and Canada may have to send over Dutchmen to wear them. Sabots were worn in this province, in parts, at certain times of the year as recently as a score of years ago, and there may be some in use yet. Hand-made wooden shoes were a common sight in the Bonsecours market in those days.—Montreal Gazette.

### Rural Depopulation in the U. S.

Preliminary estimates of the United States census for the year 1920 are said to indicate that the farming population of that nation has dropped to 35 per cent. of the total. Forty years ago 70 per cent. of the people of the United States lived in the country. A decade ago 55 per cent. of the population was rural, but now it is estimated that only 35 per cent. live in the country.—Philadelphia Ledger.

### We Should Have Nickel Coins

Canada, which produces 80 per cent. of the world's supply of metallic nickel, has no nickel coins in her currency, but seventy other countries use nickel or nickel alloys for that purpose, and eleven of them use pure nickel. Aside from the patriotic feature of a nickel coinage in Canada the Government could make a profit of hundreds of thousands of dollars by calling in the present silver coins and substituting nickel for them.—Canadian Finance.

### A Frieze at Berlin

When William II., ex-Emperor, found the stately "White Hall" of the Palace insufficiently gorgeous to accord with his megalomania, he called in the architect Ihne, and gave directions for a new frieze round the hall representing "victorious warfare fostering art, science, trade and industry." I imagine that William in his Dutch retreat at Amerongen may occasionally reflect on the consequence of warfare when it is "not" victorious. Trained in such an atmosphere from their childhood, drinking in militarism with their earliest breath, can it be wondered at that Prussians worshipped brute-force, and brute-force alone?—Edinburgh Review

### Some Automobile!

England is still the land of great wealth, it appears from the columns of some of its advertising mediums. A recent issue of "Motor," of London, contains under the head of "Second-hand Cars for Sale" several offers of such cars for over ten thousand dollars each! One car, which dates as far back as 1913, is described thus: "Magnificent open sporting body, leather cover for hood, tapered bonnet, electric installation, Warland rims, 2 spares, 1 each side, very fast and in perfect condition throughout, price 3,000 guineas" (\$15,000!)—New York Times.

### We Speak Now of "The West"

Hereafter the initials "R.N.W.M.P." will have only a historical significance. The new force, which is to include the Dominion police, will be known as the Royal Canadian Mounted Police. In view of the extension of the field which is to be covered, the elimination of "Northwest" was inevitable. The word is heard less and less all the time in Canada. Up till the time of the establishment of the provinces of Alberta and Saskatchewan fifteen years ago, this coming autumn, when a person started off in this direction from the East it was always said that he was going to "the Northwest." But with the disappearance of the Northwest Territories the habit grew rapidly of referring to the country on this side of Lake Superior simply as "the West," which is much to be preferred on every account.—Edmonton Journal.



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Financial News and Views. Intricate Financial Matters discussed in language that anyone can understand.

**BANKING**    **INSURANCE**    **FINANCE**

### DRAYTON'S FIRST BUDGET

**T**HE Toronto Globe states, "There is little in Sir Henry Drayton's first budget speech to brighten the lives of the Canadian masses." In this respect Sir Henry is no worse than any of his predecessors. A budget speech that would brighten the lives of the masses would be something very extraordinary. Taxation has never been popular, and notwithstanding the fact that we are changing conditions and affairs with remarkable rapidity, we have not yet reached that delightful stage when taxation of any kind will be really popular with the people.

The nation as a whole will greet with satisfaction Sir Henry's announcement that the country has finished borrowing and will now proceed to pay its way. The minister of finance declared that revenue from taxation would be obtained sufficient to pay the expenses of running the affairs of this country from now on. This is good business and will commend itself to citizens of all shades of political opinion. The policy is a good one but the taxation methods proposed to be adopted in carrying it out will meet with strong opposition from Western Canada. Free traders and tariff reformers will get small comfort from the budget speech.

The new taxes proposed are as follows:

(1) One per cent tax on all sales of manufacturers, wholesalers or importers, except on coal and food for man and beast.

(2) Taxes of 10 per cent on the total selling prices of goods to be paid by the purchaser, as follows:

|  |         |
|--|---------|
| On boots, shoes, etc., costing more than.....  | \$ 9.00 |
| On men's and boys' suits costing more than.....  | 45.00   |
| On fur coats and robes costing more than.....  | 100.00  |
| On women's dresses costing more than.....  | 60.00   |
| On men's and women's overcoats costing more than.....  | 50.00   |
| On hose, hats, neckwear, shirts, purses and gloves cost more than certain specified prices.  |         |
| On all fans, opera cloaks, ivory handled cutlery, cut glassware, velvet and silk fabrics, lace, ribbons, silk embroideries and sporting goods. |         |
| On trunks costing more than....  | 40.00   |
| On valises and suit cases costing more than.....   | 25.00   |

(3) Taxes of 20 per cent on the total selling prices of goods, to be paid by the purchaser, as follows:

On cigar and cigarette holders and pipes in excess of \$2.50 each; on all humidors and other equipment for smokers, hunting, shooting and riding

garments, fancy pocket knives, gold, silver, ebony and ivory toiletware, household or office silver articles, jewelry, fur wearing apparel, except those previously referred to, liveries, oriental carpets, expensive carpets and curtains and chandeliers.

(4) A tax of 10 per cent payable by the manufacturer or importer of boats, yachts, canoes and motor boats to be used for other than commercial purposes; on cameras, candy and confectionery, firearms, shells, cartridges, pianos, organs, musical instruments and plated household ware.

(5) A tax of 20 per cent on mechanical player pianos, gramophones, mechanical musical instruments and records used therewith.

(6) A tax of 50 per cent to be paid by the purchaser, on articles of gold, not otherwise referred to, adapted for household or office use.

(7) A tax of 15 per cent on automobiles adapted to passenger use.

(8) Sundry taxes on beer, wine or spirits.

(9) The existing stamp tax on cheques, notes, etc., is increased to 2c. for every one hundred dollars or part thereof. In consequence a cheque for \$210 will now have to bear 6c. in stamp tax.

The income tax has been increased insofar as it affects incomes of \$5,000 and over by the imposition of an additional tax of 5 per cent on top of the existing taxes both for individuals and joint stock companies. As a result of this the tax on a personal income of \$5,000 has been increased from \$100 to \$126 and on a personal income of \$50,000 from \$5,782 to \$9,649. With corresponding increases on all other incomes over \$5,000. The tax affects the incomes of corporations when they exceed \$5,000 similarly. As an instance, a corporation with an income of \$100,000 will have to pay \$10,500 under the new tax as compared with \$8,000 under the old tax.

The business profits tax still remains although determined efforts were made by the business interests to have it removed. It has been cut down to some extent, the new tax being figured on the following basis:

On profits in excess of 10 per cent but not exceeding 30 per cent—50 per cent tax.

On profits in excess of 15 per cent, but not exceeding 20 per cent—30 per cent tax.

On profits in excess of 20 per cent, but not exceeding 40 per cent—50 per cent tax.

On profits over 30 per cent—60 per cent tax.

The old act provides a different scale of taxation for the profits of business with capital of not less than \$25,000 and not more than \$50,000, being 25 per



A FEW FROM A FIVE-THOUSAND FLOCK IN ALBERTA

The Drumheller Valley not only boasts mines which produce good coal, but it is also the home of one of Canada's largest sheep ranches. The above picture was taken at Many Island Sheep Ranch, Manuzul, by Samuel Drumheller, when from 4,000 ewes to 800 yearlings; are now running. These are Rambouillet sheep, a breed which Mr. Drumheller prefers because they are particularly good wool producers. They are also hardy and stand up well through Canadian winters.

## The Report for 1919

of The Great-West Life Assurance Company is now in print, and will be mailed to any interested person on request.

It records a year of remarkable success—success founded upon twenty-seven years of remarkable

## Results to Policyholders

Over \$212,000,000 of Insurance is now held in force by

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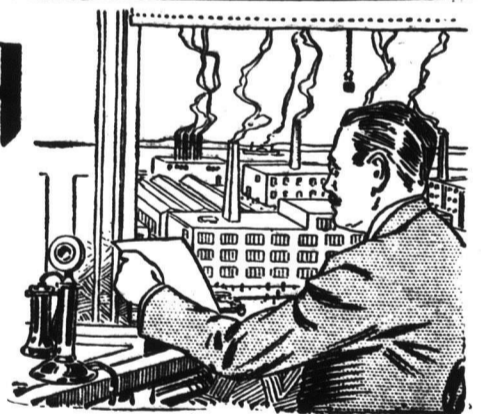
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cent of the profits earned in excess of 10 per cent of capital employed. The new tax proposed will only take 20 per cent of these profits.

The 7½ per cent customs war tax will be abolished and taxes on moving picture films will be removed. Sir Henry Drayton proposes to make every income and business profits tax-payer a tax collector. In future the tax-payer will be required to figure out the tax he should pay and will also be required to send a remittance for the amount arrived at when filing his income tax return, or he may pay 25 per cent of the tax when filing the return and pay the balance in three equal bi-monthly instalments, the first of such payments to be due two months after the return is filed. Needless to state, if the remittance is short the government will require payment of the shortage.

That very important phase of taxation, the tariff, was not definitely dealt with in a material way. Sir Henry contented himself by saying that it should be revised and that it would be revised—but not now. He stated that a tariff investigation has commenced and public sittings will be held throughout Canada after prorogation.

**Hail Insurance**

Why talk of hail insurance at this time of the year? It is only a few days ago since seeding began, why worry about hail? When you have decided that life insurance is an absolute necessity—and there are very few people who have not decided this—do you wait until you feel as if you are about to die before you try to buy your life insurance? When you have decided that it is good business to insure your live stock, do you wait until they are dying before you try to insure them? You do not wait until your house is on fire before you try to buy fire insurance. Neither should you wait until the hail storm is passing over the next fellow's farm before you look for the hail insurance agent. Now is the time to get your insurance. Do it now—if you keep on putting it off it may be too late. Procrastination is the thief of insurance protection. If hail insurance is worth having it is worth having now.

**Victory Bond Prices**

At this time of writing Victory bond prices are as follows:

| Maturity | price | yield |
|----------|-------|-------|
| 1922     | 99    | 5.86  |
| 1827     | 99½   | 5.58  |
| 1937     | 101   | 5.41  |
| 1923     | 99    | 5.82  |
| 1933     | 99½   | 5.55  |
| 1924     | 98    | 6.01  |
| 1934     | 96    | 5.92  |

Some of our good Canadian Citizens are worrying because our Victory Bonds are selling at less than their face value. Some people have sold their bonds because the price has gone down—others are wondering whether they should sell or not. In order to decide what is the best thing to do under the circumstances, a number of matters have to be considered. First, did you buy your Victory Bonds as an investment or as a speculation? The answer given by every real Canadian will be that he bought as an investment. If this is the case with you, then if your financial circumstances permit, you will keep your Victory Bonds until they fall due, when you will receive a full one hundred dollars in Canadian money for every \$100 bond you own.

Another reason why you should not sell your Victory Bonds at all, not even for their face value, is this: The best, safest and most reliable security that any Canadian can invest his money in are the bonds of the Dominion of Canada. Your money is as safe as if it was in the Bank of England. By investing in these bonds you have become a real partner in the building up and development of your own country. If you need money temporarily at any time, your banker will not hesitate to loan you almost up to the face value of your Victory Bonds if you offer them as security. This is not the time to sell Victory Bonds—this is the time to buy them. Buy all you can and keep them until they are due and so long as Canada is Canada you will never regret your investment.

**A MIGHTY QUESTION**

The "Fresh-air" wandered o'er the farm,  
No word he said,  
Though problems by the bucketful  
Crammed his small head.  
One question hurt his narrow chest,  
And it must come—  
"Where does the oxen and the cows  
Git all their gum?"

**PART OF THE EXCITEMENT**

A colored auntie was taking her first ride on a fast train when it jumped the track and plunged headlong into the ditch. After the crash "auntie" picked herself up and began munching a chicken wing she had brought along. The conductor hurried up to ascertain the damage.  
"Were you hurt in the smash-up?" he asked excitedly.  
"Law, no!" she replied in astonishment. "Wuz there a smashup? I to't dese yere combustifications went right along wif de ticket."—Argonaut.

**Home Again!**

**A** ROBIN lit in a poplar tree—  
He smoothed his feathers and glanced at me,  
Then poured from his little throat clear and strong  
The mellow notes of his Spring-time song.

"I have travelled long, I have travelled far,  
Down in the South where the warm winds are;  
Oh, I am so happy and glad," sang he,  
"For I'm home again in my own country."

"Oh, the South is sunny, the South is fair,  
And wonderful flowers are blooming there;  
But a lonesome feeling kept drawing me  
Till it drew me back to my own country."

"And all in the orchards along the way  
The bees were busy, the winds were gay,  
And robins filling the air with song,  
Were happily building all day long."

"They called to me 'Stay, there is room to spare,  
Your Northern home must be cold and bare';  
But the Northland called me, I could not stay,  
So I rose in the morning and flew away."

"I found my old nest in the poplar tree,  
My same little mate waiting here for me—  
So here all the Summer-time will we stay  
And hunt in your garden if we may."

—N. C. Berry.

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## A Race with a Train

By Mary Greene

**E**LEANOR Hamilton looked up from her book with a sigh. Outside the little telephone office in which she worked, the wind howled, and the rain dashed fiercely against the window panes. It was only seven o'clock in the evening but already it was very dark.

It was always lonely in the little office, and lonelier this night because everyone in Raynor's Corners but old Mr. Raynor and herself had gone to a fair in the village four miles away. It was too early for her friends to return, and, as she expected to have very little work Eleanor had brought her book with her. She delighted in books—this little girl of fifteen—and through them she had travelled far and wide, though in reality, her longest trip had been to the nearest railway station only six miles away.

She had just begun to read again when she raised her head, startled. Surely

she heard voices! Was someone returning sooner than had been expected? The speakers drew nearer. No, they were not known to her. They paused, and Eleanor listened to find out who they were. Their voices raised, and she heard that which made her catch at her desk in dismay.

A plot was on foot to wreck the express before it reached the station. It was well planned; everything was in readiness, and the men seemed confident that nothing would interfere. Just now they were congratulating themselves on having chosen a night which was quite suited to their purpose.

They had paused at the back of the office, probably out of the storm which was raging furiously. They were not able to see the light from there. Eleanor quickly blew it out and moved closer that she might hear better. But the men had ceased talking, and as the storm calmed down they began to move. Eleanor held

her breath. Would they come in? What would they do when they found she had overheard? However, they passed by, and she was left to herself.

Wreck the train! and no one there to do anything. What could she do? There were only forty minutes till the train was due. The wires were down between Raynor's Corners and the station, so she could get no word through. Yet she must do something. She couldn't stay there and let all those people be killed. What could she do? It seemed as if her brain refused to work.

Suddenly she thought of a way. Her brother had a new motorcycle which she had tried once or twice. He had intended to ride it to the fair but at the last moment had changed his mind, and had left it in the shed at home. Could she manage it? She would try anyway.

It was but the work of a moment to run to the house nearby, slip into her brother's oilskins, and get the machine from the shed. Pushing it before her, she walked a short distance to make sure the men were not near, and then sprang to the seat.

Less than thirty-five minutes to go six

miles. Time enough, perhaps, for one used to the motorcycle, but, on a dark and stormy night, over a rough and almost unknown road, it was no small task for a young girl—a girl who had ridden for only a short distance before. The light from the motorcycle could scarcely pierce the gloom. What was in the woods on either side of her? A twig snapped. Was it some wild animal or one of the men? Yet no thought of turning back was in her mind. On and on she went. Fifteen—sixteen—twenty minutes passed and she was not yet half way. She had to have more speed. Could she make it? She must. On her depended the lives of all those people.

There was the half-way mark, and she had only twelve more minutes. Was that the whistle of the train? Time seemed to drag. She could barely hold on, yet never did wheels seem to revolve so slowly. Only five minutes more! If only the train were late—but, away in the distance she saw the light of it. Which would win?

On and on she went, and on and on it flew. She could hear it thundering along. It was gaining! She couldn't make it! All those people—if only she could—but, no, still it gained. It rounded the last curve. More speed—could she do it? Yes, and with a sudden spurt she reached the track. There was not a moment to lose.

With a quick jerk she wrenched the lamp from the motorcycle and, standing in the track, waved it back and forth. Still the train came on. Wouldn't it stop in time? Yet she held her place. Then, with a sudden grinding of the brakes the train stopped. Very briefly and modestly Eleanor told her story. Then she felt herself growing faint.

It was a proud and happy girl who, a week later, boarded the train with her mother for the trip to the city of her dreams. In her bag was a pass given to her "in recognition of her bravery."

### SPRING'S AWAKENING

From all the blasts of heaven thou hast descended;  
Yes, like a spirit, like a thought, which makes  
Unwonted tears throng to the horny eyes,  
And beatings haunt the desolated heart,  
Which should have learned repose; thou hast descended.  
Cradled in tempests; thou dost wake,  
O Spring!  
O child of many winds! As suddenly  
Thou comest as the memory of a dream,  
Which now is sad because it hath been sweet;  
Like genius, or like joy, which riseth up  
As from the earth, clothing with golden clouds  
The desert of our life.  
This is the season, this the day, the hour;  
At sunrise thou shouldst come, sweet sister mine,  
Too long desired, too long delaying, come!  
How like death-worms the wingless moments crawl!  
The point of one white star is quivering still  
Deep in the orange light of widening morn  
Beyond the purple mountains; through a chasm  
Of wind-divided mist the darker lake  
Reflects it; now it wanes; it gleams again  
As the waves fade, and as the burning threads  
Of woven cloud unravel in pale air;  
'Tis lost! and through yon peaks of cloud-like snow  
The roseate sunlight quivers; hear I not  
The Aeolian music of her sea-green plumes  
Winnowing the crimson dawn?  
—Shelley ("Prometheus Unbound").

Three men, an American, an Irishman and a Canadian were boasting about how long they could sing.

"I could sing for 24 hours easily," said the American.

"That's nothing at all," said the Irishman, "I could sing for a week."

"Well," said the Canadian, "I could sing the Maple Leaf Forever."

## The Merchants Bank of Canada

### STATEMENT OF LIABILITIES AND ASSETS AT 30th APRIL, 1920

| LIABILITIES   |                   | 1920              | 1919              |
|---|-------------------|-------------------|-------------------|
| <b>1. To the Shareholders</b>   |                   |                   |                   |
| Capital Stock paid in   |                   | \$ 8,400,000.00   | \$ 7,000,000.00   |
| Rest or Reserve Fund  |                   | 8,400,000.00      | 7,000,000.00      |
| Dividends declared and unpaid   |                   | 338,159.22        | 194,194.00        |
| Balance of Profits as per Profit and Loss Account submitted herewith  |                   | 260,774.98        | 574,043.32        |
|   |                   | \$ 17,398,934.20  | \$ 14,768,237.32  |
| <b>2. To the Public</b>   |                   |                   |                   |
| Notes of the Bank in Circulation  |                   | 14,791,027.00     | 13,316,033.00     |
| Deposits not bearing interest   |                   | 45,368,876.69     | 43,552,214.61     |
| Deposits bearing interest (including interest accrued to date of Statement)                                       |                   | 114,132,175.79    | 91,904,993.37     |
| Balances due to other Banks in Canada   |                   | 2,747,402.86      | 2,614,696.64      |
| Balances due to Banks and Banking Correspondents in the United Kingdom and foreign countries                      |                   | 831,997.39        | 105,076.96        |
| Bills payable   |                   |                   |                   |
| Acceptances under Letters of Credit   |                   | 2,117,441.21      | 464,153.05        |
| Liabilities not included in the foregoing   |                   |                   |                   |
|   |                   | \$ 197,387,855.14 | \$ 166,725,404.95 |
| <b>ASSETS</b>   |                   |                   |                   |
| Current Coin  |                   | \$ 4,193,117.50   | \$ 4,946,946.33   |
| Deposit in the Central Gold Reserves  |                   | 7,500,000.00      | 7,000,000.00      |
| Dominion Notes  |                   | 8,407,003.25      | 8,405,602.50      |
| Notes of other Banks  |                   | 1,170,482.00      | 985,044.00        |
| Cheques on other Banks  |                   | 11,093,195.77     | 6,082,616.99      |
| Balances due by other Banks in Canada   |                   | 9,400.50          | 3,215.80          |
| Balances due by Banks and Banking Correspondents in the United Kingdom  |                   | 445,034.79        | 123,496.50        |
| Balances due by Banks and Banking Correspondents elsewhere than in Canada and the United Kingdom                  |                   | 1,561,157.87      | 1,903,040.10      |
| Dominion and Provincial Government Securities, not exceeding market value   |                   | 7,893,229.90      | 6,005,573.65      |
| Railway and other Bonds, Debentures and Stocks, not exceeding market value  |                   | 4,507,688.10      | 4,119,705.32      |
| Canadian Municipal Securities and British, Foreign and Colonial Public Securities other than Canadian             |                   | 13,239,204.59     | 15,238,399.32     |
| Call Loans in Canada on Bonds, Debentures and Stocks  |                   | 6,471,494.31      | 5,134,690.71      |
| Call Loans elsewhere than in Canada   |                   | 6,206,537.78      | 2,801,857.72      |
|   |                   | \$ 72,697,546.36  | \$ 62,750,188.94  |
| Current Loans and Discounts in Canada (less Rebate of Interest)   | \$ 113,198,913.90 |                   |                   |
| Loans to Cities, Towns, Municipalities and School Districts   | 3,587,491.69      |                   |                   |
| Current Loans and Discounts elsewhere than in Canada (less Rebate of Interest)                                    |                   | 116,786,405.59    | 95,874,426.04     |
| Liabilities of Customers under Letters of Credit as per contra  |                   | 1,117,268.51      | 332,918.12        |
| Real Estate other than bank premises  |                   | 2,117,441.21      | 464,153.05        |
| Overdue Debts, estimated loss provided for  |                   | 604,325.33        | 782,326.64        |
| Bank premises at not more than cost (less amounts written off)  |                   | 352,737.25        | 386,973.56        |
| Deposit with the Minister for the purpose of the Circulation Fund   |                   | *2,576,630.21     | 5,253,269.48      |
| Other Assets not included in the foregoing  |                   | 377,000.00        | 366,000.00        |
|   |                   | 758,500.68        | 515,149.12        |
| *After crediting amount received in respect of Premises transferred to The Merchants Realty Corporation, Limited. |                   | \$ 197,387,855.14 | \$ 166,725,404.95 |

H. MONTAGU ALLAN,  
President.

D. C. MACAROW,  
General Manager.

### Report of the Auditors to the Shareholders of The Merchants Bank of Canada

In accordance with the provisions of sub-Sections 19 and 20 of Section 56 of the Bank Act, we report to the shareholders as follows:—

We have examined the above Balance Sheet with the Books of Account, and other records at the Chief Office of the Bank and with the signed returns from the Branches and Agencies and have checked the cash and verified the securities of the Bank at the Chief Office against the entries in regard thereto in the books of the Bank at 30th April, 1920, and at a different time during the year and found them to agree with such entries. We also attended at some of the Branches during the year and checked the cash and verified the securities held at the dates of our attendances and found them to agree with the entries in regard thereto in the books of the Bank.

We have obtained all the information and explanations we have required. In our opinion, the transactions of the Bank which have come under our notice have been within the powers of the Bank, and the above Balance Sheet is properly drawn up so as to exhibit a true and correct view of the state of the Bank's affairs, according to the best of our information and the explanations given to us, and as shown by the books of the Bank.

VIVIAN HARCOURT, }  
GORDON TANSLEY, } Auditors.  
(of the firm of Deloitte, Plender, Griffiths & Co.)

MONTREAL, 25th May, 1920

# How to be a Good Runner

By Dr. W. C. Lalson

**T**O be a good runner is a fine thing for a boy. In the first place, it is a great satisfaction to be the best runner, or one of the best runners in the club or the school or "the crowd." Secondly, to be a good runner is a sheer necessity to the outdoor games. Football, baseball, hockey, lacrosse, tennis—in all these games the boy who can run rapidly and long has a good chance to come out a champion; while the boy who is a slow runner has little or no show, no matter how good he may be otherwise. In

little word of four letters—EASE. Ease is not easy to get. But when one begins to acquire it, he notices a gradual but very marked change in his "style." Stiffness and awkwardness become less and less. The movements get more and more flexible and graceful, the stride lengthens and the general "form" shows far more style and power.

Now, I speak from actual experience in dealing with practical runners on tracks, indoors and out, when I say that the average runner uses up at every stride from three to ten times the amount of strength necessary. And just here's the point.

The more strength he uses up, the less strength he has to run with; the more he saves his strength, the less he uses up, the more strength will there be with which to run and to keep on running. That is to say, if he learns to run easily, he will gain immensely, not only in speed but in endurance.

It is pitiful to see some amateurs try to run. Their jaws are set and their foreheads are clinched. The muscles of their chests, arms, and shoulders are firmly contracted, the head is held rigidly up and back, and in their hands they are gripping bits of cork or corn-cobs! All these muscles are set, all are working hard. What for? No one knows. It happens to be the fashion.

Now, if any boy who is really ambitious to run in the hundred-yard dash, or any other distance up to ten miles—if he really wants to be a fine runner, let him spend a few weeks training for ease, ease, ease and nothing else, and let him note the result. I give him my word that, at the end, he will be a firm advocate of the easy method of training.

But how shall one get ease. That is sometimes, I confess, rather hard, main-

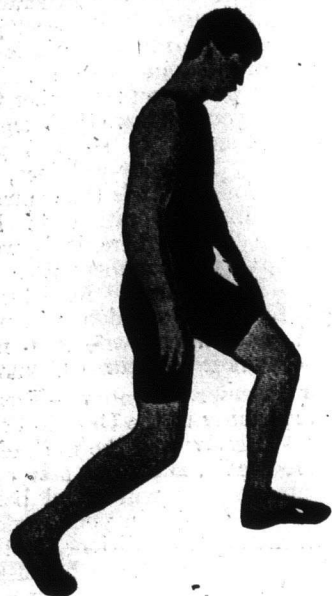


Fig. 1.

many games, like hare and hounds, tag, and so on, the whole secret of winning out in the contest depends upon good running.

Besides this, running is often a very useful accomplishment. To be able to do a half mile or even a few hundred yards in good style and without being "winded" at the finish is a power that may come in good at any time.

And then, running is fine exercise. It makes the muscles, not only of the legs, but of the chest, waist, and shoulders, bigger and stronger. It increases power of all the vital organs—heart, stomach, liver, and so on, and lastly it is a fine thing for the lungs.

Now, running is an art. But it is an art that is not hard to learn. After much experience as a practical athlete, I do not hesitate to say that any boy in fairly good condition can, in a few weeks of practice as directed in this article, just double his speed and more than double his endurance.

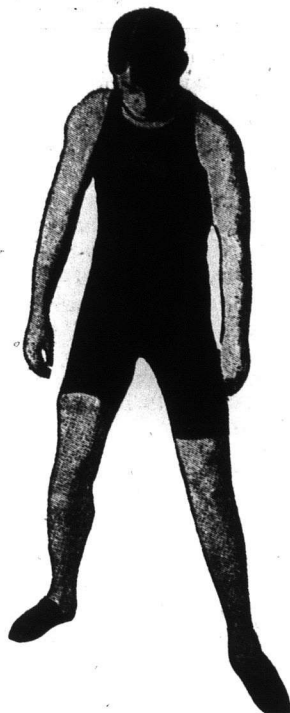


Fig. 2.

### There's a Secret.

There is a little secret about running which very few people know—not even professional runners. If they did, we would see more really good running.

The secret of speed, endurance, and grace in running may be put into one

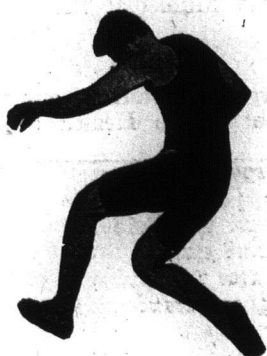


Fig. 3.

ly because we are all of us so accustomed to doing everything with much more force than necessary.

After a good deal of thought and study on this question of running. I have made up the following system of exercises. Let any young fellow (or old fellow, either, for that matter) practice them faithfully fifteen minutes two or three times a day for a few weeks, and he will be quite convinced that he has learned the secret of good running.

#### Exercise No. 1.

Stand easily, left foot in advance, right foot about eighteen inches behind it. Bend knees slightly and give a little spring upward, at the same time changing the feet so that when you come down the right is in front, left behind.

Repeat this, little spring again and again, doing it as easily as possible, and keeping all the muscles relaxed, as shown in Fig. 1. Be particularly careful not to come down hard on the floor. Try to do the exercise so that a person in the room next you or under you could not hear it.

#### Exercise No. 2.

Stand easily, with feet somewhat apart. Now give a light, easy spring off the floor, and come down in the position shown in Fig. 2; that is, with the weight upon the right leg, left extended out to that side so that the toe lightly touches the floor.

Then give another light spring, at the same time drawing up the left leg and extending the right. This movement should be repeated from side to side hundreds of times, until you can do it

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almost without effort, and without making the slightest noise or jar.

The main object of these two movements is to teach you to sort of "feel the ground." Until you have gained this power you are bound to smash the foot hard upon the ground with each stride, which means not only waste of force, but is most exhausting to the body at every step. You should learn to run so that the feet, as they strike the ground, make not the slightest noise. That's the way an Indian runs.

#### Exercise No. 3.

Stand easily. Now begin to swing the arms freely back and forth. After a few moments of this, allow the right

leg to swing forward as the arms go in that direction, as shown in Fig. 3.

Now, as the arms and right leg, moving together, swing forward and upward, make a little leap upon the left foot. Then, with the next forward swing, make another leap and so on. In this also make as little jar as possible.

Afterward practice the same movement, swinging the arms and left leg, and making the leap upon the right.

#### Exercise No. 4.

This exercise is simply to imitate the motions of running in such a way that the feet strike each time in the same place. In other words, it is merely stationary running. A fair idea of this exercise may be from Fig. 4.

Now, in the practice of all these exercises, you must remember that the great thing is ease, ease, ease. You must get so that you can actually feel the weight of the body as you raise it from the ground in making the little leap and you swing the limbs to an fro during the stride. If you doubt the effect of these simple exercises you can easily settle the matter. Try them.

#### WAR-TIME ECONOMY

"Aw'm awa noo, Sandy. Do ye want anything frae the town?" asked the good-wife as she lifted the reins from the horse's back.

"Ma snuff's dune, an' Aw wad like ye tae fetch me half an ounce," replied Sandy.

"Nay, nay! I canna allow sic extravagance!" exclaimed his wife. "Have ye no heard o' the increased price o' snuff, in?" "Juist tickle yer nose wif a straw, instead."



Fig. 4.

## Federated Women's Institutes

### An address by Mrs. Dayton at the recent Women's Institute Convention held in Winnipeg

**A**S YOU all know, the union or federation of the Women's Institutes of Canada was consummated in this city last February.

The first convention was held in November last, in the city of Toronto. Every province in the Dominion was represented—from one to four delegates being present. Many splendid personalities were there, among them the beloved President, Judge Emily Murphy (Janey Canuck) the first woman judge in the British Empire.

It was an historical meeting, and showed the tremendous growth of the woman's institute movement, starting as it did in Stoney Creek, Ont., twenty-five years ago; now covering every province in the Dominion, with a membership of over 100,000. Not only this, but it has penetrated into the most remote parts of the Mother Country, where it has 1400 branches—introduced there by Mrs. A. T. Watt, a Canadian woman. Before the war the Minister of Agriculture for Belgium visited Canada and carried back the woman's institute idea to that country, where it has met with great success.

#### Unlimited Possibilities

This federation opens unlimited possibilities in the uniting of women. We have not only accomplished the federation of the Canadian provinces, but have gone a step further and formed an alliance with the Federated Women's Institutes of Great Britain—of which Queen Mary is one of the presidents and Mrs. Lloyd George is also a president of the Institute in her own home town in Wales, and it is expected that soon an International Federation will be established which will include France, Belgium, and the United States—our Allies in the Great War.

#### The Widening of our Horizon

You will see how this extension will bring us, who live in the most remote places, into touch with all that is best in women's work—not only in Canada, but in the world.

#### Important to Immigration

You can easily understand that in the one important matter of immigration how much this means to our country. The people, especially the women, coming from the old lands, when they have known women's institutes, will feel at home amid a warmth of welcome from the women's institutes of this country. This will pave the way for good feeling, happier homes, and make for permanent occupation—so greatly to be desired in our rural communities. A country rises no higher than its womanhood, and I know of no organization which is doing so much toward this end.

#### Not Confined to One Special Work

It was an intensely interesting Convention in that it did not confine itself to one special line of work. It was representative of women from rural districts—from towns, from cities—all working together on a non-sectarian—non-racial—non-partisan basis for the welfare of the whole people, not for any one class of the people—and herein lies its strength.

And ladies, we are organized on non-sectarian, non-political lines—not because any government says we must but because we have proven that we can do more effectual work for the good of the whole people, and do it more unitedly by working along the lines that have proven so successful in the past. In this way we are free to help shape the policy of any government for women's welfare. This has been done many times, and not many years past was very noticeable in this province, for whether we have High Protectionist or Low Tariff people in power we will find human nature much the same.

#### Things To Be Worked For

It was decided to promote a very wide publicity campaign. Institute members everywhere are urged to adopt "It Pays to Advertise" as their slogan for the

coming year. No province needs it more than our own, and don't let your reports get old.

The National Federation asks that a Publicity Convener be appointed in each province to glean material and photographs of the activities of the work of most general interest, and forward the same to Mrs. J. F. Price, National Publicity Convener, Calgary. Also use all the space possible in your provincial and local papers.

#### Co-operation With Overseas Settlement Committee

To co-operate in the work of the Overseas Settlement Board of following up settlers, by calling upon new arrivals and inviting them to share in the social life of the community, Mrs. Charles Robson, our national convener on immigration, was appointed to represent the National Federation on the Canadian Council of Immigration for Household Service.

#### Objects of Federation

The objects of the federation as outlined by the President, Judge Emily Murphy, are—

- (1) To co-ordinate the work of the Women's Institutes throughout the Dominion.
- (2) To act as a clearing house for the activities of the various federated organizations.
- (3) To raise the standard of home-making—woman's most important occupation.
- (4) To assist in developing agriculture.
- (5) To promote educational, moral, social, and economic measures.
- (6) To encourage co-operation and community effort.
- (7) To initiate nation-wide campaigns in the interest of health, school betterment, co-operation in production and

conservation, civic improvement, wholesome entertainment, libraries, etc.

The constitution provides that the presidency shall alternate between Eastern and Western Canada. City institutes should co-operate most closely with the country institutes. Calgary and Edmonton are good examples of city institutes that do this.

It is the intention of the Federation to push the community hall movement in every district where an institute exists, and to leave no stone unturned that the rural women of Canada shall have not only telephones, medical inspection of all schools, rural postal deliveries, free hospitals and free libraries—but community halls where lectures, music and moving pictures of the best kind may be enjoyed; and these we may have for the whole of Canada if we are united.

The Ontario government gives dollar for dollar with institutes for this work. Apart from making the farm safe, pleasant and profitable, the women's institute has the supreme opportunity of Canadianizing the foreign people who have settled in rural districts. This work cannot be done from town but can only be carried out by the English speaking in the districts.

#### The Committees

On health, home economics, agriculture, immigration, legislation, publicity, current events, and institute technique, and we want this convention to appoint a member to each of the three committees, such member to become convener in her own province.

Education—including better schools—is given a prominent place in our work, first and foremost we are urged to interest our women in school problems, and to see that she gets a place on the School Boards. The institutes from one end of the Dominion to the other should make this part of their campaign "well equipped schools, kept in sanitary condition." "Healthy normal children, which calls for proper feeding and care." "School sections so organized that we can afford to engage capable teachers and retain them." The Municipal School Boards may help.

#### Health

Dr. Margaret Patterson, our national convener of Public Health and Child

Welfare, said that not only the value of life—but of health—is coming to be a national asset. The health of our nation is in the hands of its women, therefore many of them have struggled bravely almost alone. Now we are to have a united effort to save the child, and this has been brought about by the organization of women.

It is entirely due to the effort of organized women of Canada—as represented in the National Council of Women—that to-day we have a Federal Department of Health, including Child Welfare Bureau.

As individuals we may have very fine ideals, but except we are able to influence others to see them we can never accomplish much. By united effort the War was won, and the war we are waging against ignorance, disease—yea, even death, can only be won by our united effort. This we have in our Federation, which I most earnestly ask you to support and strengthen. To my mind it is the highest kind of wisdom to do so. You can realize this when you remember that in all your work you will have the Women's Institutes of Canada to support your efforts—not only for your province, but for your community. It is the expressed intention of the Federation to help strengthen the work where it is weak. In this we have the commendation and support of Dr. Tolmie, Minister of Agriculture for the Dominion, whom we interviewed, and whose wife is a most enthusiastic worker in British Columbia.

The new Premier of Ontario—Premier Drury—in speaking to the Ontario Federation said: "I know well the work of the Women's Institutes, and I can assure you that our government will stand behind you for all that is best in your work for the betterment of all conditions, particularly that of Child Welfare—because no matter how we put it, the most important product of this country, or any other country, is the children."

A delegation was appointed (of which I had the honor to be a member) to meet the Acting Prime Minister, Hon. Mr. Doherty, and lay the following resolutions before him:

- (1) We asked for a uniform divorce law throughout the Dominion—fair to both rich and poor alike.
- (2) That salaries of husbands guilty of desertion shall be paid to the families they have deserted.
- (3) That Railway Companies provide suitable accommodation for women travelling with young children—also for the sick.
- (4) That the question re the age of consent thrown out by the Senate last year—be this year reintroduced.
- (5) That the law re the sale of narcotics be enforced. Judge Murphy finds in her experience that many young girls are lured from their homes and seduced by this means.
- (6) That when naturalization is granted that the occasion be marked by an appropriate ceremony, preferably as near Dominion Day as possible.

#### Other Resolutions

Protecting the bird life of Canada.  
The placing of whole wheat flour on the market.  
Inspecting the sources of our milk supplies. (It was found in various parts of the country that impure milk was a fertile cause of the spreading of epidemics.)  
We are asking for one version of our National Anthem "O, Canada" and it was suggested that another verse be added expressing our thankfulness to Almighty God for the many gifts he has bestowed on us in this land.

#### NOTHING ALARMING

A grocer who lost his German assistant when the war broke out engaged in his place a small boy. Two or three days later the grocer was very much surprised to find the following mysterious words chalked on a biscuit box: "Puff, puff—draw up—puff—draw up, draw up."  
He began to worry lest his late assistant had been a spy, but the new clerk allayed his fears.  
"It's all right, sir," said the boy. "Don't worry. That's only the Marseillaise on the harmonica."



Wash Day in our house.

# Paw Tries Out the "Teria" Idea

By Edith G. Bayne

Paw Brownlow has always been boss in his own home. There are reasons for this. First, he isn't naturally the hen-pecked type, and second he is a creative genius, and the creative instinct seldom brooks restraint or interference of any kind. Paw Brownlow, though a farmer, is thoroughly alive to new ideas and retains an open and unprejudiced mind, and he possesses in a generous degree, as well, that divine discontent which is said to be the motive power of all great enterprises. He is prominent in all good works, is secretary of the cheese board and treasurer of the school board, is deacon of his church and local justice of the peace, and in between whiles he manages to operate successfully a quarter-section of land. If he hadn't elected to become a farmer he would just naturally have ended up in the class of Edison, Hoover, McAdoo, Geddes, Northcliffe or Lloyd-George, for from his earliest youth he was slated to be a leader—a leader of men that is.

It is only when Paw attempts to give Maw and the girls advice that he "gets in bad." As Maw says, it's all right for Paw to have ideas—she'll give him his due—but when he insists on forcing these ideas on the domestic sector of the line, then she feels it is over-stepping his jurisdiction.

"Every time your Paw goes to Winnipeg or Saskatoon," she tells the girls, "I get a terrible sinkin' feelin' (as the nerve-pill advertisements an' testimonials say), for I jest know as well as anythin' he'll come home with a whole grist o' new ideas!"

And she shakes her head mournfully.

Paw paid a visit to Winnipeg recently—the first in quite a long time—and when he got home he started right in to tell about some of the brand new wrinkles he had run across. They were new to him, but not necessarily a novelty to the "wimmen folks" however, as they shortly told him.

"Jest think, girls! They got places to eat where you don't sit down to tables an' be waited on at all!" he burst out, as soon as he had put his valise down.

"What do you do then?" demanded Millie, not catching on at once. "I suppose he means those high marble counters, Maw, where you have to climb up on a tall stool and keep your feet on a brass rail—"

"No I don't any sich thing! Listen now, all you wimmen, an' I'll tell you; first you go in at the gate or door, or whatever it is, an' gen'rally you'll find you're at the tail end of a long grub line—"

"Paw Brownlow!" exclaimed Maw, in horrified accents. "Do you mean to say you were in a—bread-line?"

"Sh-h, Maw!" interrupted Tillie, "thank heaven we've brought him up to know better than to bum a meal! Paw's got the floor. Go on, Paw."

"—You foller the person ahead an' do just as he (or she) does—"

"Oh, it's a mixed crowd!" Maw put in, suspiciously.

"Well what'd you s'pose it was—a stag party?" demanded her husband, testily. "Now pay attention so's you'll all know how to act when next you go to the city. You keep movin' up an' soon you see a pile o' trays an' a pile o' paper napkins an' a pile o' knives, forks and spoons, an' you jest help yourself—"

"Aint there no cop watchin' to see you don't slide some spoons into your pocket?" Maw put in innocently, but Paw took no notice of her.

"—an' as you move along you grab up a cup an' saucer, a tumbler of water (drawn from an ice-cold filter), a patty of butter, a bun, two hunks o' bread, or as many as you want, some plates an' things, an' this fetches you opposite a row o' heaters. Behind these heaters stand two or three dames dishin' up the hot part o' your meal—meat an' vegetables an' gravy—an' when you get what you want you pass on to where

the desserts are all set out. You can have four or five kinds if you like to pay for that many. Well, you head for a table—oh, no, I nearly forgot! You have to pass in front of a checker first an' she counts up, after a careful inspection, the cost o' your dinner an' picks off a ticket from a rack with a number on it. This she puts on a tray with the number down—I s'pose so the guy behind you don't see it an' size you up for a poor prune—"

"Or a reckless spender!" Millie interjected.

"At the cafeteria where I eat," said Tillie, with a slight yawn, "they punch your price on a slip of paper."

"Cafeteria! That's the name! I was trying to remember what they called it," said Paw. "Well, this number is the price the cashier is goin' to stick you goin' out, but if you don't take a peek at it afore you eat you can make out a purty good meal. It pays you to lick up all the crumbs anyhow, or if you feel too full you can slip a bun or a piece o' pie in your pocket. You've paid for it—or you're goin' to—an' you may as well get the benefit o' the last scrap. Passin' out you leave your empty dishes on a counter an' hand over your money to the girl in a square cage, helpin' yourself to a toothpick while she makes change. Now the groceteria is jest the same, only different. Say you want a can o' coffee, two pounds o' rice, a box o' matches, six bars o' soap an' a box o' raisins. You pick these things up an' move along to a checker an' a cashier an' if you like they'll lend you a basket, which if you brought back you can get a refund on. If it was me I'd carry my own or else one o' them there string bags. Well, you get your goods parcelled, interview the cashier, settle the damages and pass out. Ain't it simple?"

"What if I wanted a broom, a wash-board, fifty pounds o' sugar, a tub an' a jar o' vinegar?" asked Maw, thinking to stump him.

"Why they'd send them, that's all. Now, girls, what do you think of the 'teria' idea?"

"Old stuff," remarked Millie, serenely. "Is it only now you've discovered that we had such handy arrangements in our cities and towns? Oh you Rip Van Winkle!"

"At the last W. G. G. A. convention

I made acquaintance with the 'teria' idea," remarked May, coolly. "So you ain't springin' nothin' new on the old woman Paw."

"Well, well, I ain't tryin' to make any o' you out green. It's only that I got a first-rate idea!"

"Another one!" moaned Millie.

"Tillie, get the ice-bag an' put it to his head!" said Maw, with a sigh. "He's got another spell of inventiveness!"

But Paw wasn't to be damped so easily.

"I vote that we give this 'teria' scheme a try-out right here to home," he suggested, with enthusiasm.

"How here?" demanded Maw, "ain't you satisfied with the way we dish up the grub?"

"Now, now, don't get het up, Maw. Course I'm satisfied. I jest thought this new gag would save you folks work."

"Save your grandmother! If you think you're goin' to save us work by sech a fool idea—"

"A procession at every meal!" interjected Tillie, wrathfully. "The grub spread out all over the place and everybody using a tray! Nix! You must wait for another think, dear Paw."

But look at the work an' the steps it'd save you wimmen! Gosh girl, ain't you livin' in an age o' science an' inventions? This here is a step towards that emancipation o' wimmen that you're always harpin' about. What's more you don't need to stop at a cafeteria. You can incorporate the idea into the work o' each day in the week. Mondays there would be a washateria, Tuesdays an ironateria, Wednesdays a baketeria, Thursdays, a scrubateria, Fridays a cleanateria, an' on Saturdays a churnateria."

"An' Sundays we'd all have hysteria," said Maw, with a moan of suppressed anguish.

"Now Paw you beat it," said Millie, firmly. "If you're so struck on the teria notion go out to the barn, and between you and Jake maybe you can organize a choreteria."

"Well, all right for you!" remarked Paw as he hung up his felt hat and took down his trusty straw cow's breakfast. "Next time, I try to show you girls a labor-savin' device you'll know it!"

He went out to the barn and after having given Jake a piece of his mind because he had neglected to have the old set of harness mended, and the broken slats in the cowyard fence fixed

and the east field plowed and the garden dug he relapsed moodily on to a bench outside the tool-house and began to ponder the feasibility of organizing the barn help along teria lines. He didn't usually give the city fellows much credit for enterprise or industry, but this was one instance he admitted to himself, where they had won out ahead. At the end of an hour he began to wonder what on earth those women were putting in their time at. It ought to be dinner time. Another hour passed and Paw was just beginning to get real mad, thinking about it, when at last the dinner-hour sounded. Jake and young B'll, the two hired men, started on a run for the house and beat Paw to it by a go!

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The late Ella Wheeler Wilcox, who died recently, enriched American literature with numerous poems. Perhaps the following is one of her best known efforts.

**THE QUEEN'S LAST RIDE**

(Written on the day of Queen Victoria's funeral)

The Queen is taking a drive to-day:  
They have hung with purple the carriage-way.  
They have dressed with purple the royal track  
Where the Queen goes forth and never comes back.

Let no man labor as she goes by  
On her last appearance to mortal eye:  
With heads uncovered let all men wait  
For the Queen to pass, in her regal state.

Army and Navy shall lead the way  
For that wonderful coach of the Queen's to-day.  
Kings and Princes and Lords of the land  
Shall ride behind her, an humble band;  
And over the city and over the world  
Shall the flags of all Nations be half-mast furled,  
For the silent lady of royal birth  
Who is riding away from the Courts of earth.  
Riding away from the world's unrest  
To a mystical goal, on a secret quest

Though in royal splendor she drives through town  
Her robes are simple, she wears no crown;  
And yet she wears one; for, widowed no more,  
She is crowned with the love that has gone before,  
And crowned with the love she has left behind  
In the hidden depths of each mourner's mind.

Bow low your heads—lift your hearts on high—  
The Queen in silence is driving by!

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margin, so that when Paw arrived in the kitchen it was empty. The fire in the stove was going, but he saw no indication of eats, except some cooking-vessels filled with water. He washed hurriedly in the old tin basin, and combed his hair before the cracked mirror over the sink, and then he reached the door of the dining-room in two hungry leaps. He opened it prepared to see a cold snack set out on the table. But instead he found himself held up on the very threshold by a regular grub line, consisting of Maw, Tillie, the three young sons and Jake and young Bill. His daughter Millie stood behind an improvised counter further down presiding over two or three steaming vessels.

"Take your tray and keep in line" she called out.

Paw blinked and his mouth fell open. "What the —" he began.

"Wait your turn an' don't push," ordered Maw, looking back at him over her shoulder.

"Well, I'll be —" began Paw again.

"The management is against loud talking and argument," Tillie called down to him from her position before the buffet-like arrangement (made of a small table pieced out with the sewing-machine), which held dishes, cutlery and small plates filled with two or three different kinds of pie and buns.

"Say, who's the boss o' this joint?" Paw demanded in high dudgeon. "I gotta get up there to do the carvin', don't I?"

"Here! Quit shovin'!" protested his small son Arthur, who stood in line just ahead of Paw.

Paw submitted to discipline at length and obediently took a tray from a mixed pile in which there were no two alike, and then he proceeded to stock up with tea, bread, pie, butter and cake, and when he arrived in front of Millie she dished him up the hot part of the meal with impersonal and true business-like efficiency.

Paw headed straight for his own end of the big dining-table, but was halted with his load midway by the sight of his son Grenville, aged ten, occupying his big chair.

"I was here first!" cried that hungry urchin with unfilial greed. "Finders is keepers."

"You'll get a lickin' my young man." Poor Paw was commencing when Maw ordered him to sit down and keep still. "You got lovely manners I must say!" she sniffed, superciliously.

"Where'll I sit?" he roared. "Look at them kids spread out all over! Is this a picnic in the woods or what?"

"It's a private cafeteria," explained Tillie gently, and made room for him between herself and young Billy, who was stoking up with knife and fork alternately.

"Move up further," Paw ordered the latter, as he tried to squeeze his two hundred pound bulk into the narrow space allotted him. "This is sure a bird of an arrangement! Guess mebbe I'd best eat off the mantelshelf!"

"Ain't it nice an' simple?" cooed Maw with a winning smile.

But Paw merely snorted and attacked his beans. With his elbow he knocked a plate off the table, breaking it and his wife remarked that that meant a fine for damages. Then he wanted another cup of tea.

"Go get me it, like a good girl," he said to Tillie.

"This is a help-yourself establishment," said Tillie, unmoved and unmoving.

Paw gave vent to a short-crisp exclamation, which brought him a stern glance from Maw. He rose and procured the tea himself. Then he discovered that he needed another pat of butter, which necessitated a second trip to the "counter." On the way he collided with Jake and upset his tray, breaking a cup and a glass and spilling gravy all over the rug.

"Another fine," observed Millie. "Paw is this the way you behave when you get away from home?"

But when Paw finished his dinner at last he refused absolutely to gather

up his dishes and carry them to the "counter."

"No, folks, I've stood for the rest of the crazy nonsense, but I won't turn housemaid." He said emphatically. "I guess mebbe you're right when you say I got too much imagination. You took me literally an' I s'pose I oughtn't to blame you any. This is once you took me at my word."

Jake and the boys had gone back to the barn. Maw and the girls now smiled relunctantly at Paw.

"You see, then, that this wrinkle can't be carried out with much success in a private house?" queried Tillie, with a roguish glance.

Paw leaned back in his chair and grinned.

"Yep," he said, good naturedly. "I see that. Im a man o' resource they tell me—a man o' ideas of my own—but I won't ever spring another like this on to you wimmen. First thing I knew if this was to keep up Maw would be goin' the whole gait. She'd be hangin' up cards all round, sayin': 'Watch your overcoat,' 'Count your change,' 'No spitting on the floor,' and 'Try our mulligan stew, special to-day.' No, I give up tryin' to convert the domestic end. Gimme my supper in the good old-fashioned style an' forget this here, an' so help me, Hanner, the old man won't horn in again. Never again."

And Paw picked up his hat and went out to the barn whistling cheerfully, if not tunelessly, the old air—"Home, Sweet Home."

### REMARKABLE YEAR OF PROGRESS SHOWN BY THE MERCHANTS BANK

Growth of assets during 1919-1920 was almost as large in proportion as increase in capital stock. Shareholders had a very satisfactory year. Balance sheet exhibits Bank in strong position.

The Merchants Bank of Canada enjoyed a very remarkable year of progress during the twelve months ended April 30th. The paid-up capital of the Bank was enlarged during that period by \$1,400,000, representing an increase of 20 per cent. Not only did the new capital immediately justify itself, so far as earnings were concerned, but it was accompanied by a growth in the total volume of business which was almost sufficient to keep the ratio of capital to assets unchanged for the year. The assets of the Bank are 18.40 per cent greater than they were at the beginning of the year, having increased from \$167,000,000 to well over \$197,000,000. Of this growth, \$24,900,000 is accounted for by the remarkable expansion in deposits, which largely represent the savings of the clients of the Bank, and which are now over \$163,000,000.

The Bank was able to maintain a strong liquid position throughout the year. Quick assets at the end of April were over 72½ million dollars, and were at a ratio of 40.81 per cent to the total public liabilities, amounting to a little under 180 million dollars. The Bank's share in the task of financing the commercial and industrial business of the Dominion was well attended to, the sum of \$113,198,913 being devoted to current loans and discounts in Canada.

Both the shareholders and the general public are indebted to the management of this old and conservative, yet enterprising institution, for the constantly increasing services which it is rendering to Canadian business. Its progress during the past year must be highly gratifying not only to the shareholders but to Sir H. Montagu Allan, President, Mr. D. C. Macarow, General Manager, and to the members of the Board of Directors.

### OF DOUBTFUL CHARACTER

"Send that man down here!" said an officer as Snap Shots reports, to a guard on the bridge of a transport.

"There ain't no man here, sir."

"But I see one," declared the officer. "He ain't a man, sir. He's a sergeant."



Poor Old Uncle James

Continued from Page 24

valises. A few minutes later the train stopped after a great deal of noise. The conductor, carrying Mary's valises, helped her off. Mary gazed about her in great anxiety as she saw no one on the platform. Then a rather good looking young man, about twenty years of age, walked towards her. "I'll ask him, if Mr. Kennedy lives near here," thought Mary.

To her surprise, however, the young man lifted his hat and asked if she was Miss Norman. When she said, "Yes," the young man took her valises and explained to her that his father was away on some business and that he had come instead.

"I'm sure you've made a mistake! I'm looking for Mr. James Kennedy. Can you tell me where he lives?" said Mary. "That's my father, Miss Norman, and my name is Fred."

"Mary was too astonished to speak. The surprising young man took her valises, and bade her follow him. At the end of the platform a huge automobile stood waiting. Fred put her things in the back seat, helped Mary into the front seat, jumped into the car and away they went, up a road lined on both sides with big trees.

Mary only stared. She still felt that it was some mistake as she glanced at the brown, pleasant face of her companion, and at the big car in which she sat. To Mary it seemed that they were nearly flying. At last he slowed up a little, and turned towards her.

"What do you think of this country, Miss Norman?" he asked politely.

"I think it's splendid—so far anyway; but I did not know mother's uncle had a son. We understood from the way the letter was written that he was a poor man, and lonely, so I really came out to help him," Mary said.

He laughed heartily at Mary's description of his father. "You see, it was this way. Father wanted to see what kind of children his niece had so he wrote that letter in such a way that you would think he was a poor, lonely, old man," he explained.

The car turned into another road which led up to a big, white house surrounded by many trees. "Here we are!" cried Fred cheerfully. The car stopped at the porch and a stout, pleasant-faced woman came out. She kissed Mary and said, "I'm so pleased you've come, dearie."

She took Mary into a cool, neat dining room. "Would you like to go to your room first?" she asked.

As Mary said she would, they went up the stairs to a pretty bedroom decorated in pale blue. "Oh, how pretty," cried Mary as she opened the door.

"Well, dear, I'll run along. Come down as soon as you're ready. My daughter, Nancy, is away, but she will soon be home, and right glad she'll be to see you," said Mrs. Kennedy hospitably.

When Mary was left alone, she looked around her and then went to the window, where she could get a beautiful view. The little town of Wareham, could be seen far away, and a house here and there, nestling among a lot of green trees. Large fields of wheat spread out as far as the eye could reach.

After she had washed her face and hands and brushed her hair, she went down. Mrs. Kennedy had lunch on the table, and smiled as Mary came in. "Here is my daughter, Nancy. She wanted to go straight up, but I told her to wait 'till you came along," said Mrs. Kennedy.

Nancy was a short, stout, but pretty girl, about Mary's age. Mary liked her immediately.

After lunch was finished, Nancy asked Mary if she would like to go with her to the barn to gather eggs. Mary joyfully assented and the two girls went out arm in arm.

"My, you're thin! I'll soon make you stout like me," grinned Nancy mischievously. Nancy had many things to show her, and when, at last, they turned their steps towards the house it was nearly supper time.

"Here's father!" cried Nancy, as a buggy came up the road. "Hello, father, here is Mary," she shouted as they ran towards him. Nancy kissed him and then introduced Mary.

"Hello, girlie! Glad you've come, and I guess Nancy here is, too," said Mr. Kennedy—or Uncle James, as he told Mary to call him.

Mr. Kennedy was not the man they had pictured him. He didn't have gray hair or whiskers or even many wrinkles. Moreover he was a very prosperous farmer instead of the poor one they had thought.

Mary helped Nancy set the table, and was astonished at the large number of plates Nancy put on the table. "Are guests coming?" she asked.

"No, dear," returned Mrs. Kennedy. "You see, we have seven men working here."

After supper Mary and Nancy were just finishing the dishes when Fred came in. "Are you very tired, Miss Norman?" he asked.

"No," answered Mary, "Why?"

"Cause if you're not too tired, we'll go for a ride in the car. Want to go, sis?" he asked Nancy. "But I guess you will, seeing I'm going to stop at Joe Maclean's for him. That's her beau, you know," he added, turning to Mary.

Nancy blushed, and picking up an old apron, pitched it at him. He dodged, and it landed in a bowl of water.

"Well, hurry up, girls, I'll be ready in twenty seconds," he said as he went out.

The girls put on their coats and Nancy loaned Mary a pink silk motor cap. "Your hat would blow off in no time," she said. "My, you look nice in that, just look, dear," Nancy added, holding a mirror up for Mary to see.

"I don't really look so bad," thought Mary as she took her place beside Fred at the wheel. Maclean did not have to be coaxed, seeing Nancy sitting in the back, they were soon moving again. As they whizzed along the smooth country road, Mary drew long breaths of the clear, fragrant air. She felt too happy to talk much.

Two weeks had passed by and every day had been a joyous and happy one to Mary. She had steadily gained in weight and was not very far from being as large as Nancy Kennedy. Not one of her friends would have known Mary. Mary was to go back to her work in a few days and she did not relish the prospect. "How can I leave Wareham and maybe never see Fred again?" she had said to herself. "I really think I love him."

It was Sunday, and the next day Mary was going home. She and Nancy were sitting reading on the porch, when Fred came in. "I say, Mary, will you come for a ride with me?" he asked.

"Yes, go, dear," urged Nancy, "I've an engagement to drive to-day, too."

"All right," said Mary, "I'll be ready in a minute."

Fred was in the car when Mary came out. He helped her in, and away they went. After a distance he slowed down and turned towards her. "Mary, I have something to tell you. Perhaps you can guess," he said.

Mary blushing replied, "I don't think I can." Her eyes fixed on her hands tightly interlaced on her lap.

"Mary do you think you could learn to love me?" he asked, scanning her face eagerly. "I love you, Mary, I love you, dear."

"How can you love one so ugly as I?" she stammered.

"You, ugly?" he exclaimed hotly. "Why you're lovely, Mary. Say you'll love me," he whispered, putting his arm around her, and looking down at her face.

Mary was silent a moment, and then he had to bend down to hear a faint, "I love you already, Fred."

He took her in his arms and kissed her again and again. "I'm going home in the morning with you sweetheart, and if your mother says yes, you'll soon be coming back as Mrs. Fred Kennedy. Will you like that, dear?"

Mary only nodded her head, she was far too happy to speak.

That night Fred told his parents that Mary was going to be his wife. They congratulated him, and told him they were glad he had chosen Mary, for they had grown to like her very much.

The next morning Mary and Fred were ready to go to the station. "Good-bye, dear," said Mrs. Kennedy and Nancy, kissing her again. "You're soon coming back; though not as Miss Norman, but Mrs. Kennedy. Mary blushed and laughed happily."

On the train she wondered what Elsie and her mother would say. The time passed quickly and they were soon at the station. Fred gathered up the valises as the train came to a stop, and Mary led the way.

Mother and Elsie had expected to see a pale and tired looking Mary, for she had not written much. They gasped in amazement when a healthy-looking, rosy-cheeked girl, flung her arms around them and kissed them. "This is my beau, mother," she said, introducing Fred.

"My, you look lovely!" exclaimed Elsie to Mary, "and is he really your beau?"

Mrs. Norman willingly gave her consent, and looked with pride at her many future son.

Edmonton Exhibition

The Edmonton Exhibition management have made splendid arrangement for the comfort of women visitors to their summer fair, July 5th to 10th. A large new women's building was erected in 1919, and though not completed, was used last year. It will be finished in time for use for the 1920 exhibition, and will house exhibits made by the Provincial Public Health Department, the Women's Institutes will have a special nook of their own, and the Baby Welfare Department will also be housed in this building. This latter feature was very popular last year; mothers are invited to bring their babies for examination by doctors and nurses; they are told where their babies are deficient or over-developed, and are given advice along the lines of feeding and caring for babies, free of charge.

Another very popular department on the Edmonton exhibition grounds is the baby check room. A two-roomed building provides a room fitted with bunks for sleeping babies, and another room with high chairs, rocking horses, etc., for the tots who are awake, but are too small to play around out of doors. At the rear of the building, enclosed by a strong high wire fence, is a grove of trees, with sand piles, swings, etc., and here the bigger children may play, under the supervision of women and girls. The department is in charge of a splendid matron, with two trained nurses, who

look after the feeding of the bottle-babies according to the instructions left by the mothers, and plenty of help is provided to entertain and watch over all the children. It is a splendid sight to see from twenty to forty babies sleeping peacefully in their bunks, and out-of-doors from twenty to one hundred bigger tots playing happily in the sand piles, and on the swings, the number varying according to the time of day. The mothers especially appreciate this opportunity to see the exhibition in comfort, knowing that their children are happy and in safe hands, and this appreciation is not confined to the mothers. Last year one father, in calling to take away his family of five small children, remarked that it was the first time in years that he and his wife had been out without having to take one or more of the children along with them.

Last year the Edmonton Exhibition management set aside a park for the use of camping parties from out-of-town points. Free space was provided for tent and motor car, and for those who had no tents of their own, the Exhibition Association made arrangements with a tent company to rent same at a stated figure; cots and mattresses were also supplied where required, and in 1919 a number availed themselves of this method of seeing the fair in comfort. It is anticipated that many more will take advantage of the camping ground for this year's exhibition, and the management are asking those who wish space reserved to notify them not later than June 21st, in order that arrangements may be made to supply cots and tents where required. Tickets good for the week are sold to the adults in the parties, children under 12 are admitted free, and these tickets give admission to the grounds at any time of the day, consequently the campers may see the fair, or go up town to shop, or see the movies, at their pleasure. The women who lived in the tents last year were delighted with the opportunity to see the fair at their leisure, going back to the tents to rest or make a cup of tea as the desire arose.

An Enthusiast on Shorthorns and Shaving Soap

While the heading of this article may appear to be lacking in harmony, Mr. W. G. M. Shepherd of Montreal, who is on a business trip to the West, has been wonderfully successful in both these lines. As is well known, Mr. Shepherd is, and has been for the past twenty years, the enthusiastic and capable Canadian representative of Colgate & Co., Jersey City, N.J. During his long connection with this firm, their Canadian trade has gone up by leaps and bounds until to-day it covers not only the large centres of the Dominion, but the remotest spots. Interviewed at the Royal Alexandra in passing through, he expressed his belief that business throughout the entire Dominion would soon reach proportions that could hardly be dreamed of seven or eight years ago.

Together with his brother, Mr. Samuel Shepherd, he is keenly interested in live stock and they are building up a herd of Dual-Purpose reds, whites and roans, in old Lambton, Ontario, with the ambition to make it the best in that historic county. Mr. Shepherd is a great believer in publicity and has, in the case of Colgate's amply proved its force. He will follow the same method with his herd, for he is convinced that what is worth having is worth proclaiming.

It may be mentioned that Colgate's is one of the unique and historic firms of the United States. They have stood the test for 114 years and are still going strong, and expanding daily, following civilization to every corner of the globe. Such is the spirit that permeates the Colgate establishment, that a strike is so far unknown to it. Neither has it indulged in the luxury of a law suit in all these long years.

During the period of the war, there was no one more active on behalf of Red Cross, and Victory loans than Mr. Shepherd, who headed a team in the city of Montreal that secured over three millions of the 1918 loan. His efforts in behalf of the Red Cross were equally successful. No less than 880 members of the Colgate organization were claimed by the war.



Kindly care for the little ones of the flock.

## The Young Woman and Her Problem

By Pearl Richmond Hamilton

### MOTHER AND DAUGHTER BANQUETS

A series of banquets for mothers and daughters has been given in different churches during the past few months. This splendid feature of the "Canadian Girls in Training Work" is worthy of hearty co-operation. Anything that encourages better understanding between a mother and daughter is training in good citizenship. Last week it was my pleasure to attend one of these banquets and I am sure every mother and daughter that evening felt a closer companionship because of the atmosphere created by the programme and by the personality of the leader.

Little do mothers sense the heart-throbs of the young daughter in the home. Perhaps her little affairs appear silly—but they are not. Anything that worries her is serious. It may change her entire future, and no work a mother

has to do in the home or out of it is so important as the problem that bothers her young daughter.

I know a young girl who prayed two weeks to have a serious talk with her mother. There were so many things she did not understand and she needed explanation as only a true mother can give. That mother and daughter had a long heart to heart talk and after that they became close companions.

These mother and daughter banquets will go a long way towards bridging the gulf that separates many mothers from their daughters.

The daughter of to-day lives in a period of unrest that did not exist in her mother's day and she needs more educative and personal help from her mother. It is true that the daughter of to-day has a greater opportunity than her mother had, but she needs motherly assistance. Astonishing statistics are

being made known in Canada regarding the fatal influence of degenerate girl companions.

These mother and daughter banquets will strengthen home relationships. Mothers and daughters may arrive separately at these affairs but they go away together in a spirit of close companionship.

### GREAT WOMEN

God never duplicates—especially great women.

Sappho was a great poet, teacher, philosopher—all the poets since her time have been influenced by her utterances.

Enterpe—philosopher, diplomat, teacher, mother, was the counsellor and adviser of her son Themistocles—the man who founded the grandeur of Greece.

When accused of being a foreigner by the jealous men of Greece she said, "Yes, but I am the mother of Themistocles."

Aspasia, as wife of Pericles, was his inspirer, counsellor and help—under his leadership, sculpture, drama, poetry and physical culture reached almost perfection.

Cornelia was the teacher of her sons, and when their power became supreme,

she was their chief counsellor, adviser, and friend.

Cleopatra received embassies from nearly every country in the world, and addressed each ambassador in his native tongue.

These women of ancient times were great women because they influenced history—each in her own way—they were educated women because they possessed the power of influential strength. They made men leaders of their times.

Our own Queen Mary is a great woman. She does not tolerate the useless fads of society but encourages everywhere possible useful efforts. A large volume might be written on great women of to-day.

We have many here in Canada, and they are an important power in present constructive work.

There is that motherly woman who has done more for prohibition in Canada than any one other person, and she worked harder for women suffrage than any other woman I know—Mrs. Nellie McClung.

There is Mrs. Arthur Murphy of Edmonton who was the first woman judge in the British Empire. Mrs. Murphy is a most progressive woman in national building citizenship.

And Mrs. Irene Parly is another of Alberta's women who is leading in advanced legislation.

By the way, I learned from one of the women that they are recording women's work in the archives of Alberta. These women are making history, and future generations will study with interest the lives and works of these progressive Canadian women of our day.

I wonder if Manitoba, Ontario and the other provinces are placing in the archives the record of important work their women are doing.

Mrs. John McNaughton—Saskatchewan leader of Women Grain Growers, is another woman leader of our day, whose work has reached national importance.

Then there is Mrs. Evans of Quebec to whose far-sightedness and energy Canada owes the birth and development of her toy industry. She is an inventor of other things too—for example, a portable stove that was used in the trenches—an invention that won praise from Queen Mary.

Dr. Marjorie MacMurchy, head of Dominion Child Welfare Work, is another great Canadian woman.

Then there are our Winnipeg women—I think of fifteen now who should be mentioned in this—Margaret Scott, Winnipeg's Lady with the Lamp, the founder of our nursing mission, Mrs. Dr. Bond who started the Children's Hospital, our own Lady Aikins, who has been so helpful in Manitoba for many years, Mrs. Chas. Robson, who is now working for all of Canada in women's work and welfare.

There is room in every house for a volume on Great Canadian Women. Who will write it?

This is Woman's Hour—by that I mean we have now the opportunity to work with men to best advantage.

By the way a few years ago I said we must work together with men to accomplish best results. A woman who accused me of being a traitor to my sex now comes out emphatically announcing that we must work with men in constructive progress. We are growing in breadth of mind.

Yes, this is Woman's Hour, but let us think of Charlotte Perkins Gilman who says of Woman's Hour:


Not for herself! Though dear the new-air of freedom;  
Not for herself! Though dear the new-born power;  
But for the child who needs a noble mother,  
For the whole people needing one another,  
Comes Woman to her Hour."

### WOMEN'S INSTITUTE ADVISORY BOARD MEETING

At a meeting of the Advisory Board Meeting of the Manitoba Women's Institutes, ways and means of carrying on the ever-increasing work of the Institutes were fully discussed.

It is not possible to secure enough dressmaking demonstrations for all the

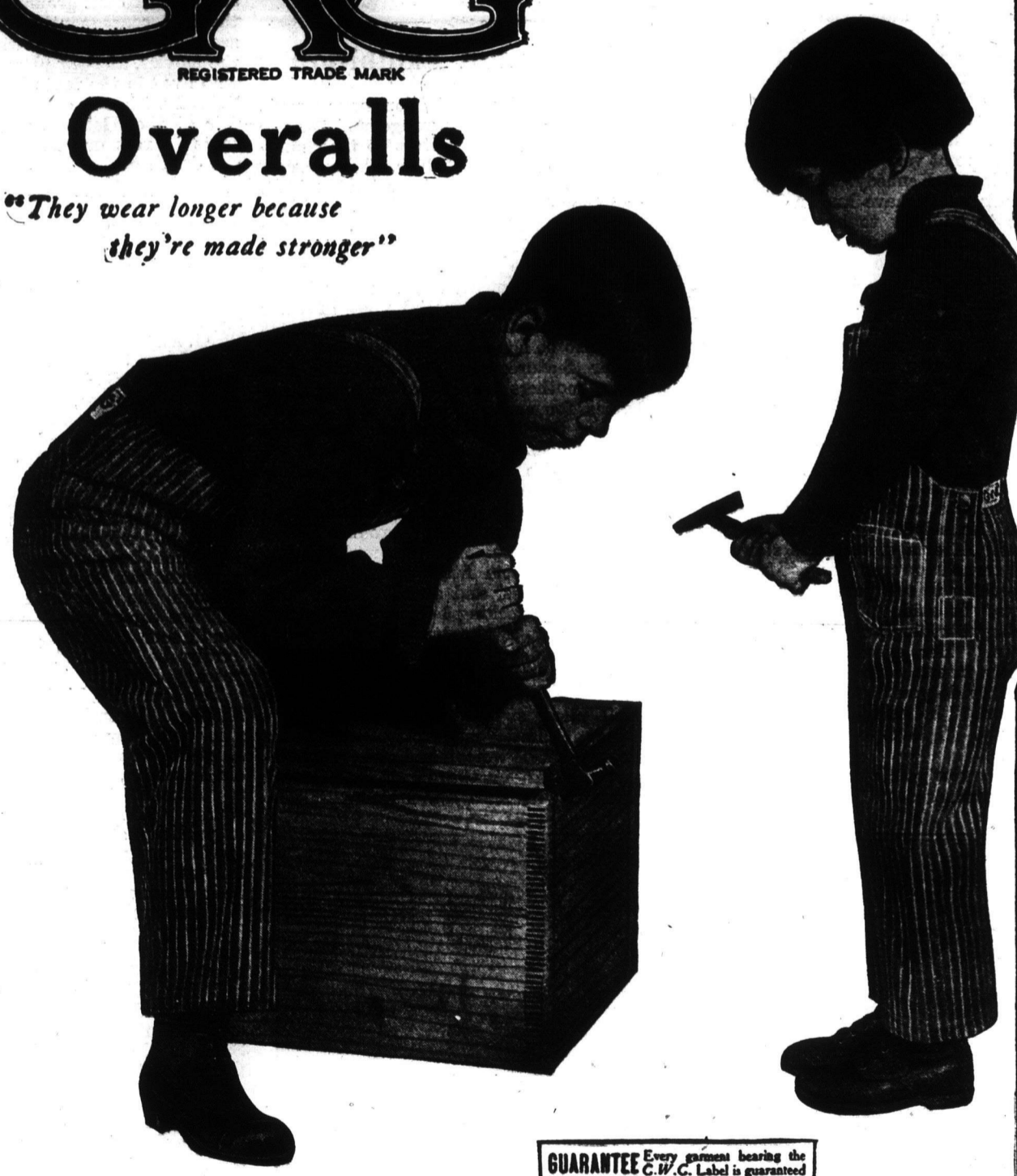
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districts wanting these short courses. Girls' competitions, which are being advocated, and in some districts undertaken, will mean a heavy demand on the Department along this line. Home demonstration agents would seem the solution to the problem, if the system can be adapted to Manitoba. During the winter months one demonstrator visited public schools and gave instruction in sewing for six weeks. This proved very popular, but had to be discontinued to carry on the regular short course work.

The Board would like to see the government grant pooled, and hopes the Institutes will be willing to accept railway tickets for the number of delegates they are entitled to send to the Convention, instead of money grants. It would cost the Department more, but seems the only way of getting fair representation at the Convention.

Greater production, simple dress, and plain food were considered the best weapons with which to combat the use of these weapons themselves, and to encourage other women to do the same.

They also passed a resolution endorsing the aims of the "Good Films Committee," and expressing their willingness to cooperate with the committee in every possible way to raise the standard of moving pictures as a matter of utmost importance. The superintendent has arranged for a Girls' Camp at the M. A. C. should the idea appeal to the girls of the province.

District conventions were recommended for this year, and about twenty centres chosen at which to hold them. A whole morning, it was thought, might be profitably spent at the next convention, hearing and discussing reports of these.

The following committees were appointed to act with the convention.

Education—Miss Playfair (Hartney); Child Welfare, Public Health and Moving Pictures—Mrs. White (Dauphin); Libraries—Mrs. Watt (Birtle); Rest Rooms—Mrs. Dayton (Virden); Local Improvements—Mrs. Cohae (Pilot Mound); Art, Literature, Music—Mrs. Howden (Winnipeg); Legislation—Mrs. Speechley (Winnipeg); Publicity—Mrs. Armstrong (Manitou); Resolutions—Mrs. Knapp (Brandon).

**TABLE GOSSIP FOR OUR YOUNG WOMEN**

At a meeting of representatives from twenty-four women's societies in Italy, a movement was recently begun to boycott any importation of fashions and articles of luxury. Feminine aristocracy will recognize styles only from Rome—not Paris, nor London, nor New York.

Would it not be well for us to look for the "Made in Canada" mark when buying clothing and luxuries. Canada for Canadians!

In last month's issue we referred to the advisability of financial aid for young women from England who desire to come to Manitoba for domestic service. Since then Mrs. Chas. Robson has obtained the consent of the Minister of Agriculture to assist one hundred girls for Manitoba. The government has pledged \$7,500 for this purpose. The girls, of course, will refund the money in instalments which is right. Mrs. Robson says girls are not eager to come just now as wages are good in the Old Country. The probability is that more will come next year.

Mademoiselle Boitard, a French journalist touring Canada, says the Canadian woman needs a closer acquaintance with the "eye of a needle" in order to be more smartly dressed. French women know how to make their own clothes, and they add the little individual touches that give individuality to costume. She says in Paris in nearly every block is a store where one may buy needles, buttons, yarns, tape and other things for the wardrobe—but here the remoteness of the notion counter, indicates the slight importance of it to the average woman.

The First Woman's Bank of Tennessee is controlled and operated entirely by women, even to the janitress.

Toronto University girls are determined to raise money for better housing conditions among themselves. They raised \$8,000 in three weeks by holding candy



The family treasure.

sales, tea dances, and by managing shoe shine and manicuring and hair-dressing parlors.

Miss Maurine Robb, a young Winnipeg journalist, has been awarded a scholarship by Harvard University and will go to do post-graduate work in English next fall. Miss Robb is a graduate of Manitoba University, and was a V.A.D. during the war.

The public must have been surprised at the number of young women who won honors at the University this year. Even in law the honors went to a woman.

A prize was awarded to Miss Greta T. Bidlake, teacher in the Rural School at Upper Coverdale, Alberta County, New Brunswick for the following definition of the teacher—"My mission is holy. I prescribe for the mind and body; battle against heredity and environment; build statesmen, patriots, thinkers, artists."

Miss Helena V. Booker, teacher in the Wentworth School at Hamilton, Ontario, was awarded a prize also for a definition of the teacher:

"The teacher?  
A preacher  
And mother combined,  
She nurtures the body,  
The soul and the mind.  
Her station?  
Elation,  
Her status is high,  
She gives to the nation  
The things we can't buy."

Miss Almira Mann Winchester, who was born at St. Catharines, Ontario, and who taught in Brantford for eight years after finishing her kindergarten course and Normal Training School at Toronto, is now kindergarten specialist of the United States Bureau of Education. In 1911 Miss Winchester was made Educa-

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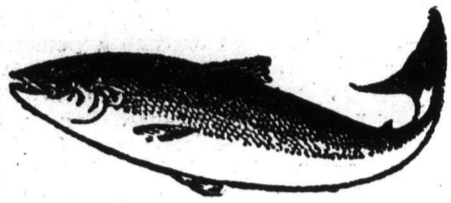
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tional Director of the National Kindergarten Association. Her motto has always been: "Choose not the easiest but the best." From her earliest experience in teaching to her present success she has conquered difficulties continually until now success is the crown of her efforts. Miss Evelyn Moore, of Manitoba, a graduate of the Manitoba Agricultural College, is now in the textile department at Eaton's.

Miss Henry, also one of last year's graduates, is secretary of the Canadian Chatauqua work in Western Canada.

Miss Margaret Speechley, another graduate, has charge of the Boys and Girls Extension Work in Manitoba.

All three girls are superior young women who worked energetically and with a definite aim in view for important service to the community.

If a girl comes to me for advice I urge her to take a course in the Agricultural College if possible.

Practical, high-minded service is the very best preparation a girl can accomplish.

At the recent graduation of nurses at the General Hospital, Miss Mary Elizabeth Strang won the \$50 prize for general efficiency and Miss Georgina Marie McKinstry won the purse of gold for the best obstetric work. For the best bandaging the prize was given to Miss Sadie Bell Bentley; for best executive work Miss Margaret Chalmers won the prize; Miss Gudrun Johnson won the prize for diligence and perseverance; Miss Jessie Williamson won the intermediate prize for proficiency; and Miss Mary Black the junior prize. All prizes except one were purses of gold.

The graduates of 1920 will scatter all the way from Great Britain to Central India.

Misses Florence Gruchy and Cory Taylor leave shortly for India.

Misses Eva Taylor and Helen Watt will leave for Great Britain to be attached to government nursing service.

These graduate nurses have chosen a profession of high value to the community.

The young woman of to-day who

chooses nursing for a profession, chooses a calling of wide possibilities. It prepares a girl for lifework as a wife, home builder and mother, as well as most promising success professionally and financially.

I wonder if many realize that the Winnipeg General Hospital is one of the largest on the continent, that it treated last year more patients than the Montreal, the Johns Hopkins at Baltimore or the Royal Infirmary at Edinburgh.

One hundred and thirty from the Winnipeg General Hospital training school went overseas, and seventeen of these gained decorations. At our own door waits an opportunity for girls—a chance for national service.

### TORONTO'S BIG SISTERS

From time to time I hear beautiful references from girls referring to helpful influences in Toronto.

Toronto has a Big Sister movement that affords great opportunity for service among girls and women. This association organized a girls' club in January, 1919, and during the last six months it has had an attendance of over 5,000. They have glee clubs, library advantages, dancing, dramatics, parties, skating rink, and Friday night dances to which they invite their boy friends.

It provides a safe social centre for Toronto's girlhood.

It gives them an opportunity for recreation that is not dissipation.

These women leaders are a power in their influence among so many girls.

The Big Sister Work includes finding suitable work for girls under sanitary conditions, free medical treatment when necessary, emergency aid such as a week's board money, a lunch, or a ticket home. They have recently established a scholarship fund. Legal advice is given to girls.

Mary Elizabeth Laughton, barrister-at-law, who is the general secretary of the Big Sister Association, says in Woman's Century that "Since its inception the organization has been a friend to over 700 girls. At present we know 300 girls for whom we want to make life worth while. The affection which develops between the Big Sister and the under-privileged Little Sister is surely our greatest bulwark against class hatred and bolshevism.

"Big Sister work should be organized in every community — city, town and country. In Canada there is only one such organization, which is in Toronto, and yet everywhere there are girls in dire need of assistance—medical, moral, and financial; perhaps most in need of a sincere, sympathetic, dependable friend." The International Big Brother and Big Sister Convention is to be held in Toronto from June 7 to 9. The general secretary urges representatives from every part of Canada "To be present to investigate the most efficient way to develop the potential best in our Canadian boys and girls."

We cannot urge too earnestly for assistance to any organization that will help our girls. Toronto has certainly taken the lead in work among girls in many ways and we would do well to learn more of their splendid work.

Personal work is necessary as well as executive. The power of the personality of a strong woman influences a girl more than we realize.

### MIGHT NEED IT AGAIN

The irate old gentleman put his head out of the remains of his window and espied some small forms looking up at him from below.

They all dispersed but one. "Look here, you young rascal, did you break my window?"

"No, sir."

"Do you know who did?"

"No, sir; I don't know nothin' about it!"

"Well, get away. I don't want you hanging around here."

"All right, mister. Will you give me my ball before I go?"

"Give you your ball? Why, where is it?"

"I think it is in your front parlor."—Pittsburg "Chronicle-Telegraph."

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# The Woman's Quiet Hour

By E. Cora Hind

A good deal has been said in these columns, in the last few months, with regard to immigration, and especially the immigration of women from Great Britain.

## Immigration

My readers, however, will be interested in hearing something of the conditions which Mrs. Charles Robson, who is a member of the Canadian Council of Immigration of British Women for Household Service, found during her recent visit to Great Britain.

Many will remember Miss Gladys Pott, who is Chairman of the Society for Overseas Settlement of British women, who was out here last year, at the time that the demobilization of the war service women was taking place in Great Britain. At that time Miss Pott thought that there would be fully 10,000 of these ex-service women anxious to come to Canada. Mrs. Robson found that, had there been immediate shipping accommodation, and had Canada been in a position to absorb large numbers of women at once, the chances were that a very considerable number of these women would have come to Canada, but the six or eight months which elapsed before there was any possibility of securing space for them had made a material change in their outlook and at present there is apparently little or no unemployment of women in Great Britain and consequently a greatly lessened desire to emigrate.

A large number of the women who had been engaged in the various forms of war work and who had previously been employed as domestic servants, absolutely refuse to go back into that work, and to-day domestics are as hard to obtain in Great Britain as they are on the remote farms of the Canadian west, and extremely high wages are being offered for help, especially in the large cities of the British Isles. Many of the women who were employed as household workers prior to the war are at the present time taking advantage of the training provided by the Government and fitting themselves for other occupations, while in industrial classes, such as spinners and weavers, the demand in Britain and the high wages being paid, as high as £4 a week for spinners and even higher than that for weavers, leaves Canada an unattractive proposition to workers of this class. Mrs. Robson found that there were a small percentage of women who would be willing to come out and go into domestic service, if their passages were advanced, and on representation made to the government of Manitoba and Saskatchewan, these governments have undertaken to do this in a limited way and to try it out. It is felt that this is a better arrangement than to have passages advanced by individual householders, as the government is in better position to look after the girls at the hostels provided for them, and a girl is not tied to any particular job if she does not like it, and in this way it is likely to attract a better class of workers.

Another condition which Mrs. Robson found was that while possibly much of the employment in the Old Country might be of a temporary character, it was very plentiful and well paid. It seems that Great Britain is laying herself out to accommodate American tourists and in all lines where work of this kind can be undertaken, wages are very good.

Another thing which is likely to detract from a large movement to Canada is the practically open house being kept by Australia. Australia with its determination to have only English speaking immigrants is not putting the same restrictions as Canada in the matter of health, and moreover, the Australian government is bonusing immigration, a thing which Canada, having tried, found very unsatisfactory has very wisely abandoned. It looks as if the stream of immigration from the British Isles to Canada, while it will undoubtedly be steady, will not be very large, and while no doubt this will be a disappointment to some people, it is likely in the end to give Canada a much better opportunity of absorbing the people who do come and they will have a better chance of succeeding.

Mrs. Robson was very enthusiastic in her appreciation of the high type among the demobilized women war workers, and is of the opinion that when things settle

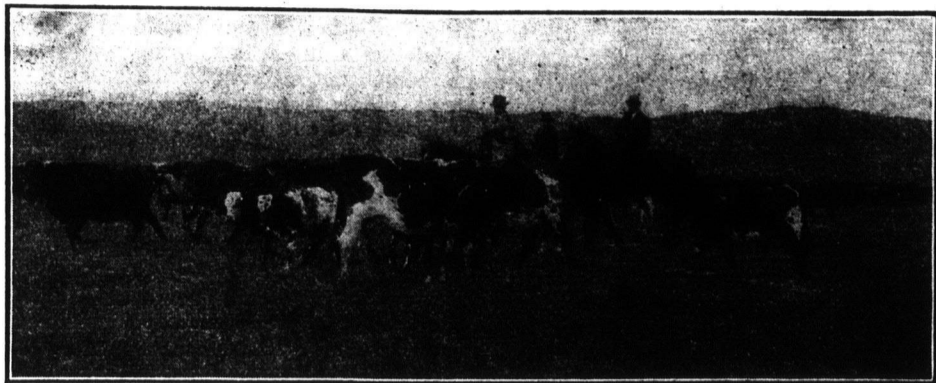
down a little more, it is probable that a very considerable percentage of these women will eventually make their homes in Canada. Many of them who would like to come at the present time are detained in England by the fact, that during the war their parents had become much older and more infirm, and the

heavy loss of the manhood of the country makes the support and care of the parents fall directly on the women of the household more than has been the case in the past.

Another discovery which Mrs. Robson made was, that in spite of the much talked of high price of living, that living over there is really cheaper than it is in Canada and a girl who is getting \$20.00 a week as a mill hand can buy both her board and clothes cheaper than she could in Canada, where \$20.00 a week for the same

class of labor would be considered a fair wage.

Much of what I have written Mrs. Robson gave in various interviews to the daily press, but I felt that very many of my readers might possibly have missed these interviews and would be glad of some information along these lines.



THE PRINCE OF WALES' RANCH  
The Albertan Balmoral Ranch was acquired by the Prince of Wales on his recent visit to Canada. The Prince and Mr. George Lane are here seen looking over the well selected herd.

The Manitoba provincial election will be upon us almost before another issue of The Western Home Monthly and I would like to say a few words about the place of the women in this election. It will be the first time that the women of Manitoba will vote for members of the Provincial House. In some constituencies no doubt women will be candidates. I have had a number of inquiries as to what type of woman I think should be elected to the Provincial Parliament.

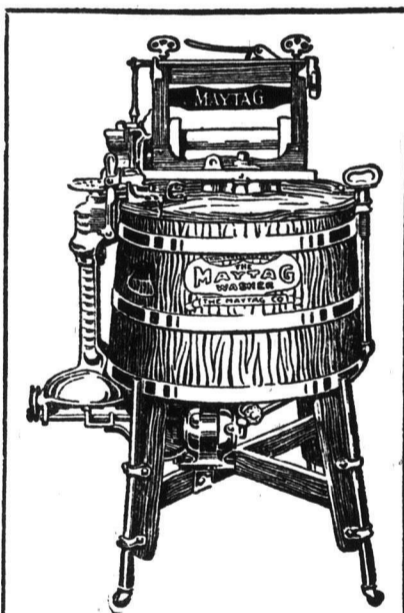
This is a subject on which I have held very well defined ideas for many years and if they will be any help to the women who read this page, they are very welcome to them.

If it were merely a question of measuring up for quality with the average man member, I do not think there would be much difficulty in deciding that the

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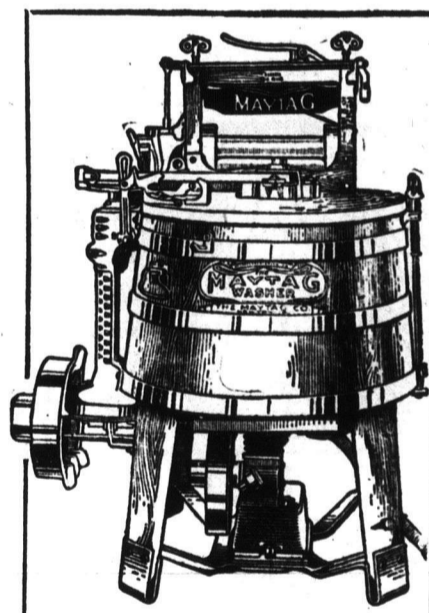
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The Multi-Motor MAYTAG

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average woman would equal the average man who has for so many years sat in the house of the Provincial Parliament and even in the Dominion House, but something more and better than just the average should be the aim of the women with regard to the first representative which they have in the local house. My own conviction is, and it is a very strong conviction, that the first woman member should be a woman of fair education, a married woman, a mother of a family, of a sufficient age to ensure the fact that her family is not too young to be left, and who will have a keen sympathy with the social development and public welfare of say the past fifteen years. Women members should be nominated from among those who have taken and who are taking an interest in public welfare and are keenly alive to the educational questions of our province, of the need for greater care of the sick, of the feeble-minded, in fact of all mental and physical defectives and should concentrate on the laws which affect these questions. Later on as more women are elected there will undoubtedly be a place for single women as representatives of wage-earning women, but at first it seems to me to be most essential that the home and its needs should receive the attention of the woman elected to the House. This does not mean that she should not take an intelligent and sympathetic interest in the other questions of the province, such as taxes, finance, agricultural development and kindred matters, but these matters have received and will receive great attention from the men members, while in the past the questions of social and moral reform have not received the attention they should have done.

Personally, while I do not feel that from the mere fact that a woman is married and borne children that she has been given a special endowment of wisdom, I would be sorry to see any but mothers of families representing the women in the Provincial House for the next term at least. While I am a firm believer in the right of women to sit in Parliament, and am convinced and always have been convinced, that, given an

opportunity, women would make good, at the same time I am quite willing to let this matter develop slowly. It would not be a great disappointment to me were there no women elected to the Manitoba House this year. There is much to learn to master even the rudiments of really intelligent voting, and the woman who can best serve her country is the one who has prepared herself for the work, and frankly, I do not think that the percentage of women who have carefully and definitely prepared themselves to serve efficiently as members of Parliament is large in the province of Manitoba to-day.

Another thing which is very essential in the present election is the sinking of small differences and concentrating in sending good and worthy representatives to the House whether they be men or women. The present is a critical time and there will be many candidates strongly biased in one direction only. Many of them worthy people, but not such as to make for harmony and progress in a parliament which should be devoted wholly and solely to the development of what is best for the whole of Manitoba.

I offer these suggestions for the consideration of the readers of this page, not in a spirit of dictation or of knowing more than those who read the page, but more as convictions which have come to me from a long study of this question, and a very ardent desire that the first women members of Parliament in Manitoba set so high a standard that they will raise the whole level of the House.

### EASILY SEEN

"Bridget, why have you put the fly-paper out on the grass?"  
"They aint' no more flies to ketch in the house, mum."—New York Herald.

### HE LOOKS IT

"Who can describe a caterpillar?" asked the teacher. "I can, teacher!" shouted Tommy. "Well, Tommy, what is a caterpillar?" "An upholstered worm."—Our Dumb Animals



CANADA'S WAR CHIEF NEW HEAD OF MCGILL UNIVERSITY

General Sir Arthur Currie, commander of the Canadian Expeditionary Force during the latter part of the war has been appointed principal of McGill University to succeed Sir Auckland Geddes now British Ambassador to Washington.

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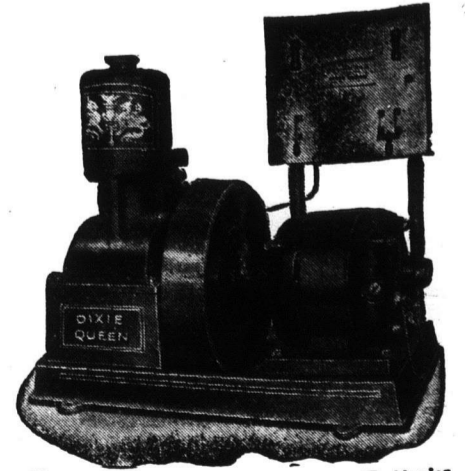
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## Music and the Home

### SHOVELLING SNOW WITH MUSIC ACCOMPANIMENT

During the recent severe snowstorm in New York one of that corporation's foremen, Patrick J. O'Ryan, an ardent admirer of John McCormack, and a bit of a musician himself, put into play a little stunt that he had read about. He demanded of every man on his staff that he sing a ditty as he shovelled away the snow. "It makes for speed and efficiency," he said.

So it was a symphony concert the sojourners of the Plaza Hotel enjoyed when Patrick and his singing brigade tackled the snow outside that hostility. As the afternoon wore on hundreds of pedestrians stopped to listen. As one of the brigade would stop his song O'Ryan would wave his hand and demand that the quitter "keep it up."

One of the workers drifted into a tune that smacked of Italian grand opera, and the foreman's comment was "sing grand opera if you want to, Tony, but you've got to sing it in ragtime; that Metropolitan stuff won't get this snow cleaned up in a month."

### WAR CHANGING MUSIC CONDITIONS

That there is a new world in the making as a result of the war is the general opinion of most of our leading men in all ranks and conditions of life. That there is a new world in the making in the realm of art is the opinion of a leading writer in the kingdom of music.

As the spirit of true democracy rises it will show its influence in the development of a national spirit in music, drama and the arts. And with this recognition of the value of music will come a realization that we must begin with the introduction of music as a prime factor in the system of education in our schools.

One of the results of a better understanding of music will be that we shall cease to be influenced by traditional forces. We shall continue to admit our debt to the Old Country, musically, but we shall not consider it necessary to send our talented youth to Europe for a musical education, for it will be possible to obtain this in our own country.

### DEAF MUTES DANCE TO UNHEARD MUSIC

Hundreds of persons attended the ball, gaiety and enjoyment was written on every face, yet, save for the music, silence reigned supreme throughout the evening. Why? Because the dancers were deaf or dumb, or both. The occasion of the dance was the eleventh annual masquerade and ball of Greater New York Division No. 23 of the National Fraternal Society of the Deaf, held a few days ago in Brooklyn.

In perfect time the couples fox-trotted, waltzed and one-stepped, keeping even better rhythm than many another set of dancers. When the music stopped hardly a sound was to be heard. Only occasionally came a shuffle of feet and sometimes a laugh from those who could use their vocal cords.

"There are three hundred guests here," said a committeeman who spoke but could not hear himself—"who haven't the faintest idea what tune the orchestra is playing. I haven't. They've never heard 'The Vamp' or 'Mandy,' but that doesn't matter. They get the time, the beat of the music, and that is all that is needed for a dance.

"To be even clearer," he continued, "they feel the beat. The vibrations from the instruments, particularly the drums, beat against their bodies and register in their chests and nerves. Their eardrums do not work at all. It is one of the paradoxes of deafness."

The orchestra struck up the tune for the next dance. The dancers "listened" for a moment. Then the beat of the

drum registered the time, and away they whirled, dancing in perfect rhythm to a tune none of them could hear.

The response of these deaf mutes to the music reminds us that people thus afflicted have been known to attend concerts and derive keen pleasure from "feeling" music through its vibrations instead of hearing it in the ordinary sense of the term.

### NEW YORK ORATORIO SOCIETY'S RECENT GREAT FESTIVAL

Of unusual interest and importance from the historic as well as the artistic point of view was the New York Oratorio Society's festival, which took place in its home city in April. The programme contained the names of twenty-five of the country's most distinguished singers and instrumentalists, including Frieda Hempel, Mme. Tetravzini, Sergei Rachmaninoff, Jascha Heifetz, Pablo Casals and Edward Johnson, the young American tenor, whose fame preceded him to New York after his sensational appearance with the Chicago Opera Company.

There was also a chorus of 1,500 voices consisting of 500 school children and 1,000 voices culled from the neighboring territory of Brooklyn and New Jersey, most of whom had been rehearsing since last May. The musical offerings ranged from Mendessohn's "Elijah" to such a modern work as a cantata by Rachmaninoff hitherto unheard in America.

The large scale on which this musical Festival was carried out recalls, by contrast, the humble beginnings of the New York Oratorio Society. In 1873 Dr. Leopold Damrosch, founder of the Society and father of Walter Damrosch, its present director, gathered in his home a handful of persons who were interested in the formation of a musical organization for the study of choral works. The idea grew so fast that in the second year of the existence of the body it was able to give, in the old Steinway Hall, its first oratorio, Handel's "Samson" with about 100 voices.

By 1881 the society was large enough to give its first really big festival, which was an epoch in its history. At that time there was a chorus of 1,200 voices and 13 of the finest singers of the day were soloists. They performed nightly before crowded houses at the Seventh Regiment Armory.

In 1890, Andrew Carnegie, who had become very much interested in the New York Oratorio Society, and who was to be its president from that time until 1918, built a large hall in order to give the organization greater opportunities for extending its choral work. Thus Carnegie Hall, one of the finest music centres in the world, came into being.

Mr. Carnegie's successor as president of the society is Charles M. Schwab, and it is largely through his interest and efforts that the recent Festival was made possible. The well-known head of the Bethlehem Steel Corporation has also been long interested in the musical movement which resulted in the formation of the Bach Choir in Bethlehem, now one of the leading choral societies in the United States.

### APPRECIATION IS SWEET

A young man who was bicycling in southern France was pushing his machine up a steep hill, when he overtook a peasant with a donkey-cart who was making but little progress, although the donkey was doing his best.

The benevolent cyclist put his left hand against the back of the cart and, guiding his machine with the other, pushed so hard that the donkey, taking fresh courage pulled his load up to the top successfully.

The summit reached, the peasant burst into thanks to his benefactor.

"It was very good of you, indeed, monsieur," he protested. "I should never have got up the hill with only one donkey."

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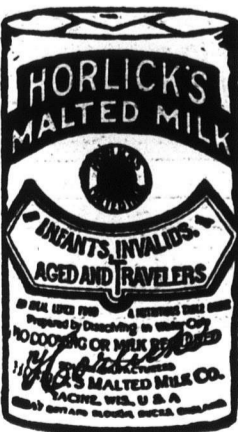
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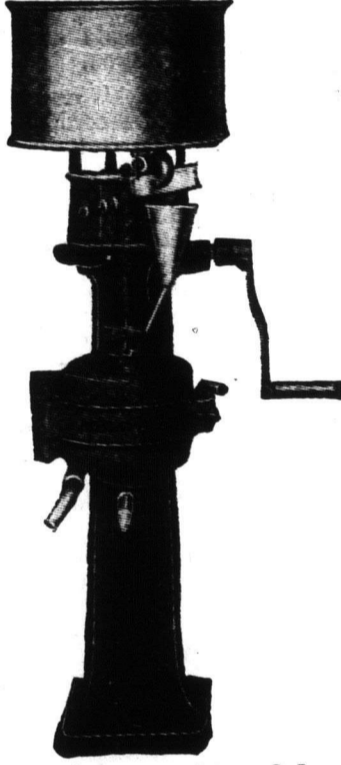
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#### TATTOO VS. EAR TAG FOR CATTLE

For the purpose of identification, the cattle ear tag has been found to be a good means of recording ownership or recording classification in so far as legibility is concerned, but for permanency the palm must be handed to the tattoo marker. This latter instrument consists of a pair of pincers, in which may be fitted metal plates that have needle points projecting and arranged into the form of numbers or letters. The groups of needle points are dipped in a special tattoo ink, the metal bases placed in the pincers, and then pinched into the ears of the cattle where there is no hair, and the result is a good identification mark.

The advantage of the tattoo system is that where the cattle may drag their ear tags out through contact with barbed wire or thick brush, and leave deep scars in their ears by tearing the tags out, the tattoo is free from such accidents, as the ears are left in their natural state with a permanent identification inside.

#### Sunflower Ensilage

At the present time there is a growing interest in the growing of fodder crops and the sunflower appears to be placing itself on a good footing in regard to the making of ensilage.

In this country, there does not appear to be a great deal of definite data on the subject, but it seems from what little work there has been done along this line of feeding that the feeding value of the sunflower in ensilage is not far short, if not equal to, that of field corn. Of course the test of time is the greatest means of arriving at a verdict one way or another, but up to the present it would appear that the sunflower will make good as an ensilage plant, as the cattle seem to take to it about the same as they have taken to corn, and the result of feeding it to milking cows, beef cattle, etc., does not appear to be different from the results obtained by feeding fodder corn.

#### Flowers on the Farm

At the present stage of affairs when the business of life has reached such an acute stage, it is as important as ever to embellish our environments, so that they prove an antidote to the rush and nerve strain in which we are ever tempted to indulge during the hours of our daily labors. It is the money hunting obsession that is responsible for causing us to drop the ideal of living our life to-day to its fullest extent for the sake of some imaginary period of future affluence. In the few cases where such an affluent state is successfully reached, the toil-worn individuals often find themselves in the position of the class described by Robert Burns: "Some hae meat but canna eat."

The flower garden on the farm is in part an incentive to live our life to-day and brings home to us the philosophy of enjoying what we have in lieu of the ideals of the dreamers of sordid surroundings.

The interest in the cultivation of flowers in this country is greatly on the in-

crease, as is evidenced by the number of inquiries in regard to what varieties to adopt, where to obtain them, and the method of cultivation. There is a considerable increase in the numbers of horticultural publications, and this is having a marked effect on the gardens of the country in general. While such an interest is much to be commended in so far as the city and town residences are concerned, it may be said that the horticultural societies that foster the spirit of home beautification are not able to extend their influence to as great an extent to the distant farm home. While the farm may have well tilled fields and fine crops, it is possible to find the home, the very heart of the farm, in a state of bareness of ornamentation, a state which is productive of depression.

To save the task of planting each spring the use of perennials is to be recommended. Should this not be desired wholly, a part of the flower garden should be devoted to such plants as a permanent ornamentation, as they require so little care if given the right kind of start in their new home, and this should be a recommendation to the average busy farm family.

The soil should be a good loam, and it is essential that it be well drained. In order to give them every chance to succeed, a good supply of well rotted manure should be dug under. A southern aspect is to be preferred, and where there is protection from cold winds the plants do best. During the growing season the surface soil should be kept loose and free from weeds. In the case of the taller plants staking is advisable, as they may be damaged by wind if they do not possess an additional support. When the season is over and the stalks begin to wither, they should be cut off and a mulch of strawy manure or leaves put on for winter protection. The mulch should not be removed too soon in the spring, as the growth started by a few warm days may be nipped by frost, as there is a considerable amount of thawing and freezing before the weather settles down to uninterrupted warmth.

The following are some desirable herbaceous perennials:

**Aster.** There are many species of the aster growing wild in Canada, and they become quite effective as cultivated plants. A good point in their favor is that they bloom late, and in that way keep up to an extent the beauty of the garden when other plants have ceased flowering. Then, again, as cut flowers they may be used for the decoration of the interior of the home when other flowers are hard to obtain. Most asters increase very rapidly, and they are usually propagated by division or from suckers.

**Iris.** The iris is one of the most popular of garden flowers, and it has much to recommend it. In addition to its hardiness, in its species and varieties there may be found more shades of color than any other kind of hardy flower with, perhaps, very few exceptions, including the tulip. The graceful form



The hardy Shetland in his homeland.



of the flowers with their delicate texture makes them extremely attractive. As cut flowers they prove a boon, as they hold up well and develop blooms rapidly from buds under these conditions. By obtaining the various varieties offered by the nursery houses, one is able to get a succession of bloom which will last well past midsummer. The early varieties start to bloom soon after the winter is ended, and this is an exceptionally valuable point to be considered in this country. The plants are very adaptable, and succeed in almost any soil provided it is not too dry. Some of the blooms that come on some of the later varieties resemble orchids, and when one considers the climate of Borneo, the home of the orchid, it is gratifying to know that a similar flower can be raised in our country of severe winters.

The iris roots are great multipliers, and may be divided and transplanted to other locations.

**Paeony.** The paeony has acquired a great popularity, and is one of the best known hardy herbaceous perennials, and from the increase in the number of cultivated plants it is likely to maintain its position as one of the most popular flowers. There are an enormous number of varieties of the paeony on the market, and, in addition to this rather perplexing problem to the amateur horticulturist in regard to making a selection, there are many varieties of paeonies sold under more than one name, which is rather confusing to the uninitiated. The varieties are propagated by dividing the roots, each division of which should have one bud. Division and planting are most successfully done about the beginning of September. When they are planted at that time, they make some rootlets before winter which gives them a good start in the following spring. Though paeonies succeed in a variety of soils, they prefer a deep, rich, fairly moist but well drained soil. For the best results, they should have full sunlight before planting, the ground should be trenched at least two feet deep, and at the same time a good supply of well rotted barnyard manure mixed with the soil. The crown of the plants should be set about two inches below the surface. The plants need plenty of room, about three feet apart each way is considered a suitable distance. It is important to keep the surface soil loose throughout the summer. In the late fall the soil should have a top dressing of about four inches of manure for winter protection.

**The Poppy.** The perennial poppies are very showy and enliven any garden by their beauty. The oriental poppy has gorgeous flowers, mostly scarlet and crimson. They may be propagated by dividing the plants.

The arrangement of the flower garden is where the value is made or marred. To sow the seeds in a general way, as though they had been broadcasted will give the effect of a weed patch more than that of a cultivated garden. It is not advisable to crowd the varieties too much together; some space should be left in order to enhance the effect. Then, again, care should be taken to see that the tall varieties are not placed so that they will hide the smaller ones when they are full grown. To be

on the safe side, one should ascertain the height to which the different plants grow, so that their full grown effect may be arranged for. The later blooming plants, if interspaced with early blooming ones will give a rotation of bloom that will counteract the effect of the blank spaces of the early plants that have shed their blooms. Soften the effect of too much blaze of color by the presence of foliage; get a green background if possible.

The above summary does not by any means exhaust the list of desirable perennials for the western farms, but is but a brief outline of some of the ornamental plants that have proven a boon to western horticulturists and others interested in the beautification of their homes.

Color effects of course can also be obtained from the flowering shrubs, such as honeysuckle, lilac, while the fiery red of the foliage of the ginnalium maple in the fall is of striking beauty.

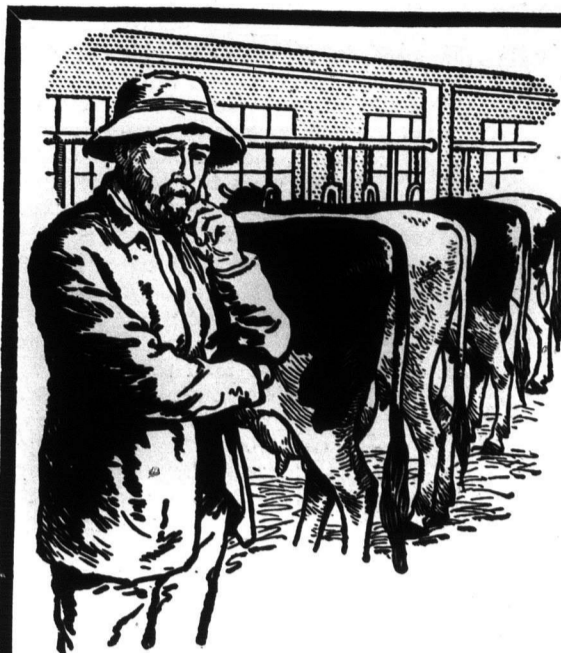
#### Asparagus

The above delicious vegetable enjoys a very long established reputation, but still maintains its place among the prime favorites of the table. In addition to its fine flavor it wins favor, owing to the fact that it comes to the table as one of the first vegetables on which we may celebrate the end of the winter siege.

Asparagus is usually propagated from seeds. Seed should be saved from the earliest plants, giving the largest stalks. The seed is cleaned and kept dry through the winter and sown outside in the spring in a seed bed. The soil should be a good garden loam, and one that will not bake. Drills are made across the bed about one foot apart and half an inch deep, and the seed sown thinly in them and covered with soil. The earlier in the spring the seed is sown after the soil is dry enough, the sooner will the seeds germinate and the longer season of growth they will have. As soon as the young seedlings are up, the surface of the ground should be loosened and kept loose throughout the summer to encourage as rapid a growth as possible. If the plants are very thick they should be thinned to from two to three inches apart. The plants are dug the following spring and the best selected for planting. Those with fewer and stronger buds are chosen to those with more and smaller buds, as the former are likely to produce the thickest stalks. If it is decided to buy the plants it is advisable to get the best grade of one year old plants, although two year old plants are also satisfactory.

As the plantation of asparagus may remain in one place for twelve or more years it is desirable to choose a site where the soil is good and of considerable depth. Warm, well drained soil, together with a southern exposure, is preferable in order to get an early growth.

In preparing the soil for asparagus, there should be a heavy application of well rotted barnyard manure deeply plowed in or dug under in the spring on land already under cultivation, and the ground thoroughly harrowed. The planting should be undertaken as early as possible in the spring, making the beds about four feet wide and setting



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the plants about eighteen inches apart in the bed. The rows should run as nearly north and south as possible. The distance apart which plants are set in the trenches varies but at three feet apart, strong crowns will develop and stalks of the largest size be produced. It is easier to keep the weeds and grass away from the plantation with the plants at this distance than where they are placed closer.

In planting, it is advisable to make a little mound at the bottom of the trench where each plant is to go. The plants are set in the trench with two or three inches of soil thrown over them which is pressed well down. When the plants have made some growth more soil is drawn into the trenches when cultivating, and by the end of the first season the ground is nearly level and the crowns of the plants six or seven inches below the surface of the soil. During the growing season the ground should be kept loose and free of weeds. The advantage of having the crowns of the plants well below the surface is that the ground may be cultivated early in the spring and manure worked in without injuring them. No cutting should be done the second season after planting, even though there should be some good shoots, but the ground should be kept well cultivated and free of weeds and mulched again in the fall. A little cutting may be made from the stronger plants the third season, but it is best to leave most of the shoots to help build up strong crowns. In the fourth year cutting is begun in earnest and may continue from six to eight weeks. The season of cutting should be shortened as much as possible, as a long cutting season year after year will weaken the plants.

#### The Garden—Hints in General. Control of Insect Pests

Helen E. Vialoux

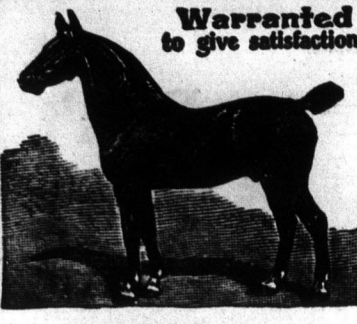
There are very few persons who are not fond of "The Tomato," which is more of a fruit than a vegetable after all, and used to be called "the love apple." Many years ago my mother, a pioneer of the '60's" saw love apples ripening in the flower beds at Chief Factor Murray's home, Fort Garry, Man., in those early days. They were looked upon as a curiosity and were not eaten.

The western summer varies a good deal, and ripe tomatoes may be picked by all gardeners if the plants are hastened along by the following method, outlined by H. C. Whellams. If tomato plants are grown in the hot-bed, harden by transplanting into pots or boxes, pinching off all side shoots, kept moist in a sunny corner and protected from frost then about the 12th to 15th of June plant in a rich, well-prepared plot in the garden eight inches apart, two inches deeper set, then when in the box before putting the last two inches of soil water thoroughly and cover with dry earth, keep the plant, which should have no setback, well shortened and train to two stems. Drive two stakes firmly into the ground on the side of each plant, and tie the plant every eight inches. If the plants have been well grown the fruit will have already set on the first trusses, while others will be in bloom. If the tomato plants are bought, get stocky plants. About May 24th place in strawberry boxes or pots, and proceed as above. Any tomatoes planted in the open before June 12th are liable to be killed by



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Absorbine and Absorbine, Jr., are made in Canada.

late frosts in this country. By this method of growing plants the season is advanced three weeks; by the middle of August, ripe tomatoes are ready on the vines. Some gardeners prefer the bushy vines, leaving them unpruned, but there is no doubt the staking and training of the plants forces the development of the fruit, which, therefore ripens a couple of weeks earlier.

Tomatoes are little troubled with insect pests in Manitoba, though the cutworms are liable to nip off some of them. Large growers are now making a practice of treating the land prepared for tomatoes, and cabbage, cauliflower, etc., with the poisoned bran mixture before setting out any transplants, thereby saving many valuable plants. Mix half to one pound of paris green to fifty pounds of bran; mix thoroughly and dampen with molasses and water. One quart of molasses is ample for fifty pounds of bran. Sprinkle on the drills, gently raking in the mixture a day or so before setting out the plants. Care must be taken to keep fowls out of the garden, as this mixture is a deadly poison. For a small garden use one teaspoonful of paris green one tablespoonful of molasses, mixed with enough water to moisten the bran into a crumbling mess. A. J. Logsdail, B.S.A., Experimental Farm, Ottawa, claims that 10 to 12 tomato plants forced and staked, will furnish the average family with plenty of ripe tomatoes for the table and canning in the autumn. He gathered 122 pounds of ripe tomatoes from 10 plants in 1919 at Ottawa.

Cabbage and cauliflower have the root maggot to contend with, as well as the cutworm, and as soon as the transplants are set out treatment should begin for the root maggot. The best known remedy known is "corrosive sublimate," which is proving very satisfactory. W. T. Macoun's formula is "1 ounce of 'corrosive sublimate' to 10 gallons of water. 'A teacupful to be poured around each plant soon after setting out in the

garden. Two or three applications may be necessary a week apart to get rid of the pests altogether." The tar felt-paper disc, placed round each plant when set out, is also effectual, but the poison remedy is superseding the tar paper. Care in protecting these plants at the proper time means saving most of the crop when the maggots are bad.

The onions and radishes have also a most destructive root maggot, and the latest treatment to kill them is a spray, 5 grains of sodium of arsenate, mixed in a gallon of boiling water, to which is added one pint of cheap molasses. Sprinkle the onions once a week as soon as they are well out of the ground. The turnip flea and various garden beetles may be controlled by using arsenate of lead dissolved in water, or paris green and water sprinkled on with the watering pot. The greatest caution must be used in seeing that these deadly poisons are kept away from children or animals. Vessels used for garden sprays should be kept on a high shelf in the granary or stable. One gardener who was fighting the Colorado beetle with paris green solution last season forgot to latch the door of the outhouse where he had pails containing paris green and water, ready for use on his potatoes, with the disastrous result of the loss of two fine cows, who wandered in after some bran and drank the poison. Two old remedies for the turnip fly and other hopping insects, are air slaked lime and wood ashes, sprinkled along the drills of small plants just out of the ground. In fact, turnip seed is often mixed with wood ashes before being seeded. The Colorado beetle invariably is on the spot in the garden when the patch of potatoes is making a good growth. Paris green, mixed in solution one tablespoonful to three gallons of water is the most effectual remedy known to growers. The early bugs may be picked off and dropped into a can containing coal oil in a small plot, but the busy person wastes too much time

at this nasty job. The watering pot of paris green mixture is always at hand; two or three applications will kill off every beetle if taken in time. Spray as soon as the first bug is seen. In farm fields, of course, the stuff must be put on by the barrel, using a spray pump outfit. As soon as the garden plants are well up the surface soil should be stirred, to conserve the moisture, to kill weeds and let the air into the growing plants—a most important point in the cultivation of growing crops.

The wheel hoe or junior cultivator comes into play at this stage of the game, and will do the work as well as the old-fashioned back breaking hoe and in half of the time.

After cultivation comes the necessary thinning of the young plants. Radish, spinach and lettuce will be ready to thin first, and as we all use too much seed the plants should be thinned for good results. Radishes so often run to top rather than to a nice crisp bulb, thin to 20 plants to the foot or thereabouts. For spinach leave four inches apart, and lettuce thin to six inches in the row to develop good heads. Onions are thinned to one inch in the drill and often this can be done when they are just right for table use as green onions. Beets also should be thinned to a couple of inches apart, and young beets make such delicious greens. We usually thin them out for table use. Parsnips must be thinned to two inches, and carrots to one and half inches. Cabbage and cauliflower are planted eighteen inches apart; in drills two feet apart. Be sure all transplants are well hardened before setting in the garden. The glass should be lifted off the hotbed or cold frame during the day time, at any rate, and the plants made robust before they are set in the open. Never take transplants from a greenhouse or warm kitchen and put them in the garden without this hardening, as the setback means the loss of ten days in the development of the transplants. In planting out make the soil very firm around each root to keep in all moisture and prevent the plant wilting. Rhubarb leaves are very useful to shade transplants when setting them out. On a warm day, when the plants begin to grow, they should be hoed a little in the row to prevent the evaporation of moisture and form "a dust mulch" which is so essential to rapid growth, and does away with constant watering of the plants.

THERE WERE TWO KINDS

There are so many dialects spoken at the fighting front, says an English paper, that confusion sometimes results. A sergeant-major, in training some newly arrived recruits in judging distance, said:

"You see that sapling over there on the hillside?"

"No, sir," said the man addressed, after looking long and carefully in the direction indicated. "I don't see any sapling."

"What! You can't see any sapling? There's only one, and that's right in front of you."

The man tried again and reported as before.

"Look here," said the sergeant-major, "do you know what a sapling is?"

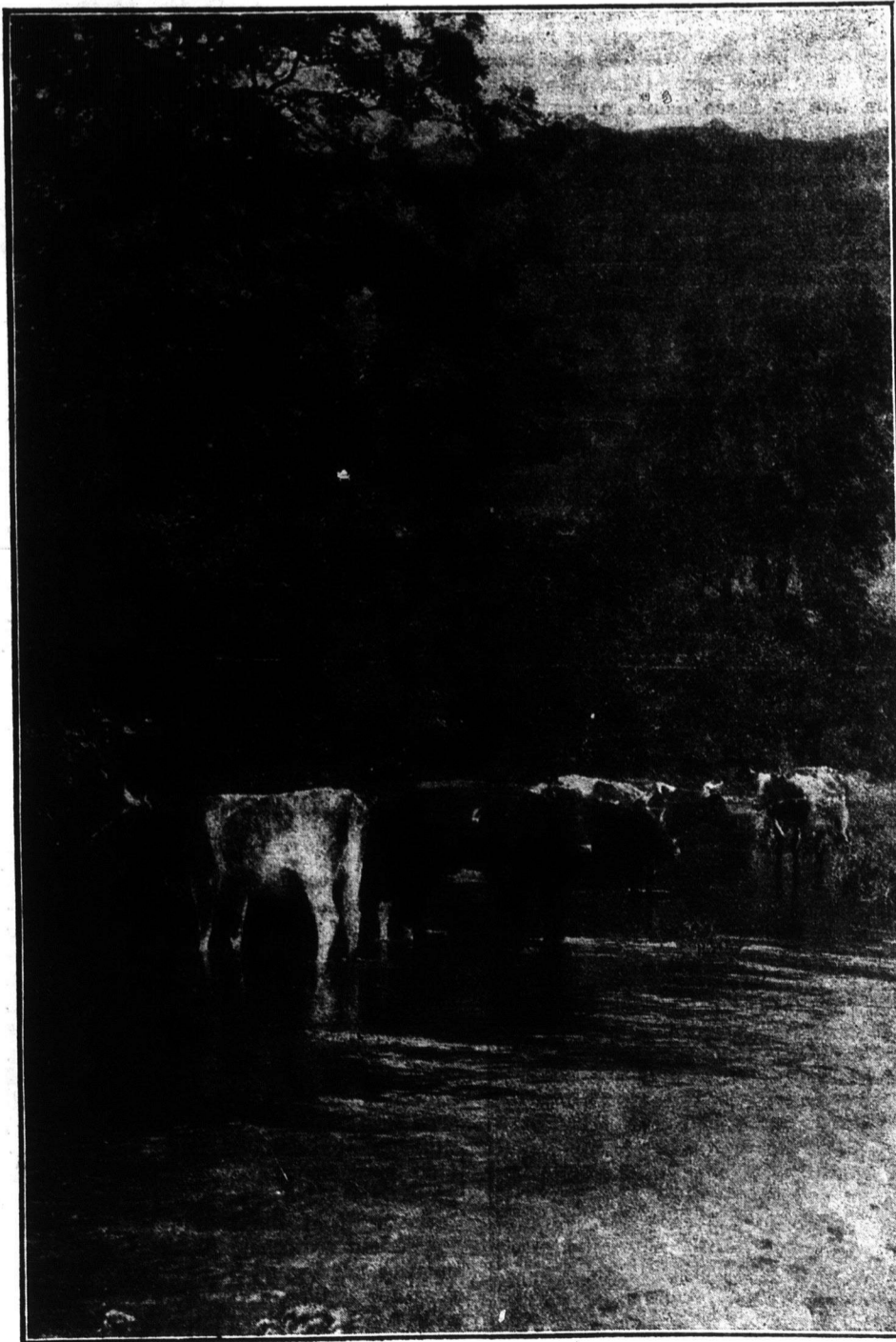
"Oh, yes," replied the recruit, "a young pig."

LUCK

It is a pathetic little story that Miss Katharine Tynan tells in *The Middle Years*, of Queen Victoria's visit to Dublin in April of 1900.

The populace, she says, was very much interested in the donkey carriage that came with the queen so that she might have her usual outings in her own way. An old woman met it as it was being driven from the north wall to the viceregal lodge.

"I'm the luckiest old woman alive," she said. "I was just comin' back from buryin' my last son-in-law at Glasnevin, and I haven't one to earn a penny for me, and the daughter's left with nine childher; but sure wasn't I lucky anyhow? I seen the queen's little asses."



Relief from the sun pressure of a hot day.

### The Peacock Screen

Continued from Page 10

you rather frequently. I gave you every chance. I knew that old affairs sometimes rejuvenate themselves. You'll admit you've had fair play?"

He looked from Hays to Yvette, and back again. Yvette sat very still, all her delicate color faded, her dark eyes fixed on Whiting's face.

And in the other room, Mrs de la Fuente began on "Trovatore."

"A blind man couldn't help but see," said Whiting coolly, "that there was something—Am I in the way, Yvette? My dear, it's your happiness I'm considering."

"Do you ask me," said Hays all at once, "if you are in the way—is that your question?"

"I do not," said Whiting slowly, and for the first time the steel in his quiet eyes showed through, "because I am not considering you at all, unless it happens that she wants you."

Yvette locked her two hands tightly together in her lap, and kept silent. Doubtless die erste Liebe stirred in its grave, and doubtless the heart in her breast leaped with the old exultant urge of the skin-clad woman who beheld from an upper ledge two men belaboring each other upon her cave-step.

Woman is the one element the ages cannot altogether refine.

While she waited:

"Yvette!" said Hays hoarsely. (And here is the hinge of the story—so far as it was in the man, he really loved her.)

But Whiting, without speaking, moved a peacock-embroidered screen a little forward to shield her face from the blaze.

Then Yvette drew a long breath. She lifted dark, glorious eyes to Whiting's waiting look, and her lip trembled.

She said:

"Do not be silly, Tony." That was all. Apparently, however, it was enough.

"Then that's settled," said Whiting, and he also drew a long breath. He had been under something of a strain.

"I fancy you'll forgive me if I leave early," said Hays. He went, with distinctly more dignity than might have been expected. He had come back, and he had not come back—which is an engaging paradox.

Then Whiting sat upon the arm of Yvette's big chair, a thing not every lover of forty years can do with grace, and laid his arm about Yvette's proud shoulders. It is pre-eminently the gesture of ownership.

"I was afraid, Yvette," he said softly. "My dear, I was damnably afraid."

And Yvette—even as you and I—Yvette stood in the line of direct descent from Eve—"Ah, Tony," she said, "you might have had more—how do you say?—more faith in me!"

And what is stranger yet, she meant it.

### What the Blind can do

The first institution for the employment of the blind was founded at Edinburgh in Scotland in 1793. Since then workshops, salesrooms and associations or agencies to promote the business interests of the blind have been established in many parts of Europe.

When a pupil in a school for the blind in Britain or in France shows no special aptitude for music or intellectual pursuits, he is put into the work department, where he learns a trade. Afterwards, the institution, or one of the agencies for the purpose in his country, seeks out a position for him, and stands by him until he has proved his efficiency. On the other hand, when a student shows marked ability in any direction, he receives opportunity to fit himself for a more responsible position. If a school for the blind has trained an organist who is capable of filling a church position, the agencies for the blind keep a lookout for a vacancy.

When the agent hears of one, he goes to the place and tells the church committee of a blind man who is competent to fill the position. The committee is probably very sceptical and very reluctant to try so doubtful an experiment. The agent, however, is eloquent, and persuades them to give the man a trial. The man comes, plays, and conquers.

In London there is a tea agency of which the managers are wholly or partially blind. Many blind agents are selling its teas, coffees and cocoas in all parts of the country.

Last June there was held in Edinburgh an exhibition of the work of the blind all over the world. A whole floor was devoted to weaving-machines and typewriters, and blind people demonstrated their skill as weavers, masseurs, carpenters and musicians. At the Glasgow Asylum the blind have produced saleable articles for eighty years, and in three recent years the average annual sales amounted to nearly \$145,000.

In the cities of Great Britain from six to thirteen per cent of the blind are in workshops. Hitherto the chief industries of the blind have been the manufacture of brooms, mattresses, baskets, brushes and mats, not all of which are profitable. The effort should be to increase the number of possible lucrative occupations for the sightless.

What the blind workman needs is an industry that will enable him to produce something that people will buy, not out of pity for him, but because it is useful or beautiful. The blind will not lack for customers if their articles are of the best material, design and workmanship.

There is no law on the statute-books compelling people to move up closer on the bench of life to make room for a blind brother; but there is a divine law written on the hearts of men constraining them to make a place for him, not only because he is unfortunate, but also because it is his right as a human being to share God's greatest gift, the privilege of man to go forth unto his work.

### Ten Business Commandments

The late Dr. Parker in publishing his first book relied on the help of friends to purchase copies, says Mr. Morgan Richards in his volume of reminiscences recently published.

The preacher found, however, that he could not trace the sale of a dozen copies to this hopeful source. In telling this, he afterwards remarked that, both as preacher and author, he had put his trust in the great public, adding:

"Do not rely upon the patronage of a set of individuals. Look to your work; the public will find you if the work is worthy."

Dr. Parker once wrote a booklet called "Successful Business: How to Get It, Keep It, and Make the Most of It," and concluded with "Ten Commandments for Men of Business," among which are the following:—

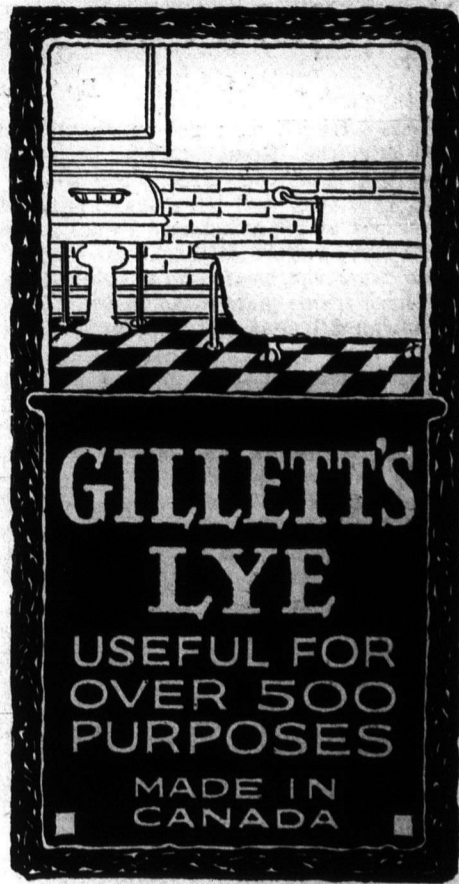
"Thou shalt not in anywise boast, brag, bounce, or bluster, or the wise man will hold thee in low esteem."

"Thou shalt not mock the unsuccessful man, for he may be richer in his poverty than thou art in thy boasted abundance."

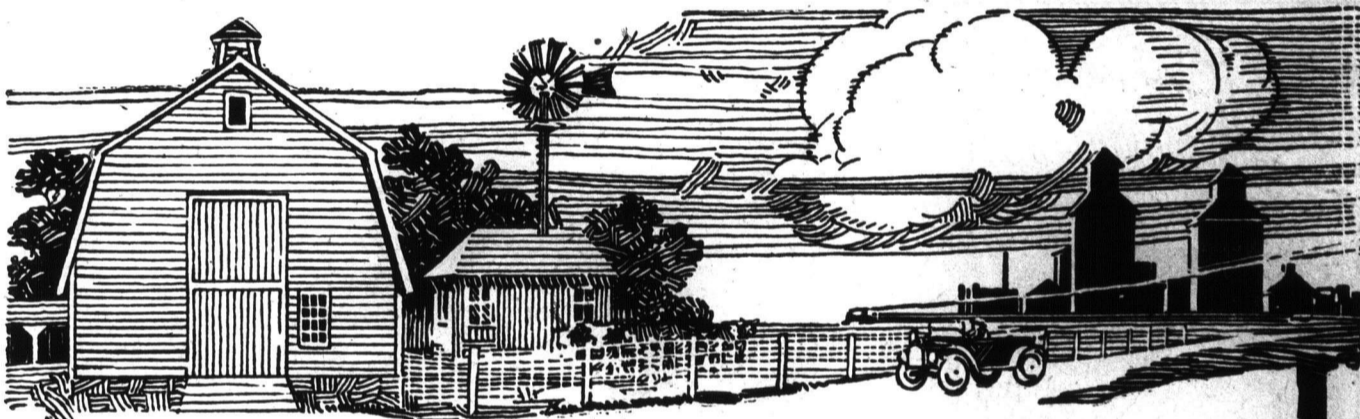
"Thou shalt not forget that a servant who can tell lies for thee will one day tell lies to thee."

### WERE THEY TWINS?

"Who was this 'ere Nero, Bill?" asked a coster of his friend as they gazed into the picture-shop. "Wasn't he a chap that was always cold?" "No, that was Nero," was the answer. "Another bloke altogether."



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## Reminiscences of Fort Garry--1866

By "Kootenai" Brown

**T**HERE was not much west of the Great Lakes fifty-three years ago except the wild life that had been there hundreds of years before. I didn't come to the west from the east or south; I came from the west, and I think I was the first white man to follow the Saskatchewan River from a point near its source right through to its mouth. Gold panning had not been paying at Wild Horse Creek (now Fort Steel), so packing a pony and riding another, I struck through the South Kootenai Pass to the plains east of the Rockies. A conflict with Indians at Seven Person's creek (now Medicine Hat) and a winter spent with French half-breeds at Duck Lake, brought me through White Mud River and Portage la Prairie to Fort Garry.

Fort Garry in 1866 was a very small place and I stayed only about a week, returning to Portage la Prairie where I began trading with the Indians. I got my supplies from Charles House, an American trader. There was a Hudson's

Bay Fort a short distance from Portage, and this company had traders out among the Indians too. My trade was mostly with Chippewas and Crees who were in small scattered camps trapping rats, mink, foxes, coyotes and wolves. This was the summer and winter of '66 and '67. I sold mostly clothing and whiskey, but I had blankets, thread, tea, sugar, beads and a few odds and ends. My big money was made in whiskey which I sold for \$30 a gallon. In Indian camps the very dogs got drunk and it was not very pleasant being around when a whole camp got drunk.

Between Duck Lake and Portage la Prairie there were only two or three houses. At White Mud River a half-breed clergyman conducted an Anglican mission. A trader named Fry, an old English half-breed, Willox Spence, and an old American, Andrew Jackson, were dicker with the Indians, hunting on the plains and fishing in Lake Manitoba.

Portage la Prairie was a very scattered settlement in '66. There were only a



Hudson's Bay Pageant—Indians disembarking. Lower Fort Garry May 3rd.

few structures of any kind—a wind-mill, a trading store, and a dwelling, all belonging to a half-breed named Sutherland. A little later Gibbons & Company started a store with old Johnny Gibbons

in charge. This store was about two miles from Sutherland's. Another remarkable character, who came later, was Jimmy Clewitt who, it is said, sold the townsite of St. Paul for a barrel of whiskey. John McBean and John McLean were the first farmers in the district.

Fort Garry in 1866 had only five houses at the fort besides the old Hudson's Bay store at the junction of the Red and Assiniboine Rivers. A man named Mulligan ran a boarding house, or stopping place, he was an old army pensioner. George was the hotel keeper, and Beauchamp ran a saloon. There were two stores but I can't remember the names of the men who ran them.

I sat for a tin-type photo at Fort Garry and was told it was the first ever taken at the fort. The man with the camera was a Swede named Olsen from St. Paul, and he had walked from one army post to another in Dakota and finally landed in Fort Garry. The machine was set up in a little log shack and I think I paid \$10 for four or five tin-types. I was dressed in buckskin.

It is not a long distance from Winnipeg to Portage la Prairie and fifty years ago these cities were considered near neighbors. I remember a rather startling thing which happened there at the time I was trading with the Indians. I was in the habit of taking furs to Portage la Prairie to Johnny Gibbons. Once when I arrived with my load there were thirty Red Lake Indians from Minnesota in the store. They had a very bad name, and as I could speak their language, Gibbons persuaded me to stay and help him for the day. In the store was a clerk, Billy Salmon, and another fellow, Bob Olone.

In those days all traders sold rum and whiskey to natives so Gibbons put me in charge of this stuff. The Red Lakes would come in with a fur of some kind and hand it to me. It was my duty to give him as little whiskey as he would accept for it. Sometimes he would drink it where he stood and other times it was carried off to his teepee.

On the day I am telling you about the Red Lakes ran out of furs before their thirst for whiskey had been satisfied. Chief Starving Wolf came in and asked for a drink free gratis. By this time they were all very drunk and I didn't want to give them any more, so I said to him: "My friend and brother, you know I am not a man of two tongues. I'll give you one drink, and that's the last you'll get." So he drank his whiskey and away out of the door he went.

It happened that we had two puncheons of rum in a store-house fifty yards behind. Just after Starving Wolf went out Gibbons sent an old fellow, Jimmy Clewitt, out for a quart of whiskey for the staff. As soon as he got into the store-house, Starving Wolf, who had been in hiding, darted in after him. Instantly we heard the report of a gun and saw Clewitt running for his life to the store into which he fell, and groaned "I'm done for." Although we did not know it, the young clerk, Billy Salmon, had followed Clewitt out to the store-house and in about a minute he came running into the store with two trade balls in his body.

The Indians then began peppering away at the store. Odd bullets came



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through the chinking and there was a rattling and clashing of all sorts of stuff on the shelves. After several rounds had been fired an Indian jumped out from behind the store-house and we shot him. Another Red Lake jumped out to pull in his body and we got him in the leg. After an engagement lasting several minutes the Indians fled, we attended to our wounded and then got very drunk ourselves. While in this condition some one, perhaps I did it, I don't know, cut the head off the dead Red Lake, and climbing to the roof of the store stuck it on a stake standing up in the thatching. There the head remained for many weeks, a most weird and gruesome sight, with its long hair blowing by every breeze, and it proved a potent warning to all Indians who saw it.

In 1867 I was put in charge of 150 carts hauling goods from Red River to St. Paul and back. This was for Gibbons of Portage la Prairie. There was no railroad out of St. Paul at that time in any direction but south, and all supplies for Fort Garry and Portage la Prairie had to be hauled in by carts. We had 100 horses and about 100 oxen. One who has never "heard" a Red River cart will not appreciate what it means when I say there was some noise when three hundred wheels began to turn. There was not a scrap of iron about them anywhere and the creaking and jolting could be heard for miles. The drivers walked and each had charge of five carts. I made a number of trips with this outfit and always managed to escape harm from Sitting Bull and his Sioux warriors.

One of the most horrible sights I ever witnessed was presented to me at Fort Garry. I was employed for a short time by the Hudson's Bay Company, and one day I watched from one of the bastions of the fort, a fight just outside the walls between a small band of Chippewas and a few Sioux Indians. The battle could be seen plainly with the naked eye. They were all afoot and kept up a running fight with bows and arrows and a few flint-locks, and the Chippewas got the best of it. They killed two or three Sioux and the rest took to their heels.

It was just here that I saw an exhibition, the first real exhibition I had ever seen—of the savage in his wild state. A young Chippewa, who had a young woman following him up during the fight—I presume she was his wife—ran over to one of the dead or dying Sioux, ripped his heart off, cut it into small pieces, and he and his dulcena ate it raw. Yes, and there is more yet. They dipped their hands down in the blood of the dead Sioux and rubbed each other's faces with their bloody hands. And this was done where we could see it plainly with our naked eyes. I have seen a good deal of rough stuff in my day, but I can't write this without a shudder.

There was a very interesting personage at Fort Garry in the early days when I was there. His name was Neesh-e-cappo, meaning, two people standing on a hill, but I don't know why he was so named. Neesh-e-cappo was a very remarkable Indian. He had a great reputation amongst his own people, the Chippewas and Crees, as a conjurer, sleight-of-hand expert, and spiritualist. The incident I am going to relate is not hearsay; I was a witness myself. There were really three remarkable things I saw him do.

On one occasion a young Indian, Mini-

a-pit (bad tooth) died. He lived at White Mud River and was about 21 or 22 years old. He was a great favorite among his people and they were induced

by friends to call in Neesh-e-cappo in the apparently foolish hope of his bringing the dead to life. I was present when he died and before the arrival of the Medicine Man I applied all the tests I knew of, and as far as I could judge he was dead. In fact everyone present believed him to be dead. Well, in about half an hour Neesh-e-cappo arrived, and after invoking the aid of the Great Spirit, and going through a species of incantations, he lay on the dead man with his face towards his and breathed into his mouth, and to our great astonishment Mini-a-pit opened his eyes and got up just as he would after a sleep and apparently no worse for the experience.

Another thing I saw Neesh-e-cappo do, was a trick frequently done at show performances. I have seen him stand up with only a light loin cloth on his body and allow his hands and feet to be tied with raw-hide rope so that he couldn't move. This was on the bald prairie, mind you, where there were no trap-doors more than a gopher hole. When finally tied he would ask for a covering of any kind, and in less time than it takes to

tell he would have the rope in a neat coil at his feet. Nobody could explain it.

Then, too, I have seen Neesh-e-cappo ask for a trade ball to be marked in some way. This he would throw as far as he could out on the prairie, and blindfolded, walk straight to where it lay. I have never been able to understand how he did the things he did, but he did them; of that I am certain because I saw the things done. Neesh-e-cappo is dead many years. He was an old man when I first knew him.

THE YELLOW VIOLET

When the beechen buds begin to swell,  
And woods the bluebird's warble know,  
The yellow violets' modest bell  
Peeps from the last year's leaves below.

Of all her train, the hand of spring  
First plant thee in the watery mold,  
And I have seen thee blossoming  
Beside the snowbanks edges cold.

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## "The On'y Bloke"

By Robert Cove Lloyd

**U** LLO, 'ullo, 'ullo! blest if it ain't Lize! 'Oo'd 'uve hexpected ter see yer ole face 'ere? Wot 'yer doin' 'ere in Winnipeg, Lize, eh?"

Little Billy Ackers, returned veteran, had but a few moments before been manfully trudging along Main Street, thankful for the aid of his stick. Painful enough his progress has been—he was not yet accustomed to his artificial limb—and his face was grim and set as he meditated on the lifetime of limping which was, in all probability, before him.

"Wot a 'ell uve a life. If on'y I 'ad some a'me ole pals 'ere wiv me? It's

so 'ellish fer a cove when 'e ain't got a sole wot owns 'im! Wot ever sort uve life is 't fer a pore lone feller?"

And then, in the midst of these reflections, just in fact as he turned the corner onto Portage, he brought himself up with a jerk, whilst his face took on an expression of amazement, and in the first maze of perplexity, incredulity, but as he stared hard at the girl who had occasioned the stoppage, he gave vent to his surprise in words.

The girl who was dressed in an impossible mourning costume, and had a plentiful supply of "fevers" in her hat, was as much taken aback as the man,

and for a moment could only gaze at him with mouth agape—and then:

"Yus, Bill!" she began, whilst a glad-some smile illuminated her face, thus giving her an air of beauty one would not have suspected at first sight.

The man eagerly, nay greedily, drank in the tones of her voice, loud and almost rasping as it was.

"Yus, yus!" he muttered to himself rather than to the girl before him; "oh yus, it sure is Lize, orl right!"

And then Bill Ackers for a bare second seemed to lose the sound of her voice—his eyes became dreamy, whilst his soul, his mind, and his will, fitted back over the stage of years.

'Twas a very different Lizer that Bill in fancy saw. In 1914, Lizer Madden

was the belle of all the flower sellers on the stand at the Cathedral end of Cheapside, and amongst those girls, too, were some real beauties; rare pictures they made, as they voiced their varied plaints:

"Buy a bunch uve vi'lets, sir!"

"Narcis'-daffs'—orl a bloomin' 'eve a sniff at 'em, Lidy! ain't they sweet?"

"Please Lidy, do buy a bunch uve these vi'lets, I ain't sold none ter diy!"

Bill recalled his first impression of Lize—it had been one Saturday afternoon; he was wheeling his 'barrer 'ome, everyfink sold art—just as he was passing the flower-stand, his gaze became riveted on Lizer Madden. The rays of April sun, missing the great dome of the Cathedral, quivered and shimmered across the Churchyard, finally settling in fitful fancy on Lizer's bronze head of hair, giving to it a truly coppery tint, which surmounting the ivory complexion, sufficed to make a remarkable picture.

Indeed, at first sight, Bill Ackers had almost imagined that he was viewing an angel, who had by some strange mistake donned a shawl over her shoulders instead of wearing the regulation wings.

But Lizer had speedily disabused him of this idea, by giving him the "glad eye"; and by this act of friendliness, so unangel-like, she drew him towards her, but the flower girl still remained beautiful in the young coster's eyes; in fact, she was the most beautiful thing he had ever seen.

And as for Lizer—well, she had cast approving eyes on Bill, with the natural result that before long they were "walking out," and very soon afterwards a wedding had been arranged.

In the coster's world very little time is lost in clinching affairs of this nature, and often mere boys and girls, after an acquaintance of perhaps only a few weeks, will go to the parson for his blessing.

However, just one short week before the "appy diy" Bill Ackers stopped at Lizer's stand and commenced to chaff her:

"Wot cher Lize! wot 'o nex' week, won't it be a bit uve orl right?"

The flower girl frowned, and the boy—really was scarcely more than nineteen—failed to observe the twinkle underlying the frown. Then she shot out at him in seemingly venomous tones:

"Go 'ome, Bill Ackers, an' tike yer mucky little coster 'barrer wiv yer! Huh! I'm a' goin' out wiv a "fish and chips" bloke—go 'ome, go 'ome, Bill Ackers!"

Then the coster, almost bursting with rage, pain, mortification and a feeling of utter impotence, melted away, without so much as voicing a protest.

The following day Bill Ackers had observed talking to Lizer an individual—fat he was, and prosperous looking—whom he took to be his rival—his successful rival, the "fish and chips" merchant.

So convinced was he that he had been supplanted in Lizer's affections that he cut off any possibility of intimacy with the girl by booking a steerage passage to Canada.

Bill was sorely hurt and broken—he had been so sure—so happy in his gal—and in a moment the world was turned upside down.

In due course, however, Ackers had reached Winnipeg, and soon found work in a fruit store. But he was not given much opportunity to settle down, for, as all the world knows, in August of that fateful year of 1914, the "dogs of war" were let loose in Europe.

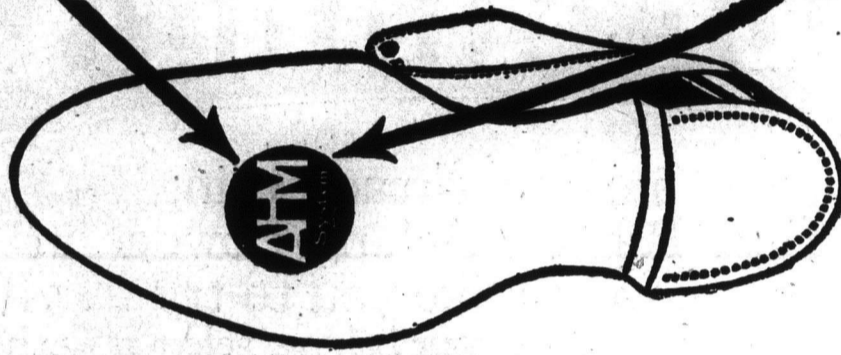
Then commenced that rush of men from the colonies, eager to help the Motherland—Canada foremost 'mongst them all.

Bill had volunteered in the very early days, and he went overseas with one of the very first drafts—God bless those early volunteers—it was they who did much to save the day.

There was no loving farewell from mother or sister, no fond last embrace before he went, no wife or sweetheart to choke back a final, sobbing message of love and hope ere he commenced his long journey in pursuit of duty's call!

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SHOES



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Every pair of shoes bearing the "Ames Holden" trade mark is the product of Canadian labor and designed to meet Canadian conditions.

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As "Shoemakers to the Nation," we fill these various needs and distribute thousands of pairs of shoes to our 7,300 retailers, one of whom is in your neighborhood.

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*Make the "Ames Holden" trade mark your guide in buying shoes and you will secure the best possible shoe value*

AMES HOLDEN MC'READY LIMITED

"Shoemakers To The Nation"

Look for this  
Trade Mark 



when you buy your  
next pair of Shoes

No! Bill Ackers had been a lonely, almost pathetic figure 'midst the many parting scenes. True, many a friendly hand had been stretched his way, but none the less, the little Cockney had gone overseas with an utter disregard for his life. Strangely enough, however, on the battlefield he seemed to bear a charmed existence, seeing year after year of service on the firing line.

But towards the close of the bloody period Bill was severely wounded; and the final result found him on this bright spring morning trying out his new artificial limb.

And then as the mist passed from before his eyes the little veteran became aware of a pressure on his arm, and then the flashing vision into the past vanished, leaving, however, a certain warm glow of feeling.

The girl was speaking softly, and as he met her gaze his own expression softened, for he saw a look in her big dark eyes which set his pulses throbbing with anticipation—he knew not what—but it caused his whole being to suddenly take on a new aspect of life!

Ah, these April days—the days of hope—the days when, to the "lover true," all seems fair—

Then he sensed her words:

"Yus Bill"—she was saying—"yus! it's me. orl right, 'ole sport! 'ow are yer? Oh, Bill Bill! it's sure some sight ter see yer agen!"

At this juncture the girl furtively dabbed the back of her hand to her eyes; and when she again spoke there was an added note of seriousness in her voice:

"I've been a' looking fer yer, Bill!" she avowed, adding, one uve the blokes at 'ome said as 'ow yer 'ad come ter these parts—and thet's why I am 'ere!"

"But Lize—"

Ignoring his interruption, however, she went on, her tone becoming louder as she warmed to her subject. Passers-by were eyeing the curious couple with considerable interest, and then some more—

"Yer see Bill, all the folks is dead and gone—and I—I—but I see Bill, poor ole dear, that yer went ter fight—I fou't as 'ow yer would go, Bill—" a tone of pride creeping into her voice.

Again he tried to voice the question which was trembling on his lips, and yet again she took no notice, but continued as though eager to be done with her story:

"Yer know, Bill, arter yer 'ad gone an' left me—in course I hexpected as 'ow yer would come back—cos I wos on'y a 'kiddin' yer, ole dear—but no! ter Canada yer 'ad ter skip—"

"An I fou't as 'ow I might as well be dead wivout yer Bill—and then the bloomin' ole K'iser got on the loose—an' well, Bill, as yer jolly well know, 'ell was loose—I did my bit for the ole flag—elped wash up dishes in a kenteen—but yer got badly 'urt I sees—pore ole bloke."

And then, regardless of all else save the fact that she was facing Bill Ackers she suddenly flung her arms around the man, and for a moment there was a tense silence—even the passers-by appeared to have summed up the situation; for, with a bare exception or so, they almost reverently passed on, with perchance a glance of contempt at the irreverent ones who, having failed to grasp the full significance, were lingering, coarse jests on their lips.

The veteran now gently released himself from Lizer's embrace, and then he breathlessly exclaimed:

"But wot abart the 'Fish and Chips' bloke, Lize?"

"Aw, garn, Bill!" she affirmed. "I wos on'y a kiddin' of yer then, ter see 'ow much yer loved me—I never fou't as 'ow yer'd fink I meant it, Bill!"

"Wot d' yer mean, Lize?"

"Aw, Bill!" she commenced, and then a flush suffused her thin, pale cheeks, whilst her dark eyes flashed a love message to the man.

"Yer see, Bill," continuing in a voice that was scarcely above a whisper, "there never wos a 'Fish an' Chips' bloke—yer the 'On'y Bloke' fer me!"

Shortly afterwards this typical coster couple—thus strangely united—might

have been seen walking slowly along Portage Avenue, arm in arm. Presently they stopped, and after a hesitating pause, suddenly disappeared through the doorway of a jewelry store.

THE WAYFARERS

I'd rather walk with you, dear,  
Life's dusty, rude highway,  
Than ride in state, while lackeys wait  
My bidding, day by day.

All grandly some go riding by  
In lofty, high disdain  
Of common ways, and common days  
And common gaze of men—  
Their way may lead through forest,  
By ferny pool and shade,  
Where singing tree-tops quiver

In many a gladsome glade,  
The vagrant woodland breezes  
May stir each waving plume,  
Each golden shaft of sunlight  
Glance bright on beauty's bloom,  
And gleaming jewel's daggered ray  
May shame the light of summer's day.

But, oh, were you not there, dear,  
For me no sun would shine,  
But winter's gloom and icy breath  
Would chill this heart of mine.

For us the wayside blossom,  
The swaying wayside grass,  
The winding roadway's curving rim,  
The fleecy clouds that pass,  
The fresh, sweet breath of morning,  
The world new-bathed in light,  
The thousand charms that beckon  
To soothe our sense and sight,  
The noonday's drowsy shining,

The sunset's golden gleam,  
The twilight's hazy radiance,  
The moon's pale, silver beam,  
And weary Nature lulled to rest  
On Night's great, tender, slumbrous  
breast.

So bravely fare we forth, dear,  
Nor envy wealth afar,  
If shining still, o'er sunset hill  
Love's radiant guiding star!

—Elizabeth Robson.

THE POET'S VISION

Teacher (to class).—"In this stanza what is meant by the line, 'The shades of night were falling fast?'"  
Clever Scholar.—"The people were pulling down the blinds."



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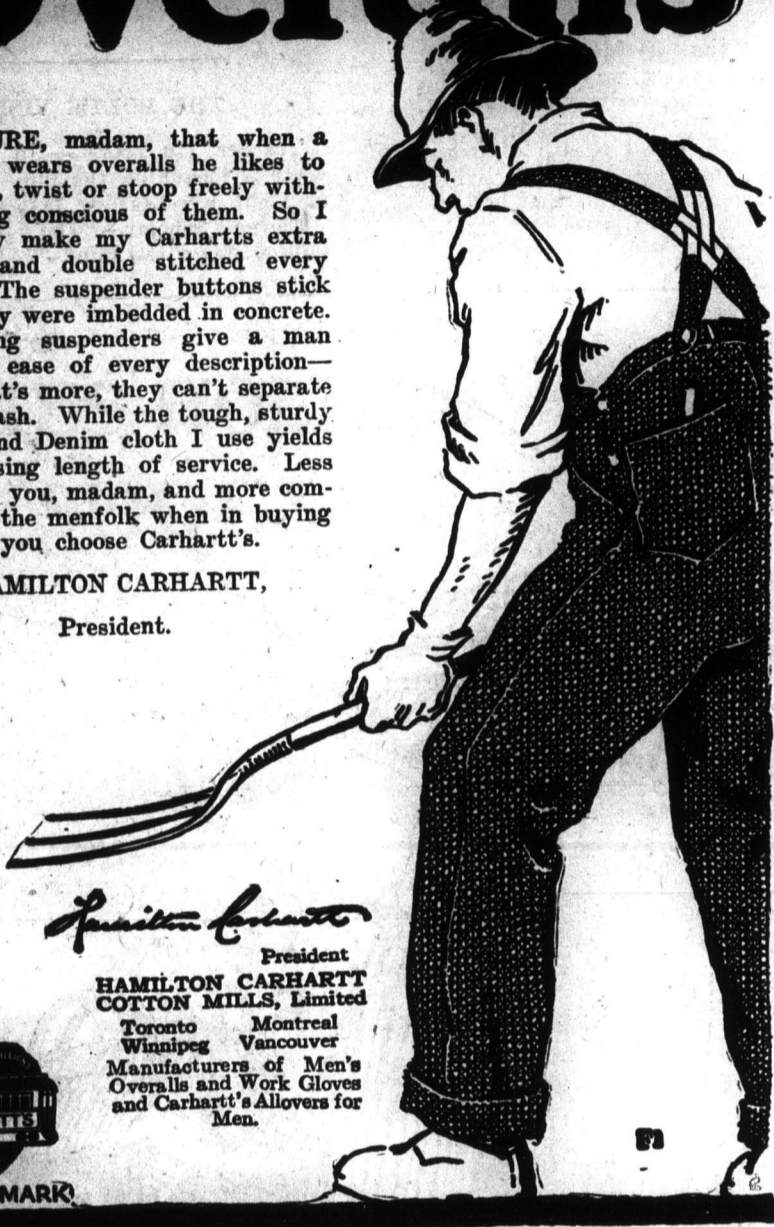
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of Fine Chocolates.

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**I** FIGURE, madam, that when a man wears overalls he likes to bend, twist or stoop freely without being conscious of them. So I purposely make my Carhartts extra roomy, and double stitched every seam. The suspender buttons stick as if they were imbedded in concrete. Interlacing suspenders give a man shoulder ease of every description—and, what's more, they can't separate in the wash. While the tough, sturdy Khaki and Denim cloth I use yields a surprising length of service. Less work for you, madam, and more comfort for the menfolk when in buying overalls you choose Carhartt's.

HAMILTON CARHARTT,  
President.



*Hamilton Carhartt*  
President

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Winnipeg Vancouver  
Manufacturers of Men's  
Overalls and Work Gloves  
and Carhartt's Allovers for  
Men.

TRADE MARK

## Past and Present

By C. A. Brocking

With the passing of Big Belly, the notice of whose death recently appeared in the Calgary Herald, there has passed the last of the old time chieftains of the Sarcee tribe, and with him has gone a link that bound the present and the past.

The romance of the West will never grow old; future generations will avidly read of the days that even now are within living memory, when the cow boy rode untrammelled by fences or homestead laws, when the Indians followed the buffalo, and the only law and order maintained was by virtue of the great and wonderful scarlet coated riders of the plain, the Royal North West Mounted Police.

It is a strange coincidence that a well-known figure of that body has recently passed to his rest, Major Fitzhorrigan, another link with the days of wild freedom and lawless life. Two great chiefs, one an Indian, the other a white man, both figures of romantic interest in the history of the Westland, within a month they have passed beyond. The West they knew in older days has changed, and they have played their part. Law and order now reigns where lawlessness was rife; no longer does the Indian seek the white man's scalp or the cowboy ride into town "shooting up the place." The West has changed and if in some quarters traces of the days of the past remain, for the most part transformation has come over the land of romance and wild freedom. Once a land of trackless wastes, given over to the buffalo and vast herds of range cattle, now a land that is blossoming into a paradise of homes and settled communities. For the greater ranges are no more, the homesteads have taken their place, and sunny-faced children play where the great herd roamed. The untrod plain resounds to the echo of merry childhood's laughter and the pathless waste is trod with the trails that lead to the little schools that dot the landscape in all directions. For the West has come into its own, not for the few, but for the many; not a land for roaming cattle, but land of homes for human beings. Yet, great though the change may be it is not without its romance, a romance every bit as thrilling as the old frontier days.

The smoke of the settler's fire rises above the little shack, the sound of the plowshare is heard as he brings under the domination of man the virgin prairie. The upturned sod will, as reward of his labor, his unremitting toil, bring forth the wheat that nourishes the life of man, in far cities across the sea bread will be eaten that had its origin in the lands that lie on the outskirts of the Empire. Canada's West, the granary of the world. Mighty ships sail from our ports bearing our produce, sustenance is given to those with whom we may never hold speech, yet, because of our great West, and our newer settlers therein, the staff of life is theirs.

The world has recently passed through such travail as within the memory of man it has never before suffered. Little need to dwell on the tragic events of the four years of horror; in many homes the

shadow still hangs, and will hang until life be past and in the world to come reunions shall take place that were never to be on this earth. When our brave troops came back from the victory in which they had borne their noble part the crowds stood and cheered as the victors marched past. Yet some with heavy heart and tear-dimmed eye stood there, thankful that all was over, yet lonely, not searching the faces of the bronzed and laughing lads as they swung by, victory in their very gait. "No need to dwell at length on the events that we have passed through, yet, now that all is past can we not be thankful for the part our Westland, yea, our very soil itself, has played in bringing back our lads victorious. They fought, we who remained here tilled the land that they might have food, they and those whose ravished homes and ruined firesides they had gone forth to redeem. They with the sword, we with the plow in our mighty West, all fought towards victory. No, the days of the Westland's romance are not for ever past, they are even now present. No longer may we battle with Indians, no longer live in danger from unseen foes, but wherever the homesteader is battling with the hardships that are the lot of the pioneer, wherever our brave women are making a home for their men, enduring all lack of comfort, cheerfully bearing the monotony and loneliness incident to their lot, there we have a great and ever present romance being unfolded before us.

The old days may be past, the scarlet riders of the plains no longer ride as of yore over the pathless West, the Indian and cowboy no longer in picturesque garb haunt the streets of our outpost towns, those who have formed a link with the past days go from us, and the days in whose heat they have lived become as a tale that is told, but the present, with its era of wonderful development, its unparalleled opportunities of success; this present is ours, with all its romance, all its greatness, all its charm. The laughter of happy children floats on the prairie breeze, the crooning of the mother to her babe as she sits in the spring twilight at the open door of the little shack, the song of the harvester as he swings the laden stooks on to the wagon; all these we live amidst, and beholding are grateful that our days are cast in the land and time in which we dwell, Canada of the twentieth century, the West of the wonderful present and even more wonderful future, our inheritance, our home.

### All Distributed!

Little Arthur rushed into the house full of excitement. "Oh, mother, we've had the best time! We've been playing postman, and we gave every lady on the block a letter."

"But, dear, where did you get the letters?"

"Why, we found them in your trunk in the garret, all tied up with blue ribbon!"



From their hill resorts sheep pause to view the beauties of the Atlantic.

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## Work for Busy Fingers

### NEW AND POPULAR DESIGNS IN TATTING

#### Star Medallion

A medallion which is as easy to make as this star medallion, is always popular, for it can be used in a variety of ways. Made of No. 40 crochet cotton it is suitable for trimming undergarments or household linens. If made of fine thread it would be effective for collar and cuff sets, waists, baby bonnets or even for handkerchiefs.

The center of the medallion is made with a double thread, and the picots are made extra long.

1st Row—Ring 4 ds, long p, 3 ds, long p, 5 ds, long p, 3 ds, long p, 4 ds, close, ch 6 ds, p, 6 ds, \*ring 4 ds, join to last p or ring, 3 ds, long p, 5 ds, long p, 3 ds, long p, 4 ds, close, ch 6 ds, join to p on ch, make another p, ch 6 ds, repeat from \*, making 8 rings in all, join and break thread. 2nd Row—\*Ring 5 ds, join to last long p, 5 ds, join to long p of next ring, 5 ds, close, ch 2 ds, p, 2 ds, p, 2 ds, p, 2 ds, p, 2 ds,

The upper edge is made last and is joined as the illustration shows. Ring 3 ds, p, 3 ds, join, 3 ds, p, 3 ds, close, leave about 1/4-inch thread, ring 3 ds, join, 3 ds, join to first row, 3 ds, p, 3 ds close, repeat across.

#### Tatted Doily in Daisy Pattern

Any number of crochet cotton may be used for this doily, depending upon whether you wish a fine or coarse lace. Number 20 and 30 are good for tatting.

Ring 8 ds, p, 8 ds, close, ring 4 ds, p, 8 ds, p, 4 ds, close, ch 6 ds, ring 4 ds, join, 2 ds, p, 2 ds, p, 2 ds, p, 4 ds, close ring 5 ds, join, 2 ds, p, 2 ds, p, 2 ds, p, 2 ds, p, 5 ds, close, ring 4 ds, join, 2 ds, p, 2 ds, p, 2 ds, p, 4 ds, close, ch 6 ds, ring 4 ds, join, 8 ds, p, 4 ds, close, ring 8 ds, p, 8 ds, close, ch 6 ds, p, 6 ds, \* join to p of last ring, ch 6 ds, p, 6 ds, p, 6 ds, ring 8 ds, join to last joining, 8 ds, close, ring 4 ds, join, 8 ds, p, 4 ds, close, ch 6 ds, ring 4 ds, join, 2 ds, p, 2 ds, p, 2 ds, p, 2 ds, p, 4 ds, close, ring 5 ds, join, 2 ds, p, 2 ds, p, 2 ds, p, 2 ds, p, 5 ds, close, ring 4 ds, join, 2 ds, p, 2 ds, p, 2 ds, p, 2 ds, p, 4 ds, close, ch 6 ds, ring 4 ds, join, 8



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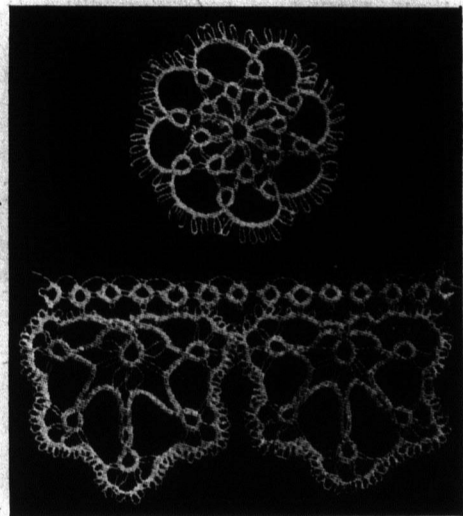
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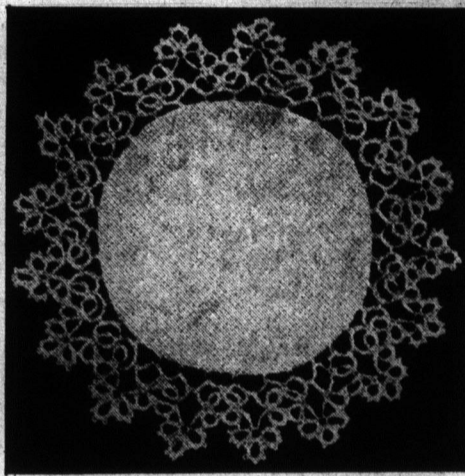
**New York Hair Store**  
 301 Kensington Bldg. WINNIPEG



p, 2 ds, p, 2 ds, p, 2 ds, join and repeat from \* around, fasten and break thread.

#### Star Edge

Ring 4 ds, long p, 2 ds, long p, 2 ds, long p, 2 ds, long p, 2 ds, long p, 2 ds, long p, 4 ds, join to first long p, 4 ds, ring 4 ds, long p, 2 ds, long p, 2 ds, long p, 2 ds, long p, 4 ds, close, ch 6 ds, join to next long p of center ring, 8 ds, ring 4 ds, long p, 2 ds, long p, 2 ds, long p, 2 ds, long p, 4 ds, close, ch 10 ds, join to center ring, ch 12 ds, ring 4 ds, long p, 2 ds, long p, 2 ds, long p, 2 ds, long p, 4 ds, close, ch 12 ds, join to center ring, ch 10 ds, ring 4 ds, long p, 2 ds, long p, 2 ds, long p, 2 ds, long p, 2 ds, long p, 4 ds, close, ch 8 ds, join to center ring, ch 6 ds, ring 4 ds, long p, 2 ds, long p, 2 ds, long p, 2 ds, long p, 4 ds, close, ch 4 ds, join to last p on center ring, ch 4 ds, p, 4 ds, join at the base of first ring, fasten thread securely, ch 5 ds, join to p on ch, \*ch 1 ds, p, 1 ds, p, 1 ds, p, 1 ds, join to next long p, repeat from \*, joining each ch to a long p.



ds, p, 4 ds, close, ring 8 ds, p, 8 ds, close, ch 6 ds, join to ch, 6 ds, p, 6 ds, and repeat from \*.

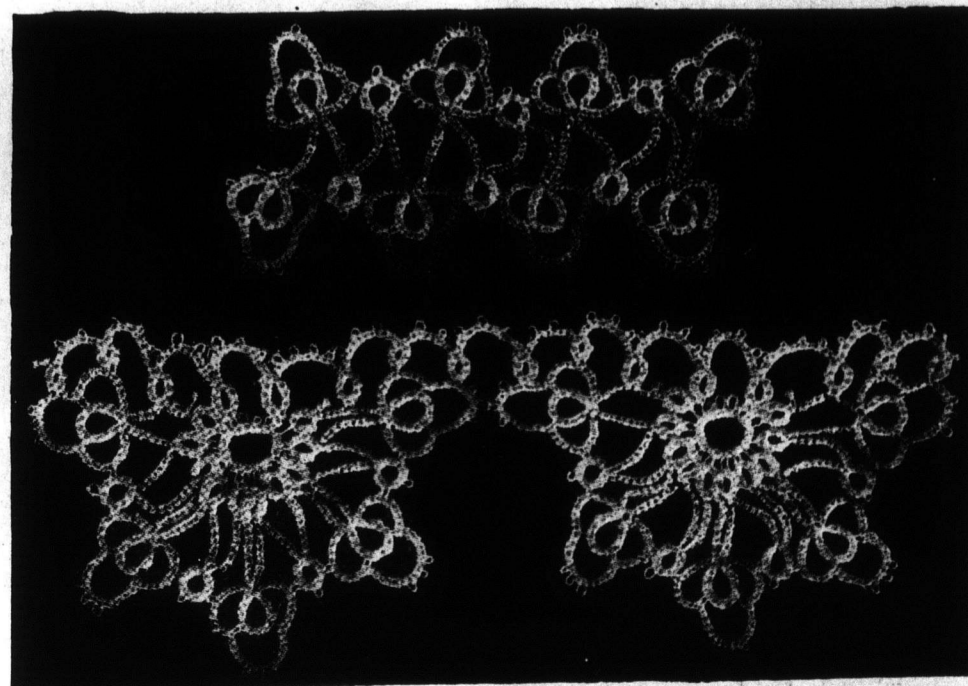
#### Fuchsia Insertion

For trimming a pair of pillowcases or a towel make an insertion in this fuchsia pattern of No. 30 crochet cotton.

\*Ring 6 ds, p, 6 ds, p, 6 ds, close, ch 6 ds, p, 6 ds, join to last made p, ch 6 ds, p, 2 ds, p, 2 ds, p, 6 ds, join to next p on ring, ch 6 ds, p, 6 ds, join at the base of first made ring, ch 8 ds, ring 6 ds, p, 6 ds, p, 6 ds, close, ch 6 ds, p, 6 ds, join to last p, ch 6 ds, p, 2 ds, p, 2 ds, p, 6 ds, join to next p, ch 6 ds, p, 6 ds, join at the base of last ring, ch 8 ds, ring 4 ds, join to p on ch, 3 ds, p, 3 ds, p, 4 ds, close, ch 8 ds, ring 4 ds, join to p on ch, 3 ds, p, 3 ds on 4 ds, close, ch 8 ds, repeat from \*, joining at the picots as illustrated.

#### Fuchsia Edge to Match Insertion

Make a ring for the center with 14 picots separated by 2 ds, join, fasten  
 Continued on Page 38



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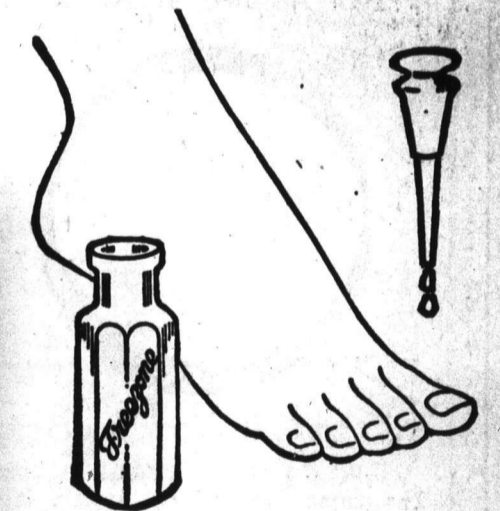
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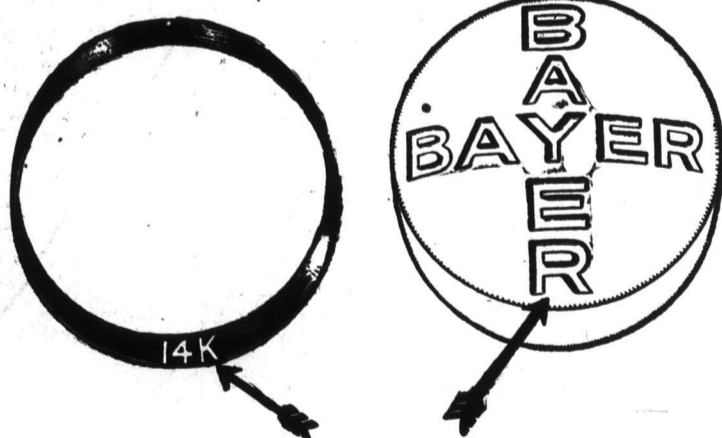
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**A Popular Style. 2910**—This little suit would develop well in serge, velvet, corduroy, tweed or cheviot. It also is good for wash materials, gingham, chambray, galatia, khaki, drill and linen. The Pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 3, 4, 5 and 6 years. Size 4 requires 3 yards of 27-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or 1c and 2c stamps.

**A Pretty Summer Frock. 3240**, cut in 7 Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure, and Ladies Skirt Pattern 3226 cut in 7 Sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure. The width of the skirt at its lower edge is 17/8 yard. It will require 8 yards of 36 inch material for a medium size, for the entire dress of one material. As here shown embroidered linen was used. One could have foulard, satin, voile, shantung, gingham, organdie, or other seasonable materials. This illustration calls for two separate patterns which will be mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents for each pattern in silver or stamps.

**A Simple "Easy to Make" Dress for a "Little Tot." 3227** is here portrayed. It is cut in 5 sizes: 6 mos., 1 year, 2, 3, and 4 years. A 4 year size will require 2 3/4 yards of 36 inch material. As here shown white voile with Val insertion was used. Chambrey, silk, crepe, batiste, lawn and dimity are attractive for this model. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

**A Pretty Dress. 3242**, cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure, and Skirt Pattern 3228, cut in 7 Sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure. The width of the skirt at lower edge with plaits extended is 2 3/4 yards. As here portrayed

plaid gingham was used. Collar and cuffs are of white organdie edged with frilled lace. This style is nice for linen, shantung, percale, chambray, serge and gabardine. For a medium size 9 yards of 27 inch material will be required. This illustration calls for two separate patterns which will be mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents for each pattern in silver or stamps.

**A Comfortable Night Dress. 2918**—This would be pretty in pink silk or crepe, with facings or binding of blue washable ribbon. Hem stitching, embroidered scallops, picot or edging would be nice also. The revers may be omitted. This Pattern is cut in 4 sizes: Small, 32-34; Medium, 36-38; Large, 40-42; Extra Large, 44-46 inches bust measure. Size Medium requires 4 1/2 yards of 36-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or 1c and 2c stamps.

**A Jaunty Dress for the Growing Girl. 3229** is used to make this attractive model. It is cut in 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. A 12 year size will require 4 yards of 44 inch material. Blue or green linen with facings of white pique or pipings in a contrasting color, could be used for this design. As here shown, plaid gingham was employed, with linen embroidered in colors for collar and other trimmings. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver.

**A Very Attractive Apron. 3235** supplies this design. It is cut in 4 Sizes:—Small, 32-34; Medium 36-38; Large 40-42; Extra Large 44-46 inches bust measure. A Medium Size will require 4 1/2 yards of 27 inch material without the sash. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

**A Pretty Dress for a Junior. 3248** is here depicted. It is cut in 3



Sizes: 12, 14 and 16 years. For a 14 year size  $4\frac{1}{2}$  yards of 36 inch material will be required. As here shown figured foulard was used. One may have this in dotted Swiss, organdie, or challie. A crush girle or sash of silk or ribbon in a contrasting shade forms a pretty finish. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

**A Popular Model. 2730**—This pleasing design may be developed in lawn, linen, drill, percale, seersucker, or gingham. The skirt is a four gore model. The waist may be finished with the wrist length above, or with one in elbow length. The Pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 38 requires  $7\frac{1}{2}$  yards of 27 inch material. Width of skirt is about  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards at the foot, with plaits drawn out. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

**A Very Attractive Dress for Porch or Country Wear. Pattern 3230** is here illustrated. It is cut in 7 Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. A 38 inch size will require  $5\frac{1}{4}$  yards of 36 inch material. The width of the skirt at lower edge is  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yard. Checked gingham and chambray are here combined. This model is good for linen, shantung, percale, lawn, taffeta and wash silk; also serge, gabardine and check suiting. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

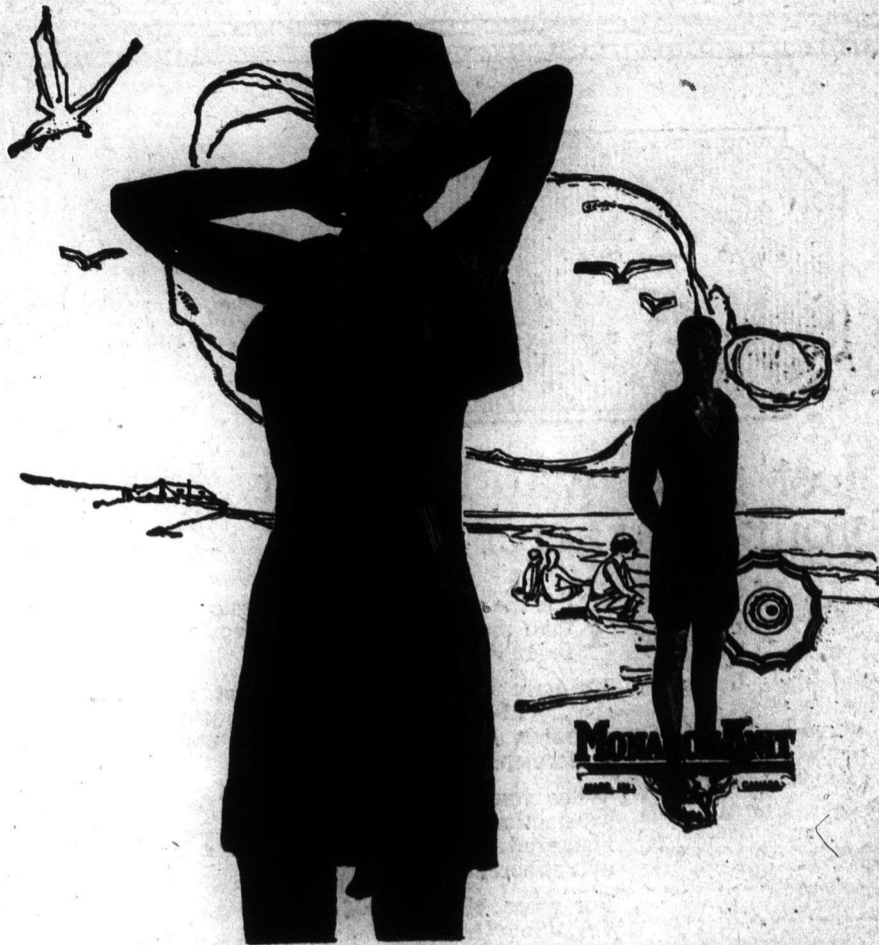
**A Simple but Pretty Frock. 2791**—This makes a good comfortable school dress, nice for gingham, seersucker, percale, lawn, repp, poplin, gabardine, voile, or serge. The closing is at the side. The sleeve may be finished in wrist or elbow length. The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. Size 12 requires  $3\frac{3}{4}$  yards of 36 inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

**A Dainty Dress for Party or Best Wear. Pattern 3246** supplies this style. It is cut in 5 Sizes: 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. A 10 year size will require  $3\frac{3}{4}$  yards of 27 inch material, and  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yard for the jumper or over blouse. Embroidered voile is here shown with plain voile for sleeve and jumper. One could use batiste, dotted Swiss, lawn, wash silk or challie, with a simple trimming of ribbon or insertion. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

**A Charming Costume. This** portrays a combination of Waist Pattern 3231 and Skirt Pattern 3218. The Waist is cut in 7 Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. The Skirt in 7 Sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure.  $7\frac{1}{2}$  yards of 36 inch material will be required for a medium size. Foulard, printed voile, linen, organdie, taffeta and shantung are attractive for this style. The width of the skirt at lower edge is about  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yard. This illustration calls for two separate patterns which will be mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents for each pattern in silver or stamps.

**A Simple Dress for Mother's Girl. Pattern 3238** supplies the model for this pretty frock. It is cut in 4 Sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. A six year size will require  $3\frac{3}{4}$  yards of 27 inch material. Gingham, chambray, lawn, repp, voile seersucker, percale, and gabardine could be used for this style. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

**A Simple House Dress with Sleeve in either of two styles. 2991**—Percale, gingham, chambray, lawn, flannelette, and drill are good materials for this style. The sleeve may be finished in wrist length with a band cuff, or loose, at elbow length. The Pattern is cut in 7 Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 38 requires  $5\frac{1}{2}$  yards of 36 inch material. Width at lower edge is about  $2\frac{1}{4}$  yards. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any



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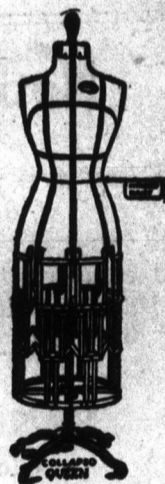


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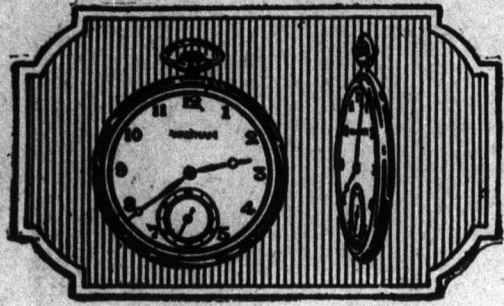
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**A Popular Style. 2905**—This could be made from "all over" embroidery, or dimity, lawn, batiste, nainsook, Swiss, silk, crepe and washable satin. Straps of ribbon or material hold the cover over shoulders and arm. The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: Small, 32-34; Medium, 36-38; Large, 40-42; Extra Large, 44-46 inches bust measure. Size Medium requires  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yard of 36-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or 1c and 2c stamps.

**A Set of New Sleeves for Ladies Waists and Gowns. Pattern 3224** was employed for these designs. The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes:—Small 10, Medium 12, Large 14, Extra Large 16 inches, over fullest part of the arm. It will require  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yard of 27 inch material for No. 1,  $\frac{7}{8}$  yard of 36 inch material for No. 2, and  $\frac{5}{8}$  yard of 36 inch material for No. 3, for one pair of sleeves, in a Medium size. No. 1 is fine for satin, silk, linen and cloth. No. 2 could be used for lace, georgette, silk or combinations of material. No. 3 is good for silk or cloth, wash materials and sheer fabrics. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

**Here is a New and Practical Apron. 3023**—This design is good for gingham, chambray, lawn, percale, drill, Indian Head, jean and alpaca. The back has belt extensions which hold the fullness at the waistline and are fastened at the centre front. The Pattern is cut in 4 sizes: Small, 32-34; Medium, 36-38; Large, 40-42, and Extra Large, 44-46 inches bust measure. Size Medium requires  $4\frac{1}{4}$  yards of 36 inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15c. in silver or 1c. and 2c. stamps.

### CATALOGUE NOTICE.

Send 15c in silver or stamps for our Up-To-Date Spring and Summer 1920, Catalogue, containing 550 designs of Ladies', Misses' and Children's Patterns, a Concise and Comprehensive Article on Dressmaking, also some Points for the needle (illustrating 30 of the various, simple stitches) all valuable hints to the home dressmaker.

## Work for Busy Fingers

*Continued from page 55*

thread securely and break. Ring 5 ds, join to a p of center ring, 5 ds, close, ch 8 ds, ring 6 ds, p, 6 ds, p, 6 ds, close, ch 6 ds, p, 6 ds, join to last ring, \* ch 6 ds, p, 2 ds, p, 2 ds, p, 6 ds, join to the other p on same ring, ch 6 ds, p, 6 ds, join to base of last ring, ch 8 ds, ring 5 ds, join to next p on center ring, 5 ds, close, ch 8 ds, ring 4 ds, join to p on ch, 3 ds, p, 3 ds, p, 4 ds, close, ch 8 ds, ring 5 ds, join to center ring, 5 ds, close, ch 8 ds, ring 6 ds, p, 6 ds, p, 6

ds, close, ch 6 ds, join to ring, 6 ds, join to ring made, and repeat from \* making last 5 points, join and fasten thread.

Make enough medallions following these directions for the length desired, then add the top edge. \*Ring 4 ds, join to the last p, 4 ds, close, ch 2 ds, p, 2 ds, p, 2 ds, p, 2 ds, repeat from \*, joining as the illustration shows.

### Had to Take Him

The vicar had been taken suddenly ill, and his church-warden was in great difficulty about getting a substitute, when the bishop of the diocese kindly offered to take the Sunday services himself.

The churchwarden, wishing "to do the right thing," at the close of the service went up to the bishop, and, after thanking him, stammered out:

"A poorer preacher would have done for such folk as us, your lordship, but we were unable to find one!"

### Two Pictures

"A pleasant, chatty, bright little Japanese woman is Mrs. Widefield, whose husband is postmaster at 'Three-farms-end,'" says a missionary's letter from Japan, "an efficient housekeeper, a kindly entertainer, whose ready tongue runs usually to commonplaces. But one day there was suddenly revealed the depths beneath the shallows. Some earnest word had awakened a soul, and she sought baptism. She wanted to commemorate her new birth by a gift—equivalent to twenty-five dollars—to be spent in placing Testaments in the penitentiary at the capital of the province. This was very gladly arranged.

"A year later the missionary received a letter addressed simply to 'The Pastor of the Church of Christ,' written on prison paper by a man who wore chains, but by one whose soul had been made so exultantly free that words could scarcely express his joy as he told of the treasure he had found in God's Word, unguided save by the Spirit, and of the blessing that had come to him.

"Again the missionary preached at Three-farms-end, and again little Mrs. Widefield, hospitable and polite in the social hour that followed, chattered of commonplaces until the preacher told of the prisoner and the work the Testament had done. Then her eyes grew wide with wonder, deep with feeling, and, covering her face with her hands, she swiftly bowed her head to the floor, while the eyes of every spectator grew moist with sympathy.

"And so," concludes the letter, "I have two more memory pictures to treasure. One man in prison garb, the heavy chains on his ankles tied up to his waist that he may in some way get about his work; the other, just a woman in the conventional dress of a Japanese wife; but the same light shines from both faces—the light of the joy of heaven."



Preparing programme in advance for Women's institute of Manitoba. The photo shows five enthusiasts at Gladstone, Man.

### Mother's Section

#### DEVOTION

I would be true, for there are those who trust me;  
 I would be pure, for there are those who care;  
 I would be strong, for there is much to suffer;  
 I would be brave, for there is much to dare.  
 I would be friend of all—the foe—the friendless;  
 I would be giving, and forget the gift;  
 I would be humble for I know my weakness;  
 I would look up—and laugh—and love—and lift.

—Howard Arnold Walter.

#### Caring for the Baby

I was given a lesson when baby was five weeks old which I have not forgotten. It was upon the first occasion when I had taken him out, and, notwithstanding the fact that it was a very warm day, I bundled him up "head and ears" and went to join some friends at an afternoon tea. Baby was sleeping when I arrived and I placed him upon the bed without removing his wraps. The room had no draught and was close. After a while he awakened and very feebly announced his presence. I carried him to the sitting room saying as I did so that I did not understand what made my baby so small and weak. Just then Grandma Walters came in with the tea things. She put them down and took the big bundle from my arms.

"My land!" she exclaimed as she began to scatter the wraps. "Who could wonder at its weakness! Nellie, I thought you had better judgment. Take off two or three of these bed quilts and this woollen cape, and a half dozen more or less hoods and give the darling a chance to breathe! See! His garments and even the wraps are wet with perspiration. Has a five-weeks-old baby any vitality to sweat away like that?"

"But," I faltered, "I was afraid he might take cold. The change—you know"  
 Then Grandma gave me a look that almost withered me. "Cold! On a day like this! Why, child, this day was made for babies, little and big! But now that its clothing is all wet and steaming don't be foolish enough to sit with it between the open window and door. Bring it back to a comfortable condition gradually."

And she selected a light, knit baby shawl and draped it loosely around the little one lying upon my lap.

"Thank you, Grandma," I answered meekly. "I'm glad to learn these things from your experience."

"Well, just do not make the sad mistake, Nellie, of thinking your baby needs nothing but food and warmth. Remember these little bodies are sustained and grown in the same life-giving atmosphere in which big bodies are sustained. They not only want to breathe through their lungs, but through every part of their anatomy. If a baby's hands are warm it is generally warm otherwise. Never allow it to have cold hands. But it is wicked to make them break out with heat rashes when it can be prevented."

"Should I remove one of these woollen skirts?" I questioned.

"Two woollen skirts on that dear lamb the middle of July! You poor, wee, martyr!" And Grandma bent over the little helpless form. "Supposing you were suddenly dropped down from a beautiful nest where every condition was perfect into a climate changed every hour or two; and supposing that because of your new environment you were unable to make yourself understood in any way; suppose you had to care for you a great giant one hundred times as big and a thousand times as strong, and who had it in his power to do with you just as he chose; and so he swaddled you in wool—bands, skirts, shirts, napkins, pinning-blankets, socks, caps, hoods, veils, cloaks, coats, blankets and comforts; laid you upon a feather pillow and hugged and tucked you up close so you could neither move foot nor fist, toted you off somewhere and dumped you down among more feather pillows and left you there till you had sweat out every drop of vitality you had! Don't you think you would long to tell that giant why you felt too weak to cry very much?"

I was too full of tears to answer. "See how cunningly baby will curl its toes and kick its little feet now when we uncover it and let the warm, fresh air strike the skin. No, not in a draught, Nellie, be careful. Just let it enjoy itself."

And I did from that day. On cool days baby has worn a flannel shirt and skirt made princess style, and which covers the chest. When it is warm he wears a sleeveless woollen vest covering



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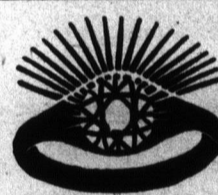
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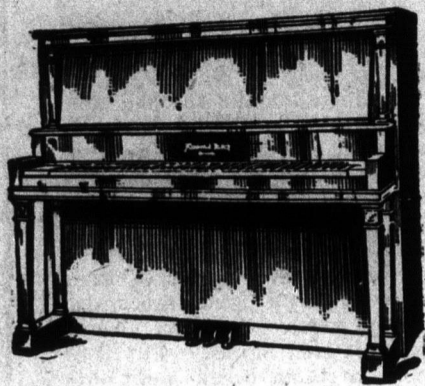
gives that even, golden shade everybody wants. Purely vegetable. Harmless. Meets all laws. Small bottle costs few cents at any store. Enough to color 500 lbs.



Hush! She's nearly asleep!

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the stomach and abdomen. He has never taken cold and is free from irritating rashes. I have never allowed any heavy covering to hang over his feet and he is as healthy as possible.

### MARRIED LIFE

#### A Secret of Happiness

Where husband and wife really love each other they get along well through the vicissitudes of life, because one immeasurable source of happiness always remains to them, whatever disasters befall—that is their unfailing sympathy for each other. Nothing less than this enables a couple to endure with equanimity all the cares, and anxieties, and disappointments of married life.

#### Married People Would Be Happier

If home trials were never told to neighbors.

If they kissed and made up after every quarrel.

If household expenses were proportioned to receipts.

If they tried to be as agreeable as in courtship days.

If each would try to be a support and comfort to the other.

If each remembered the other was a human being, not an angel.

If both parties remembered that they married for worse as well as for better.

If men were as thoughtful for their wives as they were for their sweethearts.

If there were fewer silks and velvet street costumes and more plain, tidy house dresses.

If there were fewer "please darlings" in public, and more common manners in private.

If masculine bills for fancy Havannas and feminine ditto for rare lace were turned into the general fund, until such times as they could be incurred without risk.

If wives and husbands would take some pleasure as they go along, and not degenerate into mere toiling machines. Recreation is necessary to keep the heart in its place, and to get along without it is a big mistake.

If men would remember that a woman can't be always smiling who has to cook the dinner, answer the door bell half a dozen times, get rid of a neighbor who has dropped in, tend to a sick baby, tie up the cut finger of a two-year-old, gather up the playthings of a four-year-old, tie up the head of a six-year-old on skates, and get an eight-year-old ready for school, to say nothing of sweeping, cleaning, dusting, &c. A woman with all this to contend with may claim it as a privilege to look and feel a little tired sometimes, and a word of sympathy wouldn't be too much to expect from the man, who during the honeymoon wouldn't let her carry as much as a sunshade.

#### A Mother's Professorship

Since it has become the fashion for rich men to endow chairs in universities, almost every kind of professorship has become the recipient of such attention. The greatest of them all, however, has been overlooked, and still has only its natural endowment drawing its salary in "love and affection," as the old deeds say. In an article on the women of America the Outlook tells of one occupant of this worthy academic chair.

In a bookstore in a little town in Wisconsin a stranger heard a woman asking for a book for children dealing with plant life, a copy of Eugene Field's "Love Songs of Childhood," and a vertical writing-book, three things which to her disappointment the store did not contain.

"I do so want the things," she said, sadly. "I live fifteen miles out of town, and as my husband had to come in to-day I arranged to come with him and get them for the children."

"I suppose they need them for school?" said the visitor.

"For their lessons, at any rate," the woman corrected. "They don't go to school. We live too far away for them to walk, and the horses cannot be spared to take them back and forth every day. I teach them myself."

"You do!"

"Yes, I feel that I am perfectly capable. I was a teacher before my

marriage, and had the regular-normal training."

"But how do you find time?"

"It isn't always easy. A farmer's wife—my husband is a farmer—is a busy person. But my children must have schooling. I am glad I am able to give it to them."

Her two little girls were seven and nine years old, respectively. "They are quite absorbed in nature-study just now," she said, "and I did so want a book about plant-life!"

The stranger, who was waiting for a train, volunteered to send the books on from Minneapolis, and the offer was gratefully accepted. Then the mother told more about her little school.

"We have half of our lessons in the morning," she said, "after the breakfast is over, and the house in order and the little girls have washed the dishes. After dinner—at noon—we have the other half. I do not keep a servant, so, besides teaching the children to read and write, I must also teach them to be my helpers about the house. You see," she concluded, with a smile, "I am obliged to be a 'professor of things-in-general.'"

### LIFE'S GIFTS

And Life with full hands came,  
Austerly smiling.

I looked, marveling at her gifts—  
Fortune, much love, many beauties,  
The deed fulfilled man ponders in his youth,

Gold of the heart, desire of the eyes  
come true!

And joyously,  
"With these," I cried, "with these indeed  
What spirit could miss delight?"

And paused to dream them over.  
But even then,  
"Choose," she said,

"One gift is yours—no more,"  
And bent that grave, wise smile  
Upon me, waiting.

—M. McNeal-Sweeney.

### The Kitchen

#### CELERY SOUP

Chop into half-inch pieces three cups of celery, one pint of boiling water, two and one-half cups of milk, a slice of onion, three tablespoonfuls of butter, one-fourth of a cup of flour, salt and pepper. Wash and scrape the celery before cutting into pieces, cook in boiling water until soft, rub through a sieve. Scald milk with the onion, remove onion and add milk to celery. Bind with butter and flour cooked together. Season with salt and pepper.

#### BLANQUETTE OF VEAL

Slice roast veal into thin strips and warm in the following cream sauce: Melt two tablespoonfuls of butter, stir in gradually two tablespoonfuls of flour, pressing out all of the lumps. When thoroughly blended, add slowly one cup of milk, then add one-fourth tablespoonful of salt and a dash of pepper. Sprinkle chopped parsley over all.

#### CABBAGE SALAD

Remove the center from a solid cabbage and mix with it equal parts of celery. Chop rather fine and put back. Pour over it salad dressing made of one-half box of gelatine, one-half cup of vinegar, one-half cup of water, and a small teaspoonful of salt. Mix the gelatine with other ingredients as soon as cool. Garnish with radishes cut to resemble roses and laid on celery stalks, and serve with ham on one side, and chicken on the other.

#### WHEAT GEMS WITHOUT SHORTENING

Sift together one pint flour, one teaspoonful salt and one and a half teaspoonfuls baking powder. Wet with one entire beaten egg and enough sweet milk to make a thin batter. Pour into hot buttered gem pans. This will make eight large or twelve very small gems. Bake in a quick oven fifteen minutes.

#### SCRAMBLED RICE WITH BACON

Fry bacon as usual, then add to the fat a cup of cold boiled rice and stir with a fork. When the rice is hot add two

eggs, well beaten and two tablespoonfuls of milk or cream, or two tablespoonfuls of tomato sauce and cook until creamy. Arrange rice in the center of platter with the bacon around the edge.

**KITCHEN FUN**

"Say, Pat, phwat is dis ting dey call a chafing-dish?" asked Tim.  
 "Why, man, don't ye know? It's a frying-pan dat's broke into society."

"What is the connecting link between the animal and vegetable kingdoms?" asked the teacher.  
 "Hash!" answered the class, with one voice.

**OATMEAL PUDDING**

One cup of cooked oatmeal, one-half cup of sugar, one egg, one-half cup of sour milk, three tablespoonfuls of flour, one-half teaspoonful of soda, and a pinch of salt. Place in a baking powder can and steam for an hour and a half.

**BALANCED FOOD**

To eat good, simple, nourishing food is not necessarily to eat correctly. In the first place, many of the foods which we have come to regard as good are in reality about the worst things we can eat, while others that we regard as harmful have the most food value.

But perhaps the greatest harm which comes from eating blindly is the fact that very often two perfectly good foods when eaten at the same meal form a chemical reaction in the stomach and literally explode, liberating dangerous toxics which are absorbed by the blood and form the root of nearly all sickness, the first indications of which are acidity, fermentation, gas, constipation, and many other sympathetic ills leading to most serious consequences.

These truths have been strongly brought out by Professor Metchnikoff in his treatise on the "Prolongation of Life," and by many other modern scientists. But most efforts in the past have been designed solely to cleanse out the system and remove the poison after they had formed, wholly disregarding the cause.

Correct eating involves, first, the proper selection of foods; second, the right combinations, and, third, proper proportioning so as to form at each meal a constructive health and energy building whole. All of which is much simpler than it sounds.

And, strange as it may seem, scientifically proportioned meals are more delicious and more satisfying than the meals which are chosen without regard to health. Instead of being deprived of the good things of life, we come to take more pleasure in eating than ever before. It is not even necessary to upset your table to eat scientifically and no special foods are required. You can get anything you need out of your garden, at your local store or in any restaurant.

**ODORLESS ONIONS**

Take six large onions over which has been poured boiling water to remove the skins. In the center of each make a hole about the size of a quarter. Boil six eggs ten minutes; take out yolks and mash five, then cream into them one heaping teaspoon of butter, add celery salt, pepper and a little salt to taste, roll out one or two crackers and mix lightly with the egg. Stuff the onions with this until you have used all the egg mixture, then place in a shallow pan with six tablespoonfuls of water and bake until done. Be careful they do not scorch or burn. Cut and spread thinly with butter six slices of white or brown bread and lay on a platter. Make a nice, thick milk gravy, using about one tablespoonful of flour to a pint of milk. When the onions are done, remove carefully from the pan in which they were baked and place them, one on each slice of buttered bread and pour over them the hot milk gravy. Serve while hot. Cold mashed potatoes, either white or sweet, can be used for filling.



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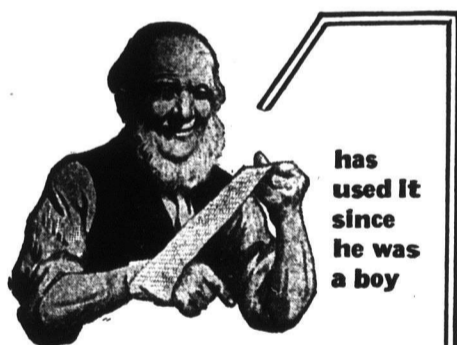
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**Correspondence**

**A Debating Suggestion**

Dear Editor and Readers — I am a reader of The Western Home Monthly, and I have often wished to join the ones who express their views through your correspondence page. I am teaching a country school east of La Fleche. I have a large number of foreign pupils, nearly all French. This is my fourth year as a pedagogue. I am of the opinion that we could, with the consent of some of your correspondents, form a sort of debating society. It would, I am sure, enable us to pass some very pleasant moments as well as being very beneficial to us. I would certainly like to encounter either "Sunshine," "Aloho Oe," or "Spitfire" in a good debate. Would also like to correspond with some of the other teachers on such things as might crop up which might prove interesting. Hoping to hear more of "Spitfire," I am—"Old Nick."

**A Word for the City**

Dear Editor and Readers—First of all, I must say how pleased we are to get a real Western magazine breathing the spirit of our great country. Nothing but optimism could exist in such a region as the land we call home, and your paper is a great factor in spreading this spirit broadcast. It is also a help to us in our daily problems, for which we thank you. Every page is good, but I am especially interested in that given over to correspondence. "November" is like a breeze from our mountain clime, vigorous and bracing, and I should like to meet more of her kind. To "Busy Bach" I would suggest as an easy way of dish-washing getting someone else to do it. Any better suggestions? "Sunshine" opens up a topic that could be discussed from now till doomsday. I am a city girl and have no complaints to make about my lot. The country may be lovely, no doubt is, but I think the city deserves its share of praise. I know our city does, for beauty in every form exists here—hills and chasms, streams and waterfalls, trees and flowers, and, best of all, blue skies and singing birds. We give "Sunshine" an invitation to come and see it. Some has said that Ralph Connor was their favorite author. Yes, he is the true genius of the West, and portrays through that magic pen of his scenes that make our eyes kindle and hearts throb with joy to call it our home. Oh, that there were more like him! But I must not take up too much space, so will close by wishing our magazine the success it deserves. —"Maid of the West."

P.S.—I enclose some verses.

**OH, SOUL OF THE WEST!**

Oh, Soul of the West! thy children teach,  
Make us brave and strong that we may reach  
The prize that thou givest to all who run  
The race of the strong which can be won.

Oh, Soul of the West! great, brave and kind,  
May we thy precepts bear in mind;  
May we in thought and deed be true,  
And do unto others as we'd have them do.

Oh, Soul of the West! the glorious West,  
May we be equal to the test  
That thou hast given to each and all  
Of those who hearken unto thy call.

Oh, Soul of the West! may thy sons grow  
In strength and grandeur as thou hast grown;  
May we, like our sires, love all mankind,  
And do deeds of kindness when chance we find.

Then, Soul of the West! we too will be  
Great, as thou'rt great, true, brave and free;  
And in the growth of the years we will prove  
That great is our nation—the land we most love.

**A Daughter of the Soil**

Dear Editor and Readers—This is my first letter to The Western Home Monthly, but I have often read the letters and wished I belonged to such a friendly circle. Now, I see my wish come true, and I have arrived at last. "Spitfire," we have many things in common, being members of the same profession. I read with interest your letter in the April number. What you say regarding teacher's residences has a great deal of truth in it. So very few of us have mothers or sisters who are able to be with us, and even maiden aunts are scarce in this country, that a teacherage would not be an unmixed blessing. Of course, in many of our foreign districts it may be necessary, but in most places throughout the West (at least in my experience) the teacher is taken in and made one of the family if she cares to make herself agreeable. Of course, even in boarding houses, as in other things, there is the exception that proves the rule. Enough for school teachers. Girls, have you discovered a name which fits a man who does his own housekeeping? Now here is a chance to become famous by adding a new word to our glorious, but incomplete language. Get busy! I am not going to wish you luck as I am cheering for myself, but I do love competition. "Sunshine," you have advanced a subject for discussion which many of us see at a different angle. I am a farmer's daughter, but have spent much of my life in towns and cities. I have always been a devoted daughter of the soil, but this winter has rather damped my enthusiasm. Perhaps when I hear a meadow lark and pick my first crocus, I shall return to my old allegiance, but I am afraid the first breath of next November will send my heart fluttering down into my "brogans" and, like the birds, I shall basely desert in face of the foe. As this is my first letter, I do not wish to take up space. May I come again and visit? I love visiting and enjoy letters. My address is with the editor. Au revoir. —"Bubbles."

**About the Teacherage**

Dear Editor and Readers—We have taken The Western Home Monthly for many years and I usually read the correspondence section with much interest,



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but have never written to it before. However, I saw in your latest issue a letter from "Spitfire" in which she expressed her views on the teacherage question, and this led me to decide that I would do likewise. This is my seventh year in the teaching profession. I have always boarded with a private family, and have been very fortunate in my boarding places as a rule, yet I have often wished for the quietness and privacy of a teacher's residence. For the last two years I have had our home school, so, of course, I live with my parents. I know of six country schools within ten miles of my home that have erected teacherages and found them very satisfactory. In most cases the teacherage is placed near a home where a family lives, so there is not the least danger or chance of loneliness for the teacher. In most cases the teacher is a young girl, though I have known cases where a man or a widow with children occupied the teacherage. Some of the girls who teach near here have engaged for their second and third year since the residence was built. They enjoy the privacy and the opportunity to choose their own food, and to eat what they like and what agrees with their health. These girls go to social affairs with the family whose house is near the residence, sometimes even with a young man who drives up to their door, and no one hints that there is anything improper about it. Anyone with the high mind and good character of a teacher will pay no attention to the talk of an ignorant gossip; it cannot do any real harm. My sister, a young girl of twenty years, taught a school near here one year, and occupied a teacher's residence. It was placed right beside the home of a good family. They were very kind to her, and she had the advantage of their companionship and protection while living in her own little home. There was plenty of wood all around, and she was not there during the coldest part of the year, so her fuel didn't cost much. She paid a small rent and bought most of her food, and even then found it cost much less than if she had had to pay from twenty to thirty dollars per month for board. Considering the high cost of living, this is one point in favor of the teacherage. Altogether, from what I have learned in regard to the matter from observation and experience, I think there is nothing to be said against the teacherage. It solves the problem of a boarding place in a country district. I am also in favor of consolidation in thickly settled parts of the province. I live in Saskatchewan now, but I received most of my education in Manitoba. The little red school-house which I attended as a child is closed now and the children taken to Belmont Consolidated School. Let's have more letters on these two subjects.—  
"Bell-flower."

#### The Housewife on the Prairie

Dear Editor and Readers

Will you allow an old-time member to rejoin your circle? I used to write to your "Correspondence Page" I always enjoy the magazine and letters. I have lived in the west for ages, and pioneered in Alberta before the Grand Trunk Pacific went through, and now we are away from civilization on a large Saskatchewan farm. The new R R survey runs across our farm, so some day we may be in the heart of a city. The old adage, "Those who live in hopes, never die in despair," is a useful motto way out on the prairies where the housewife has to make shift and do the next best thing so often. I see the school teacher is quite a topic at present. It is serious too, when the little schools are closed so much of the time, or else we get a teacher who shows no interest in the pupils. Bravo, "Spitfire," the Canadian girl can not be too independent, the Canadian girl has always had a greater number of the male sex to choose her friends from, so I think they are more reserved and level-headed than the English. However, I think they get a warm enough welcome on landing here. I would like to gain a few correspondents, as it is lonely out here, and mail is about the only break in a round of monotony. I will try to answer all letters from either young folks or the elder ones.  
"A Pioneer Wife."

#### WORK AMONG THE LEPERS

The self-sacrifice of Mr. W. H. P. Anderson, a Canadian accountant, who has given up a prosperous career to devote his life to work among lepers in India, will be fresh in the public mind. He sailed on October 27th, and in a letter just received by Mr. John Jackson he tells of his arrival and his reception by the lepers.

"I arrived in Chandkuri on Sunday morning, November 26th. Just as we entered the village we were met by the Leper Asylum Band. These poor fellows with their simple means of making music were a pathetic sight. Over the road the word "Welcome" appeared in the form of an arch. The Bungalow had been decorated, and the untainted

children of the lepers, to the number of about 100, had assembled, all neatly dressed, the girls especially looking quite picturesque; the tainted children from the Asylum were also there. The boys and girls sang hymns in Hindi, and many salaams were given to the new Sahib.

In the afternoon a service was held in the church of the Leper Asylum. After I had been welcomed by the other missionaries I thanked the lepers for their hearty greeting, and for the music and singing with which they had received me. I told them that for many years I had desired to come to them, and now, after much travelling and crossing the ocean, I was glad to be with them. About 300 lepers were present at this service, and in a separate part of the

church the untainted boys and girls, making in all an audience of over 400 people.

"I afterwards went through the Asylum and the Children's Homes. The lepers seemed to be contented and happy, considering their sad condition. If friends at home could see what has been done, and what is being done, for these suffering people there would be no lack of funds."

#### HIS OWN INTERESTS

Mrs. Kawler.—"I'm glad to hear you say you wish the war were over, Bobby. It's a very cruel business."

Bobby.—"Tain't that. War makes history, and there's more of that now than I can ever learn."—C. E. World.



## "So This Is Your Birthday, Grandmother"

"YES, dearie, I am seventy-five years old to-day. It doesn't seem possible, for I don't feel old." e

"And you certainly do not look old."

"Were you never sick, grandmother?"

"Oh, yes, indeed, there was a time in my life when I never expected to live to be fifty, say nothing about seventy-five. When your mother and my other children were small I had my hands full and got run down in health. I got so nervous that I could not sleep and had frequent headaches. Every little thing the children would do seemed to annoy and worry me until, finally, I gave out entirely, and was in bed for months with nervous prostration."

"Did you have a doctor?"

"Yes, dearie, I had two or three doctors, but they only told me that it would take a long time for me to regain strength. One day your grandfather came in with some of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. He said some one told him that it would cure me, and he went away to the drug store and bought half a dozen boxes."

"What did your doctor say about using it?"

"Well, what could he say? He only said that he had done all he could, and that he

had run across a great many cases in which the Nerve Food had been used with excellent results. So I began using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, and it was not long before I was on the way to health and strength."

"And did it cure you?"

"Well, the best evidence is that I am here to-day, well and happy, after all these years. And I am more than ever enthusiastic for Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, for I have used it several times during the last few years when I felt that I needed some assistance to keep up vitality. As a person gets older I think their blood gets thinner, and they seem to need something like Dr. Chase's Nerve Food to increase their strength and vigor."

"That is something worth knowing, grandmother."

"If you will take my advice, dearie, you will not forget about Dr. Chase's Nerve Food when you get run down, tired out and nervous. This has been my advice to a great many people, and I know that it has done them good."

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cents a box, all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Ltd., Toronto.

## The Little Sister

Continued from Page 4

It was a photograph, leaning against a pile of books. The face smiled out at Arbour and bewildered him with its likeness to Elinora. It was like—and not like. It had a less womanly beauty, a beauty more fragile, less conscious, less mellow. It was the beauty of one who still expects everything, to whom nothing is tried or determined. It was a face of wondering, of enchanting hesitation, of—youth! The girl was quite ten years younger than Elinora, but so strangely like that she might have been the Elinora of ten years ago, before he knew her. He caught up the picture in breathlessness, turned it in his hands and with sudden understanding saw the "With love, Linda," scrawled across the picture's back. This was Linda in Florence—Elinora's little sister, as she was wont to call her. But to him it was Elinora herself in the days for which he had been longing, the days before the world had touched her, in the youth when she had dreamed even as he dreamed now.

Almost without his knowledge he dropped to his knees before the desk, the picture in his hands, the girl's eyes meeting his own and seeming to answer them, dream for dream.

"Elinora," he said in an underbreath, "oh, God—Elinora!"

Without delay the Bannisters carried out their promises of festivity. The next week their house was filled with guests, and every night there were rival dinner-parties—one in the dining room and one in the ballroom—with a place laid at each table for Toby. There was a soiree, and there were daily garden-parties, and the field-party was a triumph. It was in September, but Toby pined for a May party at which he might wind a Maypole, so a Maypole was set up in the south pasture and wound by moonlight. And in all these delights Elinora was among the Bannisters' guests.

That week Arbour usually dined at the Bannisters', spending the evening in the smoking-room or on the verandah. At night he and Elinora would drive home in what she called the "really country moonlight," or beneath the soft drip of the road-side elms, and Arbour would listen quietly to her witty recital of things said and done. And always it was the surprise not less than the disappointment which bewildered him. It was such a surprising thing that Elinora should be failing him now, after they had once stood together in the charmed circle of the life which they had proposed. Deliberate treachery could hardly have disarmed him more than this unconscious apostasy of hers.

While he looked wistfully, in silence and with heart-ache, he found companionship. The picture of Linda lay on his desk in his study. When he shut himself away from the babel of the hours, the girl's face, with its eternal magic and questioning, solaced him, even though it set a seal upon his pain. For she had become to him Elinora—speaking to him with the voice of Elinora's youth, the youth which had belonged to others and in which he had had no part. Arbour wondered about Linda, wistfully recalled what Elinora had told him of her, listened hungrily when she read him scraps of Linda's letters—pleasant, gossipy letters, with a good bon-mot or two and a touch of pretty petulance at the winter fashions. Then he would go back to his study and year over the picture. She had been like this, Elinora had been like this—remote, wrapped in a world of realities which the Bannisters and their kind could never have penetrated.

At the Bannisters' all pleasant paths led at length to the Firefly cotillion. The ballroom was laced with wires and was to be splendid with little flowery points of light. The preparation had involved Elinora in daily journeys to the great house to advise and to suggest. She had looked forward with frank pleasure hardly abating when, on the night of the cotillion, she came home before dinner-time in a driving rain to find a note from her husband regretting that he could not accompany her. The mother of little Delia, one of Elinora's

tiny pensioners, was dying, the note explained briefly; and he would remain there as long as he was needed.

Elinora hesitated, glanced at the clock, and rang. Since her husband was unavoidably to be absent, she would not dine alone; she would dress at once and go back to the Bannisters'. In an hour she was on her way. The cottage of Delia's mother lay at a little distance beyond Green Hill, and remembering what the child's grief would be, Elinora for a moment considered driving there; but this she rejected because of her ball-gown. At the Bannisters' she stepped down at the lighted entrance with a thrill of pure childish delight.

Max Bannister was crossing the great, dim hall. He came swiftly toward her at the opening of the door, his face luminous.

"Elinora!" he cried gladly, and the name had not been on his lips since the long-ago night when he had last spoken it, like a caress.

Elinora stood still, a sudden fear in her eyes. There was no mistaking the look or the tone, throbbing with joy at the unlooked-for presence of her. Yet the next moment he was bowing gravely before her in the merest friendly courtesy. She gave him her cloak in silence, then chided herself for her imagining and smiled back her greeting.

In the drawing-room she was welcomed by acclamation and borne to a seat of honor. Patty and Toby, who were her slaves, hovered adoringly about her and made way for one after another of those whom the afternoon trains had brought down, and whom Elinora had last seen on her wedding day. Elinora had always been popular—as much for her enchanting pliancy, which antagonized nobody's pet beliefs, as for her positive charm, and she now received as tribute what really was largely the flattery which we accord to those who sympathize with us. Her sympathy was as universal as the mere assertions of other women.

Dinner was long and delightful, and at its close the elder Mrs. Bannister drew Elinora aside with a request. A Mrs. Neville, who was to have led the cotillion with Max had telegraphed her inability to come down. Everyone was hoping that Elinora would take her place.

So Mrs. Arbour and Max Bannister led the Firefly cotillion together. The beautiful intricate figure, danced in the changing colored lights with hoops and arches and swords of light held over the marching guests, made fairyland of the long gold room. Elinora was radiant. She had never been more beautiful, and when she stood alone in the room's centre with the glittering arch thrown from wall to wall above her, she was conscious of a quick little thrill of joy—such as had come to her in the mornings in the garden with John. Life was so good!

Logically her bondage to her moods would have given her, inevitably, some way to escape. Sometime she must have come to a mood which she would have understood herself. The moment might have been delayed for years, but to women like Elinora such a moment is not to be escaped. To a woman of less exquisite sensibilities it could have been precipitated by little short of, say, Max Bannister's voicing of that which she did not choose to see in his eyes. But what actually did happen was—since no tool is too insignificant for destiny to use—merely a little gossipy voice on the landing of the stairs as Elinora came down alone after the cotillion.

Pausing, as she reached the landing, to hear a clear contralto thrill from the music room, Elinora was conscious of someone speaking in a near recess of palms. At first she felt the words with impatience, only as thwarting her enjoyment of the song. Then a sentence sprang from the rest and seized upon her:

"A rector," the woman was saying clearly, "a fine young fellow who is to have a living in our parish next year. Ah,

yes, she is here without him. And every one is watching Max Bannister to-night. They were in love, everyone says, before she ever met John Arbour."

To Elinora the little soft gossipy voice was like a knife in her heart. If from the roses and the green of the butterfly-colored rooms a hand had been thrust out to stab her she could have been no more confounded. She went blindly down the staircase to where, below the stairs, a portiere screened a little closet called in courtesy the "den," and in this dim, deserted room she found refuge. To be in bondage to the mood of the moment and to have that mood suddenly desert one is a perilous business. All Elinora's poise, her experience of the world, even her innocence, were not proof against that. In a flash she saw herself as this soft-voiced, idle woman had seen her; and like the child whose new shoes have been muddied, she longed to throw herself, weeping passionately, upon a protecting breast. That is, she sprang up suddenly with a stifling longing to go to John.

On a sofa, piled with things untidily tumbled for that evening into the disused room, lay a golf-cape of Patty's. She caught it up and stepped through the long French window, open to the empty terrace. The rain had ceased and the stars were out friendly and near. A man dozing on the box of a carriage from the station and startled by her swift demand which brooked no refusal, touched his hat, automatically gathered up the lines, and turned his horses briskly down the drive.

To Arbour, sitting beside little Delia's bed, where the child moaned for her mother lying in such strange quiet in the next room, Elinora came like an apparition. Weary beyond belief in a vigil made still sadder by his own sadness Harbour lifted his eyes and saw Elinora in the dark of the mean little doorway, her glittering skirts caught about her, her roses unfaded on her breast. She came to him quietly and knelt beside little Delia's bed; and Arbour sank back in his chair at her gesture, and took her outstretched hand. "Elinora," he said almost without his knowledge, "have you come because—because—"

Arbour bent down and drew her to him. She slipped down at his feet and laid her cheek upon his hands.

After that, nothing could seem very wonderful to Arbour and Elinora. Thus it came to pass that upon their arrival home they received, almost as if it had been expected, the news that Linda had come. She had sailed unexpectedly with some American friends in Florence, and sat in the study, sleepily awaiting them.

Linda rose from before the fireplace and came to meet them—faultlessly gowned, radiant in her youth. And she was like Youth itself, all of soft color and tender coquetry and fine impatience. She gave John both her hands and many confidences, and put up her exquisite cheek to be kissed.

And Arbour listened. Elinora served Linda, hovered over her, smiled with her. Arbour listened, and in slow amazement he brought his mind to bear upon the truth. This was Linda, with her youth, with her scant knowledge of the world pretending prettily to surpass itself, and with no presage of that sophistication from which he shrank. This was Linda, in the high moment of her youth—the youth which Elinora had lost. Yet the ways of Linda and the glancing of her rapid, unseeing eyes suddenly seemed to Arbour like the mere trickle of some unavailing stream—a stream which can mirror no stars. And Elinora, with her child's moods and her childish vanity clinging to her, or falling from her as they had fallen to-night—Elinora was like a spirit risen from the dead of the crudities of Linda and her youth. And he had not known how to wait for her. Ah, he thought with humility, it was not he, but she, who could have cried the wistful reproach of: "Couldst thou not watch with me?"

When Linda had fluttered away to her room and Elinora came back to the study, Arbour took her in his arms.

"Forgive me—forgive me," he besought her, and kissed away the question in her eyes.



Sir Hamar Greenwood, Under-Secretary for Home Affairs, has been appointed Chief Secretary for Ireland, succeeding Ian MacPherson, resigned, who is made Minister of Pensions. Ireland's new Chief Secretary is Canadian born, having first seen light in 1870 in the town of Whitby, thirty miles east of Toronto, on the north shore of Lake Ontario. His father was a noted Canadian jurist. He received his education in Toronto, graduating with first honors in the law school of the Toronto University. He served in the war from 1914 to 1916, when he was detailed to the staff of Lord Derby, War Minister at that time. Sir Hamar has represented Sunderland in Commons since 1910. He was appointed Home Affairs Under-Secretary in 1919. His baronetcy dates from 1915.

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