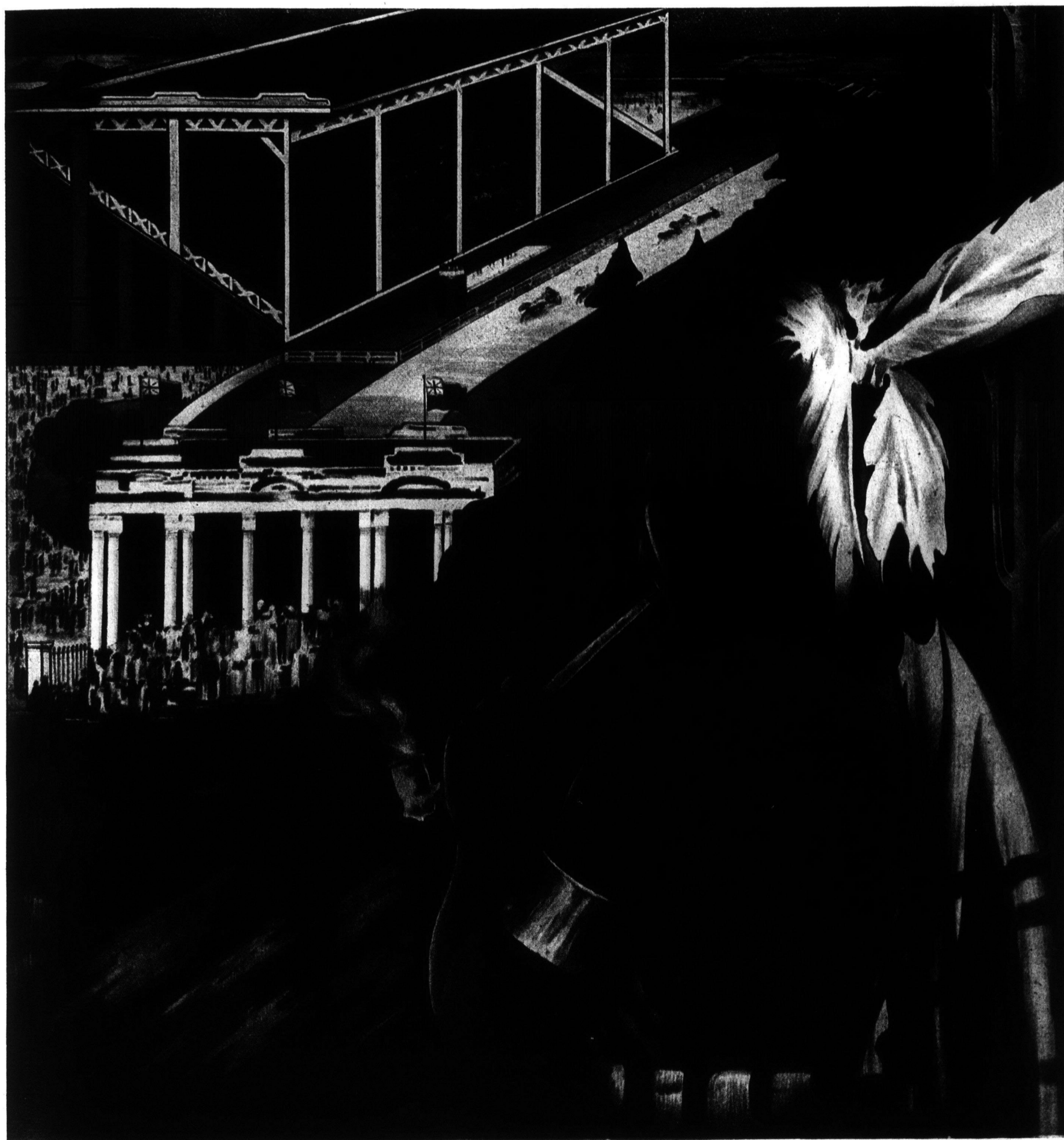


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WINNIPEG, MAN., JULY, 1920.



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The Western Home Monthly

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A Chat With Our Readers

THE POWER OF THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE


Of all countries in the world that need a strong national sentiment, a sentiment cohesive enough to cement all the parts from Halifax to Vancouver, that country is Canada. To make a nation of less than nine million people, planted over an area big enough to hold at least fifty millions, is one of the biggest problems undertaken by any people. For 53 years, Canada has been working at this problem. Our statesmen produced Confederation; great railway geniuses, the Trans-continental Railways. We have also our national banking system and we have with us the Canadian Manufacturers' Association, and the Labor Movement. These were all a necessity in their day, and probably the most of them are now. The Canadian army took a lively part in the Great War, and through its noble deeds this country became world famous.

If we are to develop into a real nation, something must be built upon what has already been done.

This recognized need can be met, we believe, through the Canadian magazines, which are doing a human work that cannot be done by any other medium, not even by the newspapers. Newspapers are local, even a great metropolitan daily covers but a very small space of this vast land. Less than 20% of the issue of the average daily circulates outside the city of its publication, and much less than 10% ever enters another province.

It is vastly different with the magazine. It finds its way to the remotest corner, and in thousands of Western homes is the only literature received. It gets its material from writers from all over the country. It ignores provincial boundaries, political parties, class distinctions, religious denominations and racial limits. In a country so sparsely populated, with such a variety of nationalities, it stands for national unity and sentiment. It carries the same message to all parts. Its unity is the whole country, no less and no more.

It is important that Canadians in any province, in business, in professional life, on the farm, in the factory, in the legislature, in parliament, recognize what they owe to the Canadian magazine, and their duty to support it and the object it has in view. If Canadianism fails in this, it might as well never have originated Confederation, and all the nationalizing institutions that followed it. If our people are loyal to this, there is no political party that can afford to ignore the necessity of a Canadian literature as dispensed from month to month by Canadian magazines.



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UNITED ACTION

There never was a time when united action in all matters was more necessary than just now. The coming of foreign-born peoples, with their differing ideals and customs, the increase in the activities of labor with the consequent estrangement in sympathy and knowledge, the rapid growth of unionism with its tendency to narrowness and self interest, the heartless greed of profiteers in city and country and the unexampled development of the commercial spirit, have all broken up the unity of the older civilization and driven men to gather together in bands, classes and societies of varying type. Modern invention, particularly the automobile and the telephone have assisted in community disintegration. The former has widened the circle of acquaintance and lessened the bond of friendship. The latter has enabled people to hold intercourse without meeting in person, and though this is a convenience, it stands in the way of the formation of intimate friendship and lasting good fellowship.

The two great agencies that can promote union are the public school, acting chiefly through the children, and the semi-industrial organizations of men and women, known in rural districts as Farmers' Institutes, and Women's Institutes, and in towns and cities, what are known as Community Clubs, open to all classes.

The public school knows neither race, class, creed or language other than that of the country. All children meet on a common level, engage in the same activities in school and on the playground, forget their differences in origin and opportunity and mingle as Canadians with the same ideals and same fond pride in their country—its possibilities and achievements. This, of course, is true only when forces in the community give the school a free hand. No language can be too severe to apply to those who on account of racial pride or religious zeal would minimize the civilizing or unifying power of the institution that is most essential to the formation of true national feeling. The man is neither wise nor patriotic who puts the affairs of his private business, his family, his union, his particular industry or his race before the welfare of the whole body politic. We must rise or fall together. There is no other way to enduring success. The man who is socially, industrially or religiously so small and mean that he cannot move except on his own little orbit, is not fit for this age or this country. The man who supports the public school and all other agencies of the kind that make directly for truth and righteousness is worthy of Canadian citizenship.

The growth of institutes in rural districts is to be regarded with favor. They are the best means yet devised for educating the whole rural population not only in matters pertaining to agriculture, but in all matters relating to good citizenship. It would be possible, of course, for members of institutes to band together as a class seeking special favors in the way of legislation and demanding exemptions that are not granted to others. Judging by the activities in Women's Institutes the emphasis is upon social and moral problems, and the wisdom of education along these lines is apparent to everybody.

The foundation of unity goes deeper than all of this. National stability is based on a recognition of the fundamental virtues—justice and freedom, and these are based on religion. An irreligious people cannot become great, cannot endure from age to age.

And all true religion looks primarily not to forms and ceremonies but to conduct. Sects may come and go, priests and parsons may change or even disappear and yet true religion may live on in the hearts of men. It will be the beginning of the end for Canada when life is passed as if there were no God in the Universe, no sense of brotherhood in the race. The law of progress for the individual and the community is expressed in that most inclusive of all Commandments—"Thou shalt love the Lord thy God, with all thy heart and soul and strength and thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself."

THE SUMMER FAIRS

July is the month of exhibitions or summer fairs. Brandon, Saskatoon, Calgary and other centres vie with each other in an effort to attract the public. For the younger element the great attraction is the entertainment. For the older and more thoughtful, the great value of the exhibitions is the opportunity they present for culture or education and for social intercourse.

Exhibitors in all classes compare their products and learn needed lessons of reform. The general public take heart when they see what their country can produce, and they not infrequently follow their observations by investment. The fair is the very best medium for advertising goods, the very best opportunity for learning what is possible in all lines of manufacture and production.

The fairs have another great value in that they bring together in a friendly way all classes of the community. Old friendships are renewed and new

Editorial

ones established. Bitterness and feuds disappear as men and women unite in a common enterprise.

There is no country in the world which has a better opportunity to hold good fairs; for improvement is so rapid that every year brings something new. There is often a need on the part of the executives to bring in cheap attractions that appeal because of their novelty. There is no need for much of this in Western Canada for the real products of field and factory are in themselves the best attractions and too much of the lurid or spectacular interferes with the real purpose of the fairs.

There is a series of contests quite as interesting as those at the fairs. The plowing matches are instructive and profitable not only because they test individual ability in a special line of work, but because they bring the people of a wide area into friendly relation and because they train the young men of the land in the basic art of agriculture. None of the contests in Western Canada has as yet brought out such a crowd of spectators as went to the demonstration in Western Ontario, when 30,000 people were present to cheer the victors. Yet there are thousands who go to Portage-la-Prairie, to Pilot Mound and other centres in Manitoba, and shortly the whole country will be organized. Socially the gatherings have a great value and the demonstrations must of necessity mean better farming.

THE CROPS

Never in the history of the West did the crops present better promise than they do just now. The rainfall has in most parts been ample and the temperature has been perfectly suited to growing grain. Yet there are some districts in which the results will be disappointing because of the gross negligence or culpable ignorance of the farmers themselves. Weeds have not been exterminated and whole districts have been overrun because of the negligence of a few. There is no law which should be more rigorously enforced than that which relates to the extermination of weeds. With praiseworthy zeal both government and people have opened a war on the grasshoppers, and it is hoped their ravages will be limited. Eternal vigilance and punctual action are the only preventatives against plagues of this nature. But even when farmers have done their utmost and have been painstaking and intelligent in their labor, there is a Higher Power who determines after all whether there shall be abundance or want. The greatest need of all is that as a people we are worthy of the blessing of Heaven, for it is a surety. God looks after His own.

THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION

It is, of course, out of place for Canadians to express an opinion in United States Politics, but there will be general satisfaction that the Republican Party chose a moderate, fair spoken man rather than a firebrand. As a rule minorities make most noise. The stream that runs deep is usually silent. So it was in this case. The one thing that makes a bad impression on non-Americans is the bluster and braggadocio of a few of its people, notably the editors of papers and the platform orators. Fortunately Canadians understand their neighbours and local outbreaks are not considered as an indication that the malady is nation-wide. Yet one could wish that in some quarters there were more modesty. American newspapers, encyclopaedias and biographical dictionaries to the contrary, there have been some great men and great deeds that are not American. It may even be that a small orchestra is just as tuneful as a brass band. The Americans are to be congratulated that they have discontinued their band concerts for a time.

MOTHER'S BAKING

There is nothing pleases most men better than to recall the experiences of childhood. All the joys of youth are magnified in old age, and the present stands out in inglorious contrast to the past. There is no food equal to the pancakes and johnnie cakes that sister used to prepare and no drink equal to the coffee mother made. This applies to more than food. Games, dances, toys of the present day are derided, and the activities of the good old days extolled.

Now, this is all very well as diversion. The joys of memory are not to be considered lightly. Yet why should men in any serious way wish to perpetuate the old just because it is old, when modern skill, ingenuity, and scientific discovery have pointed

the way to better things? Why cry for the sickle when a binder can be had? Why demand the walking plow when the traction engine can haul with ease gang-plow of three, four or six blades? Similarly, why demand the old school with its bookish routine in an age when regulated play and hand-work can be so usefully employed for purposes of culture? And why be satisfied with the long uninteresting church service with emphasis on metaphysical distinctions when the world is pining for light on great practical issues? Why keep to the old ways of honoring the First of July when community organization can bring about exercises that are infinitely more pleasing and profitable? Why keep to old modes of taxation and raising of revenue, when science points the way to a better system?

The old we shall delight to remember simply because it is the old; but in all serious concerns if we would have happiness and success we must follow the leading of science.

In this world there is small room for moss-backs. The only man who can prosper through the years is he who can always keep young. He who has the inhospitable mind must remain near the end of the great procession.

CHANGING CONDITIONS

Anyone who thinks at all will note the change in all departments of life—the change in relationships, in methods, in modes of thought. Nothing could more forcibly illustrate this than recent political elections in Ontario, Manitoba and the Dominion. Old lines have been broken and new affiliations are being formed. The time-honoured system has been doubted, or found unsuitable, and the doubts and unbeliefs have worked over into practical action. It is more than likely that the new groupings will be only for a time, and any man would be politically wise to look ahead to to-morrow's alignment rather than backward to the old. It is perfectly true that party government in Britain arose as a solution for the problems raised by the existence of small warring groups. No government could have stability under the group system, and without stable government there is no hope of real progress. We shall go through the experience of group-government for a time, and then once again there will be a division on some broad issue into two great classes. It will not, however, be the old division into Liberal and Conservative, as we at present understand these terms. It is to be hoped that the division will not be along industrial, racial, or religious lines. This would mean class rule—which is unfair and nationally destructive.

There have been just as great changes religiously and socially as those we have witnessed in the political field. He is a wise man who recognizes changes in attitude and belief as unavoidable.

New experiences bring new conceptions and give rise to new formulae. The problem is to see where changes are leading, and to prepare wisely for the future. The champion for orthodoxy is often only a champion of old fogyism, a being who would put the golden age in the past rather than in the future. Blessed be the man with the forward outlook. The papoose, tied to his mother's back, looking backward, while still going forward, is a poor type of progressive citizenship.

This necessity of looking ahead applies to education, to industry, to methods of finance, and to every form of human endeavor. Looking ahead one can see new inventions and new discoveries, new ideas in which women and children will receive due recognition, in which the individual and state will reconcile their claims for sovereignty, and in which the eternal principles of equity and justice will be accepted and acted upon in all the affairs of life.

Nor does this longing for future perfection mean disloyalty to the old loveliness of life. Well has Charles Hanson Towne written:

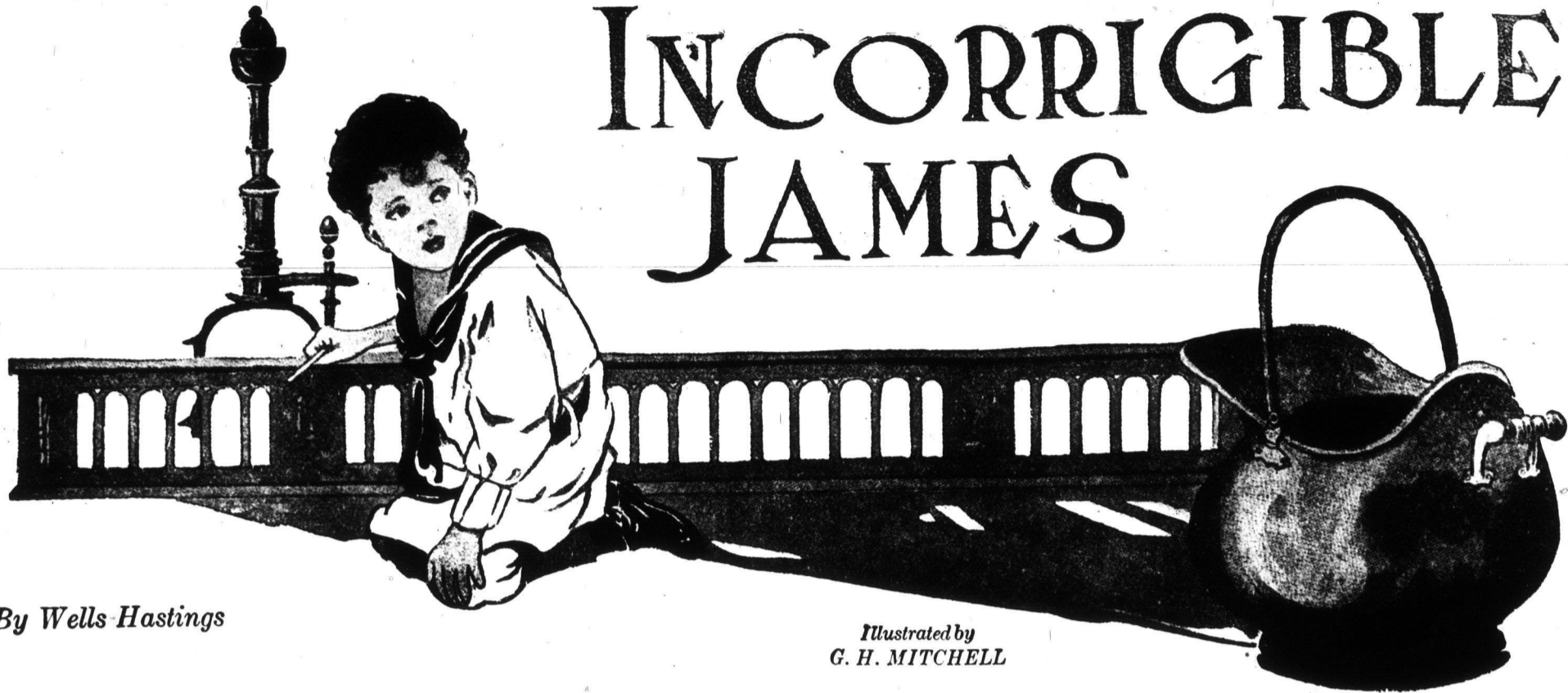
Old books, old friends are best,
Old things are loveliest;
Old houses, and the glamour of old days,
The golden peace, the olden, quiet ways.

Old gospels, and old dreams!
With new delight life teems
When these are read, when these are told:
All youth at last grows old.

In bleak December, lo!
A whirlwind of white snow,
O heart! lost April then
Seems wonderful again.

Yet dreams new dreams, be glad
For all the soul once had,
Old books, old friends are best—
Old love is loveliest!

INCORRIGIBLE JAMES



By Wells-Hastings

Illustrated by
G. H. MITCHELL

MRS. OAKLEY TODD thrust her needle impatiently into her work and laid it down for the fifth time within the hour.

"James," she called, "James."
There was no answer, and with a sigh that partook of the nature of an exclamation she left her seat by the window, which looked down so enthrallingly upon the busy street, and pushed aside the portieres that separated the two rooms. Now, the small rasping sound that had first attracted her attention was plainly audible above the muffled outside city noises—a shrill, distinct little sound, and Mrs. Todd's rather fine eyes found at a glance its visible cause. Before the fireplace a little, black-haired boy was kneeling in a very ecstasy of intent endeavour, his thin back bent and rigid in laborious preoccupation.

"James," said Mrs. Todd again, "what are you doing?"
The thin, oldish face, that seemed mostly eyes, glanced across at her for a moment, but she received no answer; only the eyes flickered over her fearfully, then sought again the work at hand, and the rasping noise recommenced. Mrs. Todd, often as she had seen it, had never grown used to this look of still terror, nor had been able to read what it meant. Certainly the boy never acted as if he were afraid. It was always like this. If she called him he did not answer; then when she spoke to him suddenly and sharply, he would glance up round-eyed, look at her for a moment as if she were a specter and turn again to whatever he happened to be doing at the time. And the things that he happened to be doing were almost invariably things that Mrs. Todd particularly disliked. It must be admitted that they were things that almost anybody would have particularly disliked.

Now she left her place by the door and swept with pretty majesty across the room to bend graceful shoulders above the huddled, angular little form. With no very gentle hand she jerked the boy to his feet, then:

"James Bradley," she said, "you're a wicked, wicked, wicked little boy. What is the matter with you? How can you do such things?"

James squirmed and dug the point of the nail file, with which he had been at work upon the brass fender, through the loosely woven fabric of his sleeve.

"Give it to me." Mrs. Todd's voice was hard and cold, for the top bar of the fender was cut halfway through. "Give it to me, I say."

James put the file behind his back and scratched nervously at the mantelpiece. This was more than Mrs. Todd could bear; the shapely hand resting on the boy's collar tightened convulsively; with the other she struck him a staggering little blow on the ear.

"Oh," said James, "oh, oh!" and squirmed away from her grasp.

She caught him again in a moment, but he still held the file behind him, and for all her superior strength she was forced to scuffle for it until the pretty face was mottled with exertion and anger, and the piled hair toppled and disarranged. The file at last in her possession, she stood panting and speechless, while the boy fidgeted before her.

From time to time he snuffed a little, but it could not be said that he was crying. He, too, was out of breath. With one foot he made little crosses in the pile of the rug. Once or twice he raised a brown hand to the injured ear, rubbing it tentatively, but his eyes were kept upon the floor. Through her anger Mrs. Todd heard at last the placid ticking of the mantel clock. With an effort she brought herself under some control.

"What made you do it?" she asked.

"How can you be so bad?"

No answer.

"James you must answer me. Don't you know you're a wicked boy to do such things?"

No answer.

"You're a sulky, wicked boy," said Mrs. Todd. "You're to go to your room, and stay there. I hope your uncle will see fit to whip you when he comes back."

James sighed and walked slowly towards the door, stopping on the way to kick the leg of a chair. On the door-sill he paused.

"May I play with my cars?" he asked.

Mrs. Todd sank hopelessly into a chair.

"Haven't you got any sense of shame—or right—or wrong?" she asked.

James did not answer, but stood twisting and pulling his lower lip with finger and thumb. Mrs. Todd had turned her back on the door.

After she had thought him gone for two or three minutes and had begun to watch with absent interest the hanging out of an intimate "wash" in the cramped yard next door, "May I play with my cars?" he asked.

Mrs. Todd started nervously. "James, I told you to go to your room."

"But may I play with my cars?"

"Yes, yes, yes, play with anything you like, only obey me and leave me alone."

The little boy sighed and she heard him trudging evenly up the stairs.

For a long time Mrs. Todd sat still in weary reflection. Since his father's death, two years before, she had had many of these hours. Her sense of duty, if it was vague, was at least as strong as it was cloudy. And it was this very powerful, indefinite sense that had brought the perplexing care of little James Bradley into the Todd household. As a matter of fact, there had been no need that they should take him at all; for at his father's death Janey Carson, his father's sister, had actually begged for him, and Sam Carson himself had been much more keen on taking him than had Oakley. And yet it seemed to her at the time that she, more fitly than anyone else, should assume the care of her sister's child. As she pointed out to Oakley, Sam and Janey had their hands more than full already with their two girls (who had always seemed to Mrs. Todd very much of an age) and a house so overrun with dogs and various other miscellaneous pets that it always made her uncomfortable to visit there.

Now, as many times before, she found her sense of duty rather a barren comfort. There could be no doubt about it; little James was a disappointment. There was even a disquieting mental whisper that perhaps, after all, she was not carrying out her duty well. Of course she had seen that the boy was well dressed, and his food what the doctor approved of. She had said his prayers with him and tried to teach him his letters. At the end of two years she found that she knew no more about the boy than she had known at the beginning. She had known him to be his father's constant companion, and had naturally expected him to be affectionate and demonstrative—qualities that she considered as admirable in a child as their open display to be vulgar in a person of maturer years, and yet except for a natural little burst of tears on his first arrival, the boy had never shown much emotion of any kind. She recalled those tears now almost wistfully.

He had come, she remembered, a pathetic little boy of four, dressed in the outlandish mourning his father's devoted servants had chosen for him; and she had stretched out her arms to him, and after a moment he had run to her, to bury his head against her breast and burst into a little storm of weeping, the first the housekeeper said, since his poor, dear father's death. She herself was newly clothed in the garments of sorrow, and because she was not used to children and good clothes had always filled a large part of her rather empty life, she had shifted him ever so slightly that she might interpose her handkerchief between the new dress and the run of his tears. But at the handkerchief his tears had dried on the instant and he squirmed uncomfortably from her lap.

She evidently overrated the child's capacity for emotion. Her sister, she knew, had adored him, and she was quite certain had never even been concerned about the boy's evident lack of intelligence. She wondered now if all parents were equally and instinctively blinded to the open faults of their children. For the boy was not only sullen and mischievous, but actually dull. Other children of his age learned their letters readily enough; some could already read; but James professed an absolute and persistent ignorance of even the first three letters of the alphabet.

Nor could Oakley, who managed his office successfully and well, make any more of the boy than she could. Indeed,



"She stooped and kissed him and left him to his fate."



"He had come, a pathetic little boy of four, dressed in the outlandish mourning his father's servants had chosen for him."

he had even laughed at her at first, until he himself had taken a hand. Now he not only admitted failure but openly declared him mentally and morally deficient.

Perhaps this view of Oakley's was a little hard, and his own failure may have contributed somewhat to his harshness, but Mrs. Todd, in spite of herself, almost agreed with him. The fender before her was only the outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual gracelessness the Todd household had suffered under ever since the boy had come. He was like some malicious little hermit mouse who chose for the most part an unobtrusive solitude that was more apt than not to culminate in some small act of mischief, utterly upsetting to household serenity. Soon after his coming, she remembered, she had returned from an afternoon of shopping to find her room decked in disorderly brilliant festoons of already withering flowers, where bright carnations and roses predominated, and which told her at a glance that her dearly cherished boxes in the tiny conservatory off the dining room had been stripped ruthlessly bare. She remembered this the more plainly as it was the first time her indignation had gotten beyond her self-control, and James had received silently the first of a series of well-deserved but unprofitable punishments.

Even then she had only struck him because her temper had gotten beyond her; for she did not believe in corporal punishment, and save on such occasions as this, when the enormity of the offense had induced a swift retribution, she had taken the saner method of sending the child to his room to ponder in solitude on the wrong that he had done. She wondered if he ever did ponder on these wrongs, if so imperfect a sense of right and wrong had any reflective or repentant quality. And as she wondered she heard the front door open and close, and Oakley came down the hall and into the room. She looked up at him and sighed wearily.

"Why, what's the matter, Hilda?" Mr. Todd asked. "Has the boy been at it again?"

He was a handsome man, well-knit and correct, and she was fond of him and his sympathy.

"Look at that, Oakley," she answered, pointing at the outraged fender and the sift of brass filings on the hearthstone. "I don't know what on earth we are ever to do with the boy."

Oakley looked and swore softly under his breath.

"Lord, Hilda," he said, "'do'? The boy deserves a beating and he is going to get one. It's all very well for you to send him off to reflect, as I suppose you've done now, but a child that does that sort of thing does not reflect at all. The old-fashioned remedy is the only one that will make him feel and remember."

"But will it not seem inconsistent of us? I have carefully explained to him so often why he was not whipped, that every time we whip him I wonder if we are not doing wrong."

"No, we're doing wrong to let this kind of thing keep on. What on earth we took him for is more than I'll ever be able to explain to myself. In a year we can send him away to school. Before then, I expect, he will burn down the house about our ears. Do you suppose it would be too late to lend him to the Carsons for a little while? They seemed anxious enough for him at first, and you're getting all tired out with the child. I think it's only fair that they should stand part of the burden, and he has as much claim on them as he has on us."

"I don't know what we're ever going to do with him, Oakley, and I do wish that we had let Sam and Janey take him in the first place. But if we should go to them now, wouldn't it look as if we had no steadfastness of purpose?"

"Steadfastness of purpose be hanged! I am not going to see you in nervous prostration just for a little thing like that. Good gracious! What's that? I told you so."

The wild scream of a frightened servant sounded from the floor above. Oakley Todd dashed out of the room to take the stairs at a rush, leaving his wife standing with one hand pressed against her heart.

For a moment or so there were ominous runnings to and fro and the rumbling shift of furniture. Then a somewhat dishevelled Mr. Todd returned dragging by the collar a resisting, black-smutched little boy.

"Just as I said," panted Mr. Todd, "he'll have the house burned down about our ears. No, don't be frightened, a pitcher of water put it out. But the curtains are ruined and the carpet soaked. The boy's a perfect little devil."

James rubbed the back of a blackened hand across his mouth. He looked puzzled, but this time was plainly frightened.

"I was lighting a fire in my locomotive," he said, as if half in explanation and half in apology.

"That settles it, said Mr. Todd savagely. "If Carson is fool enough to take him, he shall have him. The country's the place for a child anyhow."

When Mrs. Todd wrote Janey Carson that night, however, she thought it only fair to give the Carsons some hint of the true reason of their request and a fair warning of the problem they would undertake should they now, at this late date, consent to receive their incorrigible nephew.

"He is cold, mischievous and silky," she wrote, "and I am afraid would have a bad influence on your two sweet little girls; but our resources and our patience are both at an end, and unless you care to try the experiment, we shall have to send him away as soon as possible to some school where they know how to manage such boys."

"Sammy," said Mrs. Carson, when she had read through to the end, "they're beaten. They're at the end of their rope six months sooner than you said they would be, and we can have him. They shan't get him again, shall they, Sammy?"

Carson, long, thin and humorous, unfolded himself from the arm-chair at the head of the table, and coming round, bent over his wife's shoulder to kiss her.

"You bet they shan't Janey," he said. "I'll stipulate that we're to keep him

if we take him at all. What do they say about him? Why, Janey, girl, what on earth are you crying about?"

Mrs. Carson turned blue eyes that struggled between laughter and tears to her husband's face.

"Oh, just the whole thing," she said, slipping her hand into his. "Just those good, proper, dutiful idiots and that poor forlorn little scrap. Hilda must have suffered torments. You know duty and fairness are hobbies of her's and she writes me that 'James' as she calls him, in addition to many other things, is 'cold, mischievous and sulky.'"

"Well, I guess he is," said Mr. Carson.

"Sam!"

"Certainly, I mean what I say. Isn't it about time you were off to school, kiddies?"

The little Miss Carsons blushed and put down their suspended spoons. When they had said good-bye twice around, and the Carsons were left alone, Carson drew his chair close up beside his wife's.

"I mean exactly what I say, Janey," he said, "and if we are going to take the boy we must make up our minds to it. We undoubtedly shall find him all of those unpleasant things, and it will upset things and spoil the kiddies' manners, but if you are game to try it, I am."

"But 'cold,' Sam!"

"Well, I know, but I really think he will be cold. You will have to soak him in that solution of yours, Janey, and then we can peel him."

"Peel him?" asked Mrs. Carson suspiciously. "What solution?"

Sam Carson's humorous mouth twitched. "Oh, the same you soaked another crank in," he said.

"Don't tease me," she said. "What on earth are you talking about?"

"Love," Mr. Carson whispered, and pushed back his chair. "I believe I'll go up and get him this afternoon, if you say so."

"You'd better telephone them," said Mrs. Carson, "and then bring him here as late as you can. I want some chance to get his room ready. The children's room is so nice that his will seem pretty bare to him at first, I am afraid."

"He probably won't notice it one way or the other," said Mr. Carson.

"Yes, he will, Sam. You know as well as I do that's part of the whole thing. If he is ever going to be proud either of himself or of us, we must give him something to be proud of. Of course I don't know, never having had a son before, but from what I've seen of other people's boys, I should say a boy took as much satisfaction in a room of his own as girls do in theirs; although, of course, in a different way.

So all that day Mrs. Carson moved, shifted and arranged, pausing to view her efforts from time to time, and trying the very difficult feat of imagining herself a little boy of six. But when she came downstairs from tucking her new problem into bed, she smiled in happy triumph at her husband.

"Well, how did you get on?" Sam asked. "You will admit he's not demonstrative."

"No, poor little soul, he isn't," said Mrs. Carson, "but I got at him well enough. I think we rather puzzle him, Sam and that he will be good for two or three days while he wonders about us. I never saw such a child. All his emotions seem to have been replaced by a sort of passive resistance. I actually had to put his arms around my neck myself when I kissed him good-night. He doesn't know what an honest hug is. But you wait and see, Sam; I am going to teach him."

For two or three days things went smoothly enough. Jimmy, as he had been rechristened, crept about awestruck in a strange new world. The little suburban town seemed to him the wildest open country, and the people careless, happy-go-lucky beings. He said little to anyone, and his small cousins, prepared and eager to welcome him as a brother, were surprised and disappointed at his silent rejection of the affection they frankly offered.

"Jimmie isn't used to little girls," their mother explained to them, "and you must pretend not to notice if he isn't nice to you."

But as the strangeness wore away, the old imp of silent mischief returned to Jimmie. Little things disappeared from their familiar places, small trifles were found broken, and here and there a door or panel bore the devastating hieroglyphics of restless accustomed little hands.

"I guess it's your turn now, Sam," said Mrs. Carson.

She told him of growing outrage.

"All right," said Sam complacently, "send him along."

"You won't hurt him, will you, Sam?" said Mrs. Carson.

Carson grinned expansively. "Not unless he needs it," he said.

Mrs. Carson brought Jimmy into the room with her arm about his shoulder. At the doorway she stooped, kissed him and left him to his fate. The old trouble was in Jimmy's eyes and the old look of still uncomprehended terror on his face. With his hands behind him, he picked and twisted at the portiere.

"Well, Jimmy," said Mr. Carson.

Jimmie's eyes sought the floor, but he did not answer.

"I want to talk to you, Jimmy. Suppose you come over here near me."

Jimmie did not look up, but dragged laggard feet across the floor. When he reached Carson's side, Carson leaned over and swung him onto his lap with a strength that startled and pleased him—he naively and secretly supposed that Carson acquired it in tilling the soil.

"Look here, Jimmy," he said. "I want you to listen to me very carefully; will you?"

In the surprise at his new situation, Jimmy nodded.

"Well, this is it, Jimmy boy. You've come here to stay for always. Do you

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HE AND JIMMY GRUBBED SIDE BY SIDE.

The Measure of the Ghetto

By JOHN S. LOPEZ

Illustrations by H. A. MATHES

It was Maury Green, altruist, champion of the Ghetto and misfortune generally, who asserted that the divine measure of love lay not in doing or giving, but in giving up. And this measure, he persisted, was the measure particularly of the poor and lowly—a measure to be found in its quintessence in the lower East Side of the City of Extremes. In other words, he argued that unless one knew sorrow and poverty and hardship one could never know the sublime reaches of love.

To this conclusion he clung with his usual stubbornness; though, let it be clear, he did not win me to his way of thinking. Indeed he might have argued till the solo of Gabriel, for I was still touched by the glare of bright-light existence; but it happened that Fate's croupier spun his wheel and then—but here is the story of Rosa Eppman and you can decide the matter for yourself.

When she first came to the pension of Mother Rosenberg, Rosa Eppman's story was already half lived. It was one of those trick afternoons of early spring when old Sol, having stretched himself and unsheathed his claws, gives a treacherous smile to lure you outdoors to pneumonia and rheumatism. From the high, battered stoop, we boarders, packed in sardine rows, saw a little group turn the corner and navigate the flood that whirled on the sidewalks.

Leading the way came dear old Mrs. Rosenberg, her portly form poised a la martinet, her silvered head tilted defiantly. Albeit her smile was rather sheepish. She had run our gauntlet before, and this time she knew we had her to rights. In one hand she carried a half-eaten lollypop and a pretzel, in the other a strange something with one leg that originally might have been a wooden horse. Obviously they were the property of the tiny black-haired chap who toddled along clinging to the hand of a strange young woman. Even at a distance we could discern that indefinable something that marked this pair for mother and child.

It was only when the party gained the stoop that we discovered why Mother Rosenberg lugged the ridiculous burdens. The boy tripped and would have fallen had not his mother turned suddenly, anxiously, and caught him. Then we saw that her right hand was gone at the wrist, and that the right side of her face was cruelly scarred and drawn. But more depressing than these was the suggestion of abject weariness that sat upon the drooped, shabby young creature. Somehow, the sight spiked all the witticisms we had improvised for Mother Rosenberg.

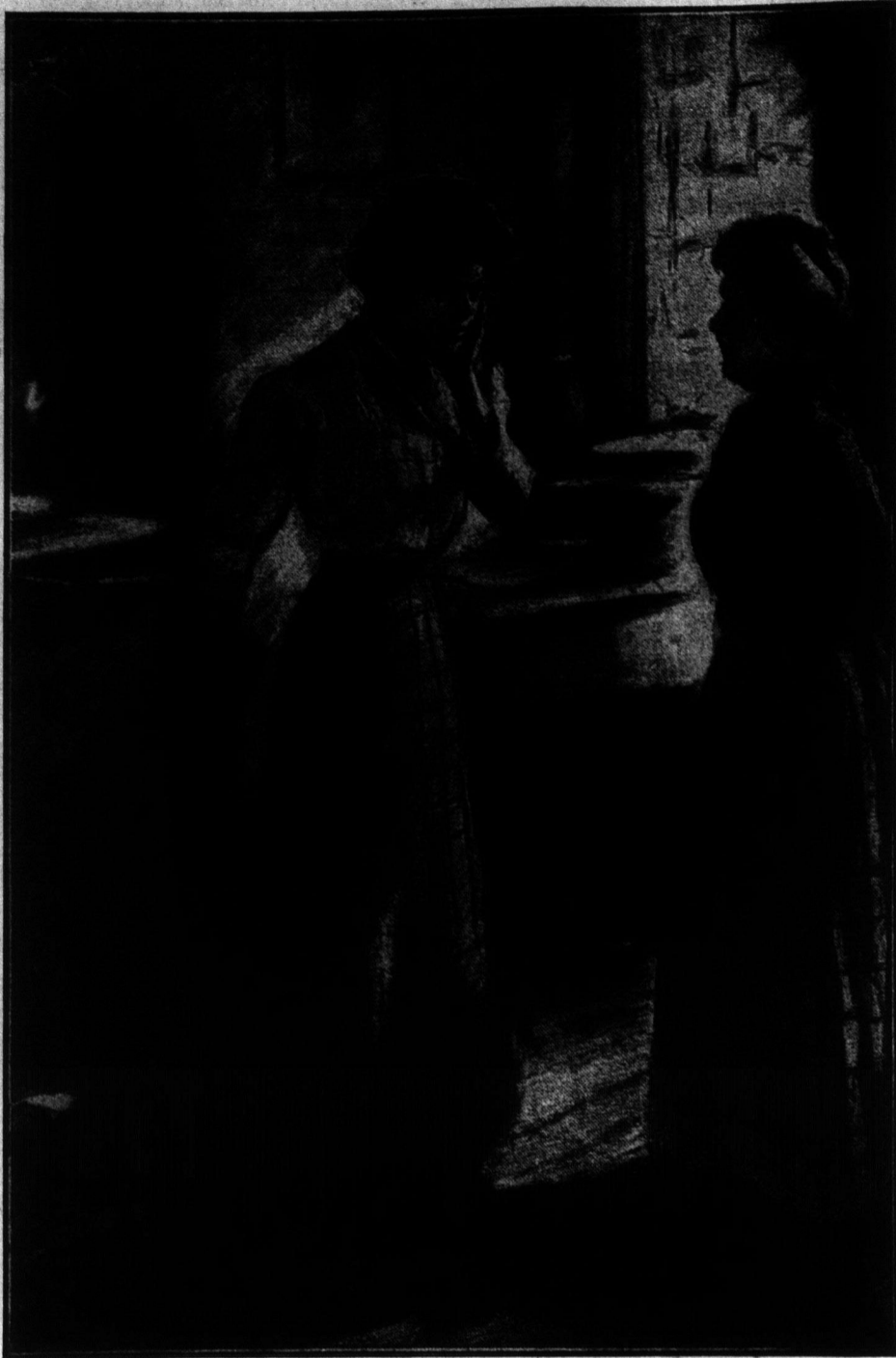
Just how Rosa Eppman and her child happened to our boarding house we never rightly knew. Not a word could we pry from Mother Rosenberg. Which, in a sense, was proof conclusive that she considered her own part in the affair discreditable. Now do not jump at conclusions! Mother Rosenberg hated above all things to be thought easy. Many and many a time I have heard her boast with exaggerated exultation of some cunning victory over a street vendor which dangerously approximated sharp practice; more often have I heard her shamefacedly repudiate some kind act of which we knew she was guilty.

Indeed she carried this inverse reasoning to extremes. When we half dozen or so Gentiles used to ask her why she did not increase our board to a figure which would permit us to feel we had some rights, she was invariably on the trigger with the retort stinging. It was more comfortable, she asserted, to have a little money owing you than to have a whole lot; and, besides, if we owed more we'd think we had a license to complain. Which was unfair. Not one of us ever found fault, barring "Red-top" McManus, who took on airs after he got on the regular staff of *The Item* and thus was enabled never to be more than four or five weeks in arrears. He hated gefiltefish, which Mother Rosenberg served every other week because she was so inordinately fond of it.

At any rate the new boarders were installed in the basement cubbyhole just off what had been the laundry in the days when the decrepit house and the Ghetto itself had been the habitat of Manhattan swelldom. It was not a bad little room, with one window opening into the areaway. In fact, just the week before, Mother Rosenberg had refused ten dollars a month for it from old Rubinski, the cobbler. Rubinski was known as good pay—which probably went against him with Mother R—, and this wan, young old woman hampered by a tiny toddler certainly looked a hazardous risk. Mother Rosenberg overheard some such comment from McManus. He did not mean it unkindly; but she bristled like a truculent porcupine. Before he fled she informed him, and all of us, that it was a fine thing that her boarders would deny help to an old woman who was getting crippled with the rheumatics. Here was a young girl who could work around and save her a lot, without a cent to pay except a room that was not worth anything. And, further, it was not our business who the girl was or where she came from.

No wonder Mother Rosenberg blushed. Can a one-handed woman wash dishes, or pare potatoes, or make beds? Besides, there were Mother Rosenberg's sister and nieces, who more than managed the work.

It was Maury Green who unearthed for us the story of Rosa Eppman as far as



"It's because I love him that I'm giving him up."

it had run to this point. And, lest it seem tedious to hark back over the misfortune of others, please to remember that one can never appreciate the finish of a story unless one has at least seen the beginning.

Rosa Eppman's married life, beyond which we are not concerned, had started off with flying colors and the braying of triumphal brass. And though her life had come to smash, the most cynical could scarce hold that she had made a mistake in taking Morris Eppman. Theirs had been the call of love and it glowed in her just as fervently now that there was nothing visible left but the cheap photo button of Morris, and their child, little Morris. A softened, baby-boy replica of the photo was that youngster.

To say that none questioned Rosa's choice would be trifling with fact. There was her brother Hermann. He had objected on the ground that Morris Eppman was a run-around who drank a little. And this, he argued, was the sure way to misfortune. The brother and sister had never made up the quarrel. It had been the one mote in Rosa's two years of honeymoon. And though the brother's prophecy was fulfilled, it was in no manner the fault of Morris Eppman. After the marriage there had been no more running about or drinking.

Paradoxically, it was out of his very industry and thrift that Morris Eppman was undone. When times were slack in the clothing business he did not loaf about union headquarters reviling Fate and the bosses; instead, he took whatever job was to be found, no matter how laborious it was or how small the pay. Thus it happened that the blast that went off prematurely in the East River tunnel not only tore away the safety bulkhead and the life of Morris, but reaching back into the Ghetto it had toppled Rosa from Elysium and eventually had wrecked the nest they had been feathering against the coming of a fledgling.

By the time Rosa had taken a wavering hold on life—and this only because of a pink squalling thing at her side—most of the hoarded money was gone. Then, it developed, the benevolent insurance company, headed by well-advertised philanthropists, would pay only one quarter of the policy on Morris's life. In fact the tender-hearted adjuster explained that they need not pay anything. There was that cunningly worded clause of forfeiture if the insured engaged in extra hazardous work. Surely, none might contend that tunnel burrowing is safe!

Began then for Rosa the life of a Ghetto widow. None noticed her especially—sorrow and poverty and self-sacrifice are too common-places. Not that the strugglers are unsympathetic. But each is so sore beset balancing his own burden that he cannot pause to notice other burden bearers, unless their load becomes so heavy that his own is light in comparison.

At first this was not the case with Rosa Eppman. Indeed there were many who envied her. Her old boss had given her a place at a sewing machine when so many robust widows were clamoring for an opportunity to make shirt-waists. Then came the great fire, and though Rosa saved her life, she lost her hand and marred her face in the doing of it. And so, months after, when the wounds were healed and the balance of her savings was gone, and there was no work to be had, Rosa Eppman drifted to Mother Rosenberg's to live the second part of her story.

A strange mixture of pride and humility she was, as we soon discovered, and a certain indefinable air of dignity sat upon her despite the unpleasantness of her appearance. She did not want our pity—that she made evident. There was the same response to attempted friendliness. Whatever form our overtures took they were blocked by a barrier of reserve. There is no doubt that she had believed Mother Rosenberg's sophistries; but before long she must have seen that the pretense of her earning her way was a farce. We were watching her now with strange interest and we saw a deepening of the puzzle marks on her brow, and her eyes, big and brown, seemed filled with an eternal question.

Then we learned that Rosa Eppman insisted on finding work outside. And then Maury Green became bloated with philanthropic plans. Which was absurd on the part of Maury. True, he was now part owner of the *Jewish Morning Herald*, which, however, was a distinction with clay underpinning. In the irresponsible past as a reporter he had usually gotten half his salary. And then, to economize, they had given him an interest. So that now, instead of wondering whether he was going to get his own pay, he was perpetually figuring how he was to raise the pay for the union printers and workmen. Clearly, giving Rosa employment was out of the question.

But he tried to help in other ways. First he offered to give his hall room to Rosa and the child because it was bright and airy. And Rosa repulsed the offer. She did it gratefully but firmly. Then Maury, blundering, as usual, gunned every soul in the house and managed to raise a purse of ten dollars. But when it was proffered by Mother Rosenberg, who declared it was a *douceur* for efforts in our rooms, the girl pushed it back and turned away with a burst of tears. She would

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Sage

Written for The Western Home Monthly by May Howard.

I HAD never liked sage ever since the day Ron and I had made a magic brew with it and frightened ourselves nearly to death. But to-day Uncle Philip, (from whom we had expectations,) was coming to dinner, and Clive had bought a goose.

"Must I stuff it?" I asked. I do so loathe sage and onions, even the smell of them makes me dream."

"Just as you like, darling," answered my devoted hubby. Only I know Uncle Pip is partial to it and, unfortunately, he knows we've goose."

"Very well," I agreed despairingly. "Go and pick the sage and I'll start right in; but I warn you if I'm ill to-morrow, it will be your fault, or Uncle Pip's."

"I'll risk it," laughed Clive. I watched him striding down the narrow garden walk, humming to himself, the sun shone across him as he stooped to the herb bed under his hand the sage-bush, all in a blossom, made a faint purple haze.

My mind flashed back to a replica of that picture long ago, only it was mad-cap Ron, my only brother, who had filled it then.

Good old Ron! What fun we had to be sure! What ages it was since I had seen him, not even my wedding had lured him to England. I did not know where he was, except that it must be in some God-forsaken, out-of-the-way corner of the earth; hunting for some weird flower or other. I don't see the sense of men risking their lives for such trash. Who cares, after all, if there is a flower more or less in the world, or if some lunatic of a professor proves his insane theories or not.

Somehow the thought of Ron would not leave me that morning. I wondered when he would come back to turn us out of our comfortable home. I didn't suppose he would do that unless he were married, and so far he had mentioned no girl in his scappy and infrequent letters to me, but of course there was no judging

by that, men seldom speak of vital things in a letter.

The onions boiled over just then, and I caught them hastily off the stove. The goose lay on the table, gaping for its stuffing, so I added the sage to the hot onions forthwith and began to chop.

Up from the steaming mess under my knife rose the strong aromatic smell I knew, and hated. I moved my head, so that less would come into my face, but the thin white steam seemed to follow me, the kitchen walls, the sunny window, began to fade in spite of my efforts to concentrate on them. I tried to scream for Clive, who was only in the next room, but no sound would come. The hot steam and the pungent scent seemed to enfold me in a silence as impenetrable as a tropical jungle. About me were leaves, huge green leaves, I could see them plainly, they scarcely moved in the steamy heat. From the branches of the trees hung twisted vines and long aerial roots. Orchids, such as I had never seen bloomed here. At my feet a thick carpet of rank growth and rotting vegetation deadened sound. Coiled up, not a stone's throw from me yet veiled in a bower of leaves and roots, was a huge snake, its eyes were bright, its forked tongue quivering in and out. I knew it was getting angry as it watched with darting eyes something that moved opposite. I looked too, still without the power of speech or movement. Through the undergrowth plunged a man, ragged, dirty and unshaved, his eyes, glittering strangely, looked huge in his thin white face.

"I tell you it must be here Carter," he cried, "it's just the place for it. I see it man! I see it!" His voice rose to a shriek of triumph; he plunged forward, eager, trembling hands outstretched to grasp a pale bloom hanging just above the guardian of the forest.

Up went its head, out shot its venomous tongue as its coils began to heave and loosen.

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The Patience of Hope

By G. Washington Moon, Fellow of the Royal Society of Literature.

"Until the day break, and the shadows flee away."

Song of Solomon ii. 17.

HAVE patience, my brother; oh, be not despairing;
Nor fret thou, nor murmur at seeming delays;
For oft, in God's providence, dark clouds are bearing
Rich showers of blessings for happier days.

"I sleep," dost thou say, "but my lonely heart waketh,
—And sighs, 'Ah! how long will this heavy gloom last!'"—
'Tis darkest, we know, just before the day breaketh;
Oh, wait, and the midnight gloom soon will be past.

Or is it day with thee, yet no sun is shining
—To cheer thy cold spirit and brighten thy lot?
And is that the reason why thou are repining?
Ah! think why it is that thy sun shineth not.

The vapours and mists which the sun's light is shrouding,
Descend not from heaven, but rise from the earth;
And the dark gloomy fears which thy life's sky are clouding
Have all in thine own want of faith had their birth.

Oh! why art thou so slowly comfort receiving?—
Thou art so unworthy?—That is not denied;
But is that cause for doubting? No!—cause for believing,
Since 'tis for the unworthy the Saviour has died.

"Ron! Ron!" I yelled, all my soul in the cry. Had I spoken? Had he heard me?

He drew back sharply, looking about him strangely, then he saw the snake, in a second out came his revolver and he fired. I saw him pull the trigger, I saw the flash and the smoke, I watched fascinated, the death agony of those terrible coils, but I heard no sound of the shot.

The snake writhed once more and grew still, fading as it did so, the kitchen table appeared suddenly, blotting out the man's ragged figure. Out of the green leaves the kitchen dresser with my pet jugs on it appeared, the jungle was gone and the blessed sunlight streamed upon me.

I dropped into a chair, shaking all over. As I moved, my hand touched the onions; they were stone cold.

It was nearly a year later and Ron was coming home. I was in a feverish state of excitement. Every possible preparation had been made for the traveller, "but," as Clive remarked, "we won't have a goose this time."

He came at last, a great brown fellow, who nearly crushed me in his embrace. How we talked! He had a lot to tell us of his adventures. He had been practically all over the world in his hunt for Professor Vaughan's wonderful orchid, which he felt certain must exist.

"And did you find it?" asked Clive.

"No such luck. I thought I had it once, too. I found a very rare specimen which had been discovered before and named, but lost, so I thought I'd better go back with that," answered Ron.

"Was the Professor pleased?" I questioned, as we drew our chairs round the fire, for the evenings were getting cold.

"I should just think he was," laughed Ron. Fairly beside himself with joy over the one we had found, so if it had been the other he'd have gone clean off his poor old chump. 'Twas a funny thing though, when you come to think of it; in getting that confounded flower I as near as possible settled my own hash.

Let's see, when was it? Oh! about a year ago I suppose. I'd had fever, and Carter, my pal you know, wanted me to chuck it and get home for a bit. I wouldn't empty handed, and one day we started out and got into the thickest jungle I'd ever struck, we ploughed about in it for a bit, but didn't find anything worth while till, about the end of the day, I struck a likely spot. Well in I went head and ears, you know my way, "glancing at me with a smile" "and sure enough there was the very bloom I was out after. I went for it as you may imagine, all out, when I suddenly smelt a most extraordinary strong smell of sage; just the common garden sage, but so strong it sort of struck me comical.

It was such a funny thing to smell in the middle of a jungle, and when I looked down to see where it was I saw a brute of a snake coiled up there; I tell you in another brace of shakes I should have gone West," he paused, sucking thoughtfully at his pipe, Clive and I looked at each other, then my husband asked shortly:

"What happened then?"

"Oh! I shot the brute, luckily, but I suppose the vibration shattered the flower for it was gone when I looked up again. We skinned the snake, and I brought it home stuffed with roots and things to keep its shape.

"Where is it?"

"Oh! I left it at the Professor's, he wanted to unpack it himself. What are you two looking so straight about?" It's a pity for you the thing didn't finish me off, then you could have stayed on in the old house, eh! Sis?"

"Don't be so horrid Ron. You know we'd rather have you than the house."

"Oh! well, you can keep it for a bit yet. I shall go on till I get that orchid, I know it's there," was it my fancy, or did he suppress the tiniest sigh as he looked round the room?

As we strolled in the garden the next day, I was trying to make up my mind whether or no I should tell my brother of the sage and onion episode. Funnily enough, he brought the subject up himself. As we passed the herb bed, he stooped and plucked a leaf.

"D'you remember, Sis," he said, "that time we made a magic brew? What really happened then?"

"I don't know, only it all went dark and we were awfully scared."

"Yes, we were that! The smell of sage has always made me feel funny since."

"So it has me," I agreed. He stood there in the sunshine, his arm through mine rubbing the leaf in his hand.

Presently he held it out to me with a laugh, all crushed to tiny atoms. I bent over it a second, again I saw the darkness of the magic brew and a girl's face flashed across it. Only for a second, then he dropped the fragments, but I knew the reason of the sight last night, and why Ron walked me round the garden in silence this morning.

"Sis," he said at last, "I've got something I want to tell you."

"Don't bother," I answered, "how long have you known her?"

"How the deuce did you know?" he exclaimed.

"I've just seen her; you showed her to me when you rubbed the sage," and then I told him all about it.

"Funny," he muttered. "Seems as if the smell made you kind of clairvoyant. Does it always act like that?"

"No, sometimes it only makes me dream. Don't let's talk of it any more, it's horribly uncanny. Tell me about her."

And he told me.

"You see Sis," he finished up, "I wanted you to know her, because when I go off again—one never knows—and you could go and see her, will you?"

"You know I will Ron, as if I wouldn't do anything for you," I cried, hugging his arm. "Why, whoever's this coming out of the house?"

"Great Scott! it's the Professor. He seems a bit excited."

He was. Clive who accompanied him looked bewildered. The Professor was waving his arms and talking nineteen to the dozen while his white hair stood bolt upright. As soon as he saw Ron he pounced upon him and fairly shook him in his agitation. "You've found it man! You've found it!" he gasped hysterically.

"I opened your box, the one with the snake in, the skin had rotted away but the orchid was in bloom. Oh! gorgeous! splendid! Pale cream with the faintest phosphorescent glow, so delicate that it cannot stand the least vibration. Come and look at it!"

But Ron stood staring blankly.

"I've found it," he gasped. "Found the orchid? The one I've been hunting the world for? Man, you must be dreaming. Why, it was only a handful or two of chance roots Carter stuffed in there, we pulled 'em hap-hazard."

"Ay and got the Queen herself!" screeched the Professor.

"Come and look, then you'll believe me."

But Ron turned back to me, dazed with the news.

"If this is true," he said, and his voice trembled, "it'll be thanks to you and the sage, Sis. And I can marry Gwen!"

We watched him follow the excited Professor as if he were treading on air and Clive turned to me.

Whether we have the house or he does," he said grimly, "that herb bed's coming up. I'm not running any risks now."

And that's why, in the old-fashioned garden, where a new edition of my husband plays for hours together, there is no sage growing in the herb bed.

CHEERFUL SURROUNDINGS

Uncle Josh.—"Here's a letter from Nephew Harry, that's gone to Africa, and says that within twenty rods o' his house there's a family o' laughing hyenas."

His Wife.—"Well, I am glad he's got pleasant neighbors, anyway."—Tit-Bits.

QUITE IMPORTANT

The Frenchman did not like the look of the barking dog barring his way.

"It's all right," said his host; "don't you know the proverb: 'Barking dogs don't bite?'"

"Ah, yes," said the Frenchman, "I know ze proverb, you know ze proverb; but ze dog—does he know ze proverb?"



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This method long seemed impossible. Pepsin must be activated, and the usual agent is an acid harmful to the teeth. But science has found a harmless activating method. Now active pepsin can be daily applied, and forced wherever the film goes.

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Saves Time Money Labor

Jim Hurst's New House

Written for The Western Home Monthly by S. G. Mosher

YOUNG Mrs. Hurst knelt before the cedar chest that contained her wedding presents, and from one corner took a parcel carefully wrapped. Opening it she gazed fondly at the richly chased silver teapot which it contained. There were other articles in the chest—table-cloths of handsome double damask, and linen sheets and towels and napkins, all with hand-worked initials. Mrs. Hurst took down a tin of silver polish from the shelf behind the kitchen stove, and was cleaning the teapot when her husband came in.

remember that though Isabel's husband is a rich man, and she earns a good deal by her writing, yet she has known poverty, and can wash dishes and make beds. Just as soon as seeding is over I shall start work on the new house. But I must get these potatoes planted this afternoon."

"Jack Dalrymple brought the mail, and from the look of the sack I guess those seed potatoes from the Experimental Farm must have come at last."

When her husband had gone out Eva finished cleaning the teapot, then she carefully rolled it up and replaced it in the cedar chest. She had meant to send it to the jeweller in Calgary who had already bought almost all of her wedding silver, and with the money so obtained buy a pump for the well. They had managed so far with a pulley, but now that they had thirty head to water, Jim often said he wished he could afford a pump. But now she must use the silver teapot while her sister was visiting her. She hoped Isabel would not make enquiries about the rest of the silver.

He untied the sack as he spoke, and shook its contents out on the table. Besides the potatoes, some newspapers, and a catalogue, there were two letters. Jim handed one to his wife.

"From Isabel; and this is from the machinery company. I suppose full of new excuses as to why they don't send the plow I ordered."

That afternoon she went out to look over the new house. Though only a five roomed log structure, it was a great improvement on their present abode. Jim had been prevented from finishing it by lack of funds, and now that he had the lumber for the interior finish, help was hard to get. Then the house must be painted and papered, and they would need some furniture. Eva did not see where this money was to come from, and she spoke about it at supper that night.

Mrs. Hurst opened her letter. It was from her husband's older sister, who lived in England, and was a well known writer. All three of Jim's sisters had married rich men. His own people had not been wealthy, however, and his share of his father's estate was just sufficient to bring him to Canada and start him on a half section farm. When he married, two years later, his sisters had all sent handsome presents to his bride. These were expensive and quite unsuitable to a young couple just starting housekeeping on the western prairie, but Jim knew that his sisters did not understand conditions in a new country.

"I can get the paper and paint on time. As for the furniture, I can sell a steer." "I have a good mind to let Cousin May, in Calgary, have those linen sheets," Eva said thoughtfully. "There are three pairs, and she would pay ten dollars a pair. I could get curtains and such like with the money. But Isabel will wonder what has become of all my wedding presents."

"O, Jim, Isabel writes that she is coming to visit us. She is run down as a result of war work, and the doctor has recommended a sea voyage. She will leave England about a month after the date of this letter."

"Before you have known Isabel a week you will be telling her all about it." Jim said confidently.

"That's fine; I shall be awfully glad to see Isabel again. We have not seen each other for seven years."

That night Jim was awakened by smoke, and found the shack in flames. There was just time to waken his wife and save the contents of the building before the roof fell in. Fortunately the fire did not spread to the other buildings. The nearest neighbors were over a mile distant, and Eva would not hear of waking them up. It was now after three o'clock, and would be dawn in less than two hours. They took refuge in the granary, where Jim rolled himself in a blanket and was soon asleep, but Eva sat shivering, waiting the coming of daylight. Her head ached and she felt dizzy, but she shook off the feeling of illness, for the coming day would be a busy one. Of course they would have to live in the granary until the new house was finished.

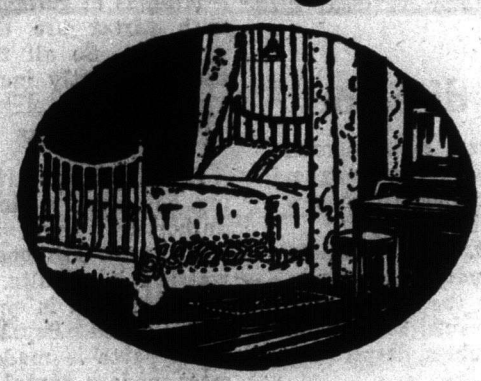
"But don't you see how impossible it is that she should come here? I know from her letters that she has no conception of what life out here is like. Besides, where can we put her? We have only the two rooms."

"The new house will be finished before she comes," Jim said hopefully. "And you can hire Rita Dalrymple to help you with the work while she is here."

"What would your sister think of a half-breed maid, who insists on sitting down to dinner with the family, and who wears a soiled party dress in the morning?"

"Oh, she will think it one of the customs of the country. And you must

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and appreciated by more and more families where tea or coffee has been displaced —

INSTANT POSTUM

A trial of this healthful economical table drink soon demonstrates the cause of its popularity. *Made instantly in the cup.*

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"There's a Reason"

The dawn seemed a long time in coming. Feeling stiff and cramped, Eva got up and groped about for the matches. She remembered seeing a box on a shelf at the end of the granary. She took a few steps in the dark, when suddenly the floor seemed to melt away, and she fell, her foot twisted under her. Her cry of pain awoke Jim, who struck a match from a box in his pocket and lighted the lantern.

"Where are you? What has happened?" he cried anxiously.

"I have fallen down the cellar; it was my own fault. I got up some turnips yesterday and forgot to close the trap-door. I am afraid I have broken my leg."

With much care and difficulty Jim at last got his wife up from the cellar. A glance showed that her left leg was fractured just above the ankle. He laid her on the mattress and said he would ride over to Brampton's and borrow a motor truck. "The sooner you get to the hospital the better," he added.

Soon he was back with the light truck that Mr. Brampton, the country storekeeper, used to bring his freight out from town. The two men laid two mattresses in this, and carefully lifted the patient in. "Don't worry about getting back to-night," the storekeeper said. "My boy can come over and water your stock."

At the hospital Jim learned that the fracture was a serious one and that his wife would have to stay there at least three weeks. He stayed in town that night, and early next morning started back to the farm. Half way home he met a neighbor, Peter Carlake, taking a load of pigs to town. Jim drew off to the side of the road and stopped his engine, for Peter's horses were not broken to automobiles.

"Morning, Jim. Sorry to hear of your bad luck. How is the missus?" Jim told him what the doctor had said.

"Well, they say misfortune never comes singly; but it is a good thing you were able to save your furniture. You will be wanting to move into the new house before the missus gets back, and some of us were thinking we could give you a hand on it."

"Now, that is really kind," Jim said gratefully.

"That is a fine housekeeper you sent out," the other continued. "I was over at your place after supper last evening to borrow your seeder—hadn't heard a word about the fire. The housekeeper had everything in good shape, and the granary looked real homelike. Most of the furniture is stowed away in the machine shed, and she has put up a tent for you to sleep in. One of the Dalrymple boys was helping her."

Jim looked more and more amazed as this story went on.

"But I didn't send out any housekeeper," he said at last.

"All I know is that this woman came out in a team from the livery stable in town. She had two big trunks with her, and got to your place about noon. Tony Brampton was there watering your stock, and, not knowing who she was, he told her about the fire and all. She said it was all right and she had come to stay, so she paid her driver and set right to work. When Tony said he couldn't stop to help, having farm work at home, she asked who she could hire, and he sent the Dalrymple boy over. Some friend of Mrs. Hurst's from Calgary, I reckon. Tony said she was real well dressed. Well, I must be getting on."

All the way home Jim wondered who the self-appointed housekeeper could be. Probably Eva's cousin, though she hardly fitted the description. But the mystery would soon be solved. Jim had brought some freight from town and he stopped at his farm with this, before taking the truck home. A black heap of ashes marked where his home had been, but the granary was transformed. Smoke poured through a stovepipe stuck through the roof, and white curtains hung at the two small windows. A woman came to the door—a thin woman of middle age. Jim was so surprised that he could only stare.

"Isabel!" he exclaimed at last. "How-ever did you get here?"

"In the usual way—steamer and train. The last stage of the journey was made in a bumping vehicle called a democrat. You see, I had hardly mailed

"In Perfect Peace"

LIKE strains of music, soft and low,
That break upon a troubled sleep,
I hear the promise, old yet new,
God will His faithful children keep
"In perfect peace."

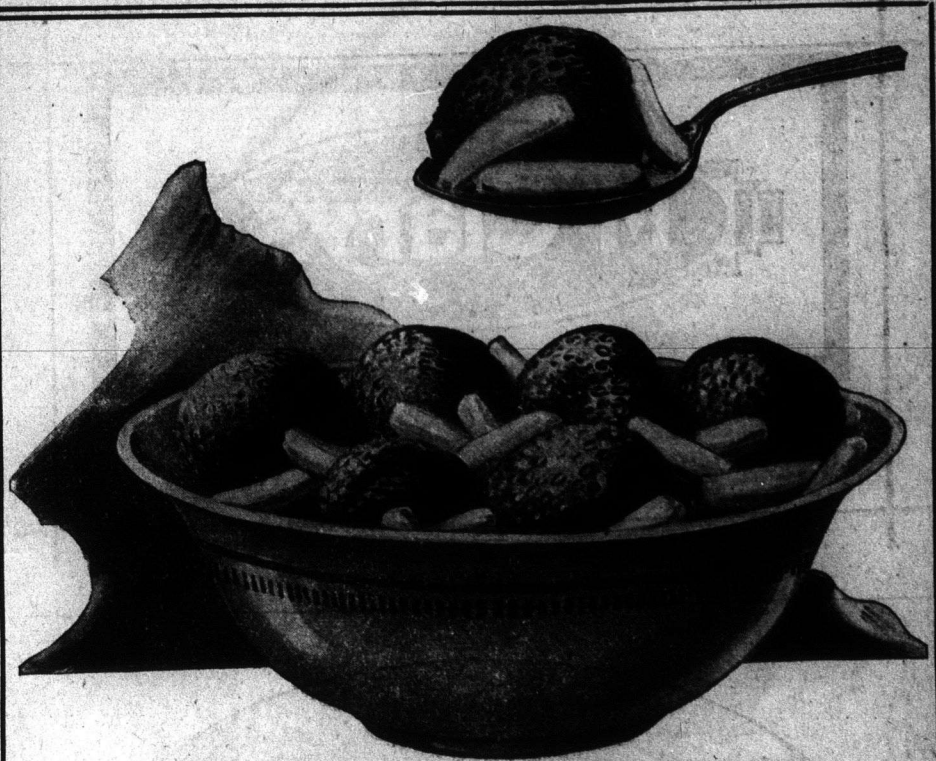
From out the thoughtless, wreck-strewn past,
From unknown years that silent wait,
Amid earth's wild regrets there comes
The promise with its precious freight,
"In perfect peace."

Above the clash of party strife,
The surge of life's unresting sea:
Through sobs of pain and songs of mirth,
Through hours of toil it floats to me,
"In perfect peace."

It quiets all the restless doubts,
The nameless fears, that throng the soul;
It speaks of love unchanging, sure,
And evermore its echoes roll
"In perfect peace."

"In perfect peace!" O loving Christ,
When falls Death's twilight gray and cold,
And flowers of earth shall droop and fade,
Keep Thou Thy children, as of old,
"In perfect peace."

And through the glad, eternal years,
Beyond the scorn and blame of men,
The hearts that served Thee here may know
The rest that passeth human ken,
Thy perfect rest.



Foods to Enjoy in summer

With Strawberries mix Puffed Rice. It adds as much as the cream and sugar. The grains are flimsy, crisp and flaky, and they belong to berries as crust belongs to shortcake.

In every milk dish float Puffed Wheat. These are whole-grain bubbles, crisp and toasted, puffed to eight times normal size.

The grains are enticing. Never was a wheat food half so inviting. And they make whole wheat wholly digestible, for every food cell is exploded.

For breakfast serve with cream and sugar—the Puffed Grain you like best.



WHEAT BUBBLES in the bowl of milk

For dinner scatter Puffed Rice on the ice cream. Use as wafers in your soups.

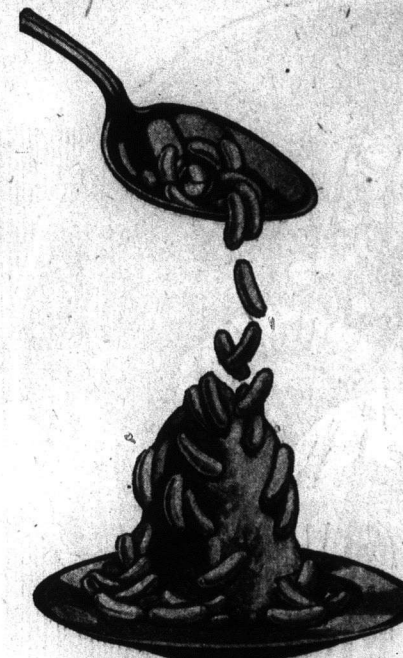
At playtime crisp and douse with melted butter. The children then have food confections.

All day long

Puffed Grains taste like tidbits. Children revel in them. To millions every day they bring an added joy.

Yet they are whole-grain foods—and they are the best cooked cereals in existence.

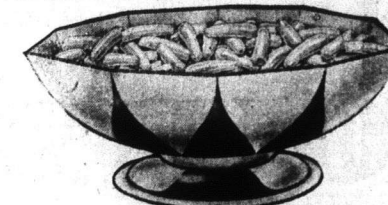
You can offer children nothing that is better. In summer have them handy all day long.



LIKE FLIMSY NUT MEATS On ice cream

Puffed Wheat Puffed Rice Whole grains puffed to eight times normal size

Puffed Grains are Prof. Anderson's inventions. All are steam exploded, all shot from guns. Every food cell is blasted, so digestion is easy and complete. All are bubble-like and toasted. They are scientific foods.



For afternoons

Crisp and douse with melted butter for hungry children to eat like confections. Some also serve for breakfast in this way, with or without cream.


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Cooking utensils.

"SWEET Me-moir-ies," thought the lady of the house, in a pleasantly whimsical mood, as a birthday reminder of Moir's Chocolates came from his office just after the lunch hour.

The times that Moir's had come in "courting days" were sweet memories to her in more than one way. Always fresh, delicious and rich, the heavy coatings made Moir's Chocolates the favorites for all time.

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MOIR'S
Chocolates

my letter when I met some friends who were sailing next day. They urged me to go with them, as one of their party had been prevented from sailing, and there was a ticket available for me. I tried to telephone you from town, but found that the telephone had not yet penetrated this wilderness. I can't understand, though, why I did not meet you on the road."

"I had to make a detour to borrow some gasoline," Jim explained. "It is too bad that you should find us in this confusion, but I think I can get Mrs. Brampton to take you in for a few weeks. They have quite a modern house."

"What are you talking about, Jim? I was just thinking how fortunate it was that I sailed a month sooner than I had planned. Aren't you hungry? I found a ham, and there were some eggs in the hen house."

Rather dazedly Jim got down from the seat and made ready for dinner. As Carlake had said, a tent had been set up, and there he found all his clothes and personal belongings neatly arranged. The simple dinner was well cooked, but Jim hardly noticed what he was eating, so absorbed was he in talk of relatives and friends in England, and all the changes made by the war. But when he had disposed of two helpings of his favorite pudding, he again expressed a doubt of his sister being able to endure existence in a granary, even for a few weeks.

"Of course I could get the Dalrymple girl to help you with the housework," he said doubtfully.

"I am afraid Rite and I would not get on," Mrs. Musgrave said dryly. "She was trailing about the house yesterday in a soiled silk dress, with stockings out at the heels. Besides, there is not enough work in this little place to keep even one woman busy."

"But you are not used to rough work," Jim remonstrated.

His sister spread her hands on the table, and he saw that they were roughened and hardened. "In the old days I should never have dared to ask a maid to work as I have worked the last three years," she said. "I could not nurse the wounded or drive an ambulance, but I could cook and scrub, and I have been doing just that in a big base hospital. Now don't say a word to Eva about me being here. I have read between the lines of her letters that she stands rather in awe of me, and it would worry her to know I was roughing it. We must get the new house ready for her to come home to."

The next three weeks seemed to fly. There were two rainy days, when no farm work could be done, and Jim's neighbors gathered and worked on his house. In two weeks it was finished.

"I had thought of sending to the city for wall papers," Mrs. Musgrave said, "but Eva will like to select her own. So I asked Mr. Brampton to bring out some calomine. We will do all the rooms in tan. I have some sofa pillows and curtains in my trunk. I ordered a rug for the sitting room and some small ones for the bedrooms. I mean to paint the floors too."

"But I can't let you spend your money on like that," Jim remonstrated.

"Call it a loan, if you are so independent," his sister said, "or a wedding present. I don't know what Eva must have thought of the unsuitable things we sent her."

Jim made a confession. "The things were beautiful, but I was hard up and needed some stock—so most of the silver has been converted into cows."

"Very sensible," his sister said. "Oh, here is Mr. Brampton already. Did you get the carpets, Mr. Brampton?"

"Yes, ma'am, and the paint and other stuff. I looked in at the hospital, too. Mrs. Hurst is able to hobble about, and coaxed me to bring her out. It was all I could do to refuse her."

"She mustn't come out for a week yet," Jim said. "I will drive to town Sunday and see her."

In two more days the house was furnished. Mrs. Musgrave brought two fine engravings from her trunk. "Do you remember your old favorites, that used to hang in the sitting room at home?" she asked.

Jim hung the pictures and stepped back to get a general view of the room. Everything looked cosy and homelike. He noticed a team turning in at the gate. It was too dark to distinguish the occupants until the vehicle stopped at the door, and then Jim hurried out amazed for his wife was in the buggy.

"I persuaded Mr. Carlake to bring me out," she said, as Jim helped her down carefully. "He wouldn't bring me a bit of news, except that you had a nice surprise for me. Oh, Jim, is the house really done? That is a surprise, and a delightful one."

"And here is another," Jim said as he introduced his sister. "Isabel came the day you went to the hospital, and I should never have finished the house in time but for her help."

"Jim exaggerates; he has worked like a slave. But come in, child, and tell us how you like your new home."

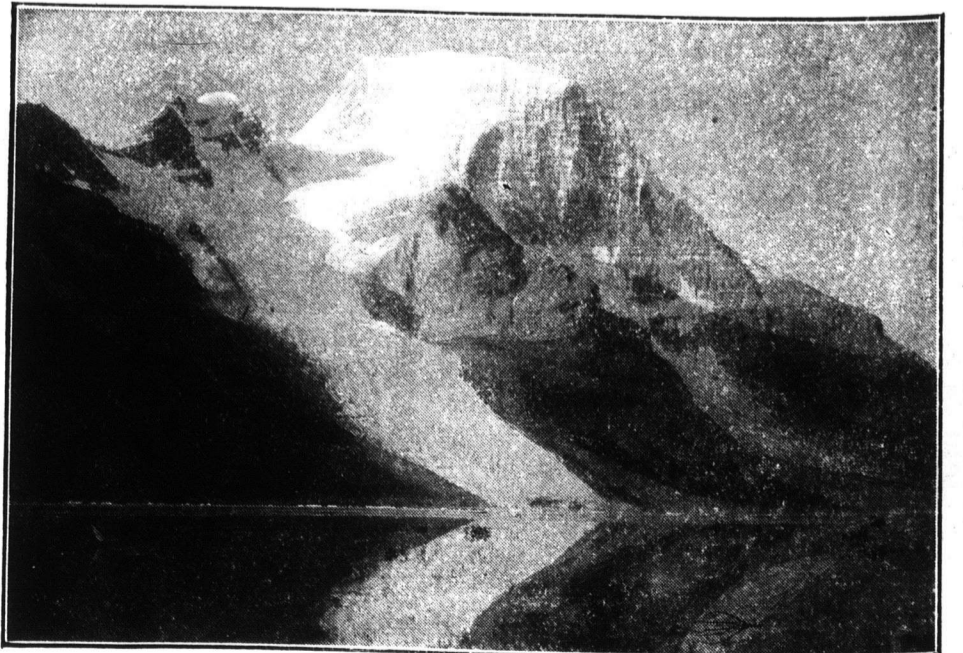
Jim invited Mr. Carlake in also, but the rancher said he must be getting home.

"Oh, Jim, everything is arranged just as I would have done it myself," Mrs. Hurst cried. "But how hard your sister must have worked."

"It was not half as hard as the hospital work, and the truth is, I am now so used to work that I am unhappy when idle," Mrs. Musgrave laughed. "I set the table in the kitchen to-night because it seemed chilly in here; we must be careful not to let you catch cold."

Jim carried his wife out to the kitchen, though she laughingly protested that she could manage with her stick. The table looked very attractive with its snowy linen and pretty dishes, but to Eva there was something almost grotesque in the idea of her sister-in-law sitting down to eat her supper in the kitchen—a supper she had cooked herself.

"And I supposed that she hardly knew what a kitchen was," she thought. "But I might have known that none of Jim's sisters could be snobs, and that a real lady can adjust herself to any surroundings."



Tumbling Glacier, B.C., on the line of the Canadian National Railways.

Izzy's Wheels of Destiny

By Edith G. Bayne

MORNIN' Star—Post—Telegram—Herald—News! droned the incessant babel-chorus at the busiest street intersection—a chorus that was loud and blatant, thin and piping, ear-piercingly shrill or a mere mournful monotone as to parts, but which in the aggregate made a volume of sound that was almost deafening.

"Here, boy, give me a Post, quick!" The demand was crisp, peremptory, but at the sound of the voice little Izzy Bernstein turned smilingly and thrust forward the paper. For this particular customer he would neglect a score of crowding paper purchasers. It was Izzy's favorite patron, John Landon, of Sears, Landon, McQuarrie and Noble, stockbrokers—the man who oftenest forgot to extort change from a quarter, who usually patted his shoulder and gave him a cheery word along with his morning and evening order, who always passed steadily through the lines of shrieking newsboys and steered his course straight for the lame Jewish lad with the great velvet-brown eyes.

But Landon passed hurriedly on with a mumbled "keep the change," his head buried in the stock market pages. "How much did y' make off him?" asked Billy Dolan, with professional envy written large on his freckled face.

"He gimme two bits," said Izzy, hunching his load of papers to an easier position and exhibiting a shining quarter to his friend.

"Not so rotten," Billy agreed. "Watch me cop that guy next time."

"He's my guy," declared Izzy with warmth. "He alwuz comes by me. You keep to your own side."

"Chee! Why dontcha hand him a hard-luck story kid? Maybe he'd come across with a buck, er take yuh into the cafe for a square feed—less he's a tightwad."

"He ain't a tightwad. He's my friend."

"I betcha he's rotten with money! If he was a friend o' mine—" and Billy merely paused long enough to sell two papers, and then added: "But he looked like a gloom hound just now. Guess he's been stung in the stock-market!"

Izzy was too busy at the moment to reply, but he had noticed all too keenly Landon's abstraction these last few mornings. His smile had been strangely missing. An icy blast blew from the north-east, and suddenly sent Billy's papers, weighted with some pebbles on the curb's edge, scattering. In and out among the crowd he darted recovering them, while Izzy watched his own row anxiously—they were a little more sheltered—and stood stamping his "good" foot to get rid of that numb feeling. Assiduously the two plied their trade while traffic was brisk, but it was a cold morning and people scurried past quickly, hands to ears, as the hours advanced, and when ten o'clock came there was a decided lull. Billy, his throat none the worse for much hoarse yelling of "Here 'are! All about the big fire!" retired to the cafe nearby and reinforced himself with coffee and a wedge of pie. Izzy hobbled about, on the alert to catch a stray customer, but at eleven he too gave way to the cravings of the inner man and went and "blew" himself to noodle soup, a ham sandwich and an ice-cream cone on the twenty cents of unearned increment that the morning had brought him.

At eleven thirty the extras were out. Perhaps it was the germ of frenzied finance that now entered Izzy's being, or it may have been confusion resulting from the full responsibility of a corner, Billy having crossed to the opposite side and the "other fellows" being engaged in soliciting trade further down, but just when the noonday crowd was swelling to its thickest the little Jewish lad took a chance. A lady beckoned to him from the curb and he darted forward. Exchange of coin and paper was made, and then wheeling swiftly Izzy handed out six extras to six

impatient men, backed up and avoided by a hair's breadth a limousine only to feel the hot breath of a horse fanning his cheek. Like a rat he darted beneath the advancing hoofs, eluded them and dodged an oncoming baker's horse. These were by no means the closest shaves in his experience. He could remember several far more thrilling ones. But even as he grinned with daredevil glee at his series of escapes—a softly-gliding car shot out from the traffic and —

A woman's scream, hoarse shouts from a dozen throats, the squeal of brakes, ten seconds of a queer silence, a blurred, ringing, faraway kind of noise in his ears and then for Izzy oblivion!

At one o'clock the tenseness on John Landon's face was more apparent, as he stopped to buy an extra of Billy.

"Where's my boy?" he came out of his abstraction long enough to ask.

"Chee! He got steamrollered. He's in the hospittle."

"He what. Do you mean he's had an accident?"

"Yep. Run over."

"Badly hurt?"

Don't know. They took him away in St. Clement's ambulance. . . Hey! Here's yer change! . . . Oh, very well, guv'nor, a nickel's as good t' me as t' you!"

John Landon and his wife seldom met. Their hours and their interests clashed. The inevitable barriers of blind absorption in business and of mad devotion to society had long divided this childless couple, but to-day they did chance to meet at a late luncheon. Dora Landon looked a little paler than usual and ate next to nothing, so that even her husband noticed her state. He made polite inquiries which she answered indifferently.

"Are you ill?" he pursued. "I never saw you so shaken. Something must have occurred to disturb you. Is Mrs. Gadd's party off? Or does the new frock not fit well?"

"If you're really interested—I—well, I ran over a child this morning. Barely an hour ago. A little newsboy. I followed the ambulance to the hospital. They say it's concussion."

Was that a little sob? Landon stared. His wife was revealing a new side.

"A newsboy?" he repeated, suddenly arrested.

"He was lame, too. I—I feel like a —" she gulped, and added: "I'm going back to the hospital this afternoon."

"You are! And how about bridge?" he asked faintly sarcastic.

"Don't! I—oh, John, he had eyes just like our little Freddie! He looked up at me for just a second and—I almost thought—except for his ragged clothes—"

Dora buried her face in her napkin and sobbed convulsively. Landon was now touched. He rose abruptly.

"Come on. I'm going with you. He happens to be my particular paper boy, Izzy by name. I can't eat anything more. Let's go at once."

Dora looked up with wondering wet eyes.

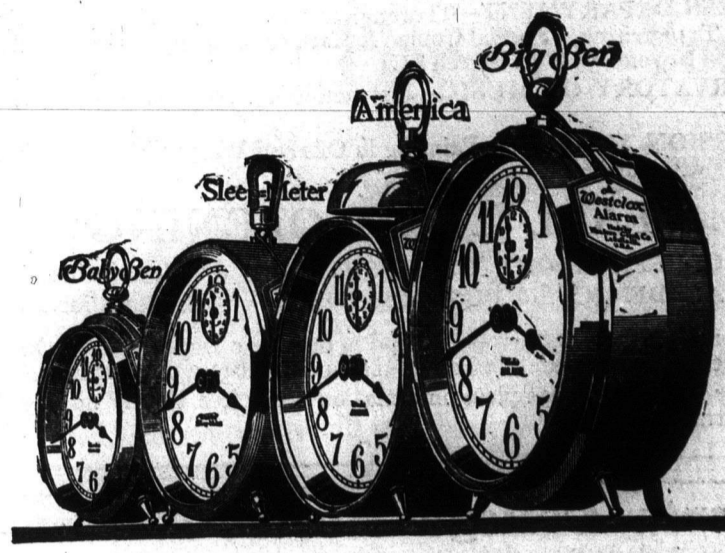
"But your business?"—also faintly ironical.

"Business be —" and then checking himself and remembering his own bit of news he said gravely: "The firm's wiped out. Every cent. We're as poor as Job's turkey now, except for the farm."

Izzy was conscious. He beamed a feeble welcome upon his beloved patron from his high cot in the private ward Mrs Landon had arranged for. But the nurse cautioned: "Just a few minutes. Dora seated herself close to the cot and smiled tenderly on the patient.

"Hello, lady," said Izzy, weakly grinning. "Are you the lady who—golly don't cry! I'm kinda glad you knocked me down. It's awful nice to come by a hospittle."

"Izzy, you must try and like this lady. She's going to be good to you," said John Landon. "Now tell her anything you'd like and she—we I mean—will get it for you. We have no children of our own,



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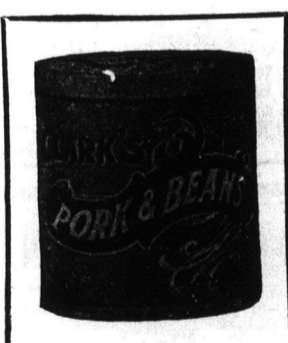
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you see, and we'd be happy to make you happy."

He was self-conscious. This speech sounded stilted. Didn't know boys. All little shavers to him. All alike.

"I do like the lady," Izzy declared. "An' I like this place—this bed. Say!" he added suddenly, "I'd like t' see the country. I ain't never seen the country. Will it soon be spring?"

"Pretty soon, Izzy," said John Landon. "So you like the country, eh?"

His eyes and Dora's met suddenly. The first mutual idea in years! They both smiled.

"Would you like to go and live on a farm, Izzy?"

"Chee! Would a nigger like a water-melon!"

"Then hurry and get well. You and this lady and I are going to live in the country. We'll be the farmers. The nurse tells me you're an orphan, so you won't have anyone to keep you back. You'll be our little boy. How old are you?"

"Ten."

"Ever been to school?" "Nope," said Izzy. "But I kin read some. Say! Is there good fishin' there?"

"Dandy. A nice big river."

"An'-an' grass?"

"In summer, yes."

"An' will there be cows an' sheep an' pigs an' hens an'-an' ducks?"

"Lots of them."

Izzy sighed rapturously. It was an alluring vision. It couldn't be true! Wide-eyed he glanced from Landon to Dora. The latter leaned forward impulsively and kissed him. His face looked even thinner with the bandages about his head, but a flash of joy spread over it now, and lying there with John Landon's big hand clasped in his little clean paw—the little paw that was so grimy usually—and Dora's arm about his thin little shoulders, he knew himself to be a very happy boy.

"Fishin', really?" he pursued. "I'm crazy 'bout that!"

"You can catch anything from a minnow to a whale!" declared Landon, recklessly.

Izzy turned this over in his mind reflectively. Some doubt may have lingered as to the whales, but he knew that the rest of the fairy-tale would come

true! He glanced from the pink roses on his table to Dora's face, then up at Landon.

"I got a hunch," he said, grinning, "I got a hunch already that us three makes each other happy out there by that farm."

Landon suddenly beamed down at him with the same old whimsical expression, that well-loved, warm, twinkling sort of look he had missed for so long.

"Chee, Mister Landon!" cried Izzy wonderingly. "Y'aint smiled like that fer a blue moon!"

OUR NEED OF HIM

The comforts of this life may lie about My daily way, and give my body ease; Yet am I poor and needy in such ways As the all-seeing Eye above me sees. Friends may yield love, and honours fall to me,

The care of kinship spring beside my way;

Yet must I ever long within my heart To know that He is caring night and day.

Thou loving One who readeest human hearts,

Thou pitying One who seest all our need, Who knowest that apart from trust in Thee

Feeble and poor we mortals are indeed; Who knowest well that love of friends on earth

Cannot suffice, whate'er their tender care,

O touch our prideful hearts, and help us turn

And yield ourselves to Thee in humble prayer.

Help us to make confession of our needs,

And for Thy gracious care let us implore.

Then, poor and needy though Thy children be,

Their lack shall be supplied for evermore.

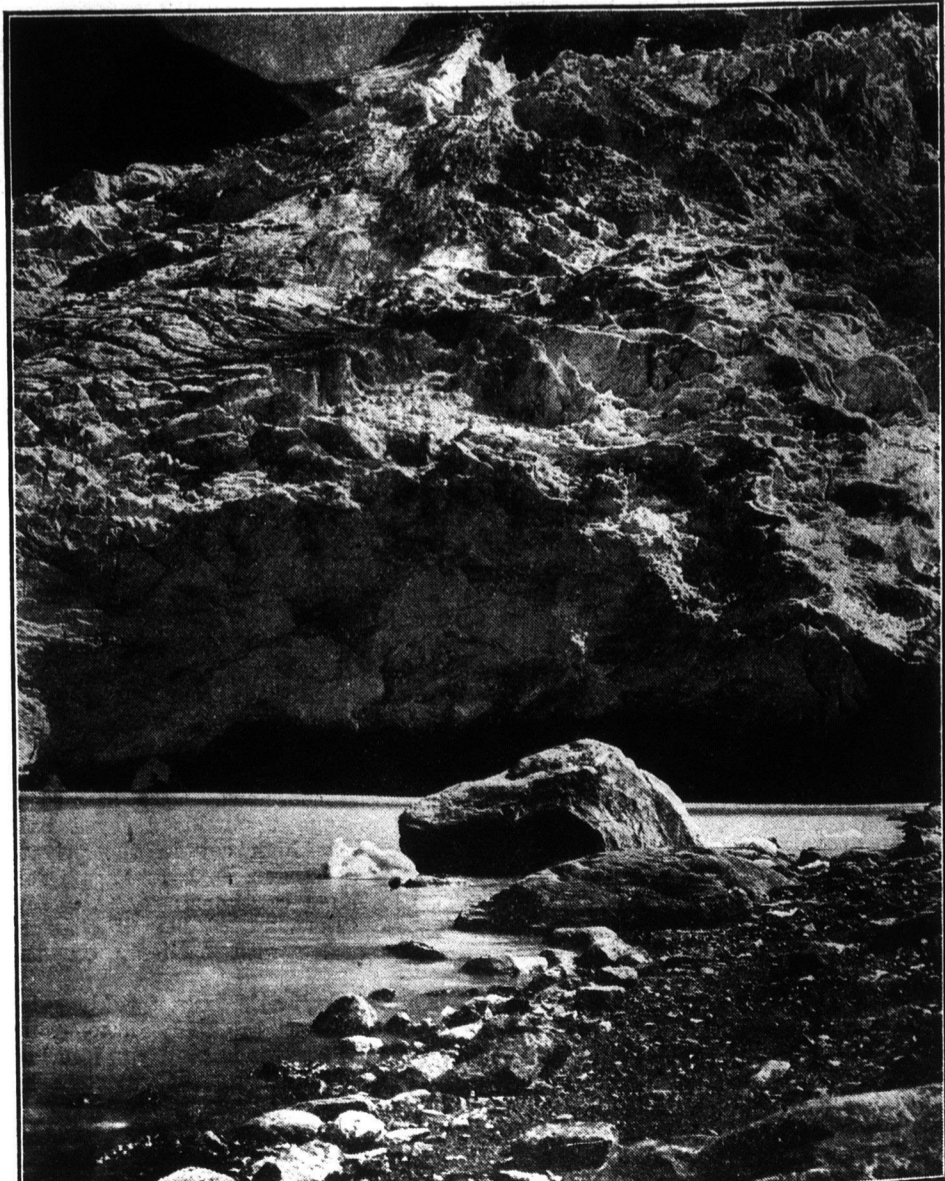
And that unfailling wise and tender care,

Descending only from Thy gracious heart,

Shall steep our daily lives in that sweet sense

Of safety such as faith and trust impart.

Mary D. Brine.



The face of Tumbling Glacier, near Mount Robson, B.C.

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"Pierre of the North Woods"

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Robert Bell Forsyth

BENEATH the hunter's snow-shoes the snow flattened out into web like tracks. All about him was the deep silence of the North Land. The thrust of the wind sweeping through pine and fir was keen and sure as the bite of the serpent, and Pierre flung his arms smartly across his body to quicken the blood flow.

He came over the hill with the easy swinging stride of the chasseur of the forest, his huge sinewy form, swaying now to one side, now to the other with rhythm of the movement. Little jets of powdery snow caught in the grasp of the netted framework were tossed outward and fell in miniature drifts on either side.

The evergreen brushed him lightly as he passed, with the familiarity of friendliness. From his lips the snatch of an old French river song came gaily, under the spell of a bracing atmosphere and the exhilaration of tingling muscles in regular movement.

A slight jar interrupted the rhythm of his walk as when one encounters an obstacle unseen—and a vague sense of falling and of snow dashed quickly into his face as he lurched earthward. Then a rabbit, white as the snow around him, surprised and frightened went flying down the trail. Yet as he stooped to tighten the lacings of the snow-shoe he was conscious of danger, the lurking spirit of fear that hides in the silent places of the North.

He raised his rifle as the furry arched thing sprang through the air, hissing its hate. Caught in mid-air by the answering bullet, it rolled at his feet, its claws clenched to tear and its jaws gaping wide with the cry of battle.

"Sacre!" he exclaimed as he brushed from his hunting coat the snow which still clung to it. "Pierre, ol' friend, that was close, by gar."

The lynx gave one last convulsive struggle and lay still.

"Fine, mon ami," a voice exclaimed at his side. He felt the warm slap of a friendly hand on his shoulder. Turning, he looked into the face of his Majesty's mail-carrier smiling into his own.

"Mebec, if he haf struck one beeg blow, Pierre would not now be speaking to yourself, my fren'."

"For which I mus' tank the bon Dieu," the other exclaimed earnestly. "For in that case I should not haf met you, my comrade, and hees Majesty's mail, she would be returned."

Pierre grasped the hand of Jacques. "You do me one service in two, my fren', and now you shall be my guest. Tres bien."

"At any rate it is the Yule-tide," the other returned, "and two is more happy than one."

Together they passed over the trail to Pierre's cabin.

The fireplace rudely constructed and patterned soon sent forth its glow of welcome to the guest. The appetizing odor of bear-steak as it sizzled over the fire and the pungent aroma of black coffee added their note of welcome and good cheer.

For Pierre it was a festive occasion. The pledge to each other's health after the meal, the spirals of tobacco smoke thick as coast fog, that floated lazily to the unhewn logs above, and more than all, the opportunity for "man talk," so often denied the voyageur of the woods, knit together these rugged souls of strength closer even than the soul of David and Jonathan. Little by little Pierre assumed the role of narrator, while Jacques listened.

There were tales of the logging camps of the Ottawa that he told and of the big log boom in the spring, and he, the rider of the king log, and not least, the shooting of the rapids that made Jacques of New Brunswick tremble with excitement and envy, the recitation ending in one significant "Bravo!" from the listener. But always, like the scent which the questing hound pursues, the trail led back to the little French village where Father La Joie and Madeline, the daughter of the notary, lived.

"Madeline," interrupted Jacques, in the spirit of badinage, "that is the French for baggage."

"Pooh," replied Pierre, not in the least ruffled. "Your French is none too good, I fear, mon ami. You have only the—what the English call—the patois."

At this sally they both laughed, and for a moment Jacques affected great indignation. But Jacques would know more of Madeline, remarking that as a subject she did not seem to lack interest to his friend.

Then Pierre painted for him, in his picturesque language, an oval face of olive tint, framed in masses of reddish brown hair, lips as red as the ripe cherry in her father's garden, her lustrous brown-black eye, the lithe girlish figure and above all the half-demure, half-coy manner of her people. This was Madeline.

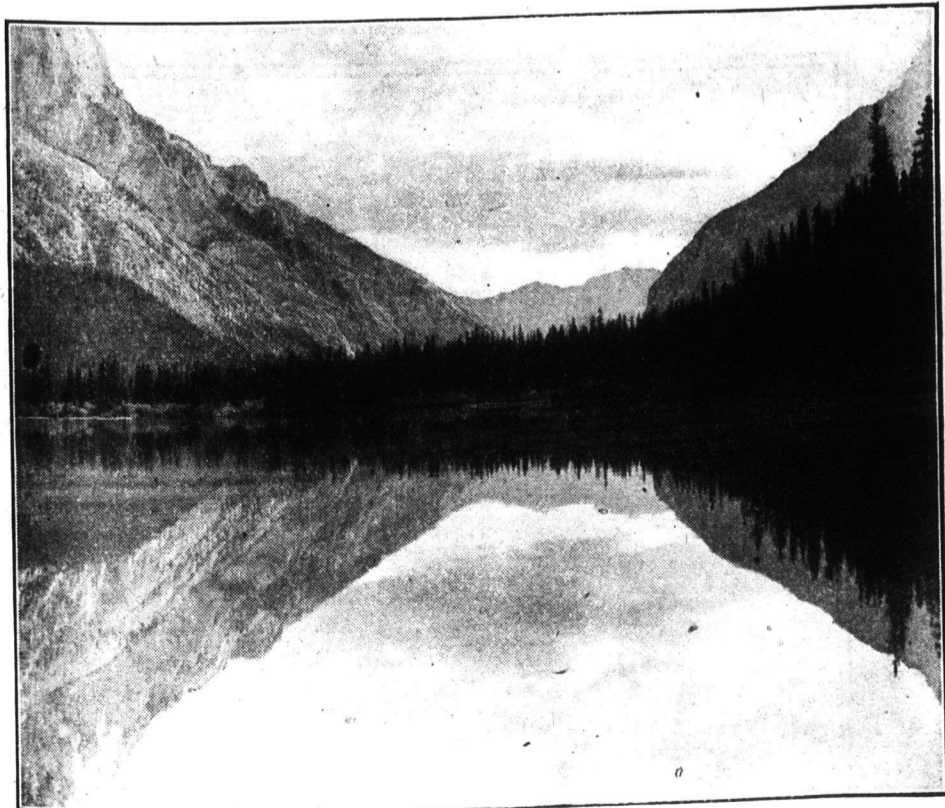
"Just lak the apple bloom," Jacques commented when Pierre had finished.

"And did you leave her for—for thees?" he asked, pointing with dramatic force to the four corners of the cabin.

"Non, non, mon Jacques, "Pierre replied. It was on account of my half-brother, Prosper, and Madeline."

"She like him too much?" Jacques asked.

"Oui, oui, mon ami, she like him too much. Mais out, out, he was mechant—my half brother, but she—she trust him," Pierre faltered.



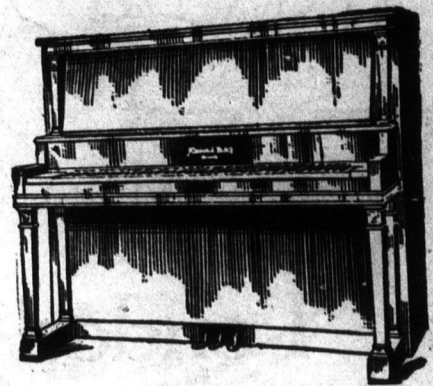
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"For why?" Jacques asked, eager to hear the story, meanwhile lighting a taper to replenish the coals in his pipe-bowl.

Then little by little the whole tale of Pierre's flight from his native village became clear as the simply told narrative proceeded.

They had grown up together in the little Quebec village, Madeline, Prosper and Pierre, and because Pierre was the stronger in body, had assumed the care of his younger half-brother. Always they had played together they three, and as Pierre grew older he set himself to making snares for rabbit and mink—for he would be a hunter—and once he had donned his father's rigging, belt, leggings, and hunting coat and all, and marched across the meadow to the play house under the elms, where Madeline had laid out her shelves of broken delf and surprised her at play with her cups and saucers.

"You are almost a man," she had said, surveying him proudly, and he walked home with head erect and with all the glory of the real hunter.

Then had come the first communion and the long row of white-robed youths who knelt to receive the bishop's benediction, but only Prosper had come late. He remembered Madeline as she knelt, with prayer book and missal, all in white, sweet as the opening apple-blossom and her responses to the priest low and mild as the west wind. Once he had dared, as they knelt side by side, to touch her hand, and Madeline had smiled shyly and something in the manner of Father La Joie, a slight inclination of the head, perhaps, but something had seemed to motion assent.

And just then Prosper, tardy and over clumsy with haste, wedged himself between them and they had given him space; but the incident had not passed from mind.

"He will do you some harm," Gran'mere La Pointe had commented on the following day, when Pierre had brought her a mess of game. "It is the bad luck he brings you, no doubt," and Gran'mere knew.

How well Pierre remembered that evening, the last one, with Father La Joie.

"I am so worried, mon enfant," he had confided. "Some one has twice stolen the offerings from the church."

It was little comfort that Pierre could extend the worthy Father, but returning home through the meadow he had heard the faint noise as of the boring of an augur or the gnawing of mice through wood. It came from the chapel. At once the words of the priest had come back to him. He stood still. Should he call the priest? Non—it was a mere nothing. He vaulted the fence and rushed into the vestibule and there—there stood Prosper, the offering box wide open. He was the thief.

"It was too much for me, mon Jacques, that he, my half-brother should be an ordinary thief, and worse, and I struck him, grabbing from his hands the box as

he fell lest any harm should come to it. But here, too, was my luck. Gran'mere La Pointe had spoken the truth, for through the door of the vestry walked Madeline, very white of face. She looked from me, with the box in my hand, to Prosper, half stunned on the floor beside her. It was an ugly moment for me."

"Who—who has this done?" she asked, trembling.

"La Diable! Prosper recovering himself laughed wickedly.

"Ni moi, ni toi-toi, he added. 'Only the rabble are the cowards.'

"Madeline looked at me, me, Pierre, with the box still in my hands.

"Surely this is a joke—a bad joke—you do not mean to—steal?"

"She looked at me questioningly, as if it were I—I, Pierre, who was guilty and not Prosper himself. Almost I felt her tremble in the twilight.

"You trust your friend too much," Prosper said, slipping his arm about her, as if to protect her. She was no longer the little playmate, but the woman.

"My uncle, the priest, has always trusted you so—so—much," she faltered. I did not expect this of—you, her voice breaking with disappointment.

"I was angry that Madeline should seem to trust Prosper before myself. He was no true mate for her, the frivolous, fickle fellow—but she trusted him—that was enough for me. She had the right to be happy with Prosper—if she chose.

"You have seen the wounded pigeon that flutters to its nest in the loft, then you will see Madeline turn to Prosper.

"Take me away, Prosper. He has always been so strong, but—we are ashamed of him, are we not?"

"Let us go," Prosper said, speaking to Madeline alone.

"For myself, I felt that she loved Prosper and that I could bear alone the burden of Prosper's wrong if she were happy.

"You will take good care of her, I pleaded, as I told them goodbye at the notary's office, the following day. For myself, I am going into the North woods, but you—you will be happy.

"But Prosper was as thoughtless as ever. 'You are taking it too hard, mon voyageur,' he said laughingly. 'You will find you a mate in the North.'

And Pierre, grinding his teeth, had allowed him to go unharmed.

The fire had burned to embers in the fireplace and in the scanty light of the cabin it seemed to Jacques that the face of Pierre, always sober was somewhat drawn, as if with pain. Outside the low undertone of the wind among the pines whispered the sadness of distant lonely places.

Glancing toward the uncurtained window Jacques perceived the face of a stranger pressed closely against the pane and staring into his own.

"V'la," he cried, excitedly pointing at the same time toward the window, but

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"There's a Reason"

already the face had vanished from sight.

"Did you not see it, mon ami?" he asked. Pierre laughed. "I am sure of it," he persisted as he flung open the door.

There was no one in sight, only the footprints to and from the window in the snow.

But the stranger, whoever he was, did not reappear that evening and when the evening had passed Jacques was about to bid his host farewell.

"Cette lettre," he exclaimed, "Mais oui, I had almost forgotten it," as he passed it to his host. Then, bidding the latter bon soir he passed out into the forest and was gone.

Turning again to his cabin, after the form of Jacques had vanished, Pierre studied the superscription of the letter.

M'sieur Pierre Gauvin,
Fort Du Oheyne.

Then apparently satisfied he broke the seal and read:

Mon Cher Pierre:

Somewhere in the great North Land this letter will reach you. You will then know that I have not forgotten you and that I would not choose to do so, mon fils. Nor am I alone. Pierre, what a bungler thou art. Hast thou forgotten Madeline, non, non—and she? Only to-day, when I asked her for news of you she blushed and quickly replied: "Why should I know, Father? He is nothing to me." The old story, mon fils. Rien, I asked. Pas du tout. Her blushes gave the lie twice over to her words. She seemed about to speak. I waited. She would ask a favor of me. She had worried much of late for Prosper had boasted of his deception and so I write. You should not have deceived her so. You were not her friend. But she begs your forgiveness and I tell her that maybe when you have become a wealthy trapper that you will come back to the old village of Ste. Anne Du Lac. You will find us still your friends.

Bien tout a vous,
Pere La Joie.

From the letter there fell the postscript, a little unmounted photograph of Madeline, taken in the orchard of her father, a sunbonnet dangling by its strings from her hand, her face pensive and sweet as the apple-tree in snow. "Pour toimeme," she had written underneath.

Then to Pierre, the big-souled hunter, came in the distant North Land, the great moment of loneliness, for he realized that his sacrifice had been in vain and that Madeline had not been made happy.

CHAPTER II.

"You do not know the new trapper in the Gulch?" Jacques asked, some evenings later, when he had stopped to smoke a pipe with Pierre at his cabin.

"Non, I thought mebbe he be your friend," he continued. "He ask so many question what like you look, how you talk, until I say b' gosh you ask more question than a woman—oui," concluding his speech with an emphatic

movement of his head as of one who has sounded all the vagaries of the opposite sex.

"And then?"
"And then he say he come out to see you."

"And he will come?" Pierre asked, glad to meet a friend of Jacques.

"If M'sieu' Pierre does not mind so plenty, he say, 'and he bow so low and look so solemn that I laugh.'"

But the visit of which Jacques had spoken was delayed for there followed a week of storm, of snow-flakes swirled into deep windrows until scarcely the tree tops looked forth upon the wastes of snow and the only access to the still world of whiteness was through the shuttered window, by which Pierre was glad to escape from his entombment.

"It is the trapper in the valley who will suffer most," Jacques remarked, relieved to find Pierre once more in communication with the outer world.

"And you think he will not be safe?" Pierre asked.

"He will most likely starve unless he have plenty to eat in the cabin. There is much snow in the Gulch and the cabin almost buried at any time is now under one beeg mountain of snow. He is new to the woods."

The danger of the new trapper of Devil's Gulch being thus a certainty, Pierre and Jacques set forth to relieve the interned man as speedily as possible. Secure in his woodsman's sense of locality Jacques succeeded in locating the cabin and the work of relief began without delay.

Little by little the Snow King gave ground and when the roof had been cleared and the outline of the cabin was disclosed they burrowed, with the diligence of beavers, for the entrance.

Their efforts were at last rewarded. The door swung open, admitting the light from above into the semi-darkness of the room.

From the bed of skins in the corner a very weak voice spoke.

"La Diable!" Ha! I thought he would come, but—M'sieu' Diable, I haf had so little to eat last week, so very little, I shall be a light burden to you. Ha! Ha! Do you not thank me?"

"Mon Dieu!" exclaimed Pierre advancing into the room. "It is Prosper—Prosper, my half-brother," gasping with astonishment.

"The new trapper thy brother?" Jacques said with incredulity.

But Jacques as he looked upon the face of the entombed trapper perceived that it was thin to emaciation and that the eyes were staring from their sockets with a weird, ghost-like stare.

The voice of Prosper was so weak that the words were hardly recognizable as his gaze rested upon Pierre.

"Ha! who is this? Le Diable himself—the image of Pierre—fool that he was."

His eyes roamed unseeing the walls of the room until fastening his gaze upon Jacques, he went on:

"I fool them all, the old priest, Madeline, only Pierre, he knew, he knew—an' he never tell. They were the simple folk, the infants-in-arms, I call them. I grow tired of them and I leave them all. Then I go to visit Pierre and send him back to the old priest, who say he will

Continued on page 20



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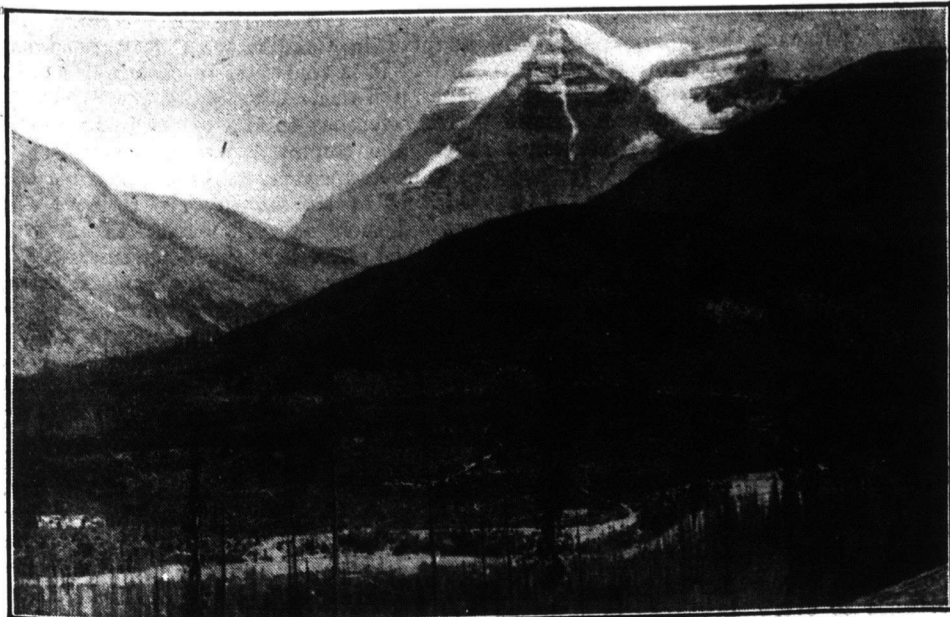
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MUNICIPAL BONDS

These are worrying times for those municipalities in the West which are in need of money. During the war period expenditures on public works and undertakings were cut down to a minimum figure, and as a result many municipalities are far behind in their programme for local improvements. When the war ended municipal officials began to take stock and mapped out the work which needed immediate attention—and there was a great deal of it. But it is one thing to plan how to spend money and quite another thing to get the necessary funds with which to carry out those plans. During the past few months many municipalities have tried to sell bond issues. In a number of instances, despite the fact that these bond issues were widely advertised, no offers were received from bond dealers. There was no market for these bonds, and as a result bonds which were sold went at a low price to the municipalities. Only a few days ago the provincial government of Ontario sold a \$3,000,000 issue of 6 per cent bonds for \$2,949,510. This means that although Ontario has to pay 6 per cent interest on the full \$3,000,000, and also has to pay the full \$3,000,000 when the bonds mature, it only received \$2,949,510 for the bonds—a straight loss of \$50,490 on the face value of the bonds.

The city of Moncton, N.B., sold a small 6 per cent bond issue at a price fixed on a basis of \$94 for each \$100 bond, which means that instead of paying 6 per cent the city will really pay 6¼ per cent interest on the money received. A large western city recently sold \$100,000 of its bonds bearing interest at 6½ per cent to an eastern bond firm for \$92,610—at which price the actual interest rate payable by the city will be 7.21 per cent. These facts indicate the state of the bond market and municipal officials know now, if they did not know before, how true it is to state that the best way to find out the value of money is to try to borrow some.

In a recent report to the Saskatoon City Council, Commissioner Yorath dealt with the financial situation in so far as it affects municipal borrowings as follows: "It was ascertained by your commissioner when in the East, from a very reliable source, that the default of . . . municipalities in the province of Saskatchewan in the payment of interest has adversely affected all Saskatchewan municipal securities, and that some of the big financial and investment corporations have struck these securities from their list. It will be realized that this situation will adversely affect the price of all municipal debentures throughout the province. The matter is of such importance that some combined action should be taken by the municipalities in an endeavor to persuade the provincial government to take steps to remove the uncertainty which has arisen in financial circles regarding Saskatchewan municipal securities, arising from the default of a few municipalities."

Although some western municipalities have failed to pay the interest on their debentures when it fell due, these defaults are not entirely to blame for the high interest rates demanded by purchasers of municipal bonds. High interest rates prevail all over the world. The British Government has been selling securities to the British people bearing interest at 6½ per cent, so our western municipal bonds compare favorably with those of Great Britain when it is remembered that this is a new country and just in its infancy.

However, Commissioner Yorath touched upon a matter which is of great importance to every taxpayer in Western Canada. Here and there a municipality has been unable to pay its debts

as they fell due. There were many reasons for these defaults. Our western settlements were in many instances just crazy to grow. They wanted to be big cities before they were even decent sized villages. They constructed cement sidewalks, lighting systems, sewer and water systems sufficient to satisfy cities many times greater than they were. One western city provided these facilities for practically every part of the 8,000 acres included in the city limits, and that city to-day has a population of approximately 6,000. No wonder these municipalities were financially embarrassed—they built too far ahead.

It has been a very stern lesson for the West, and if western municipalities profit by their experiences and the experiences of others all will be well. Public monies must be expended just as carefully and with just as much consideration as the monies of an individual. Reckless expenditure of public money should be a thing of the past.

"What's the matter with Kansas?" The easiest thing to do in this world is to criticize. Everybody's doing it, mainly because it is easy to do and incidentally because it is considered to be one of the privileges which belong to a free country. We criticize our governments, our members of parliament, our public servants and our institutions. As a rule, some little thing which affects us personally sets us off on a criticizing campaign. Perhaps this is why we sometimes feel a little indignant about the Canadian banking system. Those of us who have stepped jauntily into the bank manager's office and suggested that we had some business for him, and further that the said business was in the nature of allowing the bank to loan us some money can well remember how indignant we felt when the bank manager refused to talk business to us and allowed us to depart with an empty heart and several pockets in much the same state.

The Canadian banking system is recognized as one of the finest systems of its kind in the world. The financial strength and solidity of our chartered banks is proof of the worth of the system. The system is all right, but the administration is at fault sometimes. This is not surprising, because the administration depends upon the decisions of human beings—and human beings are not perfect, they sometimes make mistakes. The man who never made a mistake never made anything worth while.

Not so very long ago an ex-governor of the State of Kansas, who is now a farmer in Alberta, stated that the rapid development of Western Canada necessitated a radical change in the Canadian banking system. He is stated to have suggested that the system of small banks in use in the United States might be adopted in Canada with very good results. It is therefore instructive to read what a Kansas City paper recently said with reference to the banks in its locality. The comment was as follows:

"The taxpayers, voters and bank depositors of Kansas deserve to have answered their query, 'What's the matter with the state banking department?'"

"They have seen four bankers make away with more than half a million dollars of their depositors' money within the last year. The people of Kansas are entitled to an explanation concerning the kind of supervision that is exercised over state banks.

"Not only have the bankers departed with large sums of their patrons' money, but in one instance, that of the Hanover State Bank, the state banking department for four days after the disappearance of August Jaedicke, jr., the cashier, assured the people that Jaedicke had closed his bank merely because of worry over a stringent money market. Several

days after Jaedicke disappeared, announcement was made by Walter Wilson, bank commissioner, that \$100,000 also was missing.

"Those things, critics say, have been matters of negligence if it is fair to blame the state banking department.

"Others, however, are asking why the banking department, apparently aware of irregularities in the Salina State Bank, let things go along there until a new bank had been organized in Salina. They ask if there is any connection in the fact that persons in the banking department and other state officials were the organizers of the new bank, and they ask if the incorporators of the new Salina bank profited by the fact that the Broeker Bank was not closed until the new bank was ready to receive deposits.

"These inquisitive persons ask why it has required the watchfulness and objections of R. J. Hopkins, attorney-general, to block the issues of a charter to a bank holding company to deal in stocks of Kansas banks and they ask the significance in the fact that persons in the state banking department were stockholders in that corporation until the attorney-general started a fire under the organization and shares of those interests quickly were transformed to others."

Canadian banks are not perfect, bank officials readily admit this, and just as readily they try to improve the methods of the banks whenever faulty administration is revealed. Improvements are being made every day and the watchword of every chartered bank in the country is "service." After reading the comment reproduced above we are inclined to believe that Canadians will prefer the Canadian banking system to the system referred to by the Kansas newspaper.

A Heartfelt Tribute

The famous editor of the New York Sun, Charles A. Dana, used to enjoy telling the story of a man who asked his friend:

"Have you ever heard of a machine that can tell when a man is lying?"

"I surely have," said the friend.

"Have you ever seen one?" asked the first man.

"Seen one?" said the friend. "I married one!"

The County and The Countess

Similarity in the sound of certain words often leads to confusion. The Weekly Telegraph tells of an interesting case of that kind. At a party the other evening a young man was introduced to a lady whom he understood to be the daughter of the Countess of Ayr. By and by he ventured to ask after her mother, the countess.

"My father, you mean," said the lady. "No," said the bewildered youth. "I was asking after your mother, the Countess of Ayr."

"Yes, was the reply, "but that's my father."

Whereupon the young man rushed off and told his hostess that the young lady must be quite mad as she told him the Countess of Ayr was her father.

"So he is," answered the hostess. "Let me introduce you to him. He is Mr. Smith, the county surveyor."

A very small girl stood on the top step, and a very large dog stood below and barked up at her. She was desperately afraid of dogs, yet retreat was impossible, for the woman who lived on the first floor was not at home to open the door behind her, and the big dog sat exactly in the middle of the path.

Suddenly the dog started up the steps, but with a flourish of her umbrella the little girl made him retreat to his former position. It would never have occurred to her to strike the animal, and so there she stood, a little trembling figure, facing the loudly barking dog.

"Please go away!" she cried, her lips quivering. "Please, please go away!"

"Bowwow, wow-wow-wow!" was the threatening response to her entreaty.

Tears began to fall from the little maid's eyes, and the big drops slowly rolled down the front of her reefer.

"O dog, dear, dear dog, won't you please go away?" she sobbed. "O please, please do!"

Her sentinel showed signs of uneasiness and began to jump about and rush toward her, barking furiously. The little girl held him off with her umbrella. Her heart beat wildly.

"O God," she prayed aloud, very earnestly and reverently. "O God, please send the dog away! Forever and ever, amen."

A moment later a woman somewhere up the street called shrilly, "Here, Pete! Here, Pete!" And the dog with two loud barks and a last backward look at the child, started on the run in the direction of the voice.

The little girl took a long, deep breath. Her prayer had been answered.

"O God," she prayed, with closed eyes and bowed head, "thank you, ever so much! Amen." Then, with hastened step and a devout heart, she started for home.

MR. ROBIN RED VEST

Once upon a time long, long ago. Mother Nature called a meeting of all the birds to talk over a lot of things. One thing was this—Where should the birds go, and what kind of colors should they wear. For they were getting all mixed up. Parrots were going to cold countries and getting their beaks frozen, and snowbirds were going to hot countries and getting fever, and so they came to talk it all over. And nearly all the birds at this meeting were very much dressed up. They had all sorts of beautiful coats, all but one, and that was our old friend Robin, and he had just a brown coat without a speck of color and he felt very dull and unhappy when he looked around and saw all the beautiful birds. They nearly all spoke before he did, and said that they wanted to go to this place and that place, and they wanted this color and that color, until, when it came Robin's turn to speak there seemed no place left to go to, and no colors left to choose. However, he stepped bravely out, and when Mother Nature heard his cheerful little voice she looked at him and smiled, and began to think and think. And she said to him "Well, Robin, where would you like to go?" and Robin said, somewhere where there is a long winter, and people are tired of snow and ice and cold, and where they will smile when they hear me in the spring-time."

"Ah, I know where I'll send you," said Mother Nature wisely, "But you are so dull looking, when you sit on a dead tree no one will be able to see you, what can we do for you?" "Well," said Miss Canary, nodding her head, he can't have a yellow coat for everyone knows that canaries are yellow and he's much too big and clumsy for a canary." Poor Robin looked very sad at that, and sadder still when the cheeky blue jay laughed at him, and said he couldn't have a blue coat, and when the golden oriole said he couldn't have a golden coat, and the parrot said he couldn't have green and red, and the pigeons said he couldn't have gray and white, and the pheasant said he couldn't have any of his beautiful colors, and the peacock turned up his wonderful tail and walked away. And there stood the sad, fat brown robin, looking all round him for some one to say one kind word or offer one little bit of color for his dull coat. And as Mother Nature looked at him she thought of how many boys and girls would love him when he whistled to them as they came from school, or sang his cheerful little song to them as they played in the garden, and so she said "Never mind all these proud birds, little Robin, you don't need a gay coat, you keep your brown one, and we'll give you a bright red vest."

And Robin looked at the yellow canary, and blue jay and the golden oriole, and the gorgeous parrot and the gray pigeon, and the gay pheasant and peacock, and shook his little brown head, and winked his little bright eye, and opened his little brown bill and sang and sang, and then he looked down at the red vest Mother Nature had given him, and he swelled out his chest so proudly and flew off to find a home where boys and girls would love him. And do you know where he came? I do. Let me whisper in your ear. Right here, outside your house. Shall we go now and see if we can find him?

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ESTABLISHED in 1817 with modest capital, the Bank of Montreal for over a hundred years has followed a conservative, aggressive policy, until today it has assets in excess of FIVE HUNDRED MILLION DOLLARS

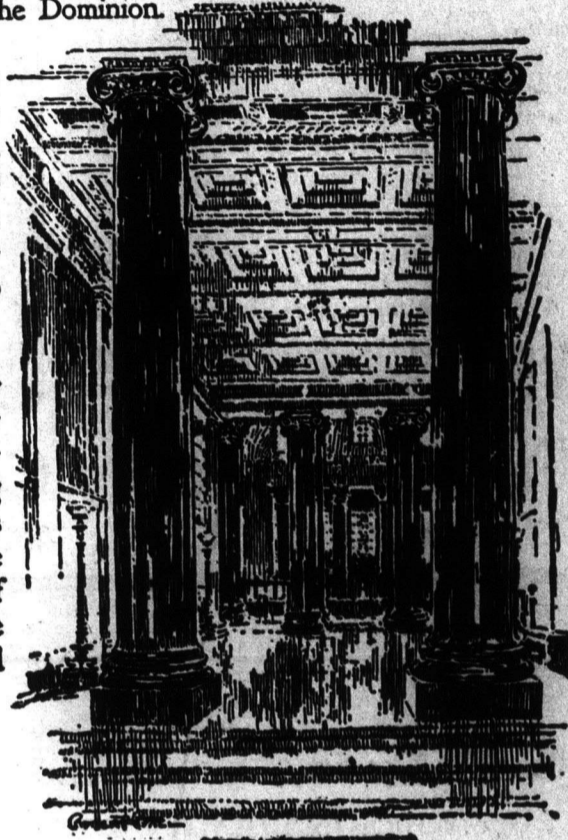
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Owned and operated by the Dominion Produce Co., Ltd.
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Pierre of the North Woods

Continued from page 17

never forgive me if anything happen to his Pierre and to Madeline, but non, non, I look in at the window, and then I cannot go—I turn away in the snow to de woods."

Wolfish hunger burned in the eyes of Prosper. In moments of consciousness he begged weakly for food, then lapsing into delirium talked wildly of Pierre, the priest and Madeline.

Since, however, the cabin was without food, both Jacques and Pierre realized that if Prosper's life was to be saved no time must be lost and improvising a stretcher of poles, covered with bear skins, crawling, sinking, stumbling under the weight of Prosper, they brought him over the ridge and down the trail to Pierre's cabin on the knoll.

Here, such aid as a trapper's cabin could afford was administered to Prosper, but to the eyes of both watchers it was apparent, after a brief time, that Prosper was not rallying, so far undermined was his strength by exposure and starvation.

On the afternoon of the second day, Jacques, bending over him observed that the delirium had passed and that he was looking about him with the wonder eyes of the child.

"Where is this?" he asked, his voice rising scarcely above a whisper.

Then, "Mon Dieu, Pierre, that you?—

looking far into the shadows, sees emerge a familiar form.

"Ah, mon Pere—c'est—toi. Thou hast—forgiven—Prosper—" His hand now fumbled weakly at the silver cross about his neck.

A pine knot fell clattering to the ashes, sending forth its shaft of light to the couch where Pierre knelt by the side of his brother. Jacques, glancing at the form of Prosper, perceived that he had slipped away upon the long, lone trail.

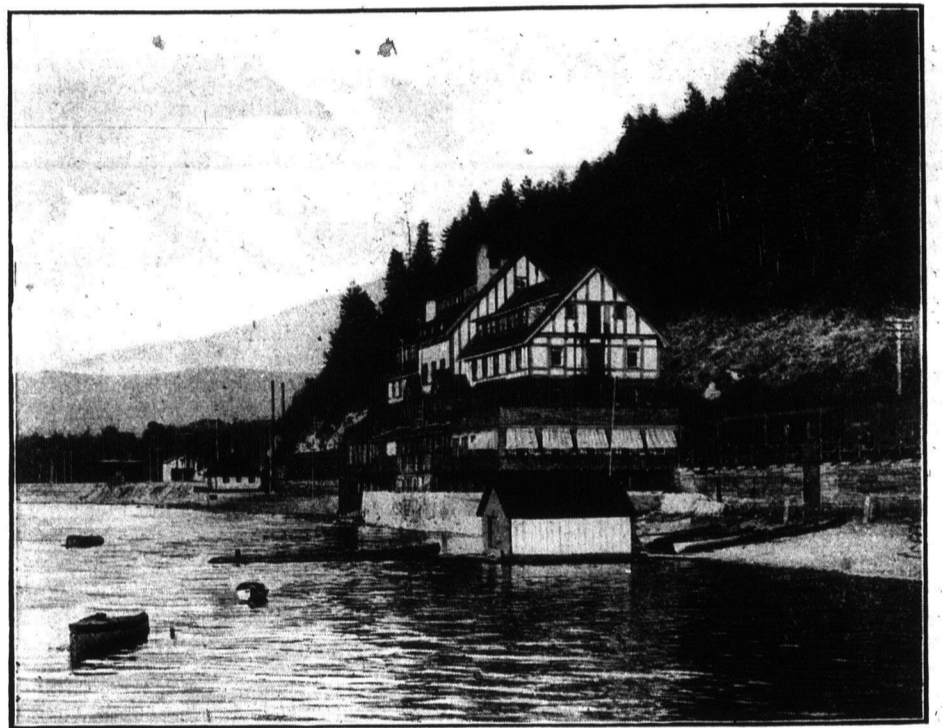
Thus did Prosper, in his death find peace, and Pierre, by the death of Prosper, happiness. And when winter had passed and spring, trailing her mantle of green, stole gypsy-like through the woodways, touching here and there the drooping fingers of the trees, until they flushed with buoyant life, Pierre, led by the impulse of his strong, young life, journeyed back to St. Anne Du Lac, and Madeline did not wait for him in vain.

ALSO MIRACULOUS

"Grocery butter is so unsatisfactory, dear," said Mrs. Youngbride. "I decided to-day that we would make our own."

"Oh, did you?" said her husband, as reported by the Boston Transcript.

"Yes; I bought a churn and ordered buttermilk to be left here regularly. Won't it be nice to have really fresh butter?"



Sicamous Hotel, Sicamous, B.C.

mais oui, Pierre! I have been dreaming," making an effort to rise.

For a moment the intervening years seemed to slip back and once again, as in boyhood, Pierre was the protector of Prosper.

"It—it is—I, Prosper," he exclaimed, throwing his arms about the neck of the other.

"Non, non," Prosper cried, weakly repulsing him. "I am not worthy. I—Prosper—I was Le Diable."

There was the silence of a few minutes, then Prosper whispered: "It was I, Prosper, who stole the money and now Madeline, she know—I boast—"

His voice trailed off into weariness and was lost amid the gathering shadows like a little travelled path amidst the pines in the deep gloom of mountain valleys.

"I—I did—care for her—mon Pierre, but it was you—you that she love always."

The fire-place cast weird shadows throughout the room, strange, idly moving shapes, that stole across the room like the shadows which slipping from the mountain sides seek the valleys as day declines.

With his remaining strength Prosper sought to break the cord from which the silver cross at his neck hung. He looked meaningly at Pierre, who bending over him caught the words:

"The cross—Pierre—the cross of the priest—he send—to you—"

Suddenly his hand was outstretched in greeting, and he spoke as one, who

PROFESSIONAL IGNORANCE

A reporter on a Kansas City paper was among those on a relief train that had been rushed to the scene of a railway wreck in Missouri. The first victim that he saw was a man sitting in the road with his back to a fence. This unfortunate person had a black eye, his face was somewhat scratched, and his clothes were badly torn—but he was entirely calm.

"How many hurt?" asked the seeker after news, rushing up to the prostrate one.

"Haven't heard of anyone being hurt," said the battered person.

"What was the cause of the wreck?" "Wreck? Haven't heard of any wreck."

"You haven't heard of any wreck? Who are you, anyway?"

"Well, young man, I don't know that that's any of your business, but I am the claim agent of this road."

There are not many of us who love the sense of obligation. To call up past favours is to catalogue our debts. Each mercy is a claim upon our gratitude and our obedience, and imposes the duty of acknowledgment and returns. So we consign both the favours and obligations to oblivion. It is a cheap way of paying our debts and cancelling claims. So that there is a reason and a necessity for using the Psalmist's self-exhortation, and charging our souls not to forget all God's benefits.

The Top of the West

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Aubrey Fullerton

THOUGH the Canadian West is now a much talked of and often visited country, it has an unfamiliar top. On the longest journey across the prairies, and through the mountains, one sees, after all, only a part of the west, for there is a still larger country at the north—a top country with which only a few are yet acquainted. Manitoba we all know, but what is Mackenzie like?

A lesson on the map will serve as an introduction. Draw a line at latitude 55 from the Pacific Coast to Hudson Bay, and from there another line straight to the Arctic Ocean. You have thus marked off one-fourth of the land and water area of North America and the equal of one-half of Europe. North and west of those two boundaries is the largest block of almost empty land on the continent.

This is the top of the west. Once introduced, you will want to know it better.

All the top west, like all Gaul of long ago, is divided into three parts. There is the great Mackenzie River basin in the centre, and on one side of it are the so-called Barren Lands, and on the other, beyond the Rockies, are Yukon and Alaska. Leaving the latter out of account, however, the main block between the mountains and Hudson Bay is a rudely shaped rectangle, 1,700 miles from east to west and 1,000 miles from south to north. To its farthest bounds it is a land of wonders.

There are several ways of getting into this far-stretched top country, but the most convenient way is by the Mackenzie River, which, with a chain of lesser streams and connecting lakes, gives 3,000 miles of water-roads into the north, leading right to the Arctic coast. From this great river the region at the very top was named.

The big rectangle marked off between the Rockies and Hudson Bay includes the newly famed Peace River and Grande Prairie districts, which may now be reached by rail and in which hundreds of people have settled down to live. It is an easy matter now to visit this part of the north-land, and it is even possible to make tourist trips to the still farther north on steamboats that ply the Mackenzie to its mouth.

But there is another part of the top west that is much harder to get into and therefore a still more unfamiliar land. It is the country directly north of Saskatchewan and Manitoba, a seldom travelled wilderness of more than a half-million square miles, to which has been given the hard name of Barren Lands. Except for a network of rivers and lakes, this

straggling spruces, and beyond is the cold belt, where, generally speaking, trees cannot grow because the mean summer temperature is under 50.

It is not fair, however, to say that the Barren Lands are wholly treeless, for in some of the river valleys, where there is shelter from the cold and wind, substantial forest areas have been found well above the tree limit. There are belts of spruce and tamarack woods along the Thelon River, for instance, that may some day be of considerable use to Canada. Out on the flat open plains there are no trees, and in that sense, but in that only, the Barrens are rightly named.

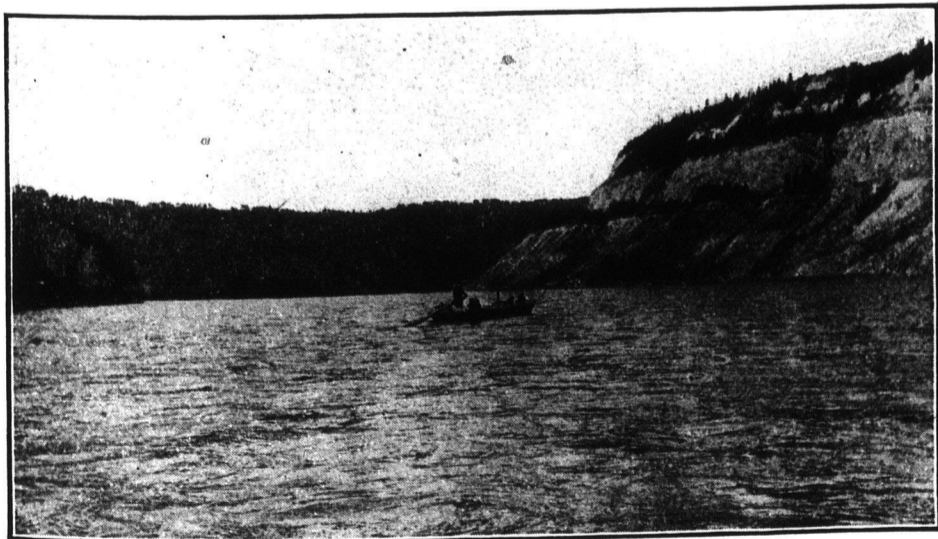
For even without trees the Arctic prairies are wonderfully verdant. There are bare places in them, to be sure, but in general they are spread over with a thick mat of grass, and throughout the summer the country so commonly thought of as a sombre desert, has a very riot of color. In every nook and corner are rambling beds of wild flowers; rocks and hill-slopes are covered with the scarlet and purple of many mosses and heathers, and berry bushes frequently stretch for miles.

This is the country where millions of deer live, as Vilhjalmur Stefansson has been telling the Dominion Government. They roam the grassy prairies in herds so great that it is no wonder they have been thought of as a possible help in some day solving the nation's food problem. As yet they are the chief meat supply for the Indians of the north and for the few white men who venture into their country each year. Along the very top edge, coming down into the Barrens for summer pasturage, are the musk-oxen, which make beef for the Eskimos.

Except in the coast country and along a few of the rivers, the Barren Lands region is without permanent human life. It is not at all impossible for human habitation, for the cold-weather extreme is considerably less than in some of the settled parts of interior Siberia; but the people of northernmost America prefer the waterfront. They live mostly in scattered camps on the coasts of Hudson Bay and the Arctic Ocean.

The lower part of the sub-Arctic block is mainly an Indians' country, and throughout its vast wilderness reaches the native reds remain more nearly in their original state than, perhaps, in any other part of Canada. Yet even here they have changed, because of long and intimate contact with the trading posts, through which they have learned something of the ways of the world.

The Indian population north of latitude 55 and between Hudson Bay and the Rockies is about 6,000, and the Eski-



On the Athabasca River, a part of the Mackenzie waterway system to the top.

wilderness area, stretching almost limitlessly northward, is an unbroken plain that matches the prairies of the south. In fact, it is sometimes spoken of as the Arctic prairies, though, properly speaking, these do not begin until the last tree line is reached.

A diagonal line beginning on the Hudson Bay coast at about latitude 59, and crossing country to a little short of the mouth of Mackenzie River, will mark the tree limit. Forest growth breaks off quite distinctly in a long frontier of

mos within the same bounds are probably not more than 2,000.

In the top-of-the-west country, better than anywhere else on the continent, one may see the ancient fur trade still going on. Even yet the northern trading post is the centre of all life and industry in the wilderness, and to it the Indians bring quantities of fur pelts to exchange for flour, sugar, blankets and the like. A reasonably industrious trapper earns from \$600 to \$1,000 a year from his catch, and the present demand for fine

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The agricultural area of Alberta consists of over eighty million acres of land, less than half of which has gone into private or corporation ownership. Fifteen million acres of surveyed land are open to entry.

Other Resources

ALBERTA has eighty-five per cent of the coal area of the Dominion of Canada. It produces lignite, bituminous and hard coal varieties. It has the largest natural gas fields on the continent. It has large supplies of timber for commercial and fuel use. The lakes of Northern and Central Alberta are heavily stocked with fish. Its clay supports active manufacturing of bricks, tile and pottery. The province is on the threshold of active development in oil production. It has large supplies of salt and tar sands. It has the most productive fur-bearing ground in the Dominion of Canada.

Institutions

THE PROVINCE OF ALBERTA has developed helpful Government services.

It has a complete system of education represented in elementary, secondary and college branches. It has technical schools and a system of practical schools in agriculture for country boys and girls. Its university takes care of over a thousand students, and its work covers faculties of arts and science, applied science, medicine, law and agriculture, and associated with it are a number of denominational colleges.

The Province has a good municipal organization. It has a Government Rural Telephone Service reaching to the outer limits of the Province. It has advanced services in behalf of health, through which hospitals are provided in the country in the same way as public school services.

The farmer is financed through the operation of Municipal Co-operative Loan legislation, and a Live Stock Encouragement Act by which co-operative groups of farmers can secure money at low rates of interest. It has Government marketing services in poultry, eggs and butter, and gives assistance to trading in seed grains, potatoes and other products.

The market for all farm products is good, and the initial investment in land is moderate.

Write for Information

Hon. Duncan Marshall
Minister of Agriculture

James McCaig
Publicity Commissioner

EDMONTON, ALBERTA

furs, with consequent high prices, means prosperity for the northern natives, though they have also to pay more for the wares they take in exchange.

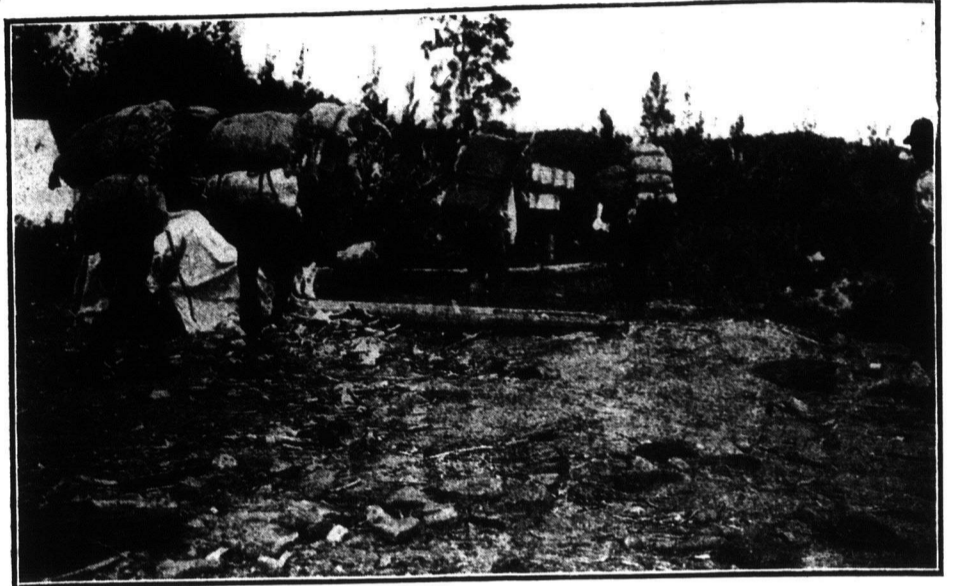
There are other resources than fur in this great top country, however. Nature never intended that a continent so rich in all its other parts should be waste and unprofitable at its top, and so to even sub-Arctic Canada it gave possibilities that have as yet been only partially realized. That the time will come when the resources of the north will be wanted is almost beyond doubt.

The mineral wealth of all the upper west, for instance, is greater than can be accurately put in figures. The gold fields of Yukon and Alaska, on the other side of the mountains, are matched with

The E.P. Ranch

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Charlotte Gordon

There is a strange magic in the lure of the prairies—the wild harmony of its infinite spaces—there is a charm in the Alberta foothills, there is a grandeur in the snow-capped Rockies beyond, and such is the setting for the ranch acquired by the Prince of Wales, the "Canadian Balmoral." This property, for many years owned by Mrs. Bedingfield and her son Frank, adjoins the famous Bar-U ranch, owned by Mr. George Lane, who entertained the Prince last September, and who negotiated the transaction by



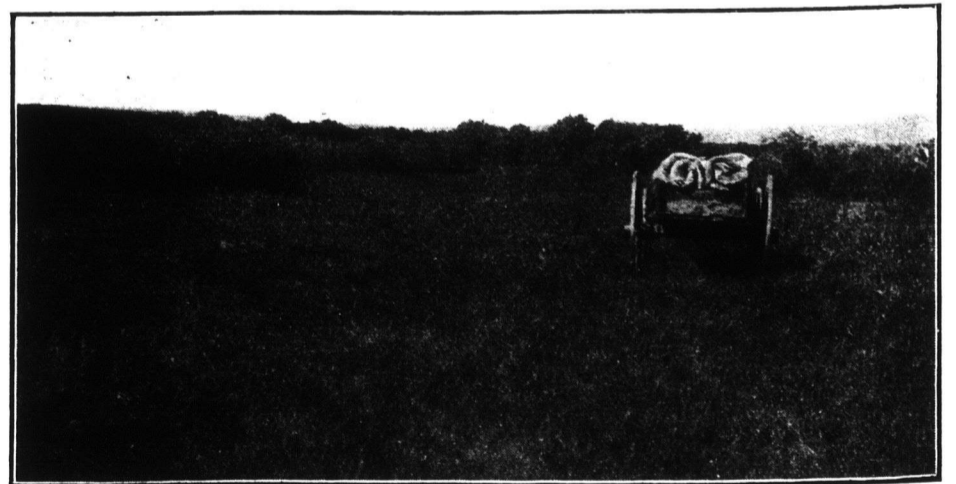
Carrying freight over a portage. One of the difficulties of travel in the far north.

copper and coal deposits in the Mackenzie country, while immense beds of silver are known to exist through the Barren Lands and in northern Manitoba. In the Athabasca district is one of the richest oil and gas belts in the world, and experimental drilling for oil is going on this summer away down the Mackenzie River. It has even been suggested that from some part of the top west will eventually be derived the main supply of fuel oil required for the British government, which is now searching the whole world for just such a supply.

In the way of agricultural possibilities, the northern regions of Western Canada are less promising. With the exception of the Peace River district, which is becoming famous as a mixed farming country, the top west does not offer a great deal, agriculturally speaking, but even so there are parts of it that

which the heir to the British throne became an Alberta farmer and rancher.

In the foothills of the Rockies, from Mexico to the Arctic circle, a more charming situation could not be found—to the west are the snow-capped mountains, to the north and south are the rolling-foothills and the gentle slope of the prairie to the east. Winding its way through the estate is the Highwood river, a crystal-clear mountain stream where are found those choicest fish, the cut-throat trout. In the west, in the higher foothills and Rocky Mountains proper, are found deer, bear and partridge, the big mountain grouse and other game. On the ranch the prairie chicken flourish. In every direction, from the ranch house, stretch inviting glades, carpeted in summer with luxuriant grass and brilliant flowers. After his visit to the Bar-U ranch, the Prince expressed



Hundreds of miles of grass-strewn prairie like this in the Top West (Peace River district).

will grow very excellent crops. In fact, the producing power of this farthest Canada is one of its surprises. Vegetable gardens are kept at all the posts on the Mackenzie River as far north as the Arctic circle, and barley and wheat are grown at Simpson, which is in latitude 61.52.

It is a land not only of magnificent distances and industrial opportunities but of natural beauty as well. Men who have travelled through the top west have learned to love it for its own sake, and their testimony invariably is that Canada at the top is a good country, well worth knowing.

The doers of the beautiful depend upon the doers of the serviceable.

the desire to spend twenty-four years instead of twenty-four hours there, and the lure of it all impelled him to leap from his bed, in the grey dawn of his first morning there, jump through the window, unknown to his attendants and walk five miles towards the rising sun and back again. His royal highness saw visions that morning, and the culmination of the impression that was made was the acquisition of the Bedingfield ranch.

To Mr. Lane more than to any other Canadian, was due his Royal Highness's decision to become a Canadian land owner. Mr. Lane took him away to the Bar-U ranch for a full day and night, as his guest, and not even the Prince's retinue or personal attendants, beyond

his body servant, were permitted to go. It was simply a family party with Mrs. Lane as hostess. The Prince, exhausted with a lengthy round of formalities, literally revelled in the experience—it was to him a delightful fairyland. The cowboys, many of whom had served overseas and had already met the Prince, were his chums. The round-up, the cutting out, the branding, the old trails, the clear skies, the vast distances, were all a clear delight. Is it any wonder the Prince was impressed?

The career of Mr. George Lane, as the neighbor of his Hoyal Highness, is of interest and is as romantic as that of any hero of wild west fiction. Now a millionaire, he was thirty-five years ago, working as foreman on the Bar-U ranch at \$40 a month. The Allens (of steamship fame) owned the ranch then, and Mr. Lane, a wizard with horses and cattle, combined with a shrewd business sense, made rapid progress. He bought large bunches of cattle which he sold to packers and became associated in the cattle export business, with Robert Ironsides, of Montreal. His first big holding of land was known as the Willow Creek ranch, and consisted of about 12,000 acres, considered one of the best ranch properties in Alberta. In 1902, he purchased the Bar-U ranch, in association with Gordon, Ironsides & Fares, of Montreal and Winnipeg.

Mr. Lane is a real producer, in that all his efforts are devoted to actual production. "No time for speculation—my hobby is production," is his comment. He has improved the class of horses and cattle produced in Alberta, and his Percherons have become internationally famous.

Mr. Lane now owns enough land to make a small kingdom. The holdings he owns, controls and operates aggregates over 100,000 acres, and of that great area, about 10,000 acres are annually in crop. Hundreds of men and horses and an impressive variety and quantity of machinery are included in this great enterprise. The original Percheron stock was imported, but has been improved until now he has a noble animal of 2,400 pounds. This horse is now being shipped back into the old country. There are usually about 700 Percherons on the ranches, but these constitute only one department of Mr. Lane's live stock activities. He has, on his range, 8,000 to 10,000 cattle and every year raises about 3,000 hogs. The lands include 14,000 acres at Namaka, Alberta; 4,000 acres at Bassano, Alberta; 1,600 acres at Champion, Alberta; 4,000 acres, the "Two-Dot Ranch," at Nanton, Alberta, the Bar-U ranch of 70,000 acres and the Willow Creek ranch of 22,000 acres.

The foreman of the Prince's ranch will be F. R. Pike, who has occupied a like position with Mr. Lane for some years.

Prof. W. L. Carlyle, Mr. Lane's expert on animal husbandry, is selecting the English live stock for the Prince's ranch.

In 1883, Mrs. Bedingfeld, on her first horseback journey through the foothills, in search of a western home, was captivated by the wonderful setting of what is now the "E.P." ranch and homesteaded the property, adding from time to time, until 1,600 acres was acquired. In addition to this, 20,000 acres of leased land passes into control of the royal purchaser. This lease was secured about 1905 and is technically known as "irrevocable"—that is, it may not be revoked for twenty-one years after issue, and at expiration of that term, one-tenth of the holdings may be acquired from the federal government by purchase, for the sum of one dollar per acre.

Mrs. Bedingfeld who retired from active ranching and farming operations after more than thirty years as an active manager of her properties, is considered one of the most competent agriculturists and live stock raisers in Alberta. She came to the province in the early eighties, and was the first white woman to settle in what is now the thriving town of High River. She worked for years with her son, Frank, in building up a bunch of well bred Clydesdale horses which, at the time of the Prince's purchase, numbered about 500. In addition to these splendid horses which have come to be regarded as an improvement on the original type, the Bedingfeld ranch carried several hundred high class range cattle. On acquiring the property, the Prince disposed of the Clydes and

cattle that went with the deal. He proposes to devote his live stock energies entirely to thoroughbreds, which will be built up for the English market, and has chosen thoroughbred horses, Shorthorn cattle and Shropshire sheep for shipment to his ranch.

How often the Prince will visit his ranch is uncertain. He did say he would come as often as he could and stay as long as he could.

The Trouble Seeker

There is always a cloud on his face, because he is consistently expecting that something unfavorable is going to happen. There is going to be a slump in business, or he is going to have a loss, or somebody is stealing from him or trying to undermine him; or he is worried about his health, or fears his children will be ill, or go wrong, or be killed.

In other words, although he has achieved quite a remarkable success, yet he has never really had a happy day in his life. All his life this man has been chasing rainbows—thinking if he could only get a little further on, a little higher up, if he could only achieve this or that, he would be happy, but he is just as far from it as when a boy.

This condition has all come from the

habit of unhappiness which he formed during his hard boyhood, and which he has never been unable to overcome. He has learned to look for trouble, to expect it, and he gets it. He has a beautiful home, a very charming wife, a most delightful family; but there is always the same cloud on his face, the same expression of anxiety, of unhappiness, of foreboding. He always looks as though he expected trouble.

A little properly-directed training in his boyhood would have changed his whole career, and he would have been a happy, joyous, harmonious man, instead of being discordant and unhappy. There is everything in starting right. What is put into the first of life is put into the whole of life.

When Nearly Dry

However you may explain it, it's a fact that my fountain pen pours out the ink most freely when it is most nearly empty. Perhaps it is because then the ink has the most air behind it. Perhaps there's no vacuum holding it back, sucking it up into itself. I state that reason with becoming modesty, not being a physicist, even in elementals. Correct me if you want to, wiseacres.

The superior fluency of my pen at such

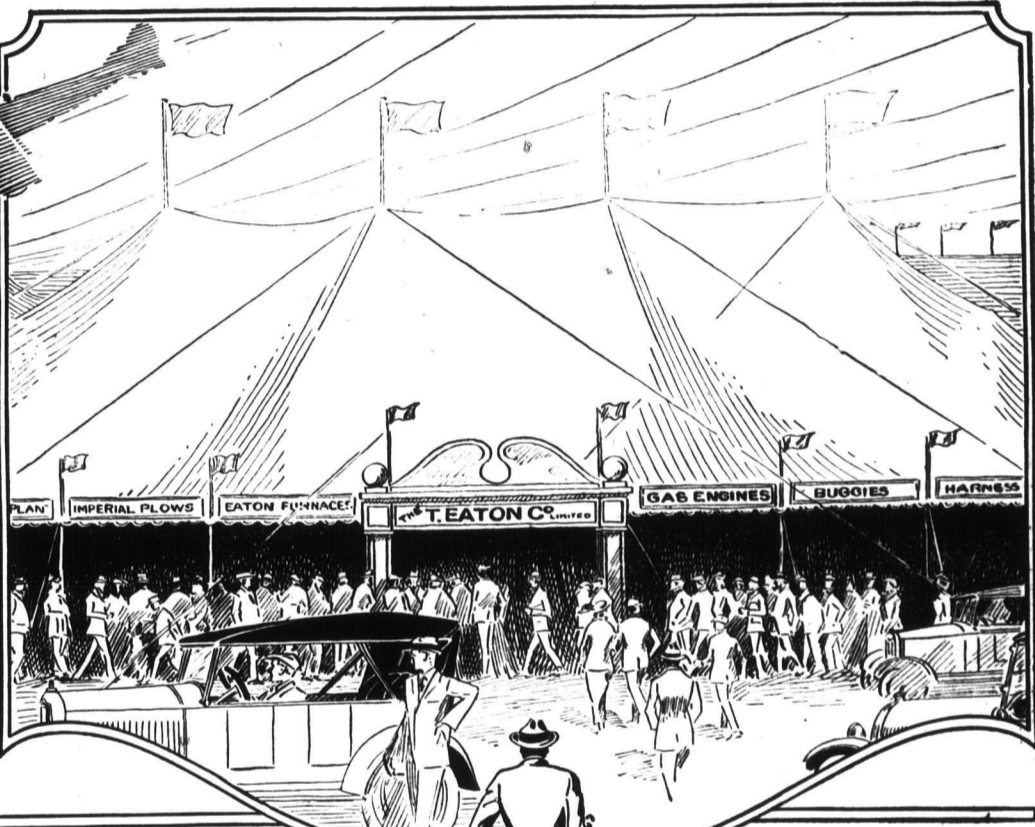
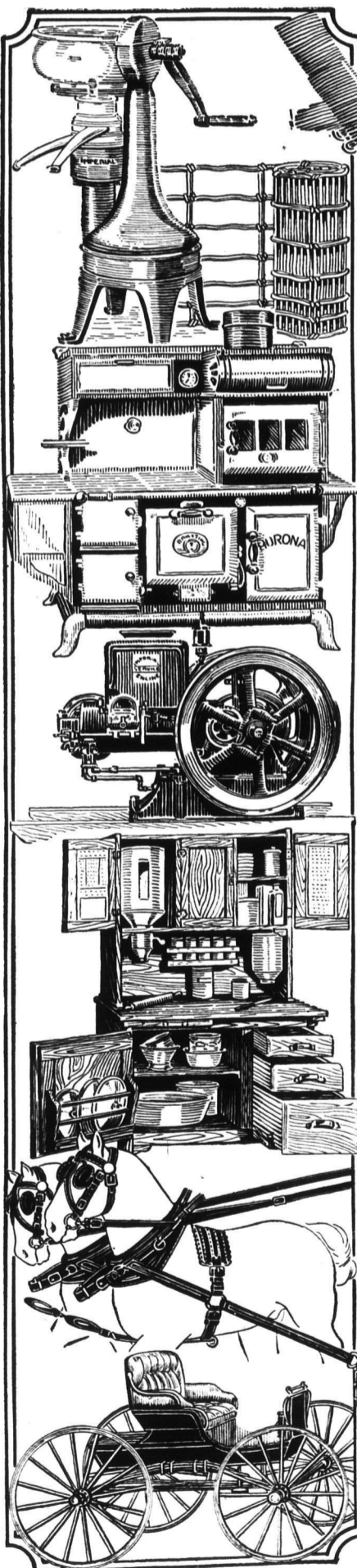
times is frequently annoying to me, because those times so frequently occur. It has cost me many a big blot, many a manuscript spoiled as to looks and occasionally as to thought. For, though one desires a certain fluency in a fountain pen, one does not want it to be too fluent; one does not want all its ink at once.

I am the last of men, however, to rebuke my fountain pen. For I do precisely the same thing.

When my head is nearest empty, that is, then my tongue runs the most freely.

The demons are in it; for you see I myself recognize the danger, and try, in my feeble way, to guard against it. I've got into too much trouble already from the tendency. I have no desire for another experience. And yet I am quite sure that the very next time I have thought least on the topic under discussion, and have observed least, and am least sure of my ground, and have, in short, the very least to add to the discussion, I shall plump in voluminously a big flow of confident sentences, and the first thing I know there will be a perfectly ridiculous blot on my reputation (if I have any) for common-sense and good judgment.

So I'll not scold my fountain pen for the trick; at least, not yet.



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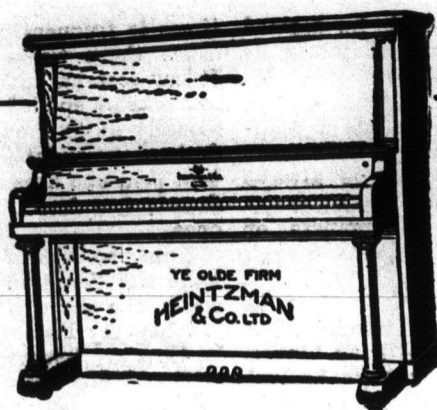
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Joe: A Study in Psychology

By A. L. M.

JOE was the bad boy of Bucktown. Everybody in Bucktown expected Joe to be bad, and he never wilfully disappointed them.

Why did they expect him to be bad? Because, forsooth, were not his stunted, little body and pale face the direct heritage of a paternal ancestry of booze and badness for several generations, and why should not his soul be also?

Even the patient Sunday school teacher who sometimes tried to corral him for a long, tortuous hour, while the bob-o-links were calling, and the old swimming-hole under the elm tree grew temptingly warm in the sunshine—even she expected him to be bad, and seldom failed to keep a vigilant eye for possible paper wads or bent pins.

But the Invalid Lady didn't. Not that she ever mentioned it. Oh, dear no! But Joedy knew. Perhaps it was her sweet smile; or maybe just the tender way her frail fingers played through his frowsy, yellow hair. Anyway, Joe knew. And the Girl, who always understood, didn't think him such a terribly bad boy. The Girl lived with the Invalid Lady in the big house on the hill.

By-and-by there came a sorrowful day. The big house was very quiet; all the shades were drawn low on the windows, and a horrid, black thing hung on the door. The dear Invalid Lady was not an invalid any longer.

A pale, freckle-faced, ragged boy stole up to the big house and asked wistfully: "Please, may I see her?" His mischievous, shifty, grey eyes were steady and sober, revealing unsuspected depths. The fragment of a cap, which usually perched perilously on one small corner of his head, was clutched in two surprisingly clean hands. His shoes, badly worn, and much too large, had also received some slight attention; and Joedy, himself, was as clean as poor Joedy knew how to be.

The Girl, who always understood, took him in. Joe was glad 'twas The Girl. All those other people didn't matter. Indeed, he was hardly conscious of their presence, and less conscious of his own incongruous little figure as he followed The Girl into the room. He walked with a strange dignity, so unlike the whistling swagger, hands thrust deep in trouser pockets, that belonged to the bad boy of Bucktown. Not once did he shuffle his feet, awkward in their unaccustomed dress, nor twirl his cap in those active, restless fingers. Silent and motionless, he stood beside The Girl, gazing on the beautiful form, so white and still. Then, with a long, tired sigh—which only The Girl heard—he straightened his drooping shoulders, passed softly out of the room, out of the house, and disappeared.

Some of the watchers smiled; some shook their heads. The Girl felt a lump come in her throat, and something smarted in her eyes.

It was Sunday, but the bad boy of Bucktown was not at Sunday School that day. The bunch at the old swimming-hole missed one of their pals. Nobody knew where the bad boy was, and nobody very much cared.

But The Girl—she understood.

Poor little Joe!

The horrors of a nerve-racking day—one of many such days on the battle-front—were over, but the pitifully small number of men who were not casualties had still to endure the night and carry on until relief came. The Canadians had had their baptism of fire and proven their mettle in the face of terrible odds. Now a little lull had come at nightfall which gave them a few minutes of respite. They were dazed and staggering with weariness, but dare not rest.

A lad—he was very young, but his face was worn and haggard—crouching in a dugout apart from the others, fumbled over the pages of a badly soiled letter. To be sure he had read them over many times; knew every word they contained; but still they seemed like food to his famished heart and gave him renewed strength and courage to endure the hell of battle, with all that it meant.

to the untrained, unprepared little army in those awful days of Germany's first mad onslaught.

But listen! What was that?

No, he was not mistaken. A wounded comrade lay somewhere on No Man's Land.

Quickly the lad thrust his precious letter into his tunic, paused to locate as nearly as possible the spot from which a faint cry had come, leaped over the parapet and started on his hazardous journey through the darkness.

Stealthily he crept along in the shadows; then darted swiftly from crater to crater in the open, dropping flat when a star shell sent its ghastly glare into the sheltering darkness. On and on he hastened, spurred and guided by that agonizing moan, which grew weaker as the minutes passed, until he reached the shell hole where a half-buried soldier lay, semi-conscious and sorely wounded.

A desultory firing continued all the time, but evidently the boy had not been observed and, so far, all was well. But the task still before him was stupendous. He had only his bare hands with which to remove the muddy earth and it required long and patient labor before he was able to remove the bruised and bleeding body. Then only for a moment he rested his aching back and limbs; every second of delay added to the danger. With a mud-encrusted sleeve he wiped the dripping perspiration from his face; then carefully grasped the limp, and now silent, soldier in his arms.

At best it would have been a heavy burden for so slight a lad; but over that shell-swept, shell-torn ground, and with strength well nigh exhausted, it seemed absolutely impossible.

He moved one slow step at a time, lifting, dragging, panting, gasping; crawling painfully over great mounds of earth; wading through mud that threatened to engulf them. Every minute seemed an eternity of agony. He felt his strength failing, but it was only a little farther. He dare not call lest he attract unwelcome attention, and all would be lost. Could he make it?

Just a few more paces.

Ah! Something stung him in the back and he stumbled.

"God have mercy! A little strength!" Only a few more paces.

His sight was growing dim, and his head light. It all seemed like a far-off dream.

"God—— help!"

With a superhuman effort he seized once more his heavy burden and staggered blindly forward.

At last, thank God! But he fell in an unconscious heap with his unconscious burden.

An hour passed. A comrade, bending over to wipe the red ooze from the pallid lips, saw them move and leaned closer to listen.

"Tell The Girl ——"

There was a long, tired sigh, and that was all.

But The Girl understood.

Little Joe was no longer the bad boy of Bucktown. He had joined the Invalid Lady, who wasn't an invalid any more.

Happy little Joe!

Not Ambitious for Father

A man who had at various times been a candidate for public office, has a small son six years of age.

This lad, who had been meditating upon the uncertainties of kingly existence, asked his mother:

"If the King should die, who would be king?"

"The Prince of Wales."

"If the Prince of Wales should die, who would be king?"

His mother endeavored to explain, but the boy, with a deep breath, said:

"Well, anyway, I hope father won't try for it."

Would you be safe, Christ must be your sanctuary; would you be holy, Christ must be your pattern; would you be happy, Christ must be your portion.

Music and the Home

PUBLIC SCHOOL CHILDREN JOIN IN BIG CHORUS EACH TUESDAY NOON.

School Orchestras Assist—The Community Shows Its Appreciation.

A music supervisor was recently asked by a newspaperman to briefly outline one of the most interesting and influential forms of musical activity in the public schools.

"Our experience both in day school and in night school" he replied "has been that community singing is more generally enjoyed in our poorer districts than in any other quarter of the city.

"In our city we have the backing of the Board of Trade, several associations and clubs, but it is through the agency of the Public Schools that the enthusiasm is worked up and the ground work laid.

"Our system has been to have the children from about eight to thirteen or fourteen years of age gather in the halls of every school building from 11.45 to 12.00 each Tuesday and sing three songs under the direction of the building music teacher. Wherever it is possible we use the school orchestra for accompaniment. The songs are chosen by the director of music and sung in the same order by every school. This uniformity means that thousands of children are singing the same songs at the same minute. This alone acts as a great incentive. Many of our townspeople, knowing of this custom, drop in at the nearest building to hear these children pour forth their voices in song.

"We make no effort to teach parts in this work, but we have yet to hear a 'sing' where all parts are not represented. The children naturally sing the parts to which they were assigned in their regular class room work. It is not uncommon to see an alto stand between a bass and a soprano and sing her part correctly. We believe this to be a fine bit of training for future singing when she takes her place in the great chorus of life.

"One evening each month the patrons are invited to accompany their children to their buildings and hear the families sing together the songs that the pupils have been singing during that month. Instrumentalists in the neighbourhood are invited to bring their instruments and assist the school orchestra in playing the accompaniment. Then at stated intervals the parents and children from all schools come together in the large central auditorium for mass sings. We usually have parts of the balcony reserved for special groups of children and many beautiful antiphonal effects are produced.

"The director of music in the public schools leads these mass sings. Many gratifying results have come from this work, some of which I wish to mention. First the high school begs for community sings and our 1800 pupils enter into them heartily. Second, clubs of the city seek our assistance and leadership. Nearly every large club in the city makes community singing a part of its regular program. Our Women's Club has repeatedly called upon us to lead community singing at their meetings. During the month of March, one of my assistants and myself have had no less than 18 special calls to lead community singing at banquets, clubs, conventions, patrons' meetings, etc. The Rotary Club, the Open Forum, Y. M. C. A. Press Association, Men's Brotherhood, and various organizations are singing as they never sang before. Many of these have permanently incorporated singing as a vital part of all their meetings."

THE OLD AND THE NEW.

From time immemorial we have been taught to believe that the achievements of the past were better than those of the present. As Jerome K. Jerome humourously puts it. "Even since Adam's forty-fifth birthday, we have been talking about the good old times."

We speak of the building of the pyramids with the greatest awe, and are sometimes inclined to forget, that speaking with all humility, we have a few things to our credit that would surprise even the builders of the pyramids. We are told of the wonders of the past and forget that frequently the accomplishments of the past have only received recognition by the present.

The art of singing has in a great measure suffered from this attitude, inasmuch as instead of bending our efforts towards solving the problems which have arisen by means of the science at our disposal—we have allowed valuable time to be wasted by hunting for "lost secrets" and delving in the dusty archives of the past, when we have means of investigation at hand which would have been considered miraculous even a comparatively short time ago.

We speak of "Bel Canto" with bated breath: picture it as something infinitely superior to "beautiful singing," and sadly reflect this mysterious and beautiful has been lost for ever. We have become so accustomed to accepting the "tag" on an article as a guarantee of its value that we spend little time in examining the article itself, and so it is with a new idea. How many new and valuable ideas have been lost because they had no "guarantee tag" attached to them! How many of us who glibly quote "a rose by any other name would smell as sweet" act as if we believed it, and do not allow our judgment to be based by a name? If two methods of singing were advertised, the one as "The Old Italian," the other as the "New Italian" which would receive the greatest support? How many would examine the two impartially and have the courage to reject the old in favor of the new even if they felt so inclined?

Let us by all means cling to the good of the past, but at the same time be receptive to the good of the present. The last word has not been spoken in any field of human endeavour, and probably never will be.

THE ORIGIN OF MUSIC AND THE FIRST MUSICAL INSTRUMENT.

(Compiled from Modern Music and Musicians.)

The origin of music is wreathed in the mists of antiquity. The first musical instrument that we know anything about seems to be the drum, and from this instrument developed the "Drum God" and drum worship. "Modern Music and Musicians," a compilation of writings from various sources and an encyclopedia on the history and art of music by a great many of our recent composers tells interestingly the story of music and its development. On the first musical instrument this work has this to say: "The savage who for the first time in our world's history knocked two pieces of wood together and took pleasure in the sound, had other aims than his own delight. He was patiently examining a mighty mystery: he was peering with his simple eyes into one of nature's greatest secrets—the rhythmic sound on which roots the whole art of music.

"The great seat of drum-worship was South America. Even at the present day it is to be found in full vitality in the interior of Brazil: but a hundred years ago it could be said that 'the drum was the only object of worship from the Orinoco to the Plata.' This is two-thirds of South America, and as it is more than probable that the great Southern region formerly designated as Patagonia should be added to, this would make the area of the cult nearly co-equal with that of the continent. The fetish, though it belongs to the genus 'drum' is strictly of the rattle species. The 'maraca,' as it is called, is a hollow gourd, with small stones or hard corn-seeds inside it, generally the former, which rattle when it is shaken. Without his drum the Lapland sorcerer was powerless: but

Continued on page 29

See this Round All-Wood Horn When you Visit the Exhibition



WHEN you set out to buy a phonograph, judge it by the Tone.

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The Young Man and His Problem

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

Physical Culture

I am continuing this month the discussion suggested by one of our correspondents and referred to in the June issue. The exercises that follow are suggested by Mr. H. R. Hadcock, a well-known Canadian exponent of physical culture. In the introductory remarks, the following paragraph occurs:

"If a man's brain is to do its best, it must be provided with blood that is free from waste and full of oxygen. To get blood in this condition demands digestive apparatus that is able to digest, and organs that can eliminate waste, and a body and lungs that have been thoroughly ventilated through a quickening of the circulation and the breathing of quantities of fresh air. No one can get this without exercise."

Selected Exercises: 1. **Breathing.** Stand with the weight on the right foot, left toe back, hands at the sides. Raise arms in front and inhale; lower hands and exhale. Do this ten to twenty times.

2. **Feet together, arms at the sides.** Raise arms over head from the sides and inhale; lower arms and exhale. Eight to fifteen times.

3. **Striking.** Fists extended straight forward in front. Draw fist back toward chest and bend knees, then strike outwards as far as possible and stiffen knees. Ten to twenty times.

4. **Feet apart as far as possible.** Strike fists obliquely across chest one at a time. Ten to twenty times.

5. **Exercise for kidneys.** Hands on hips, bend body forward and back, keeping the knees stiff. Ten to twenty times.

6. **Arms extended horizontally in front, feet together.** Turn body from side to side as far as possible. Ten to twenty times.

7. **Exercises for the liver.** Feet apart as far as possible. Keeping the knees stiff, raise arms alternately over the head one at a time. Ten to fifteen times.

8. **Exercises for the stomach.** Hands on hips. Raise legs to vertical position and lower again to floor. Four to twelve times.

Drink plenty of water in between meals, and don't forget that the potato patch provides alternative exercises.

Great Laws of Sport

Mr. George R. Eastman, in Spaulding's Athletic Library, lists the following great laws of sport, which, I am sure, will appeal to all those who understand the true spirit of games.

1. Sport for sport's sake.
2. Play the game within the rules.
3. Don't try to star at the expense of team work.
4. Be courteous and friendly in your game.
5. A sportsman must have courage.
6. The umpire shall decide the play.
7. Honor for the victors, but no derision for the vanquished.
8. The true sportsman is a good loser in his game.
9. The sportsman may have pride in his success, but not conceit.
10. Keep yourself in the best mental and physical condition.

Reliability

Herbert G. Stockwell relates that a manufacturer who has risen rapidly into a position of national importance was once asked, "How did you acquire a knowledge of the business so quickly?" His answer was short and to the point, "I didn't study the business, I studied the president." This answer, intended to be partly humorous, contained a germ of serious instruction.

Knowledge of the business itself must be carefully acquired by anyone who would advance, but that is not all. To the men at the head of the business we should go to learn of basic business qualities. As we study them, we can scarcely fail to observe that of the many priceless possessions of our great business men, none is regarded more highly than the unpurchasable reputation of reliability.

Character

Hardly a week passes in which I do not receive one or more inquiries relating to ex-students. These inquiries come from the employment heads of great business firms and bonding and fidelity insurance companies. They begin by stating that Mr. So-and-so is an applicant for a position as.....and one naturally then expects to meet a series of inquiries concerning the ability and educational qualifications of the applicant. On the contrary, questions relating to the education of the applicant are kept in the background, and the questions that are stressed are somewhat as follows:

What do you know of the applicant's antecedents? Is he addicted to gambling, intemperance or other bad habits?

Has he at any time been suspected of dishonesty or fraud?

Do you consider him a fit and proper person for this company to employ?

Do you know anything of his associates?

Is he a person whom you would yourself employ?

What is your opinion of his character?

From all of this, one may judge that the qualities most prized in the business and industrial world are character, and those akin to it.

The Power of Will

In Printer's Ink, a salesman takes his readers into his confidence and tells them of ten habits of thought and action that he has practised and to which he ascribes much of his success.

They have, however, a general application, and need not be confined to those who are salesmen.

1. I can be polite.
2. I can be busy.
3. I can be patient.
4. I can be studious.
5. I can be sincere.
6. I can be honest.
7. I can be confident.
8. I can be loyal.
9. I can be enthusiastic.
10. I can be happy.

The Function of Literature

Great books do not spring from something accidental in the great men who wrote them. They are the effluence of their very core, the expression of the life itself of the authors. And literature cannot be said to have served its true purpose until it has been translated into the actual life of him who reads. It does not succeed until it becomes the vehicle of the vital. Progress is the gradual result of the never-ending battle between human reason and human instinct, in which the former slowly but surely wins. The most powerful engine in this battle is literature.—Arnold Bennett.

Making an Office

Offices result from organization, and in a very simple illustration, Frank C. McClelland portrays the development of organization. If a farmer trades a calf for some potato seed, grows 200 bushels of potatoes, hauls them to market, finds a buyer, and records the transaction in the back of the almanac, he has performed practically all the functions of a business organization. His office may be the kitchen; his appliances, the kitchen table, a chair, a pencil and the almanac; while he himself is the producer, the salesman, the bookkeeper, and the manager all in one. The office proper may therefore be called the home of the business, where the required clerical details are cared for and worked out.

Ten Maxims

1. Trifles make perfection, but perfection is no trifle.
2. The deepest rivers flow with the least sound.
3. Many promises lessen confidence.
4. Concentration is the secret of strength.
5. I know what pleasure is, for I have done good work.
6. Success does not consist in never making blunders, but in never making the same one a second time.
7. A wise man will make more opportunities than he finds.
8. No man can contradict his own deed.
9. Talk less and listen more.
10. A damaged reputation is hard to repair.

The Meaning of Capital

Two factors in production, land and capital, cover all things and forces used by workers as means to production. The significant industrial fact respecting land is that it provides workers with standing ground for work; the significant industrial fact concerning capital is that it provides workers with tools, and machines, and training with which to

work. We may then define capital as the product of past work designed to assist future production. This is sometimes expressed in another way. Capital, it is said, consists of wealth used to help us in producing more wealth. These two statements mean much the same thing, the chief difference between them being that one looks on industry from the point of view of work, and the other from the point of view of wealth.—H. C. Adams.

The Mental Attitude

Sixty years ago, in a book, *The Logic of Banking*, the author, Thomas Gilbert, emphasized the importance of a right mental attitude in connection with one's daily work. The section quoted, has particular reference to bankers, but it has, too, an application to anyone who is confronted with the necessity of working hard for six days in the week.

It is particularly necessary, he said, that a banker should pay regard to the state of his health, and to the discipline of his own mind, so as to guard against any morbid or gloomy apprehensions with regard to the future. He should attempt to form a cool and dispassionate judgment as to the result of passing events; endeavouring so to arrange his own affairs as to be prepared for whatever may occur, but taking care not to increase the present evil by predicting greater calamities. If he suffer a feeling of despondency to get the mastery of his mind, he will be less able to cope with the difficulties of his position.

Habits

On the question of habits that affect efficiency, Mr. J. S. Knox summarizes the important features as follows:

1. Habits are but ways of thinking and of acting which by reason of frequent repetition have become more or less automatic. We all possess both good and bad habits.
2. Personal habits are those by which we most often judge and are judged. Our success in dealing with people is largely dependent upon our social habits. Occupational habits reduce the expenditure of energy and multiply our output.
3. Concentration pays well.
4. Be confident.
5. Machinery is tangible; the mind is intangible, but both are subject to refining processes which may increase their value a thousandfold.
6. Habits that reduce efficiency: Alcohol and cigarettes.

Division of Time

How should a man occupy his time during the twenty-four hours at his disposal each day? A young man in a city occupation has suggested the following programme, with the statement that it is not intended to be inflexible and should be adapted to suit individual circumstances.

- A.M.—6:00 to 6:30—Morning toilet, including cold shower or plunge, if possible.
6:30 to 7:00—Read morning paper.
7:00 to 8:00—Walk to work. (If you live close to your work, take half an hour's walk).
8:00 to 12:00—Daily work.
12 to 1:00—Lunch hour. (Circumstances vary this hour).
P.M.—1:00 to 5:00—Daily work.
5:00 to 6:00—Take some form of physical exercise, out of doors if possible.
6:00 to 7:00—Dinner and social hour.
7:00 to 7:30—Read evening paper.
7:30 to 9:30—Study some subject pertaining to your work.
9:30 to 10:00—Read some good, inspiring, and helpful book or magazine.
10:00 P.M. to 6:00 A.M.—Refreshing sleep.

Lunch in Olden Days

Dr. Ellis Powell compares the lunches of earlier days with the lighter meals that men of affairs nowadays have found are best suited to good physical condition. Of a well known British financier, he says: "I saw him start with soup, followed by sole a la Colbert. While this was disappearing, a steak had been grilled, and that in turn was followed by jam roly-poly pudding and an omelette. After a return to the savouries in the shape of a Welsh rarebit, and after tossing off what was left of a pint and a half of stout, my old friend turned to me with a sigh. 'I don't know what's the matter with my stomach, nowadays,' said he. 'I have to pick and choose everything I eat, and even then I can't eat half enough to stay my hunger.'

Even at the risk of agonizing my business conferees, tortured by rations and worried by the dear food bogey, I cannot refrain from that reminiscence of a vanished epicureanism.

The Young Woman and Her Problem

By Pearl Richmond Hamilton

THROWN INTO THE RUBBISH

"Why do you waste so much time on that useless girl?" I am frequently asked.

Does not the best doctor spend his greatest effort on the life that is nearly gone? As long as a breath of life lasts he summons every atom of his skill to save that life. To him it is intensely important. Does one "waste" time on any life? Are we doing too much group work while the individual is reaching out for personal help when she is thrown into life's rubbish heap? We need both kinds of work—the group and the personal. Occasionally we feel the tendency of the present is to crowd out all but the professionally trained. And if the head only is trained—how is the heart of the suffering to be reached?

We cannot improve on Christ's method. We need trained workers but not the kind that leaves Christ out of the training. "Unto every one of us is given grace according to the measure of the gift of Christ. At a gathering of social service workers this spring, only those professionally trained were pronounced competent to help those in need.

To some who have given personal service for fourteen and fifteen years this hurt not a little. Is it plausible that a girl or woman who has taken a few months training under professionals can help people to better citizenship—as



The new Canadian.

constructively as a woman who has lived close to humanity's bruised and suffering for years?

There is a language deeper than words. And that is the very language humanity needs.

We must have paid workers. They are necessary. The work is so important that men and women who can devote their entire time to the work must be employed. We are thankful that so many of these social service workers regard their work so sincerely—that they count results in the light of better citizenship than salaries. We are to be congratulated on the splendid type of men and women we have among our trained and salaried social service workers. But let us not forget the need of volunteer personal workers who feel they have no right to live in a community unless they can be of service to that community.

Frequently has the volunteer been able to get very much nearer a girl or the heart of a home when it was learned that she was a friend and was not paid for the call.

Let us hope the volunteer may be allowed to continue her interest in the better citizenship work. Perhaps already this is recognized as during the past month a call for volunteer workers has been made.

In the meantime let every one of us see the gem of beauty in every human

being. It is there. The spirit of God working upon the human being conforms it to His image. The value of one man or woman, boy or girl, who can estimate? There is a story of a poor girl in California who picked up the cutting of a grape vine which had been thrown into the road as rubbish. She carried it all the way home and though it was wilted and worn and appeared good for nothing, she planted it in the tiny garden of her home. "It has a little life left," she said. "I will try to save it." So she cultivated and trained it, and took as much care of it as if it were the most promising shoot in the world.

After six years it bore 5,000 bunches of grapes, and each bunch weighed one pound.

"A bruised reed shall He not break."

THE LONELY GIRL

Beautiful letters come to me from girls in isolated places whose ambitions are noble. Many express their loneliness and ask how they can overcome it. Others say they are timid in company.

I have a letter from one of our readers before me that expresses the type of our real Canadian girl. Never before have I seen and met and corresponded with so many splendid girls as I have this past year.

The outlook for our future citizen is extremely hopeful.

As far as loneliness is concerned there are times when it is good for us. It gives us an opportunity for vision.

The trouble with our helpless dependent complaining girls is they have not been alone enough. Every minute of their time outside of working hours is filled with movies, dancing or empty prattle.

The men and women who have accomplished success have had periods of extreme loneliness. A girl has many hours of strange inexpressible longings when she does not know what to do. I remember those experiences in an isolated prairie house when I was so lonely I wanted to run away somewhere. Then I would play on the organ and a few years later the piano—for two or three hours. When I had finished I felt a new joy and forgot my loneliness. A girl at times longs to express her feelings, and music is such a responsive confidante. A good community service would be to create popularity for symphonic music for dancing and ban the "jazz" and ragtime, for "jazz" appeals to the senses while symphony appeals to the soul.

In some places they are banning the "jazz" for symphony.

We acknowledge men as our physical protectors, we must not forget we are, or should be, their moral protectors.

The strength of a girl's life is measured by her will, and the strength of her will is determined by the quality of the wish that prompts her to action.

The girl whose letter I mentioned says she keeps house for her father and brothers, that her greatest ambition is to be respected by her acquaintances and she loves music. Girls like this one are the hope of Canada. Dr. Soares of Chicago said at the National Conference on Character Education, that "the really educated person is the one who can respond, and who will respond efficiently to every social situation in which he finds himself."

We are learning to value more and more our community. Clubs for neighborhood welfare are increasing. Every one of us owes some kind of service to the community in which we live else we have no right to the privileges of that community.

The girl who wins a prize at the fair for the best calf, or poultry, or canned fruits and vegetables raises the standard of that community.

Let every girl be proud of her community and let her so live that the place will be proud of her.

Every girl wonders what she can do.

Continued on page 29

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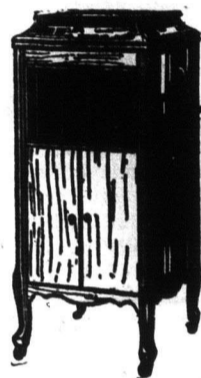
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Mosquitoes

As these words are written at an open window protected by a mosquito screen, it is pleasant to think that in the years to come science may devise a means of doing away with these sharp-billed winged enemies. There are mosquitoes of many kinds; fortunately the kind we have in this part of the world are not responsible for infecting human beings with malaria and yellow fever as in tropical regions. When the Prince of Wales on board the battleship *Renown* was recently passing through the Panama Canal on his way to Australia and New Zealand, the special correspondent of the *London Times* on board the *Renown* cabled to his paper: "The Americans have slain the mosquito, banished malaria and cast out yellow fever." So they did, and the achievement is greatly to their credit; but the scientific basis for that achievement was provided by Sir Ronald Ross in India in 1899. In a letter to the *London Times* a couple of weeks ago he writes: "It was not my fault that this great method was not utilized in all malarious parts of the British Empire from 1899 onwards, as, in fact, it was utilized by the French, on my advice, in Ismailia in 1902. I calculate that if this had been done, as I suggested at the time, as many lives would have been saved by now as we lost in consequence of the war." In the current number of *Science Progress* Sir Ronald Ross tells how his method was blocked by official inertia and indifference. Having failed to move any official in India, he went to London. "I determined to make a final appeal to the head of the India Office in London himself," he writes. "I spent an hour with him pleading my case, on behalf of the million people who are said to die of malaria every year in India alone, and of the millions more, mostly children, who suffer from it. He sat before me like an ox, answering and asking nothing. Of course, he did nothing." By way of contrast with that official's failure to realize the importance of Sir Ronald Ross's proposals, Sir William MacGregor, who was Governor of Lagos, in British West Africa, in 1901 (and afterwards Governor of Newfoundland), no sooner heard what Sir Ronald Ross had to say than he became an enthusiastic believer in his plans, and had them put into operation, with great success.

A Treaty About Birds

The extermination of wild bird life has been world-wide, and not by any means confined to this continent; but on this continent many species of animals and birds have been wholly exterminated. It is regrettable that of the wild life once so plentiful in our country and which was the wonder of the early explorers and travellers, who wrote (to quote one of them) of "the great plentie of divers foule and game," but a small remnant remains. Some species, it is true, have increased. But the buffalo, the passenger pigeon and other creatures have vanished. Of course, great flocks of passenger pigeons darkening the sky are hardly compatible with cultivated fields and the spread of agricultural development over the prairies. The story of the passenger pigeon is particularly striking. The naturalist Wilson made a calculation of a flock seen by him near Frankfort, Kentucky, about seventy years ago. He estimated the column to have been at least a mile wide, probably wider, travelling at the rate of a mile a minute for the observed four hours, with an average density of three birds to each square yard—a total of 2,230,000,000. An amazing figure. And yet the last passenger pigeon died in captivity a few years ago. The Labrador duck has likewise become extinct, and the once plentiful wood duck is rapidly disappearing. Under the operation of the International Migratory Birds Treaty recently made between this country and the United States a new system of Federal control is being inaugurated for the protection of bird life, more particularly from spring shooting. Hitherto every Province in this country and every State in the country to the south have regarded themselves as possessing sovereign authority over the game temporarily or permanently within their borders. As a result the decrease of migratory game is so great as to be a matter of general knowledge. It is to be hoped that an enlightened public opinion in both countries will back up the enforcement of the International Migratory Birds Treaty.

Agriculture in Canada

A total amounting to \$7,379,299,000 is invested in agriculture in Canada. There were 53,049,640 acres in field crops last year; and the total value of Canada's agricultural products last year was \$1,975,841,000. These figures are quoted from a speech made in the House at Ottawa by Hon. Dr. S. F. Tolmie, the Minister of Agriculture. The most interesting part of his speech was that in which he spoke of suggested systematic effort towards widening the markets across both the Atlantic

The Philosopher

and the Pacific for the products of Canadian agriculture. Dr. Tolmie outlined various plans by which the Dominion Department of Agriculture could more effectively encourage and aid the development of agricultural progress. In reply to a question put by his predecessor as Minister of Agriculture at Ottawa, Mr. T. A. Crerar, who urged greater co-operation between the Dominion and the Provincial Departments of Agriculture, Dr. Tolmie stated that some progress had already been made in this connection, as the result of a recent conference. Surely there should be many such conferences, with interchanges of ideas and a resultant co-operation within the widest limits possible. One of the statements by the Dominion Minister of Agriculture in that speech was that the loss to agriculture in Canada caused by parasites of all kinds and descriptions was \$125,000,000 a year. No doubt that figure is an estimate within the mark. It certainly furnishes an overwhelmingly unanswerable argument in support of the amplest and most efficiently-organized co-operation between all the Governments in Canada in order to work for the prevention of such an enormous loss. Everything possible should be done to combat destruction on such an immense scale.

Looking Forward

From Toronto there comes to the Philosopher's table a book of essays entitled "Idealism in National Character," a collection of essays and addresses by Sir Robert Falconer, president of the University of Toronto, who is one of the clearest-headed and far-seeing of Canada's intellectual leaders. Clear thinking and national leadership are needful to our country and valuable beyond computation by any measurement of material values. Sir Robert Falconer is no blind optimist; he warns us wisely against building upon Utopian dreams. "Only a portion of the world to-day lives in the ideal," he writes, "and it will probably be so always." But his counsel is inspiring and full of hope and confidence. He is none the less an idealist because he sees things as they actually are. One of the addresses included in this book was delivered in the spring of 1916, in one of the darkest periods of the war. In that address he said: "In the future there may be fewer joltings of the social machine, because it will have been placed upon new bearings. The world will have won a new admiration for the heroic, for public service, for sacrifice. A new spirit of generosity will have been evoked; and enforced economy, at least in some countries, may usher in days of simplicity in which for a time homely virtues will thrive." These words were spoken four years ago. In a footnote beneath them in this book Sir Robert Falconer writes: "Unfortunately these expectations have not yet been realized." But Sir Robert Falconer insists on the wisdom of taking long views before and after, and not basing our judgment on unsatisfactory conditions of the present hour.

A Scientist Astray in a Bypass

A friend of the Philosopher's in McGill University, Montreal, sends an article written by Professor J. W. A. Hickson on the innocence of Sir Oliver Lodge, which deals convincingly with the incapacity of Sir Oliver, great physicist as he unquestionably is, to pose as an authority in psychological matters. Professor Hickson quotes from the confession of the famous Madame Blavatsky, who operated as a "spiritualistic medium" on several continents and was a consummate trickster, her declaration of how easy she found it to impose upon even the most learned and intellectual people. "At least nine out of ten people," she wrote, "are incapable of observing accurately and of remembering accurately. I have had the most conscientious persons, even sceptics who actually suspected me, sign as witnesses of manifestations and phenomena at my seances, when all the time I knew that what they were signing was not a true statement of what had taken place." Professor Hickson cites also the case of the celebrated Professor Cantor at the University of Halle, in Germany, when Professor Hickson was a student there. Professor Cantor was one of the greatest mathematicians of the nineteenth century. He became interested in the Shakespeare and Bacon controversy, and his deliverances on that subject led to the appointment by the Minister of Education of a commission to examine into his sanity. The commission decided that he was perfectly competent to lecture on mathematical subjects, but must refrain from discourses and writings on Shakespeare and Bacon, which had only the effect of bringing ridicule on the University.

Diversity of Laws in the Empire

The recent appointment of a Canadian, R. W. Lee, to be Professor of Roman Dutch Law at the University of Oxford, calls attention to the extraordinary diversity of laws throughout the British Empire. Roman Dutch Law, which is established in all the regions of the Empire that were formerly Dutch possessions, is uncodified, and being based on treatises framed in the sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth centuries is very difficult to interpret correctly. Mr. Lee, who has until recently been Dean of the Faculty of Law at McGill University, lived for three years in Ceylon, where Roman Dutch Law is the law of the land. It is largely the law of South Africa, just as the French law of the Napoleonic era is the law in Quebec. In India the law of the land is of five classes; there is the law made expressly for India by the British Parliament; there is English law which has come to be in force in India, though not actually made for India; there is the law made by persons or bodies having legislative authority in India; there is the Hindu law; and there is the Mohammedan law. Some of the difficulties of administration in India may be judged from the beliefs entertained by Hindus that the Hindu law is of divine origin, and the like claim entertained by Mohammedans in regard to the Mohammedan law. People who believe that they have laws of divine origin believe, of course, that those laws must not be changed by human authority. Endless are diversities throughout the British world; but there has never been in all history anything comparable to the maintenance of justice and order and the security of life and property and fundamental human rights under the British flag, wherever it floats on any continent or on any of the islands of the seven seas.

To Teach English to Aliens

The United States Senate has passed a bill which requires all residents in the United States between the ages of sixteen and twenty-one, not mentally or physically unfit, and all alien residents between the ages of sixteen and forty-five who cannot speak, read or write English, to attend school not less than two hundred hours a year. In this country the situation with which that law in the United States is designed to cope is one in regard to which the jurisdiction rests with the Provinces, not with the Dominion authority. Laws and regulations made at Ottawa, deal with the question of educational tests upon immigrants; but the responsibility for providing for and enforcing the adequate education of settlers of foreign birth and language, rests upon the legislatures and governments of the various Provinces—that is to say, it rests upon the men and women of the various Provinces, as an important part of their duty as Canadian citizens. The most effective way in which to Canadianize the newcomers to Canada from alien lands is to have them learn English. It is the most effective way of checking the dangerous activities of anarchistic agitators who too frequently find breeding grounds for their propaganda in minds that do not know the English language. At a time like the present, when national steadiness and thorough Canadianization are essential to the country's welfare and progress, a foremost duty of all Canadian governments is to do everything possible to have everybody in Canada know English. This is a duty,

The Age of Paper?

There was a stone age; and there was a bronze age. Some would regard civilization as being still in the iron age. Others would have it that humanity has in this stage of its progress attained a separate, distinct era under the shaping influence of coal. And much may be said in favor of calling this the electrical age. Something, too, is to be said for the idea of calling this the age of paper. True it is beyond possibility of question that paper means so much to us in so many ways that we find it hard to understand how the men of only a hundred years ago did up parcels and kindled fires, to say nothing of how they managed to get along without newspapers and magazines. With us, paper, under which term is included cardboard, of course, has become the common container, whether of goods or of information. Without paper the ancients managed somehow to carry on. Coming down to recent centuries, with but a small supply of paper made from waste rags, eked out with parchment made from sheepskin, men managed to make out. Indeed, there was no greater supply of paper until well after the product of the coal mines had brought mankind into the age of railways and factories. Recently the scarcity in the supply of the paper made from pulpwood, or newsprint as its trade name is, on which newspapers are printed, has brought forward urgently before public attention the problem of making good the wholesale destruction of the spruce forests which furnish the pulpwood, or of finding an economical process of making paper from some cheap and plentiful material so that pulpwood will not be needed in its production.

Music and the Home

Continued from page 25

with it, and by its aid alone, he could do all his wonders. The Laplanders used the drum to find out what sacrifice their gods desired: but the Brazilians, who believed that their devil dwelt in the maraca, offered sacrifice to the 'maraca' itself. The Laplanders believed that the drum put them in communication with the spirits, and had the power to predict the future. "Though Lapland and South America were the great seats of drum-worship, it was not confined to these countries by any means: for, stretching in an unbroken line along the entire extent of Northern Siberia to Bering Strait, passing over into the New World, trending right into Greenland, and descending in full force through the whole of North America, interrupted for a moment by the ancient civilization of Mexico and Yucatan, but taking up the running again at the Orinoco, and never stopping till it gets to the bottom of Patagonia, an unbroken series of traces of the same idea extends. So unmistakable is the family resemblance that constant repetition of the same phenomena through all the countries enumerated would seem to warrant the conclusion that at some period in the history of mankind, an organized system of religion prevailed in which the drum was worshipped as a god. Among North American Indians the prophetic art is attained by the agency of the drum."

The drum was also used for other purposes than worship. It was used to mark rhythm in dancing, and in the absence of any other instruments was put to most striking use as a means of human expression. The Eskimos use their drum "to express their passions;" the Managanjas to express their joy and grief.

The Young Woman and Her Problem

Continued from page 27

Has your neighbor children? Have you ever thought what it would mean to that poor tired mother if you would offer to take care of her children and house for one day and let her have a complete change? Perhaps she has not had a day to herself for years.

Our country settlements need nurses. What a blessing would result from one ambitious girl in every community who would train for nursing and go back to her home neighborhood prepared to serve her community.

There is now a propaganda throughout Canada emphasizing child welfare work. Dr. Thornton says the board of health in Manitoba has decreased mortality among children under two years 66 2/3 per cent through the work of thirty-one nurses. Was there ever as great a call for teachers? There, too, is a splendid opportunity. A young woman who works as clerk in a department of the government wrote me saying she considered going back to the teaching profession. I would say she is going ahead to the teaching profession. We need teachers more than clerks. Great opportunities are open now to girls in all branches of farm work. Stock raising is taking the lead. At the fairs in Western Canada girls and boys have won the admiration of veteran stock men for their splendid exhibition of farm animals. And they have reason to be proud of their prizes. Then for girls whose appreciation of their environment is marked because of their love for nature, new possibilities are opening for them. An organization of Natural History has recently been launched in Winnipeg. Plant life, bird life and butterfly life will be carefully studied and followed with great interest. Our butterfly naturalist, Mr. J. D. Duthie, who has specimens from many parts of the world, says Western Canada has a splendid variety of interesting specimens. A girl in California has now a very successful position through her knowledge of butterflies.

One Western Canadian girl occupies a position in forestry in a U.S. University because she studied the woods about her home.

There is a book published recently that gives Lord Grey's account of a day which he and Roosevelt spent together in the country listening to the song birds. Lord Grey says Roosevelt had a perfectly trained ear for birds.

Two of our ablest men were absorbed in the singing of birds.

Wherever you are, my girl, in the country, your surroundings are symphonic. There is a difference between happiness and pleasures. We cannot stop worrying over our troubles until we see ourselves as a part of a scheme bigger than our own desires. The poise and glow of personality that will make you happy and contented come from

within, and every girl in Western Canada may be surrounded by environment full of the joys of life if she turns her thoughts to the things that are real and does not chase the vanities of life that gratify only surface pleasures.

"THE WILLS, THE WON'TS, AND THE CAN'TS"

"There are three kinds of people in the world," says a recent writer, "the wills, the won'ts, and the can'ts. The first accomplish everything; the second oppose everything; the third fail in everything."

"There is no chance, no destiny, no fate, can circumvent or hinder or

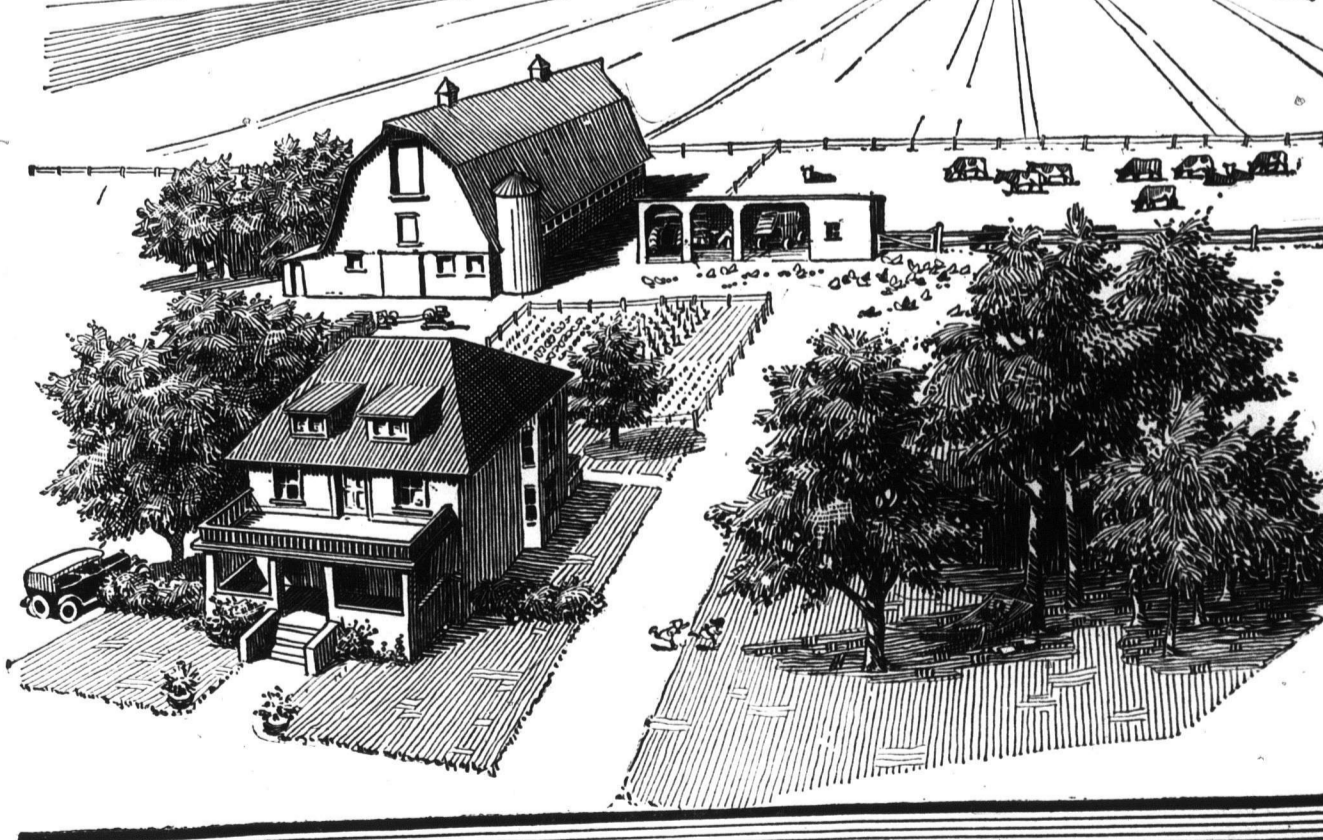
control the firm resolve of a determined soul. Gifts count for nothing; will alone is great; all things give way before it soon or late. Each well-born soul must win what it deserves.

"Let the fool prate of luck. The fortunate is he whose earnest purpose never swerves, whose slightest action or inaction serves the one great aim."

"The streams of religion run deeper or shallower," says Calcott, "as the banks of the Sabbath are kept up or neglected." A preacher in Holland called the Sabbath "God's dyke, shutting out an ocean of evils."

FOR SALE

Farms with Good Buildings




BUILD NOW!

Conditions were never more favorable and the hard-headed, far-seeing farmer will build in the days of plenty for days of adversity. Good buildings create better credit, better standing in the community and increase the value of a farm. Look around you. If you wanted to buy your own farm, would the buildings be an attraction or detract from its value.

Production from the soil is the big value of a farm, but the comfort of a home, stabling for the stock, housing for the modern implements are what make you enjoy the soil's production to the greatest extent.

Good buildings increase the value of a community and make the acre value rise. Good buildings, modern buildings are an investment. See the lumber dealer in your town. Look over his house, barn, machinery shed and other plans. Ask him for full details. He is thoroughly equipped to render every assistance in your planning. He is willing and ready to give you this service free of any charge. He can save you money by his knowledge.

This announcement is inserted by The Lumber Manufacturers of Western Canada



BUILD A REAL HOME THIS YEAR
BUILD NOW!

46 acres of level alfalfa land, with fine buildings, good stock, and a well-watered spring. Price \$12,000. Part cash.

Dairy Farm, 250 acres, excellent buildings, good stock, and a well-watered spring. Price \$10,000. Part cash.

100-acre dairy and stock farm, with fine buildings, good stock, and a well-watered spring. Price \$15,000. Part cash.

For Sale—45-acre farm in Manitoba, with fine buildings, good stock, and a well-watered spring. Price \$8,000. Part cash.

What the World is Saying

An Opinion About Hats

Anyway there are too many \$9 hats on \$1 heads—Ottawa Citizen.

Sugar

A sweetly solemn thought—the price of sugar.—Brandon Sun.

A Leading Question

The question arises: When is a suit of old clothes old?—Calgary Herald.

Political Item

Sometimes a party collar needs to go to the laundry.—Duluth Herald.

The Unspeakable Turk

We shall know the worst that man can do when the Turks turn Bolshevik.—Victoria Colonist.

One Crop That is Sure

Whatever crops may fail this year, the tax crop will not be one of them.—St. John Telegraph.

Are Baseballs a Luxury for Boys?

The boys will regard the new tax on baseballs a sort of foul tip.—Edmonton Journal.

But Not to Help Her Make Tarts

Increases in sugar, flour and jam are calculated to make the cook very tart.—Vancouver Sun.

The System in Mexico

Mexican metric system: Ten bandits make one revolution. Ten revolutions make one government. One government makes ten revolutions.—Boston Transcript.

Diminution

Appropriately the new Canadian cent will be smaller than the old one, to correspond with the shrinkage in purchasing power.—Toronto World.

A League with Many Members

Old clothes league buttons are being issued. All you have to do is to sew an old suit to the button and become a charter member.—Kingston Whig.

Canada Has One Too Many

It is proposed to establish two Senates in Ireland. If it would help any, Canada will gladly contribute hers as a starter.—Saskatoon Phoenix.

Russia

A correspondent quotes a Russian as declaring: "In our Russia there is no religion, no Czar, no money, no property, no commerce, no happiness, no safety, only freedom."—New York Sun.

The Former "All-Mightiest"

Experiments now being conducted in Holland by Mr. Hohenzollern should convince him that a saw horse has far less kick than a war horse.—Lethbridge Herald.

Two Crops Produced by War

There were 2,348 millionaires in the United States when the war began and nearly 7,000 when it ended. War produces two sure crops, one misery, the other millionaires.—Calgary Albertan.

An Explanation

One reason for the lack of a demand for Home Rule in Scotland is said to be that the Scots are so busy governing England that they have no time for other indoor sports.—Halifax Herald.

One Way of Stating It

There is a law against shooting a man and a law against shooting a moose out of season, but there appears to be no law against shooting a man for a moose at any season.—Toronto Telegram.

France Has Need of Them

New deposits of coal have just been discovered in France. It is going to take a man a long time to uncover all the secrets old Mother Earth has locked up in her bosom.—Dundee Courier.

Alcohol Is Nobody's Friend

The Scottish Trades Union Congress has come out for prohibition. The workers appreciate that alcohol is no friend of labor, no matter how its influence may be camouflaged.—Minneapolis Journal.

We Could Sympathize With Them

There would be little satisfaction in discovering there were folks on Mars, and then finding that they were having the same kind of troubles as we are having on this planet.—Regina Post.

He Only Looked Formidable

The formidable and imposing personality of Hindenburg was nothing more than the full-dress uniform in which the mind of Ludendorff was forced to appear in public.—New York Times.

A Vanished "Clincher"

The House of Assembly at Capetown has voted in favor of extending the parliamentary franchise to the women of South Africa. The old-fashioned people who used to say that "woman's place is the home," as a clinching argument against equal suffrage must be getting to be a rare species.—Financial Times.

To Make Three Provinces One

The political union of the three Maritime Provinces, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Prince Edward Island, is being discussed at public meetings in these Provinces. Those who favor the project believe one big Maritime Province would result in increased immigration and development.—Toronto Mail and Empire.

Some Remodelling

Recent real estate news from abroad contained the interesting—to himself—item that William Hohenzollern has had his new residence, at Doorn, in Holland, remodelled to suit him. Time was when he planned a considerable remodelling of the world. He started out to put his plans into effect, but the results accruing have not been in accord with his expectations.—London Daily Mail.

Sugar

One of the reasons why sugar is so dear is that Germany (the chief source of beet sugar) is not exporting nearly so much of that commodity as she did before the war. We suppose there are Canadians who would rather continue indefinitely to pay three or four prices for sugar rather than to get relief by buying cheap German sugar—just because it is made in Germany.—Hamilton Herald.

In Regard to Education

The statistics show that those who remain in school until they are thoroughly equipped for the work of life, always overtake in earning power those who start out so early that they are inefficient. Nothing is more heart-breaking to a boy or girl at some time than to find the path of promotion and reward blocked by insufficient education. The moral is that it is better to go slowly and get thoroughly equipped.—Brantford Expositor.

Canada's Greatest Industry

The minister of agriculture told parliament the other day that the farmers of Canada raised last year almost two billion dollars worth of farm products. Striking as, the figure is, the real achievement of the men on the land may be more clearly sensed when it is stated that they produced an amount of wealth equivalent to 250 dollars per head for all the men, women and children in Canada. Agriculture is not only our greatest industry. It is so much the greatest that it has no national rival.—Edmonton Bulletin.

Prohibition in the U.S.

So much fun is poked at prohibition in the United States by the "funnies" and "movies" that it is worth noting that tremendous benefits from the enforcement of that temperance measure are being recorded. The penitentiary population of Erie county is less than one-third of what it was a year ago. In Philadelphia there are 1,100 empty cells in the jails. The New York Commissioner of Charities says that the indications are that patients in city hospitals this year will pay half a million dollars which they could not have paid under the license law. The alcoholic ward in the Philadelphia General Hospital, which treated 1,470 cases in 1917, had only eight cases in February of this year, and now has been closed.—Toronto Star.

To Make Canada Self-governing

In the first week of session of Parliament which began in February last the announcement was made by the Dominion Government that a beginning had been made towards action with a view to securing for the Parliament of Canada the power of amending the British North America Act, which is the charter of the Dominion, and thereby making Canada self-governing in form, as well as in fact. The beginning thus announced was that the different Provincial Governments had been communicated with, in order to secure the agreement of them all before the Dominion Parliament asks the British Parliament to amend the British North America Act in the manner indicated. The request has only to be made to be complied with. But when is it going to be made? Should any one Province be allowed to veto it? Such a thing might block the normal progress of the whole country. In neither Australia, New Zealand, nor South Africa, all of which have the right to amend their Federal Constitutions, is there any possibility of any local veto blocking the way to amendment. Minorities have their rights, and they must be recognized, but in no other Dominion is a minority of the citizens vested with the veto power in the event of a constitutional change coming up for decision. Is it to be so in Canada?

One Kind of Economy

A couple of young people were married in New York in overalls. The wedding took place at one of the big hotels, and cost \$1,250. There are no fools like old ones, except young ones.—Saskatoon Star.

A School Discrepancy

It has been discovered in Hamilton that the caretaker of one of the schools was receiving more pay than the principal of that school. Does education pay? Not unless it has to.—Woodstock Sentinel-Review.

The Cold Comfort of Statistics

It has been stated at Ottawa that the level of prices following the late war is no higher comparatively than that following previous wars. This is comforting purely in an academic sense, and doesn't help much.—Toronto Globe.

Collar Buttons and Suspenders

Under the new budget, collar buttons are taxed as a luxury, but suspenders may be brought in tax-free. It is good to have this official appreciation of the relative importance of collars and trousers.—Moose Jaw Times.

Scotland Headed for "Dryness"

Reports that Scotland is going "dry" become more numerous and circumstantial. Evidently the adoption of an anti-liquor resolution by the Scottish Trades Union Congress was typical of the general attitude toward the drink traffic.—Regina Leader.

Practice Doesn't Make Perfect

During the war we had to learn the lesson of getting along without sugar. Considering the practice we had, we ought to find it easier than we do to continue having to get along with so little sugar.—Brockville Recorder-Times.

They Can

Soldiers and civilians at Columbus, Ohio, had a pitched battle, the cause of which is said to have been jealousy among the civilians of the popularity of the soldiers among the girls. It would appear that men can always find something to fight about.—New York World.

What The Shrunken Dollar Can Still Do

The most tempting use to put dollars to is the paying off of debts incurred when dollars were still dollars and their purchasing power had not shrunk in half. That is about the only way to get a before-the-war dollar's worth for a dollar now.—New York Life.

Remarkable, if True

One rather suspects an Irish hand in the making of some of the Kansas laws—as, for instance, the one which states, if our information is correct, that when two trains meet at a crossing each is to stop, whistle, and wait until the other gets by.—Buffalo Express.

A Huge Preventable Loss

It would be interesting to know if half a million dollars spent on the country's forest patrol service would have prevented the fires which have been causing millions of damage in the forest regions of the Maritime Provinces, Quebec and Ontario.—Canadian Finance.

Why Not a Canadian Flag?

Australia, New Zealand and South Africa have national flags of their own. But Canada, which is, after Great Britain, the greatest of the nations within the Empire, has no national flag of its own. In this respect Canada stands alone. Is it not high time we had a Canadian flag?—Halifax Chronicle.

The Argentine Device

Argentina has put a ban on the export of wheat, in order to bring down prices. There may be a certain curiosity in certain quarters as to how the Argentine Government was able to deal with the Argentine wheat-growers so as to convince them of the advisability of such a policy.—Montreal Gazette.

Legislative Compliments

A Canadian Senator not long ago called another a cur. And in the French Chamber of Deputies last week there was a row, in which one member was referred to as a pig. The day may be at hand when some legislative bodies will have to have their own private veterinary departments.—Vancouver Province.

PROVINCIAL EXHIBITION, REGINA, July 26-31 1920



The Regina Exhibition is noted for the excellence of its horse exhibits.

THE BEST YET

Each year the Provincial Exhibition at Regina is so much better than its predecessors that the people of Western Canada have accepted as a fact the caption, "Bigger and Better than Ever." The remarkable increase in attendance is the best evidence of the public's endorsement of this great Exhibition which has become the "Annual Holiday of the people of Saskatchewan." Total gate receipts for the past six years are as follows:

Year.	Total Gate Receipts.
1914	19,959.10
1915	23,162.50
1916	27,397.00
1917	35,669.27
1918	45,810.92
1919	64,166.35

This wonderful increase of over 300 per cent has been made without any increase in the price of admission. Although the Exhibition is larger and the attractions are better each year, the increased attendance enables the management to carry on at the old rates. Nowhere can you get more for your money than at the Provincial Exhibition, Regina.

\$35,000 IN PRIZES

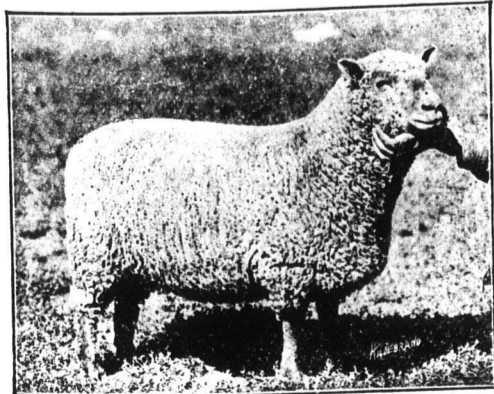
An increase of 50 per cent. has been made this year in the amount of prize money offered for exhibits. This will ensure thousands of exhibits for the inspection of visitors. Everyone loves to see the exhibits of live stock. The best animals from the leading herds and flocks in America will strive for the prize ribbons at the Regina Exhibition. Judging begins on Tuesday, July 27 and continues each day until completed.

FAST TIME

Visitors are asked to note that the Regina Exhibition is run on fast time, which is one hour ahead of standard time. This will enable motorists to remain until the close of the evening entertainment and still leave for home at a reasonable hour.

CONVENIENCES FOR VISITORS

Every detail has been considered in order to ensure complete comfort for exhibition visitors. In the Administration Building, just east of the Grand Stand, there will be found a telegraph office, telephone exchange, an information bureau and a parcel checking room, where luggage and wraps may be checked free of charge. On the second floor of the Grand Stand is located a public rest room. Adjoining this is a nursery in charge of competent help in whose charge infants may be left while mothers enjoy the sights of the Exhibition. The nursery is equipped with a retiring room for mothers in which will be found an electric heater. Milk can be purchased from the nurse in charge. Adjacent to the Manufacturers' Building (formerly the Women's Building) there is a well-equipped play ground. Children old enough to run around may be left here in charge of the supervisor to play on the swings, see-saws, slides or sand piles. Wash rooms and toilet facilities for both women and men will be found in most of the large exhibit buildings.



Sheep exhibits at Regina will interest all farmers who wish to turn weeds into money.

BASEBALL

A new and popular feature of this year's exhibition will be the games of professional baseball to be played in front of the Grand Stand on Tuesday, July 27; Wednesday, July 28; Thursday, July 29; and Friday, July 30. The games will start at 6.15 p.m., fast time. Regina and Edmonton teams will battle for honors on the diamond. These are two of the best teams in the Western Canada League and the games will be appreciated by all baseball fans and fanettes.

RAILWAY ARRANGEMENTS

All the railways are co-operating to make the Exhibition a success. Besides the many regular passenger trains operated in and out of Regina, there will be special trains over all lines. These specials will arrive before noon and leave on the return trip after the evening programme at the Grand Stand. Tickets for the round trip to the Exhibition will be sold at reduced rates at all stations. Particulars regarding rates and special trains can be secured on application to the nearest station agent.

STAY OVER NIGHT

Regina's hotels can supply rooms for 2,000 guests. In addition the citizens are opening their homes and providing beds for 4,000 people. There will also be cots available in the schools for 1,000 visitors. These cots can be used for 50 cents a night if bedding is brought, and it is suggested that people motoring to the Exhibition bring their bed covering and thus secure the sleeping accommodation at a very moderate cost. Rooms in private homes or cots in schools can be arranged for at the accommodation bureau on the ground floor of the McCallum-Hill Building. Persons desiring to secure rooms before coming to Regina can do so by writing to Mr. L. T. McDonald, Commissioner, Board of Trade, Regina.



It will pay all farmers to see the beef and dairy cattle at the Regina Exhibition.

JUDGING EXHIBITS

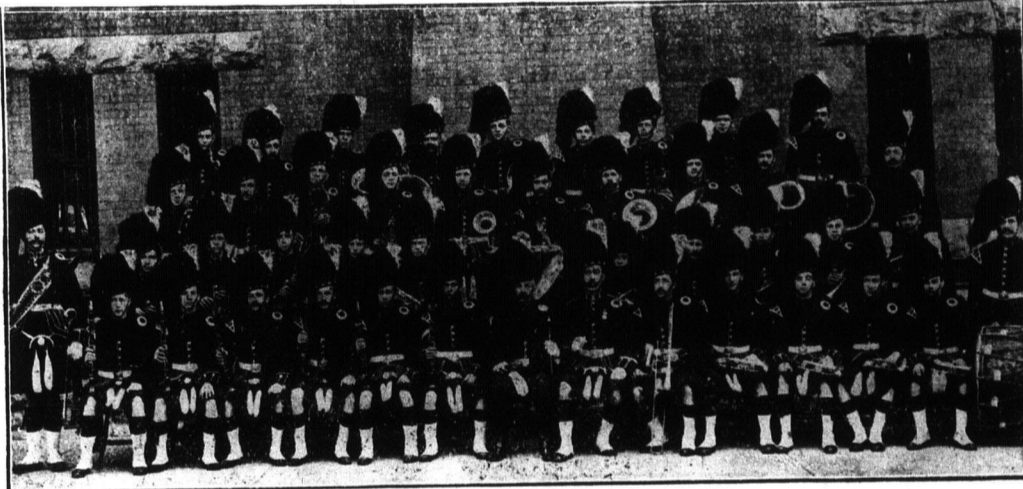
Judging will commence in all departments on Tuesday, July 27, at 9.30 a.m., and will be continued at the same hour each morning and 1.30 each afternoon until completed. Complete information regarding the time of judging and different classes of live stock will be published in the official catalogue. The catalogue will be ready for distribution on the opening of the exhibition. These catalogues may be secured at the Manager's Office at the east end of the Grand Stand, or at the Live Stock Superintendent's Office, near Stable No. 9.

IMPLEMENT EXHIBITS

A most wonderful display of modern farm implements and machinery is presented to the visitor just inside the main gate. This ostentatious section covers the large area extending on both sides on the roadway, from the Main Entrance to the Grand Stand. Practically every important firm engaged in the implement business in Saskatchewan is represented in this comprehensive display. A prominent feature of this Section is the excellent showing of Light Tractors which clearly demonstrates the great part Power Farming Machinery is destined to play in tilling the soil and harvesting the crops.

PARKING AUTOMOBILES

Automobiles will be admitted free to the Exhibition Grounds, where space will be furnished for 2,000 cars. Further space for 5,000 cars has been secured just east of the main entrance to the grounds. A staff of employees will be at the automobile parking space to direct the placing of the cars so as to avoid any confusion. Automobile parties are invited to take advantage of the free parcel checking privilege which will be found in the Administration Building, just east of the Grand Stand. Motorists intending to remain in the city overnight and desiring rooms in private homes should make the necessary arrangements as soon as they arrive in the city by applying at Accommodation Bureau in the McCallum-Hill Building.



48TH HIGHLANDERS BAND, OF TORONTO. This great band is one of the many outstanding attractions to be seen at the Regina Exhibition.

GRAIN GROWERS' DAY

Many big things have been put over by the Grain Growers of the West. This year they are going to have a great get-together at the Regina Exhibition. The new Stadium on the Regina Exhibition Grounds has a seating capacity of 8,000 people. Grain Growers can fill this to the roof when their meeting is called to order at 8.00 p.m. Friday July 30. Canada's leading public men will speak and the speeches will be interspersed with music by the 48th Highlanders' Band and other artists. Grain Growers are asked to come a day earlier so as to have time to see the Exhibition before the meeting. Arrangements for this gathering are being looked after by Mr. J. B. Musselman, Secretary, Saskatchewan Grain Growers' Association, Regina.

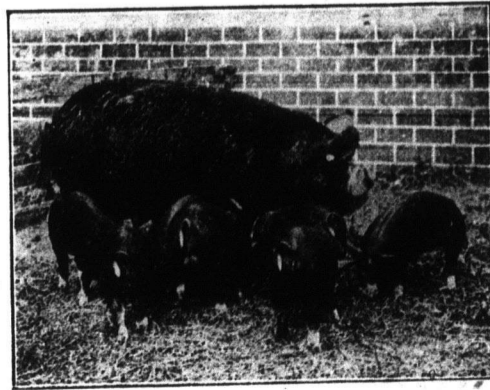
REMEMBER the PLACE and DATES

PROVINCIAL EXHIBITION

REGINA

JULY 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31
1920

W. M. VAN VALKENBURG, President.
D. T. ELDERKIN, Secretary.



The "Mortgage Lifter" has a friend in every farmer who believes in mixed farming.

AUTOMOBILE RACES

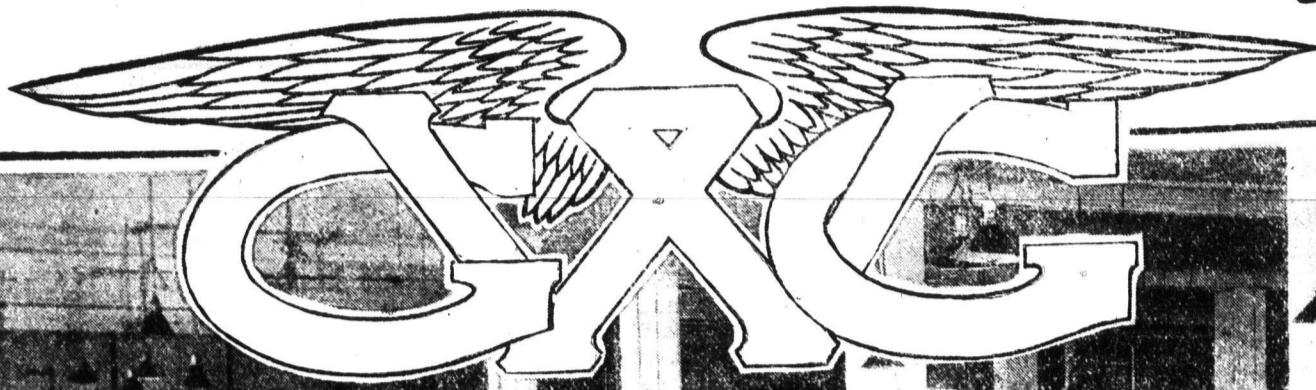
There is no more popular event at the Regina Exhibition than the auto races, which will be held on the afternoon and evening of Saturday, July 31. Under the direction of the greatest speedway drivers in America, powerful racing cars will tear around the track at a speed which will furnish excitement enough for any crowd. People who have been at the Exhibition earlier in the week will be well repaid if they come again on Saturday for the auto races.

AMERICANS' DAY

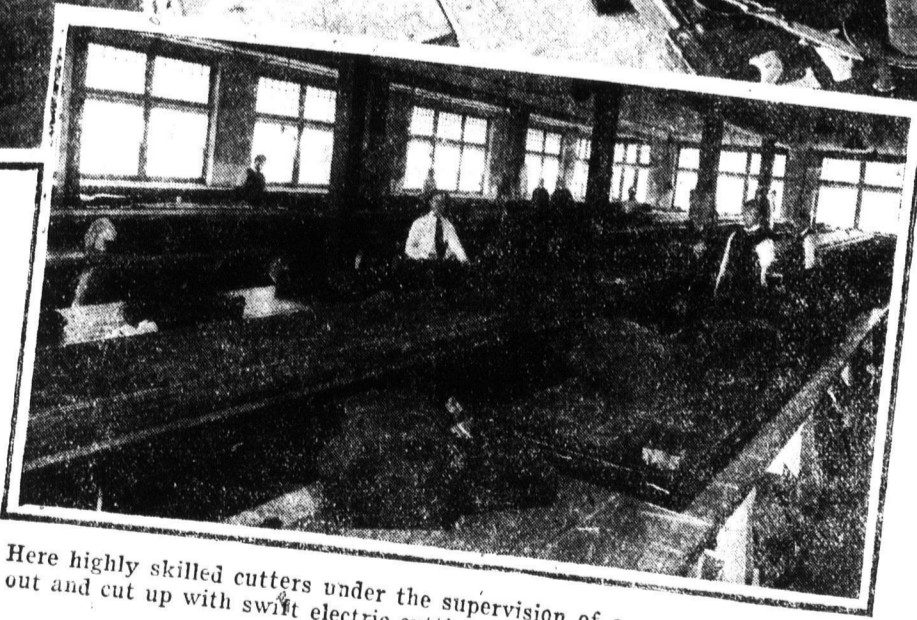
On Tuesday, July 27, there will be a grand gathering of Americans at the Regina Exhibition from all parts of Western Canada and adjoining States. A notable American statesman will be invited to speak in front of the Grand Stand that afternoon and at 6.15 p.m., there will be a game of America's National game—baseball—between the professional teams of Regina and Edmonton. Both afternoon and evening the 48th Highlanders' Band will render special programmes of American music.

UNION MADE

They wear longer
they're made



Overalls



Here highly skilled cutters under the supervision of a master designer lay out and cut up with swift electric cutting machines the hundreds of dozens of garments required each day.

In these light airy workrooms equipped with modern and scientific machinery, our girls are making your G.W.G. Overalls, Pants, Shirts and Mackinaw Clothing.

The large photo shows one of our workrooms in 1920. Compare it with the small picture on the right, showing the size of our entire factory, where we made our modest beginning in 1911.



Our Modest Beginning

When you need Overalls, Pants, Shirts or Mackinaw Clothing, just remember that right here in your own part of Canada is a factory turning out the goods best suited to your needs.

The Great Western C

EDMONTON, AL

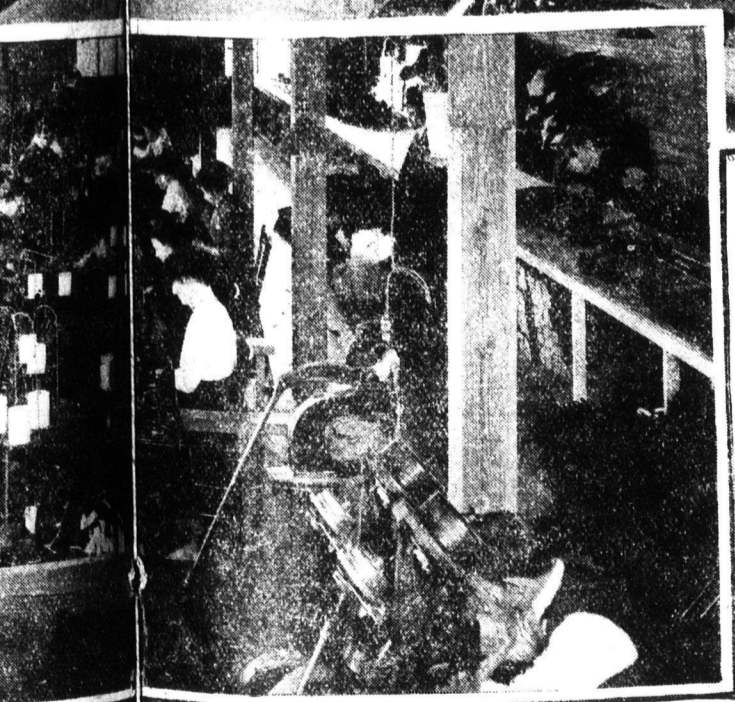
longer because
made stronger.

UNION MADE

Overalls



M. DERMID
EDMONTON



The business of this company has been built on the policy of making thoroughly reliable garments, specially suited to the peculiar needs of the West.

Care in selecting materials and special pains in manufacture are followed up by a broad guarantee that our goods will give satisfaction to the man who wears them. Your merchant has authority from us to replace any garment that is not satisfactory.



In this fully equipped cafeteria and recreation room we furnish our employees with clean, wholesome, well-cooked meals at less than cost.

These operators live in the West and spend their money in the West. They help create a demand for your work and for what you produce. Much of the money you spend for our goods stays in the West, and you have a good chance of seeing it again. Buy Western-made Goods.

Our Modest Beginning in 1911

Western Garment Co. Ltd.

EDMONTON, ALBERTA

The Greater Duty

By Francis J. Dickie

(Continued from page 16, June issue)

ested in the game. You see, we was in it when it first started the night before; but them two, Piano and Charley, was like two strange bull dogs, eternally goin' after each other, they never give 'Dutch' or I a play when we got a hand, just seemed to wanta buck each other, so we just naturally dropped out. Well, when we come in to-night, I guess Charley was feelin' purty mean from the bad whiskey he'd drunk, not sleepin' none and always losin'. They was sitting opposite each other, and the breeds was standin' a little back watchin'. They was playin' stud, you know. The two chairs 'Dutch' an' me'd set in the night before was still in their places, so we drops into them figurin' maybe to take a hand after awhile if they was agreeable. But they went right ahead, never payin' us any attention.

"Purty soon after we comes in they gets into an awful big pot—it's there on the table yet, must be over two thousand easy. With three cards showin', Charley has a pair of kings an' a eight spot. Piano, he's got a four, a ace of hearts an' a queen. Well, with three cards showin' they raises back an' forth right smart; fifty, then a hundred at a clip. The reckless way Piano bets makes me think he's got a ace buried. I thought then maybe Charley had two pair; but judgin' the play now, I guess Charley'd been gettin' suspicious through the last few hours, an' right here sees a chance to satisfy hisself. Well, it's up to him again to bet, an' he sticks in every last nickel, a little over four hundred. Piano's dealin', an' I seen him kinda glance down at the cards, an' with his thumb he slips the top card back ever so little as though to make plumb certain what he expected was beneath it before he makes that last call. He did it awful smooth an' quick. I don't think Charley seen it. Anyway, Piano calls, an' deals the last two cards—a deuce of spades to

Charley, an' a ace of clubs to hisself. Of course, Charley havin' no more money, it's a show down. 'What you got?' says he. 'A pair of bulls,' says Piano, turnin' his hole card, a measly ten of spades." Durant stopped abruptly, eyed the Corporal searchingly as if to make sure of his hearer's understanding, then concluded with righteous ire: "Well, you or I, or any other man that plays stud poker, knows there isn't a man in the world that, with only ace high in his hand, is going to pay four hundred bucks fer a last card chance for a ace when the other man's already showin' a pair, especially kings, with maybe another pair behind them. He might do it figurin' the other fellow fer only kings an' with a chance to bluff it through afterward in case the last card wasn't his ace. But, with Charley settin' in his last dime before that, the only thing Piano could get was a show down. All of which musta cinched Charley's suspicion, that had been growin' maybe fer hours, that Piano knew the backs of them cards purty near as good as the fronts.

"You win," he says, very quiet; "all I got's kings"; and he shoves back his chair; "but you lose," he adds, and laughs kinda queer. I looked at him sharp, an' his face was strange like a man gone mad fer a minute. Then his hand went down as he half riz up—Piano seen the move, an' his face went white, fer gun play wasn't in his line. But though I hollered to him 'Duck,' the fool riz up, ashovin' back his chair. Just then 'Dutch'—he's sittin' right next the big lamp—sees a chance yet to spoil the play, an' blows the glim. But the kid still shot, an' even the dark couldn't spoil his aim. Piano's plunked right through the heart, an'—well, you know the rest."

Durant caught his breath, then added depreciatingly: "Of course, he oughtn'ta done it; but what with bein' full of bad whiskey, an' maddern hell, there's some

excuse. Piano wasn't much account anyway, an' Charley's such a kid, ye gotta make allowances fer them, you know. We could make it suicide, if you say so, couldn't we, Dutch," he finished, winking humorously at his partner. Dutch nodded eager, vigorous assent. But Morton only shook his head and, moving over to the table, gathered quickly the cluttered bills.

Methodically he counted them, made note of the amount in his book. Droppin' them into his pocket he turned once more to the waiting men. "You can bury the body," he said shortly. "Under the circumstances we'll dispense with an inquest."

He wheeled about sharply; went out into the night and toward his cabin beyond to prepare for the stern hardship of a winter chase.

III.

Even an inexperienced man may travel in the winter northland, provided he has food and proper clothing; but he will not cover ground so quickly as one learned in the ways of the trail and the superior handling of that most temperamental of beasts, the northern sleigh dog.

Thus, early on the third afternoon after leaving Pelican, Corporal Morton, driving his three splendid police huskies, judged from the trail he followed that Charley was less than two hours ahead. What puzzled the policeman was the oddness of his brother's actions. Out of Pelican, he had driven north straight down the river. Then, when half way to Old House, some sixty miles farther on, he had left the ice and turned east for a day, then south—a direction that would bring him out to civilization near Northtown City, some three hundred miles away. Too, though Charley drove five dogs, the Corporal had overtaken him even more rapidly than the boy's trail inexperience warranted. In fact, in the past two days the Corporal had noted many things that pointed to an entire lack of haste on the fleeing man's part; an action that led to only one conclusion—that Charley did not expect pursuit.

It was nearing five o'clock, and the early falling dusk of the northern winter regions was fast turning to soft dark, when Corporal Morton brought his dogs to a halt upon the top of a fairly high ridge.

He was travelling through a rolling, lightly timbered country. Now ahead through the dark the tiny flare of a fire twinkled up at him from the bottom of a little draw perhaps a quarter of a mile farther on, where another small coulee met the valley of the ridge upon which he now stood.

Quickly he turned the dogs loose, set the toboggan against a tree, hung the harness on a limb high out of their reach, and threw them their feed. Then he slipped off along the ridge top toward where the flame of the camp fire glowed like a tiny beacon through the gathering night.

The snow fall had been particularly light, and Morton moved carefully forward. Reaching a point on the ridge top directly above the camp, he crept soundlessly down through the trees to within a dozen yards of it.

Charley, supper over, was lying on his sleeping bag before the fire, smoking, his back toward the approaching man. Foot by foot, feeling out every step to avoid the snapping underfoot of hidden twig, the policeman came on, stealthily cat-like, at last swinging out from behind a tree not ten feet from where his brother lay.

"I got you covered, Charley," he called sharply, "don't try to draw."

His fears were needless, for, at the sound of his voice, the reclining youth turned over to face him with look, startled, wonderingly blank. Then, as the Corporal reached his side and stood staring down at him, he found his tongue to grasp in strangely puzzled tone: "Why, whatduyu mean?"

"I've come to take you back to stand trial for shooting Piano Jack."

"You've come to take me back?" He spoke as one suddenly hearing the unbelievable.

"Of course; what did you think?" This with sad grimness.

A grieved look came into the boy's eyes. He drew himself up to a sitting position, raised his effeminate face, a

little rough now from five days' growth of beard, and gazing up with almost petulant air, snapped out: "What'd I expect?—why, that you'd hush it up—a perfectly natural feeling wasn't it, considering our relationship?" He smiled tolerantly, and his weak face, that of the thoughtless, headstrong and selfish, grew almost insolent from the sureness he felt of quickly changing the other's resolution.

But to his astonishment, the Corporal shook his head. "I got to do my duty," he said, very simply, and there was a queer huskiness now in his voice.

Like a rat at bay, the boy's whole demeanor changed. "Duty!" he hurled out the word with scornful bitterness, "does your oath of office take the place of greater things? Would you sacrifice me to official tradition?" Under the sway of varied emotions of scorn and fear, his voice rose a shrill treble, almost girlish, a grotesque mingling of whining appeal and growing contempt.

With eyes now dumb, but unflinching, steady, the Corporal gave back his answer: "I got to do my duty; it's greater than you or I."

At this, the hope, still faintly lingering in the boy's eyes, went out; his features, almost womanish in their fineness, became distorted into the twisted mask of a raging child, mad with sullen fury of disappointment at failure where an easy victory was expected. Then, all hope gone, but still true to the feminine streak in his queerly complex nature, he flung out tauntingly: "I'd hate to be you—I'd hate to have your soul! Nothing counts with you—ties of blood, family name, you'll even break your mother's—" he stopped short, startled, surprised, for at the word his brother recoiled, and his gun went down, while there came to his eyes a strange new light.

Always, from that first moment he had taken up the trail until now, the long ruling official part of self had been uppermost. It had conquered his personal feelings; triumphed over his love for Charley. Never once in all that time had his thoughts gone farther—through those last long hours of torture he had dwelt upon the crime only as related to himself and Charley, to the exclusion of those distant ones.

Continued on page 48

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Her Reel Hero

By Edith G. Bayne

MAY, dearie! Is it true what I just heard—that you're goin' in the movies?"

It was Mabel Manley who thus addressed her friend and co-worker in the candy circle, Daphne Davis. Mabel's tone was a commingling of envy and incredulity.

Daphne daintily scooped ten cents' worth of jelly beans into the pink paper bag she had just shaken out. Then she helped herself to a chocolate marshmallow, and munched it surreptitiously.

"I bet it was, Gert Alloway spilled that," she said with an air of injury. "I told her not to tell!"

"Then it's true?" persisted Mabel. . . . "Sixty a pound, madam. . . . It is true, dearie."

"Oh, well—seeing you know so much I might as well let you in on the whole thing," said Daphne, as she boredly took a waiting customer's order for chocolate almonds, and reached for a box.

Miss Manley was all ears, in spite of the importunities of three prospective candy purchasers demanding prices.

"Shoot, dearie," she said, bending her elegantly-coiffed dark head to one side.

"It's this way: I know an awful nice man who knows a gentleman named Baldwin who has the strongest possible sort of a pull with a new movie company producer who's here on the quiet looking for types. Get me?"

—but in the movies you gotta work like a mop in a trunk sewer!"

"I'm not afraid of work, when it's for art's sake," observed Daphne coolly and handed out the wrong package to a customer.

"Cash!" shrieked Miss Manley with the startling suddenness of a factory whistle. "Cash, where's that fifteen cents change? . . . Oh, here it is! Well, all I gotta say is, I wish you all kinds of luck, dearie."

"Thanks, Mabel. Of course I know the life isn't all beer and skittles, but—oh, pardon me, madam, I guess this is your parcel."

Daphne was busy selling candy for several hours, but at length, as the aisles began to thin out after the mid-morning rush, she gave a sigh of relief and turned to a small mirror that was deftly concealed between two large "stock" boxes, where she spent a few moments patting her old-gold-shot-with-rust-tints hair and passing a chamois skin over her piquant face. Then after a quick glance up the aisle to locate her bete noir—the dark, cynical, unpleasant person who was head floorwalker—she dropped down behind the counter and with a blissful sigh drew from some mysterious hiding-place the last copy of Film Favorites. Of the forelady (known clandestinely in the circle as "Floss") Daphne stood not in awe as did the other

advice. They're all married and re-married and everything!"

Daphne giggled. "Say, you're as cheerful as rain on a picnic morning! Think up something else to give me cold feet! You're envious."

Mabel tossed her head. "Oh, I could buck the movies too, if I liked. Of course I ain't got the pull you have, but just the same I bet my style'd take. Gertie says I look like Vivian Venner, so there!"

"Don't get peeved, Mabel. I was only joking. You look swell in a soft light." Mabel annexed a chocolate-bar from a nearby fixture and divided it. Peace again reigned.

"How'll Benny take the joyful news?" asked Mabel, suddenly. "You and him made mud pies together back in Squashville, didn't you?"

But before Daphne could put the concentrated scorn she felt for that ardent youth into words, Gertie up the circle signalled that the head floorwalker was in the immediate offing and the girls, perforce, scrambled to their feet.

When the closing-gong sounded that evening Daphne didn't wait to spread the green mosquito-net covers over her candy trays but left that little task for the patient Gertie to perform while she sped down to the locker-room in haste and joyful anticipation. Wasn't somebody waiting outside in his classy touring car?

At the corner, just beyond the time clocks, a tall, darkish young man stood awaiting her, as she knew he would be, and Daphne's delicate brows drew together in a frown of impatience as he stepped forward.

"Oh, Benny, I clean forgot all about our date and made another!" she exclaimed with the ingenuous dissimulation which is supposedly the prerogative of her sex.

Benny Strong looked disappointed. "And I can't stop to explain now for I'm in a terrible hurry." She rushed on. "Maybe to-morrow night—"

"Oh, never mind," Benny said, lightly. "It was only that we'd have dinner together somewhere. You see this is my last night in the store—"

Daphne paused in spite of her haste. "What! You're not going over to—to France again? I thought they wouldn't pass you after your discharge?"

"Neither they will, worse luck! I've been to six doctors in turn and they all say I couldn't stand it a week in the trenches now. But I'm leaving to take—another job."

"In the city?"

He nodded. His brown eyes rested upon her face with a world of tenderness in their depths. He seemed to have forgotten his disappointment now.

"Daphne—" he began, softly. "Oh, well, if you're to be in the city I'll see you again, Benny," she interrupted, in business-like tones. "I must run on. Bye-bye!"

As she hurried out of her store uniform and into her dainty oyster-grey velvet suit she reflected that she ought to have given him a hint about her future prospects so he wouldn't come bothering round any more. He was a nice boy and steady and came of good folks "back home," but he'd never rise above a eighteen-dollar-per stage, and a future movie queen should pick and choose her company!

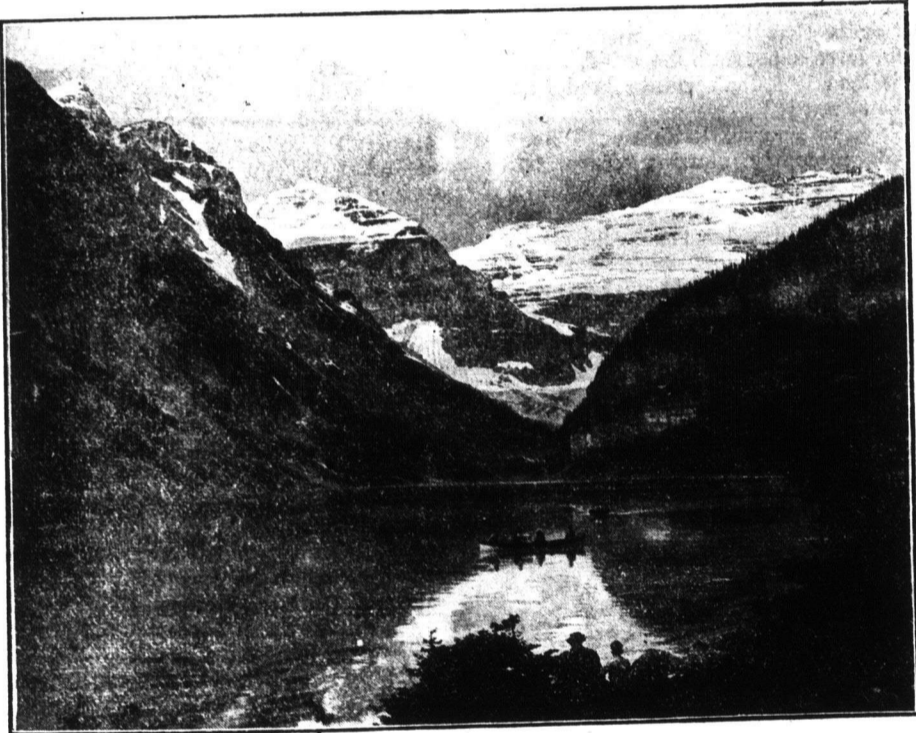
Daphne adjusted a pretty hat—Cossack shape, trimmed with pansies—to her small red-gold head, scurried into her fifteen-dollar street shoes (purchased by dint of many omitted noon lunches) and snatching up gloves and handbag made her way breathlessly to the employees' exit.

Yes! There was the long grey car! A young man in correct motoring togs sprang down from the wheel and handed her in.

"Well, well, Bright Eyes!" was his greeting as he tucked the motor robe about her feet with hands that were deft, and careful of her comfort. "So I've really got you! You know I can hardly believe it!"

"Better go to sleep and wake up right," returned Daphne pertly. "And they didn't try to keep you in, after all? You know that was always your excuse—"

"They didn't get the chance," said Daphne, watching with open admiration



Lake Louise, Alta.

"Uh-huh. . . . Forty a pound, madam, and fresh in to-day. . . . Go on, dearie."

"Well, he says my style is the rarest ever, and I'd make such a hit right away I'd block the traffic all along King west—"

"Who said that?" demanded Mabel, skeptically.

"This man that knows this Mr. Baldwin that's in so strong with—"

"Say! My intellect don't work good so early in the morning. Say it slower."

Daphne repeated her remarks, placing very special emphasis upon what the gentleman who knew Mr. Baldwin had said of her hair and eyes.

"But, dearie, honest, are you goin' to fall for it?"

"Do I look like I'd be silly enough to turn such an offer down?"

"Oh, you have an offer. Well, that's different."

"Not exactly an offer, but the promise of one," amended Daphne, with dignity. "So you bet I don't peddle out any more candy after Thursday night!"

Miss Manley stood stock still, a candy scoop in one hand and four waiting customers before her, staring at her pretty companion.

"I can hardly believe it," she murmured wonderingly. "Gee? Some girls have all the luck. Is it really true, hon?"

"Cross-my-heart!"

"But Daphne, they say the life is terrible! The stage is bad enough—one night stands and little jerkwater hotels

girls, but "Floss" at the moment happened to be away.

Up in the stock room, I bet, chinning with that new bald-headed buyer," was Mabel's guess. "Gee, I wish they'd hit it off!"

She too dropped down behind the counter.

"Whatcha doin', dearie?" she asked with interest, and together they fell to planning possible gowns for the screen star-to-be.

"I want a part where I can wear a coral velvet dress with an overskirt of gold mesh, and gold slippers," said Daphne.

"Silly! Colors don't show! Now if I went on the screen I'd go in more for cut—the lower the better—Of course, I have shoulders. Are you goin' to keep your own name, dearie?"

Daphne nodded.

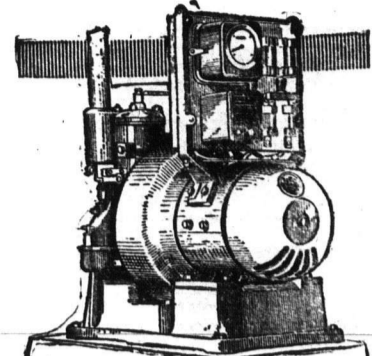
"Good. Sawful cute I think—Daphne Davis."

Daphne's real name happened to be Annie Smith, but nobody in the city knew that, of course, that is, nobody but Benny Strong, and who cared for him! At the thought of Benny Strong Daphne smiled loftily. No more chasing around with a mere clerk from the sporting goods department for her!

"Here's a swell picture of Maurice Everleigh!" she exclaimed, suddenly.

"Oh, isn't he the lovely he-doll?"

"Yeah!" said Miss Manley. "Say, dearie, don't you go to gettin' smashed up on any of them stars. Now take my



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the young man's manner of handling the car, when they had gotten into gear and were proceeding up the street. "Of course, if I was a bromide like Gert and stuck round after the gong rang old Floss would probably ask me to stay and mark stock. Gee! Some little speed demon you are!"

"Like it?" he asked.
"Betcha! Oh-h-h, aren't you scared of the traffic cop, Mr. Earle?"
"Say, I told you to call me Charlie!"
"Where are we going then—Charlie?"
"For you to say, great big boofull doll! You surely know that your will is my pleasure."

"G'wan"
She sent him a sidelong saucy glance and he took one gauntleted hand from the wheel long enough to press her white-gloved one.
"Oh, watch out for the baker's cart!" she cried just in time.

He swerved aside and they continued to speed adroitly through the maze of traffic at the busy intersections. Then Daphne sighed with relief as they debouched upon a broad, clean, silent avenue. Mr. Earle did not relax the speed of his machine, however. He was a free-and-easy young man with a blithe disregard for established street regulations, passing certain helmeted, blue-clad figures with a merry "ha-ha," at almost every corner, and "cutting in" ahead of every other vehicle at a blocked section.

"I'm going to let her right out," he announced, presently.
They fairly skimmed up the avenue and Daphne, when she tried to speak found her breath stolen from her in wind-gusts that left her gasping.

"Oh, have a heart!" she cried, tugging at his arm. "I don't want a land in the accident ward!"

"Why, of course, little one?" he returned, promptly slowing down to a twenty-mile crawl. "Do you know I'd stop the big tin Lizzie right in a mud-hole and sit and watch the tortoise whizz by—for you. I'd—"

"I daresay!" she put in with captivating incredulity and another saucy glance. "Sure as you're born—dear! I love speed, but I love you better. Don't you believe me?"

She ignored the declaration.
"I'm hungry," she said, with engaging candor.
"That's good, we'll go and see what Pierre has to-night."

"Pierre?"
"Chef at the Riverdale Roadhouse," he explained briefly.

She fell silent, watching the big globular yellow lights, five in a cluster, that winked softly at them through the budding maples on either side. Off in the tender blue-and-pink of the western sky a young crescent moon hung. How lovely it was to be driving in a high-powered car with somebody who had no end of money and who knew so many influential people! Daphne sighed in blissful content. After a while, she said to herself, she would bring up the subject of Mr. Baldwin, but not now. It looked too much as though she were just "using" him. She must be discreetly offhand.

They dined in the Peacock Room of the popular inn and Mr. Earle tendered a twenty-dollar bill in payment of his score, receiving back on a silver salver a startlingly meager amount of change, which he pocketed carelessly. After all it was he who referred to the great Mr. Baldwin first. They were speeding rapidly along the lake shore road toward town. It was half past eight, and Daphne was by no means ready to go home—that is to say, to her hall-bedroom—yet, although her feet ached wretchedly from having stood on them all day in the candy circle, and she had half consented to go to a dance with Mr. Charlie Earle.

"You'll come quick enough," he said, confidently, "when I tell you of a pleasant little surprise that awaits you at the hall."

Daphne's heart skipped a beat.
"You—don't mean—?" she began, eagerly.

"You bet I do mean it! You're to be presented to Mr. Baldwin to-night, little one. If I didn't know you kinda liked yours truly I'd be furiously jealous! Say, give me a kiss for that bit of news!"

"I'll go all right," she declared, gladly.

"A kiss—just one! I'm going to tell friend Baldwin to take a look at a live one!"

In the emotion of the moment she permitted her gratitude to escape the bonds of discretion in so far as to grant him his desire, and, of course, having taken one kiss—

At nine o'clock they were at a standstill before the brightly-lighted portico of the big dance hall.

"Right here is where you put a crimp in Mary Pickford!" declared Daphne's escort.

She had drawn off her gloves some time previously when he had told her it was to be an informal little dance—sack suits mostly for the men, blouses and skirts for the women: "No great spash y'know. War time and all that!"

In the lobby they found themselves alone. It was early yet. He drew her aside between two marble pillars.

"Say!" he said, as though almost forgetting, "just what do I get—for this?"

Daphne looked up at him quickly, then drew back.

"How—how do you mean?"
"Don't you think something is coming to me—"

"I'll give you five dollars for the introduction. It—is all I own in the world," she said, a chill of contempt for him and his mercenary soul in her very voice.

He looked at her queerly.
"I didn't mean—exactly that," he said, and this time she didn't misunderstand.

Quick as thought she struck him across the face with one of her long gloves. Staggering back a pace he started at her. "You—you let me kiss you!" he said between his teeth. "You little devil! What was I to think? I—you—what do you think I'm burning up gasoline by the gallon for, if—?"
"Go!" she whispered—for a whisper was all the voice left her—"go, before I call someone!"

She seemed to sear him with the look she gave him. He laughed shortly.

"Oh, very well. The bets off, I guess!" he said, and turning on his heel he went out through the big revolving doors. A moment Daphne stood transfixed with the sudden horror that had swooped down upon her. So this was what friendship between a rich man and a shop girl came to! Why had she been so silly as to expect favors without payment from such as he?

And, of course, the dance—Mr. Baldwin—her screen prospects—the bottom had dropped out of everything. A sob rose in Daphne's throat. She crouched back out of sight of the people who now began to come in in groups of twos and threes, and then, seeing the futility of this, came out boldly and stood as though waiting for someone. The arriving guests glanced curiously at her. The men looked twice.

What should she do? A hasty search of her pitiful little silver mesh bag had revealed the uncomfortable fact that she hadn't a cent. The five dollars of which she had spoken must have been left in her other handbag in her locker. She was several miles from her boarding-house and she hadn't even a car ticket.

And then, just as hot tears began to gather in her eyes, just as she was trying to make up her mind to brave the long walk, just as from somewhere above the first enticing strains of an orchestra began to mock at her plight, just as she was feeling like the most friendless person this old world knew—who should come "galumphing" through the revolving doors but Benny Strong.

Yes, it was Benny right enough—big, bashful, half-awkward Benny who certainly seemed to have shed some of his clumsiness. Or was it only that she had never beheld him dressed out in all the splendor of "soup-and-fish" before?
"Benny! Oh, Benny!" cried Daphne, a heavenly sense of safety surging through her at sight of his honest face. "Oh, Benny—dear!"

She ran forward and clung to one of his arms with a little squeal of rapture.

"Hello!" he said in great astonishment, hastily shifting his light overcoat to the other arm, and then stopping short to gaze down upon this half-hysterical maiden who had treated him so off-handedly but a few short hours ago.

Reflex action sent an irrepressible giggle to Daphne's lips. "Oh, Benny, where'd you make the raise?" she asked. "You do look perfectly grand!"

The red of pleased embarrassment crawled up Benny's face. "What are you doing here?" he countered.

"Oh—waiting," she answered, carelessly.

"Must be a dandy friend that leaves you standing here in the draught—"

"Yes—he—"

"Say! Give him the slip and come in with me!"

"Are you a guest?"

"What did you think I was—a waiter?" he asked, humorously. "Wont you come?"

Daphne decided quickly. "But—don't make any breaks, Benny, like forgetting and calling me Annie."

"Try not," responded Benny, and asked for the first three dances.

She promised him two, the first and one other midway of the program. He had proved a friend in need but he needn't expect to stick round her skirts all evening. Her anticipation rekindled, of meeting Mr. Baldwin was already blotting out every other feeling, as it had done before.

The wonderful Baldwin, he of the meteor-like rise, he who was so newly popular that there were yet many people who had not seen his face, to meet this amazing person would be an event in itself! He was the Cinema Company's latest star, a young man whom the manager had chosen from the Great Unwashed by virtue of his exceptional talents. He had picked a winner. This young Canadian company had placed Baldwin in romantic leads at once and already he had three successful plays to his credit. Already too he was "in receipt of bushels of mash notes" each day—pink, perfumed, passionate.

Daphne, entering the assembly room on Benny's arm, sent an inquisitive glance around. Which of all the throng was Mr. Baldwin? Was he dark—or fair? Of course he would be handsome. And oh, would he—could he—see in her the rosy possibilities that Earle had prophesied so gaily that he would? She cherished deep in her breast, but as yet unadmitted, even to herself, the germ of a hope that some day she might even "play opposite" him.

Daphne replied to Benny absently and acknowledged introductions in the same manner, for as yet she had not heard the magic name "Baldwin" mentioned.

Benny seemed rather popular. Gay badinage greeted him on all sides. She was glad, for now he wouldn't tag after her all night. Their programs were soon filled. With grudging admiration Daphne noticed that Benny danced well—far better than when he and she, back in old Squashville, had last tripped a measure together. Come to think of it, it was at Hi Perkins' corn-huskin' bee. What a simple, unsophisticated little mutt she had been. And—and how she had thought it the most wonderful happening when Benny had kissed her the first time. . . . It was to laugh.

The hours wore on and at last the orchestra clashed to a sudden stop. It was the intermission. Daphne, pale under her rouge and aching tired, felt none too hopeful of making a good impression on Mr. Baldwin now.

But her last partner had gone in search of him. Becoming desperate she had finally requested that she be introduced, and having staked all on this one throw she was ready to stand or fall by her fortune. There was an immense crowd and naturally it was no easy matter to find even so popular a guest, but she did wish the emissary would hurry. Six o'clock and the insistent strains of her alarm clock symphony came early. One more day in the candy and then—that is if—

"Miss Davis—Mr. Rex Baldwin," said a voice at her elbow.

Daphne's heart leaped and she turned smilingly, to find—just Benny Strong. Her late partner was bowing himself off.

"April fool," said Benny, mischievously.

"Aw, say—that's a mean trick—" began poor Daphne, too weary almost for resentment.

"But—won't I do instead?"

"No! Unless you'll fetch him right away. I wanta go home. I'm sleepy, Benny. Go and bring him please. You know him, don't you?"

"Oh, yes—I know him."

Something odd in his smile arrested her impatient gesture as she began to push him away.

"Just why," he asked, curiously, "are you so eager to meet this Mr. —?"

"Because he's my reel hero. There!"

"And you never saw him?"

"You don't need to see a person, in order to know—Benny, what—what are you—looking at me—like that for? Benny—"

An amazing idea had flashed across her mind. Fortunately they stood in the lee of a large palm and were alone, for she had clutched wildly at him and was trying to voice the thought that had projected itself into the mazes of her intellect. Baldwin, a screen name!

"It can't be!" she ended, hysterically.

"There's no such word as can't," he replied, quietly. "Get ready and we'll go. You're tired."

Dazedly she went to the dressing room and donned her coat and hat. Still in that state she allowed Benny to escort her from the hall. The surprise had shocked away all her weariness. He had called a cab but throughout the drive they were mainly silent, though a hundred questions trembled on Daphne's lips.

At the door of her boarding house he was about to say a brief good-night when she stopped him. It was with a great effort on her part. But words came. They just had to.

"Of course, how was I to know? You are always so quiet and—never say much about yourself. And now—I s'pose—you won't want to—have much to do with—old friends. You have left us all 'way behind."

"I've left the store, it is true. I hung on as long as I could because of you—"

"Of me?" she interrupted.

"But the work at the studio became so pressing," he went on, disregarding her interruption, and twirling his hat about in embarrassment, "that I find I must stay right with it. By the way—could you ever make up your mind to marry into the 'profess'? I know my surprise of to-night has knocked your ideals galley-west—"

"Oh, Benny—no!"

"—but if you could reconcile yourself to being an actor's wife—?"

Daphne laughed gleefully.

"Could I?" she said, and danced up and down on the squeaking floor of the porch. "Could I? You just watch me!"

Naming the Baby

A writer in the Pall Mall Gazette who has something to say about curious Christian names quotes a story that Mrs. Brightwen, the naturalist, tells in her autobiography. She once met a gypsy woman who had a family of daughters named respectively, Levisse, Centina, Cinnamoninti, Cinderella, and Sibernia. The woman herself was named Trinity Smith.

Those were rather out-of-the-way names, writes Mrs. Brightwen, but I was still more puzzled as to what could be the reason why another gypsy had named his little girl Leviathan. I asked him one day how he had happened to give his child such a name. His reply was:

"Well, you see, it were the name of a big ship, and I thought it was a pretty name, and I would name my next boy after it; but it comed a gal, and I thought it didn't matter, so she were named so."

A Provoking Man

A district visitor, says the Passing Show of London, was calling at the home of a woman who complained of the treatment that she received from her husband.

"Yus, miss," she said, "e commenced to quarrel with me the moment 'e come in."

"What did he do?" asked the district visitor.

"Do!" exclaimed the indignant wife. "W'y, 'e just set still and 'e never said a bloomin' word!"

A Change and Rest

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Mark Meredith

IT was an intensely warm morning and Charlotte Brantford, sitting on the lower verandah step, tilted her hat more rakishly over one ear to keep the hot sun from her face. To put it mildly, she was in a bad humor. Had she been a man, it is quite possible she would have sworn, but being a girl, and considered an exceptionally nice one, such a proceeding was highly incompatible, and she could only give vent to her spleen by poking holes in the hard baked earth at her feet.

Mrs. Brantford, sitting just inside the kitchen door, was unconsciously adding fuel to her young daughter's already well-kindled resentment by reading a letter aloud. She sighed as she finished, evidently worried.

"They will be here in a couple of weeks and there is a lot of work to do," she stated rather dejectedly.

"Yes, we'll have to get busy and work ourselves to death," Charlotte agreed readily and with some bitterness.

Her mother gave a little exclamation of dismay upon catching sight of a hitherto unobserved postscript. "They want to bring friends."

"Do they think we are running a summer resort?" Charlotte demanded. "Of course they just simply have to get out of town in summer. Do they ever think we need a change and rest? No, we never do anything. The farm is a place to loll about under the trees reading poetry while the birds sing sweetly overhead. The frogs croak and the bees drone—"

Mrs. Brantford hid a smile at Charlotte's burst of eloquence.

"When that palls we go swimming or motoring. Oh, yes, it is all right for them to come to the farm. They hardly ever ask us to visit them, you notice," she pointed out aggrievedly.

"Because they know it is impossible for us to get away," Mrs. Brantford answered with equanimity. "And surely you do not mind the children coming home?"

"No, but I do mind them bringing their friends out here when we are busy," Charlotte answered emphatically. "Why can't they come one at a time instead of coming altogether? The children, as you call them, are bad enough," she went on frankly. "They never have an appetite when they arrive, but this salubrious country air, you know, makes everything taste so good," Charlotte mimicked one of her sisters-in-law to a niece, "that before long they just keep you roasting over the stove all day."

Somewhere toward the chicken run young chickens peeped frantically and Charlotte was forced to abandon her lecture. She rose and with a sullen jerk tossed the stick from her and went to see about the chickens for the fourth or fifth time that morning. She was, as a rule, sunny tempered, but there were times when the seemingly endless chores that fell to her lot proved too trying to her temper.

When she found the lost chickens and restored them to their mother she stood gazing somberly over the lake; she would like to see them farm for a while, she thought, with great earnestness. Why couldn't they try it for a while and let her and her mother go for a holiday. She was sure it wouldn't do



A Trip to The Coast You'll Never Forget

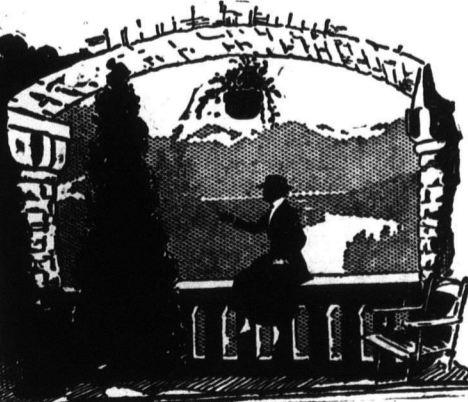
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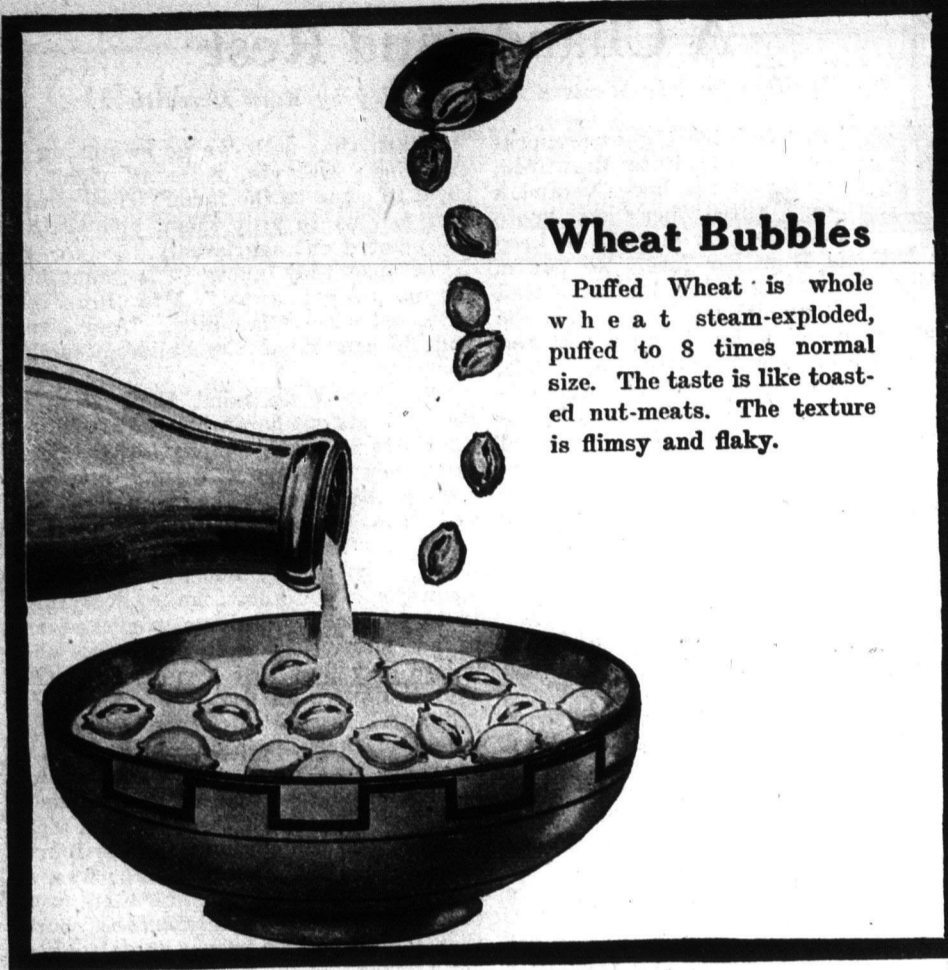


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Children Forget

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



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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.



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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.

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them any harm. That struck her as being a pretty good idea. She amplified it and soon had a plan worked out which proved satisfactory to her, if not to her mother, and somehow she felt much better.

Mrs. Brantford glanced at her keenly as she walked up the path to the house and decided mentally that something was up.

"Say, Mother," Charlotte began, tentatively, "why can't we go for a holiday and let them manage things for us?"

"Why, Charlotte, what an idea!" her mother protested, and then laughed. But Charlotte proceeded blandly. "Then if they like it they can ask all the friends they care to."

"Well—" Mrs. Brantford began dubiously.

"I'm getting all worn out," Charlotte said pathetically, to aid her cause—a plea that never failed to move her mother.

Mrs. Brantford's lips quirked slightly. She gave Charlotte a glance as she sat in the open window, a breeze blowing tiny curls of dark hair about her flushed face. "I'll think it over," she said briefly, and Charlotte wisely let the matter drop at that and tactfully refrained from broaching the subject a second time, until her plans were well matured and she could meet her mother's arguments with reason.

"What would your father say when he comes home?"

"Oh, you know he won't mind," Charlotte answered confidently, and her mother knew that anything that Charlotte did was considered all right by her father.

"Anything else?" she asked airily.

"What about Bill?"

"Oh!" Charlotte was disconcerted for just a moment. She had forgotten Bill. "He will stay here," she decided at last. "We can leave instructions for him."

At last she drew her mother over to her way of thinking, somewhat to her surprise, it must be confessed. As she had fully expected, "the children," as Mrs. Brantford called them, were delighted at the prospect of managing the farm for awhile, having a very high opinion of their abilities in that direction. They were so glad Mother was going to have a vacation. Charlotte laughed as she read the letter. "Too bad we cannot stay and watch the fun," she murmured regretfully, visions rising before her of fastidious Bob feeding the pigs and doing sundry other chores, and of his dainty wife churning and doing chores about the house.

Farming, she maintained stoutly, was all right, but one needed a change and rest occasionally. The steady grind would wear one out in time and the folks from town were just a trifle thoughtless regarding the farm. Being out for a vacation, they were blind to the work that was necessary to keep things running smoothly. To them it was a place of pleasure and rest, in short, their summer resort. A place where fried chicken and fresh eggs were in abundance, where cream flowed lavishly, and many another delicacy they dare not indulge in whilst in town.

Will Brantford's young son, Cecil, with the insouciance of childhood, stirred up the setting hens, roused the young ram's ire, and had in general, the time of his young life, sometimes proving detrimental to farm animals or property, to say nothing of himself.

When they returned to town after their sojourn in the country, friends eyed them enviously and wished they had somewhere to go. Thus it was that friends were often invited out, Charlotte was the last one of the Brantford children left at home; she was a slight little figure with dark hair and large, expressive eyes, with more mischief expressed than anything else. Being the baby of the family she naturally had her own way a good deal. Mrs. Brantford was bent on leaving a store of good things behind her, but Charlotte put her foot down firmly to such a proceeding and wouldn't hear of it.

"Nothing extra, now," she cautioned, watching her mother closely, and with the exception of a few cookies, Mrs. Brantford was forced to submit to her tyrannical daughter.

A few days later, Will Brantford's car drew up in front of the big farm house. The party consisted of Will and his wife, a plump, jolly woman, and their small son, Cecil, Bob and his wife, a tall, languid young woman, whose conception of farm life was very vague, and Vera Brantford, a rather quiet girl, greatly resembling Charlotte but for the lack of mischief in her dark eyes. They clambered out in high good humor, for they had had a good trip out. It was so good to get out in the country. Naturally they missed Mrs. Brantford and Charlotte and secretly thought how foolish they were to leave the farm for the beach. Being out for a good time, they fully intended enjoying themselves to their utmost capacity.

Bob made for the cupboard, as he invariably did, head out-thrust, like a bird dog on the trail of game. The others watched him, waiting for their share of the loot.

"Wonder what Mother left?" He threw open the cupboard doors. "Nothing doing," he exclaimed. "Not in sight, anyway." He then searched the bread box and went down the cellar.

"Well, what did you find?" Will asked expectantly, as he returned a short time later, brushing some crumbs from his lips.

"Just a few cookies, and there is jam," Bob answered dolefully. "Wouldn't that freeze you?" he said leaning weakly against the door, "and me near starving!"

His wife turned to her sister-in-law. "One would think I never gave him enough to eat."

"That's all right, sweetheart," Bob answered soothingly, "you give me enough, such as it is, but it is not like—" He broke off and deftly catching the cushion his wife threw, grinned impishly.

Will's wife rose briskly. "Well, girls, I suppose we ought to get them something to eat before they die of starvation before our eyes."

"For the love of pity hurry," Bob implored.

"Come on, let's go and see what improvements Dad has made since our last trip out." Will led Bob out and the three women started to get tea in a desultory fashion, gazing around and talking incessantly. Cecil, left to himself, wandered off in search of adventure in the shape of a cross ram or other alarming monsters that one is very apt to run across on a farm.

The house was, as usual, immaculate. Mrs. Brantford kept everything shining and in place. Dainty muslin curtains floated airily in the large open windows. Indeed the house had every aspect of a summer home for "the children," and they took great pride in it. Still there were many things about it termed old-fashioned, and they were always ready with ideas to modernize the farm.

When Vera pounded on an old tin pan the boys sauntered back up the walk, talking earnestly. "I don't see why the old man did not fix that hog pen," Bob was saying, "it's a disgrace—"

"Now, what Dad needs here—" and Will went into a long recital of the needs of the farm and Bob joined in, but upon entering the house and catching sight of the table he broke off: "Great old snakes, why didn't you get something to eat? We're hungry!"

"Oh, go on," Vera retorted, "you can't be, we only had lunch down the road a short way."

"You surely do not expect us to cook everything in a few minutes," Will's wife joined in, "give us time, can't you?"

"Now when Mother—" Bob commenced, then stopped, keeping a wary eye on his wife.

They sat down to the sandwiches and pickles that remained from their lunch, with the addition of some cookies and jam brought from the cellar. They finished their repast, and Bob's wife, finding the sweet cream, was gingerly applying some to her shiny, sun-burnt nose when Bill, the hired man, appeared in the doorway, a cheerful grin overspreading his red face. They stared at him rudely, Margaret with her hand upraised and a daub of cream on the end of her dainty nose. He came so totally unexpected. They had not given a thought to Bill, and Mrs. Brantford and Charlotte had evidently overlooked him.

Kakakee

By H. Mortimer Batten

IN later life, when Niaman became a valuable member of the R.N.W.M.P., he had only a dim recollection of the event. Certain incidents of that dark and terrible night ever haunted him. He remembered sitting and sobbing over someone who lay in the grass—someone who did not move when he tugged at his clothing; he remembered dimly that the man was his father.

Concerning his father he remembered but one thing, that he had been taught from babyhood that above all things he must fear the Indian Kakakee. "If you see him," his father would say, "creep away in the grass and hide. Do not let him find you, or he will kill you."

Thus Niaman grew up with the fear of Kakakee impressed upon his infant soul. He was taught to fear him just as some unhappy children are taught to fear ghosts, or the wolf that waits at the door. But how the quarrel between his father and Kakakee began he never knew.

Niaman and his father were of the Blackfeet tribe, while Kakakee was a Sioux. The enmity between the two was not a tribal affair, however. It was a personal feud. Unfortunately their hunting ranges met along the prairie edge, and when, once a year or so, they espied each other across the distance, they would exchange shots—needless of the Whiteman's Law, which says one Indian must not kill another.

Then came that dark and terrible night which Niaman would ever remember. Niaman, then a papoose of five, was riding in front of his father on a priceless black cayuse, and their way, as evening fell, lay between the shadows of the foothills adjoining their enemy's range. Suddenly a rifle shot rang from above, and little Niaman felt his father's hold tighten on him as the startled cayuse lept into a gallop. The child glanced up, and in one horrified glance saw the vicious face of Kakakee peering down from the shelf. Next moment they were riding at breakneck speed among the rocks, swinging on their seats, as they rode then over they went, child and man, while the priceless cayuse plunged on into the night.

Little Niaman was unharmed, for his father had fallen under him, and as he tottered to his feet a devilish laugh rang out across the stillness. He knew it to be the laugh of Kakakee, but his gaze was fixed upon his father, who, alas, did not rise! The child had no real fear for his foe while his father was there, but as the moments passed, and he tugged, crying, at the garments of the fallen brave, the dread that Kakakee might creep up to them, ere his father awakened, began to take possession of his soul.

The pounding hoofs of the pony echoed into space, and the stillness of the prairie night followed. Not a sound broke the awful quietude that settled upon the scene. And now it was that an overpowering sense of loneliness crept into the mind of little Niaman. He knew at least that he was utterly alone, save for that awful being who had fired the fateful shot. Remembering what his father had told him he began to creep away into the grass—where, and for how far, he did not know. Soon he crept back again, hoping against hope that the man who would never rise again might have risen.

As little Niaman reached the place he heard the slow thud of a pony's hoofs coming towards him. It had occurred to Kakakee that the child might somehow be picked up ere the wolves got him, and that his infant evidence might prove valuable to the guardians of the law.

Well Niaman knew who it was approaching him, and the fighting spirit of a long line of fighting ancestors surged up in his infant veins. He drew

the dagger from his father's belt, and with his small teeth clenched, crept back into the grass to wait. There was no fear at his soul now, only a great anger at the man who had done this awful thing.

Kakakee rode up, riding his old adversary's horse, and leading his own by the bridle. He saw that his enemy would not rise, and a smile of evil satisfaction curved his thin lips. Then he looked round for the child, but Niaman was hidden, and knowing that the infant would come back when he had disappeared Kakakee rode off, intending to return in an hour or so.

Small wonder that Niaman would never forget the night that followed, during which he showed the sterling stuff of which he was made. Seated on his father's shoulders, his father's hunting knife in his hand, he was prepared to meet the world. First one grey ghost, then another appeared from the shadows, and began to circle round them—twin points of green fire floating restlessly back and forth against the surrounding blackness. They moved in silence, these awful things, but as their numbers grew the circle showed a constant tendency to narrow in upon the child and his silent companion. It was only the flash of little Niaman's knife which kept them back, and now

human being, but let not the reader be misled into any supposition so false. Kakakee was bad from the soles of his moccasins to the tips of his coarse black hair. He had no redeeming feature in all his being. He was one of those Indians which seldom existed, though about whom much has been written, who were utterly bad from all points of the compass. But Kakakee had a part to play, and his cunning was only excelled by his snakish cruelty.

A short distance off the black cayuse was standing, and the two rode away to Kakakee's shanty. Here the brave fed the infant well, and when he had eaten Kakakee called him to his side, and bade him tell all about that evening's adventures. Niaman had begun to think that his father was mistaken about this quiet voiced man. At all events there was no need to fear him.

"You know all," said Niaman with childish truthfulness. "It was you who shot my father. I saw you."

Kakakee laughed. "No little one," he answered, "it was not I, but some other Indian. I know nothing about it. I was out after my beaver traps along the aspen swamp when I chanced upon you. Where the wicked Indian is who killed your father I cannot say."

But Niaman was not to be deceived. "It was you! It was you!" he cried. "I saw you!"

The attitude of Kakakee suddenly changed. He thrust the child from

ordinary criminal would have run. In the end it proved his undoing.

Among the savage races there is seldom murder. When one man kills another it is not murder, as that crime is regarded by the white man. It may be a dastardly act, or it may be one of heroism; it may merely be the tribunal avenging of a wrong, justified according to the Indian law.

Thus, this is not a murder story. It is merely the story of one brave who shot another to settle an ancient feud; it is a story to show that justice follows with a step as fleet on the Foothills trail as in Regent Street.

II.

It was sunset the following evening. Kakakee had amused himself during the day by playing with the infant, trying to restore his confidence, and by feeding the youngster up from his redundant store. Niaman was fed on canned fruits, such as he had never before tasted, on dried pumpkin, on spoonfuls of sugar, and with quick forgetfulness his life began to assume a brighter outlook.

But an hour before sundown two caravans appeared upon the prairie horizon. Kakakee saw them, and he turned pale, for in front of the caravans rode a horseman wearing a red tunic. As a matter of fact, it was merely the mounted police train, journeying north, and yesterday they had no intention of coming this way. But an Indian had borne the news to them that the bones of an Indian had been found at the prairie edge, and that the man had died within twelve hours. It occurred to the police that it was just as well to enquire into such cases, if only to remind the Indians that white man's justice still existed, and so they changed their plans and visited the spot at which the unfortunate red man had been found.

They visited the spot at midday, but there was nothing to be learnt from the rocky ground around. It occurred to them, however, that while in the district they might as well remind Kakakee that they were likely to look him up at any time, for Kakakee was known among the police to be a drinker of fire water, and not altogether a good character. Hence the appearance of the caravans upon the skyline that sunny evening.

Kakakee watched their approach with sullen apprehension. He knew that these white policemen possess some ghostly power by which they root out even the most carefully concealed of crimes. He took the child to the front of the hut, and there sat him on his knee, and proceeded to amuse him by clinking the jaws of a musquash trap, resetting it, and clinking it again. Kakakee was perfectly composed, and prepared to meet the police with ready speech.

Two of the officers rode up to the shanty, and ignoring Kakakee's salute they slipped from their saddles. It was the younger one, who spoke with an accent strongly savouring of Harrow, who held the following conversation with Kakakee. His name was Ward.

"Who's is that papoose?" he demanded in a sharp voice. Kakakee shrugged his shoulders. "I found the little man alone on the prairie edge when I was out after my beaver traps—one sleep ago," he answered gravely.

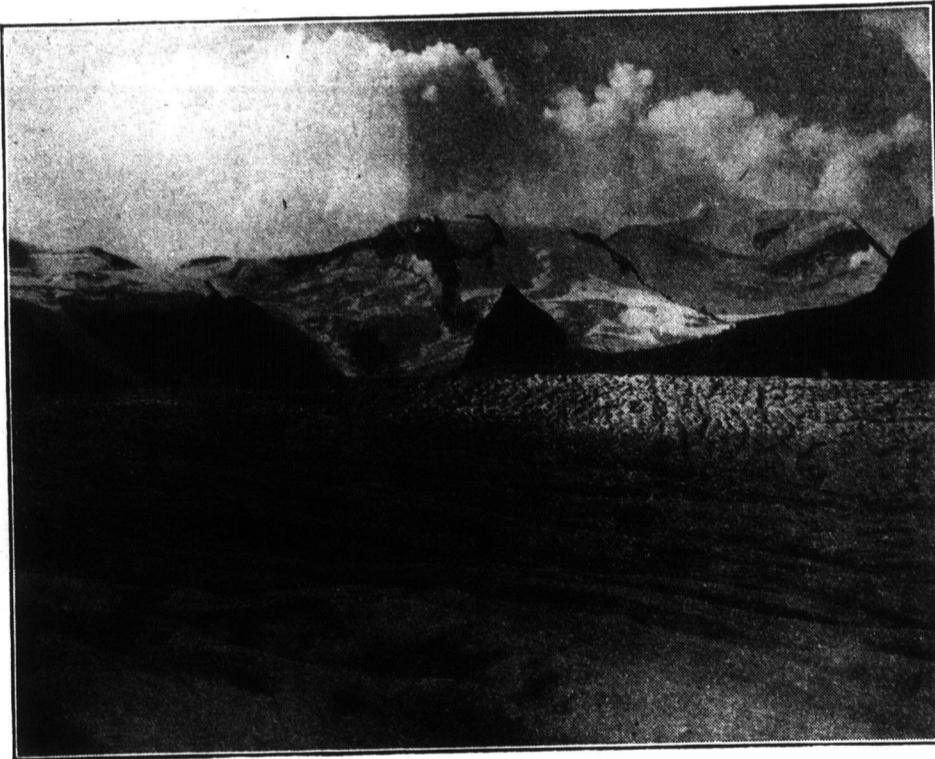
"One sleep ago! Was he alone? Quick, answer me?"

"No! At his side was a dead brave. It was the father of this papoose."

"I see you have two ponies in your corral," observed the young officer. "The black one belonged to the dead man. How came you to possess it?"

Kakakee again clicked the trap for the pleasure of the infant, who was gazing in wonder at the young officer's red coat. "Quick, answer me!" ordered the latter, laying a heavy hand on the shoulder of Kakakee.

The Indian rose to his feet, colouring up with apparent anger. He shook the officers' hand from his shoulder, and stood at his own threshold, a proud, magnificent specimen of savage manhood.



Partial view of Mount Resplendent (the top is hidden by a cloud) on the line of the Canadian National Railways.

and then the child would brandish it and run out at them, shouting angrily. The ghostly ring would scatter, only to make up and draw in again—nearer this time. No wonder Niaman would never forget that night of cruelties, which had, as yet, scarcely begun!

Suddenly the wolves vanished with the same ghostly suddenness as they had appeared, and, looking round, Niaman saw Kakakee standing ten paces distant. He rose, a tottering, pathetic little figure, the long knife in his hand, and stumbled forward to sink his enemy to the ground.

Kakakee laughed, and little Niaman paused, wondering at that laugh. It was not what he had expected to hear, for it was neither harsh nor terrible. It was quite an ordinary laugh, such as his father might have uttered, and it told him that here, at last, was a human being with human sympathies! In an instant the terror of all that he had seen and heard fell upon him. The hunting knife dropped from his hand, and he ran to Kakakee with arms outstretched, whimpering the fear that was at his soul. And Kakakee raised him in two mighty hands, clasping him to his shoulder, while he uttered soft sounds in his throat, such as the squaws of the teepees utter to their children.

It would be easy, at this juncture, to depict Kakakee in the light of a true

him, his eyes blazed living coals, his lips drawn into a thin white line. Niaman shrank from him in terror, for at last he beheld the true Kakakee, the creature to be dreaded, the murderer of infants, the awful being from whom he must creep away into the grass and hide himself!

There was no grass near, so Niaman crept under a wolf skin laid on the floor of the hut. Kakakee fished him out, and what happened next we need not tell. But by dawn Niaman had sworn that he would never again accuse his master of that dreadful crime. He had sworn that it was some other Indian who had shot his father, and that Kakakee, in the greatness of his soul, had taken him in. This was the story Niaman must tell to all enquirers, and in fear of his very life Niaman would tell it.

Thus Kakakee taught the child Niaman that above all things, in fear of some unspeakable punishment, he must not tell the true story of that terrible night. But that he spared the child at all would seem to prove that somewhere in his being was a faint spark of humanity. Why did he not leave Niaman to perish by the prairie wolves? It would have been the easiest way for him, for it would have brought no suspicion to his threshold. By taking the child to his hut he ran risks which no

"Is it not quite clear," he replied disdainfully. "I found the child seated at the side of the fallen brave. I took pity on him, and brought him hither. It occurred to me that the man's pony must be near. I sought round. I found it. Behold, then, both the child and the pony in my keeping."

Ward turned his attention to the infant. He was a kindly young man, strong and patient, like most riders of the plains. But he possessed one faculty—the ability of pleasing children.

He held out one hand, and the child Niaman, perhaps with a sense of relief, went to him. Ward took the child in his arms, then glanced over his shoulder at his companion.

"I'm going to question the youngster," he said. "It strikes me there's something jolly fishy about this."

Ward took the child twenty paces down the slope, and they sat side by side on the warm, dry earth. Kindly and quietly Ward questioned the infant on the events of the previous evening, but with timid glances behind him Niaman stood steadfast in his assertion that it was not Kakakee who had shot his father, but some other brave.

"Is Kakakee kind to you?" asked Ward.

The child seemed in doubt, but did not know how to answer, so it occurred to Ward that he might put the question in a more direct way.

"Would you like to come along with me, Niaman?" he asked, at which the small hands of Niaman clung to his tunic by way of answer.

Ward's mind was clear. The terrified glance Niaman had cast in the di-

rection of the brave, the way the child now clung to him, was sufficient proof that something was wrong. He strode back to the shanty, the infant still clinging to the edge of his red tunic, and addressed Kakakee in the following words:

"Papoose coming along with me. You no fit to handle any papoose. Him afraid of you."

Kakakee rose slowly to his feet, and a half angry, half frightened gleam came into his black eyes. "I found papoose," as stated. "You no right to take him from me. He mine."

Ward shrugged his shoulders. "That so," he answered coolly. "You don't seem to know that an infant found on the prairie is taken over by the police—not by the finder. This youngster doesn't belong to you at all, and I'll see you don't keep him."

"By way of answer Kakakee clutched Niaman by the arm, and dragged the child to him with a force sufficient to dislocate the sockets. Ward turned pale, but this was the only sign of the anger he felt.

"You begin to raise my suspicions, Kakakee," he said quietly. "How is it that you are so intent on keeping the child? Is it that you have suddenly developed a passionate love for children, or is it that you are afraid he may tell us something that only he knows? I believe this child's father was shot and killed. Was it you who shot him?"

Ward took a step forward, one hand on the revolver at his belt, his attitude threatening, and Kakakee shrank from him with fear in his eyes. "No! no!" he growled hoarsely. "I know nothing of the shooting. I have told you my story. It is true."

All the fight was gone out of Kakakee, however, and he made no further resistance as Ward mounted Niaman on his saddle. "You may hear more about this!" shouted Selman, the second police officer. Then they rode with their charge back towards the caravans.

III.

"You seemed mighty suspicious," observed Selman, when they were out of earshot. "How do you know the youngster's father was shot?"

For a moment Ward was thoughtful, then he answered, "Wolves don't eat bullets, Selman. Anyway, they left this one. I found it on the ground by the remains of the Indian."

He drew from his tunic a battered, softnosed bullet, and Selman gave a low whistle. "Then," Ward proceeded, "the child told me he was shot, and I have a very strong suspicion Kakakee did it."

"Why?"

"Firstly, because the old rifle by the door of his shanty is of the same calibre as the one that fired this bullet. That's not much to go by, because it's a popular size. But why is the youngster so mighty scared of Kakakee, and why was Kakakee so mighty anxious to retain possession of him?"

Selman turned to the child. "Was it Kakakee who shot your mather, little man?" he asked kindly.

he could stalk a sleeping deer and knife it. Compared with any such feat, as that, the stalking of human beings would be a simple matter. There were three men with the caravans—the two police and a half breed. Well, Kataakee would see to it that the child did not long remain in their possession.

Just before midnight the Indian, his hands and face stained the colour of the grass, set out on foot to trail the caravans. What terrible intentions were in his mind one cannot say, but by way of arms he carried only his hunting knife.

Ward, Selman and the half breed spent a merry evening with the youngster, for Niaman was a slow, amusing little cove, who seldom smiled, though he saw the humour of things. Many of the things in the hut were new to him, and such articles as he did not recognize he at once concluded belonged to the wonderful assortment of foodstuffs these white men carried. Thus he tried to eat the soap, while he popped Ward's sponge in the porridge saucepan when no one was looking. They turned in shortly after dusk, and soon all were sleeping soundly.

It must have been near midnight when Ward awoke with a strange sensation upon him. He and Selman occupied one caravan, the half breed and Niaman the other. For the first time in his career as a police officer Ward found himself wishing that they possessed a watchdog. He actually awoke with the feeling upon him that to-night they would be safer if a good watchdog were lying under the caravan. Then he found him-

He climbed into the other caravan, raised the youngster and climbed down again without waking the half breed, and a minute later Niaman was sound asleep in a white man's mattress. Then Ward took up his position under the caravan and waited.

It was almost pitch dark, but all round there was scarcely enough grass to hide a snake. For anyone to approach the carts unseen would surely be the height of impossibility, for at this point the ground was hard baked, and almost destitute of grass.

Over an hour had passed when suddenly Ward looked up, scarcely able to believe his eyes. He saw a dark figure rise from the very ground under the wheels of the caravan in which the half breed slept. That the figure was that of a man he was certain, but he dare not shoot, lest it be one of his companions.

How the man had got there was a mystery! He seemed to rise from the very earth, yet he must have crept within a few feet of the shadow in which Ward lay. Now, with the same ghostly silence, he began, slowly, to mount the caravan, and Ward realized it was time to act.

On tiptoe he stole out from his hiding, and silently and swiftly began to approach, keeping to the shadows. From twenty paces distant he flung up his rifle, for he saw that the man was an Indian, who carried a dagger in one hand. Ere he could speak, however, the Indian saw him also, flung himself flat, and instantly vanished into the shadows of the caravan.



A beautiful scene on a prosperous farm in the Souris Valley, Saskatchewan.

Ward ran to the place, shouting a warning that he would fire on sight. He reached the very spot where two seconds ago the man had stood, yet he could see no one. Something whistled through the air perilously near his face, but he scarcely noticed it. He peered under the caravan, scanned the ground around, but nothing could be seen. It was like hunting a ghost! Then he ran back to the first caravan, and as he did so he heard a faint movement under it, and again something sang through the air by his face. He dodged round the corner just in time to see a figure—a figure which was so nearly the colour of the ground as to be almost invisible. It dodged and twisted like a startled snipe, making for the open prairie.

Ward flung up his rifle and fired low. It was a blind shot, but it was a lucky one. The figure leapt into the air and fell—motionless.

Ward sauntered up to the place, his smoking rifle in his hand, and next moment he was looking down into the savage face of Kakakee, who cursed him.

IV.

"This rather upsets our arrangements, Ward," said Selman next morning. "The Indian's pretty badly plugged, and we'll have to get back to headquarters with him—quick as we can."

"Well," answered Ward, "there's only one way. Buffalo Pass. It's possible

self listening intently. The very silence seemed to have something significant about it. His thoughts wandered off in another direction; why had he left the youngster to sleep with the half breed? That man would slumber through an earthquake, and something might happen to the child while he slept.

At that moment Selman sat up and began to rearrange his pillow. "You awake, Selman. What's up?"

"O, my bed's beastly uncomfortable. You can have mine."

"What about you?"

"I'm not sleeping. I'm squatting under the caravan."

Selman laughed. "Don't forget to put your collar and chain on," he advised.

"That's just what we want—a good watchdog. But shut up, making such a din!"

"Why? What's in the air. Heard anything?" Selman's manner was suddenly intent.

"No. I've got an attack of nerves I suppose. Anyway, I'm going to bring that youngster into this caravan, then I'm mounting guard."

Selman said nothing. He had lived in the wild long enough to respect another man's instincts. More than once in his life he had awakened with the sensation that something was wrong, and usually such sensations proved correct. Ward slipped on his hat, his boots, and his overcoat, and went silently out.

if we go steady over the bad bits. The half breed knows the route."

This was decided upon as their only plan. They would return with their captive by a short route through the foothills. They had safely rounded up their man, and it was all straight sailing for the remainder of the trip—so they thought.

Next morning they reached the foot of Buffalo Pass, and their sweating mules began the long uphill climb. It was a ghastly place, even for light caravans, made for such work. The trail wound its course along the almost perpendicular mountain face, and at certain points there was scarcely room for the creaking outfits. It was one of those trails on which an accidental meeting with a bear would spell sudden death for the whole train.

But the men of the hills become contemptuous of such perils. The half breed, a dead cigarette hid between his lips, drove the first caravan, which carried the most valuable cargo. On the floor of it, on a carefully padded mattress, apparently unconscious, lay the Indian. Ward sat at the back, looking out at the scenery, while Niaman sat at his feet, silently admiring his boots. In the dust behind them Selman brought up the second caravan, with its cargo of foodstuffs they had intended taking north to their proposed winter quarters.

The scene on which Ward looked was one of desolate, but impressive grandeur. From the wheels of the caravan the mountain side fell downwards in a series of steps, each step thirty or forty feet in depths, while the slopes between them were piled high with shattered timber, touched with the light green of birch and poplar. The valley far below was a land of shadows, on which the sun never shone, though through its gloomy depths ran a streak of laughing water.

Then suddenly, as Ward sleepily contemplated the scene, something happened! The Indian, through half closed eyes, saw that the back of his guard was towards him. Kakakee knew now that his last chance was gone, but one evil desire retained possession of his mind—the desire for vengeance. Cautiously he slipped his hand under his battered shirt, and from it he drew a small blow pipe and a few poisoned darts. With an effort he raised himself, and placed the blowpipe to his lips. He aimed, not at the driver, not at Ward, but at the steaming flanks of the caravan mules. Silently the first dart sped on its deadly mission, then came another and another, quick as breath. Each found its mark with cruel accuracy, and each was like the shock of a hornet sting. The mules plunged, reared and screamed, then tormented beyond endurance they broke into a gallop, the caravan rocking behind them, sending shower after shower of loose stones into the depths below.

Ward knew instantly that the first irregularity in the trail meant certain death for all. He yelled to the driver to jump, and at the same instant he clutched Niaman and leapt backwards from the caravan. The driver managed to clear the wheels, and next moment the three of them lay shaken in the dust.

Then, as the Indian went on alone, from the back of the caravan came a hail of poisoned darts, but luck was with the police that day. Ward dragged himself up and watched the swaying outfit, knowing well what he would see. The mules, in their mad panic, hugged the inner edge of the trail too closely. The wheels caught a projecting shelf, and over she went, crashing, bounding, shattering down the slope, mules and vehicle mixed together in ghastly confusion.

Ward looked at the child; he was safe, unharmed. For fully a minute no one spoke, then Ward said: "Niaman, who shot your father?"

Niaman walked to the edge of the cliff and threw a pebble down into the space below, far in the shadows of which lay an Indian, smashed and bruised and impaled by the wreckage of the caravan. Then, from the driver's seat, Sel-

man nodded gravely to his friend. Kakakee, the murderer, had gone on alone, and the white man's law was thus fulfilled.

A SIMPLE TRANSPOSITION

Little four-year-old Bessie was putting on her shoes for the first time and got them exchanged.

Going to her mother, she said triumphantly, "See, mamma, I got my shoes on."

"Oh!" said mamma, "but you have them on the wrong feet."

Bessie looked down doubtfully and said, "I don't see how that can be. These are all the feet I got."—The Christian Herald.

strip of sheeting or similar fabric wrung dry from warm water, and press it with a hot iron until the woolen is damp. Remove the wet cloth, substitute a dry one and continue the pressing until the woolen is smooth and dry. A coarse fabric placed over the woolen will leave an undesirable imprint; and of course an iron that is not kept in constant motion will mark the material. Pressure with the iron should not be too heavy or it will stretch the woolen. If you shrink all wash materials before you make them into garments, they will then give good service after being laundered.

Open the material so that it lies in one-yard folds, and put it in clear, warm water, unless the color is likely to be harmed; in that case use cold water. Let it stand for twenty minutes; then

Garments made from materials so treated will amply repay you for the time and trouble it takes to shrink them and to set the color, in the satisfaction you feel in their lasting good appearance and improved wearing qualities.

THE MINISTRY OF TO-DAY

By the Rev. W. J. Tucker, D.D.

The ministry of to-day gives direct moral and spiritual approach to men. Men are becoming more and more accessible. The barriers between the minister and other men are down, the barriers, that is, of mere conventionalism, whether in thought or manner. If a minister has learned to think, as a straightforward man of his time is in the habit of thinking, he can talk with him on religion out of the pulpit, as he can speak to him of religion from the pulpit. Do not think that the language of the minister is simply the language of pity and compassion; it is also, if he knows his business, the language of authority. The best place to touch a man to-day is in his conscience. There is where men wait the word of inspiration and quickening, as well as the word of rebuke. You relieve the monotony of duty by giving its place in the imagination and in the heart, but its home is in the conscience.

I dwell upon this fact because we have almost come to think that the highest work of the ministry is in the slums. There is no highest work in the ministry. It is all of a grade to the minister who really wants to lift his fellow-men, each man to his best. The man with ten talents living at the rate of two is as pitiable an object as the man who has but one talent, and who does not know that he has that, or knows that he has spent it. There is no limit to the power of the truth-loving minister who has an insight into men at all comparable to his insight into truth. A friend in another profession, and that the profession which is, I think, the most advanced of any to-day, the profession of medicine, said to me recently, "After all, the most authoritative man in the community is the minister."

The ministry on its personal side offers to a man the joy of simplicity in the midst of the unsatisfying complexity of our time. There are a good many restrictions upon a man who enters the ministry, restrictions which a man of many desires and tastes feels. But in these days of excessive wealth, visible in nearly every community, there are restrictions upon the great majority of intelligent and cultured people. The time has come when a man of many desires must train himself to live for money or train himself to live without a sufficiency of it. Who hesitates before the alternative? But if one chooses the simpler life let him fill it with the greatest joy. Let him outgrow his vexing limitations and live in the larger freedom of some satisfying service. I do not say that the ministry is the only form of satisfying service. I do say that to the man who lives at the heart of it, there can be none more satisfying.

BUSY NEW YORK

A little girl from a more leisurely part of the country was walking with her mother along that part of Broadway in front of the Woolworth Building. It was the noon hour, the Evening Post "Saturday Magazine" tells us, and the crowd was out and in rapid motion. The wind was fresh and gusts of it scurried past.

"I don't like New York, mother," said the little girl. "Everything is in such a hurry—even the wind."

"Calumny," says Archbishop Leighton, "would soon starve and die of itself if nobody took it in and gave it lodging." "There would not," says Bishop Hall, "be so many open mouths if there were not so many open ears."

THE FERRY

By Frances

SO, this is the ferry, O Boatman old!
And this is thy ferry-boat!
And all who would reach the other shore
Must over those waters float.

Is there no return, O, thou Boatman pale,
From the other side to here?
And must he who launches on that tide
But once cross those waters drear?

And O, Boatman say! from that far-off strand
Do you ever tidings bring?
Those who have breasted that surging flood,
Can you hear the songs they sing?

Can you catch glad strains of the music sweet
As you land your weary freight?
Or hear the ring of the harps of gold,
Or see a gleam of the gate!

O, Boatman! thy face looks so stern and grey,
I dread to go forth with thee!
What will await, when over those waves
You have swiftly carried me?

Ah! many have entered thy mystic craft
That saileth so silently;
Friends, that I loved at this ferry-side,
Feared not, to embark with thee.

With their faces filled with a strange, new light,
Born not of earth's fading things;
With ears unheeding our bitter cry,
For they heard the angels' wings.

Thou hast ferried the strong, O, Boatman old!
Yea, those in the pride of youth;
And tiny children, with smiles step in,
All innocent trust, and truth.

And the old and feeble rejoice to go,
With thee in thy waiting bark;
For their steadfast eyes, by faith see through
The shadows so thick and dark.

The river, O, Boatman! runs swift and cold,
And the port I cannot see;
Save for a faint far-reaching line
Of where the bright shore may be.

O, say! shall I fear when I'm called to float
Over the river with thee?
I think not, beyond that unknown deep
I'll trust, where I cannot see.

AN ECONOMY IN CLOTHING

The present shortage of textile materials brought about by war conditions makes it more than ever desirable to get the maximum amount of wear out of the materials we use in the household. True economy demands that we buy material that will look well as long as it lasts, that will wash or clean well, and that can probably be remade and used over again. Cheap goods in the end are expensive.

To get the best service out of woolen materials you must always sponge them before you make them into garments. If you neglect to do that, they will spot badly and will shrink unevenly when they get wet. A satisfactory way to sponge woolen materials at home is as follows: Clip the selvage edges every twelve inches or so to prevent them from drawing when the material is wet. Then lay the material right side down on a well-padded ironing board, cover it with a

lift it out and let it drip until dry. If you pin it carefully to the line and keep it smooth in the folds, no ironing will be necessary.

Set the color at the same time that you do the shrinking. Different colors require different treatments. To set blues use one cupful of strong vinegar in a gallon of water; to set lavenders use one tablespoonful of sugar of lead (poison) in a gallon of water; to set other colors use two cupfuls of salt or one cupful of salt and one tablespoonful of alum in a gallon of water. You can best make the last two solutions by pouring boiling water over the substances to be dissolved and allowing the solutions to stand until the water becomes cold. Then put the material in and permit it to remain for from twenty to thirty minutes. After you have removed it wash it in warm soapsuds and thoroughly rinse it in clear, warm water.

The Romance of a Railway Man

By Annie Sheppard Armstrong

GEORGE JONES' father, whom he could barely remember, had been a railroader, and, since his death his mother kept a boarding-house near the "roundhouse" in the little prairie divisional point. Here railroad men came and went at all hours according to their runs. His mother's people had been railroad men too, and each fresh boarder who came was told about how her brother had been crushed between two cars when old-time brakes were used, and all that could be picked up of him was packed into one of his old-fashioned high topped leather boots. And how an uncle by marriage had been catapulted off the top of a car when the coupling went wrong, and his head stove in, his wife being quite crazy for a few weeks and setting the table all ready for him, when his old train came in.

None of these oft-repeated tales deterred George from being a railroad man any more than do stories of blood and carnage alter a soldier's son from his determination to be a fighter too—rather increasing it.

School with George was only an interlude between trains. No. 2 came in at noon and he was there every day before she pulled out when she was on time; but oh, her whistle sounded lone-

some when she pulled in and out again in school hours.

Time rolled around, and, finally, by prevaricating quite a bit about his age, George was actually out of school and "wiping" at the roundhouse, coming home with the rest; and if the blackness of him was the standard for estimating work, George was running the whole line.

At length he was actually a fireman on a freight, glorying proudly as all railroaders do in the engine, and looking up to his engineer as the grandest noblest man on earth. His ambition continued to run ahead to the grand and glorious day when he should pull out as the engineer of a passenger train. That was his goal. Until then his energies were bent upon that alone. Nothing could lure him from it; all other wishes were secondary. Feverishly he awaited it, thinking of it by day, and dreaming of it by night. Youthful joys and the lure of bright eyes were ignored in the great ambition.

"All things come to him who only waits," providing he puts in the waiting time to good account, so, finally, as the crown of the busy years, George Jones actually one spring morning did pull out with the 10.45 passenger train, as engineer. He was not much more than a

bright-haired, glad-eyed boy yet, and his fireman was considerably older.

Oh, it was good to George, flying through the spring prairies, engineer of his own train, earnestly mindful of his great trust, all those precious lives behind him, trusting to his guidance, he as dependable as some splendid wild deer, his timid bunch behind him.

Presently the train passed a homestead where stood a little shack some distance back from the track. Someone at the window seemed to be frantically waving at the train with a white cloth. Both engineer and fireman waved back.

"Someone cleanin' the window glass," said the latter practically.

"So it was," laughed George, "I thought it queer waving."

And after that occasion a slip of a girl nearly always came out and waved when the train passed, her attention obviously on the boy-faced engineer.

Later in the summer, one day as the train whizzed along she was picking raspberries from the bushes along the track, and the smiling face in the pink sunbonnet showed sparkling white teeth, dark eyes, and a wisp of black hair blown across rosy cheeks. It was only a momentary glimpse, but it photographed itself on the engineer's memory, and danced before him with its smile, its appeal, so obviously meant for him.

Afterwards the shack had a new significance for him, and his run was interesting to him insofar as it was near to or far from the neat, if humble, dwelling-place of his divinity. The fireman "joshed" him about it, but he was so in earnest that he did not care.

The tenants of the shack had a dog that always "laid for" the train and ran just so far alongside in violent and frenzied pursuit. One day "just for fun" George tied the morning paper to a big piece of coal and threw it out of the cab toward the dog. The animal instantly grabbed it and started toward the shack, and the girl came out laughing and waving. After that he often sent the paper or a magazine, and near Christmas a box of chocolates in the same way.

It was a bitter winter that year, even for north-western Canada.

One night in February when George's train was making the return trip at a little after eleven, the train was making wonderful time. The whole world sparkled at 30 degrees below zero. The vast prairies stretched in cold splendor on all sides. The moon and the stars snapped and glittered in the frosty, clear air. The very rails seemed greased with frost. All was calm.

"The old engine acts like she was possessed," said the fireman, "she's just greedy for miles, and more miles."

Continued on page 48



The live stock industry of Alberta has passed through several stages in the past twenty years. The days of the big round-up, the stampede, the broncho buster and the cattle rustler are gone forever. In place of the few large ranches there is now a great number of small enterprises, and farm herds of a few or a hundred. Two hundred head of cattle is a fair-sized bunch nowadays. However, Alberta has more cattle, sheep and horses than ever before, and has long since rehabilitated the cattle and sheep industry after the losses of 1906-7, and the widespread reduction of stock by sale about 1908. The picture tells something of the story. The upper one is a bunch of fat steers heading for Brooks, the railway and the market, in the fall of 1919. The second picture shows a flock of Southern Alberta sheep being held near a stockyards for loading on cars.

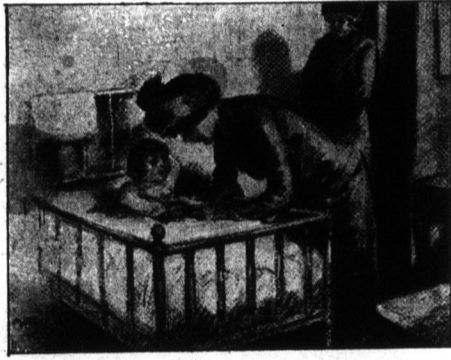
The Measure of the Ghetto

Continued from page 6

have none of our charity. And, as is always the case, repulse but made us the more desiring.

Then we found the way to her heart. It was through the baby, Morris. Now that the mother was out so much looking for work, we began to bring him trifling gifts, now a ten-cent toy, now an orange, now some candy. And Rosa Eppman, out of her overwhelming love for the child capitulated.

He really was a fine, interesting young animal, and kept surprisingly clean when you consider that he had only a one-handed mother who was so worn out nights from fruitless trudging that she often fell asleep washing the bibs and tuckers and other things that go with juveniles. She would not listen to Mother Rosenberg doing it. Too much was being done for her, she said; and, besides, it was her greatest pleasure. This was true, as a blind man could see.



Every day the widow Bonewaur was at the hospital with more coaxing and arguments.

Sometimes, as spring reached on, we would watch the mother and child out in the brick cavern euphony designated the back yard. There was a chimney-like draught of air here and a rattling old skeleton of a tree that put up a brave bluff with a single branch of foliage. She used to romp there with the boy, not knowing she was observed, clutching the youngster to her, kissing him passionately, even mumbling his grimy shoes. Like a fairy wand was the careless touch of the boy. When his hands patted Rosa's face sorrow fell away from her. There is hope that springs eternal, but hers was the most inspiring hope of all—the hope for one loved better than one's self. At times it was almost funny to watch the maternal conflict when the child—who after all was a selfish little animal—showed some preference for us who catered to his stomach. She was jealous; but presently the gleam in her eyes would melt to a smile of pride and satisfaction and thankfulness.

She could find no work, and things were getting worse and worse when Maury got his great idea. This was no less than that Rosa should become a city employee. Larry MacCormack, the district leader, was kindness itself after we made it clear there were fourteen votes in Mother Rosenberg's and that, in addition, the Herald would soften its principles and toot occasionally for him.

Rosa set off the next Monday evening, ablaze with happiness, to do night scrubbing in the city courts building. She came home Thursday morning bowed down with despair. The job was over. The Bureau of Municipal Find-out, which teaches cities how to run things on business principles, had discovered her at work. It was a waste of the taxpayers' money! Logical objection it was too. Obviously, a woman with one hand can do only half as much work as one with two. It was puerile, the offer of Rosa to work for half-pay. Such an arrangement would have disrupted all business method.

But the Bureau was composed of philanthropists. They pointed out a solution of her trouble—a sensible way—a way in accord with the modern science of philanthropy. She was to apply to the Omnipotent Charities Association—uptown at their fine big building. They had a Department that secured employment for persons who were physically handicapped in any way.

Can you imagine a mouse transformed to a roaring lioness? That was Rosa Eppman when she returned from the Omnipotent Charities! Perhaps you will say she was ungrateful. They had offered her a home in the family of a charitable church worker, where she would be comfortable, get one dollar a week, and have little to do but care for a baby girl. Not so bad for a cripple, eh?

Yes; but what do you suppose? Think of impossible things! Well, then, in order to get the job she must surrender baby-boy Morris to the Omnipotent Charities Association, which would find some one to adopt him!

Give up her Morris, indeed. They were crazy. Her little boy that was all she had left. Why didn't they ask to cut off her other hand? Wanted her to take care of some one's brat while her own darling baby was away with strangers! To gehenna with them! Something would surely turn up!

That evening Maury Green harked back to his philosophy of love.

"See?" he gloated. "Here is your Ghetto mother who gives up assured comfort for herself rather than sacrifice her child!"

"Not so fast," I contended, perhaps to be contrary. "It may be that between the comfort of a good home and the comfort of her child's presence she chooses what suits her best."

It set him off like touching a match to gunpowder.

"You scoffer!" he snapped. "What do you know about love?"

"Or you, for that matter?" I remarked arily, which did not at all tend to soothe him. "You know," I continued, "they have offered prizes for its definition. Perhaps you could brush away the haze?"

As might have been expected, it precipitated a bombardment of Maury's usual brand of philosophy. At such times it is soonest over with if you do not try to stop him.

"Listen!" he began. "With some, love means one thing—with others something entirely different. That's why each man has his own definition."

"There is the love of lovers, for instance, hailed by the poets as the Divine Passion; there is parental love and filial

love and brotherly love and various other kinds of love. And if you analyze and divide any of these by the method of Fahrenheit you will find it has as many degrees of ardor as there are scratches on a thermometer. But this will not be measuring love—simply grading its manifestations.

"Listen some night during the lobster hours at Churlish's and hear what some flush of color under a peroxide rick has to say:

"It's true! He sent Gladys a solitaire sparkler to her dressing room today—a beauty! My, but he's crazy about her!"

"That's the Broadway measure. Its standard is giving."

"Or, again, hear what that sedate business man is saying:

"My wife abhors the languages, but she's brushing up on her French and German like the deuce. You see the children will soon be taking them up!"

"That's another measure. Love's labor sets its standard!"

Then I dug the pit for him: "And your Ghetto measure?"

"Is giving up!" he flashed back. "I don't mean giving up something for the sake of a loved one. I mean giving up the loved one—giving up love itself—if it will benefit the one who is loved!"

"And that," I gloated, "is exactly what Rosa Eppman hasn't done!"

It put him in a corner; at least all he could say was: "We shall see, we shall see!"

But, to get back to actual happenings, things seemed to brighten from then on with Rosa Eppman. Perhaps it was that she became more humble and accepting. Her love and gratitude for Mother Rosenberg were inspiring; Maury Green she regarded as a great and wise man. And in a sense he deserved it. She did not know, but we did, that the outfit of cheap laces he got her to peddle put him deeply in thrall to one of the Herald's best advertisers.

Rosa Eppman became happy. And why not? Every week she was able to pay Mother Rosenberg something. What did Rosa care if doors were slammed in her face; if she came home footsore and drenched on rainy days; if negro hall boys shooed her away with

insults? It taught her not to go to fine apartment houses. And instead of being ashamed of her infirmity she was glad of it. It made people kind to her. Only the other day a poor woman took her insurance money out of the sugar bowl in order to buy a cheap tidy. And think of it, at the very time her own children stood about with toes protruding. Insults! Huh! What did she care? She was earning almost enough to keep her Morris. And once when McManus suggested—the rest of us agreeing—that it would help business to take the youngster about with her, she was amazed, horrified, humiliated. Take her little baby out into the hardships? The idea! No one but a man would think of such a thing.

Then one day the blow fell. We knew it was coming and lined the upper hall, discreetly out of sight.

"Morris," she called before the door was half open. "Morris boy, come quick; see the pretty apple Mommer has brought. Where are you, Morris?"

We heard her hurry back to the basement stairs and call, and call, and call. Then her footsteps became quick, nervous, tense, and her voice took the ascending scale of anxiety. But she did not find Morris. Nor did she find Mother Rosenberg or the others. They were dodging; and we, listening, poised ourselves for quick retreat.

The boy was sick—very, very sick. He had been ailing, and this day he lapsed to delirium. Dr. Bernstein had called it scarlet fever.

It was a trying experience for Mother Rosenberg, and for all of us. If ever a gentle woman went suddenly amuck, Rosa Eppman was that woman. Somehow we were to blame. I do not know just how—but we were. We had given him sweets to eat; or Mother Rosenberg had not watched him. But then, after the balm of tears, her mood softened. She wanted to be forgiven. We had all been good to her. It was nobody's fault but God's. She must have offended Him. But He was unkind to punish her so!

Maury Green argued with Rosa so convincingly and then pulled the proper wires to such good effect that presently baby Morris was trundled off to the Jewish Hospital for Children. His mother rode with him in the ambulance. We speculated on the scene that would occur when she found she could not stay with the boy. But we were fooled. We learned then from Rosa Eppman the lesson that when sorrow is most keen, love is quickest to search out some bright side or other. Was God not good, she argued, in that if Morris must be sick, he had been taken to a beautiful hospital, where there were wonderful doctors, and the beds were soft and white, and everybody was kind. And then they had told her he was not very ill, he might be out in a month. Of course it was hard not to have the child home with her; but what was her trifling, selfish worry when, as was plain to be seen, it was all for the best when it might have been for the worst.

That night Rosa came to a portentous decision of which we were duly informed. She had been selfish in the past! She had sacrificed little Morris to her own pride and now God had pointed out that she must sacrifice her pride to the child. She should not have held him to such a miserable life when there was an easy way out. Here was the way of it. Her brother Hermann, who had opposed her marriage, should be written to for help. What of her vow never to speak to him again? Had not God punished her for cherishing hatred? Hermann was rich—he had a fine jewelry business in Chicago—and he had a kind heart. She need only appeal to him.

All she asked was two or three hundred dollars; and scarcely was the letter in the post before she was planning how the money was to be spent. First, to be sure, she must take Morris away for a while after he left the hospital. Scarlet fever is not such a serious thing, you know, but it leaves things behind it if one isn't careful. There was a really fine place in the mountains where the board for the two would be only six dollars a week. That would leave enough to lay in a stock of irresistible laces, and if she only worked a little



"There was the letter from Brother Hermann flung on a pile of baby dresses."

harder than before she would surely prosper. Who could tell? In time, maybe, she could take a little store. In the days that followed Rosa was the tireless architect of innumerable air castles. It was talk, talk, talk of the near future when baby Morris would be hers all for herself again;



"We heard her hurry back to the basement stairs and call, and call, and call."

for her and point out things so clearly, and make Rosa feel sometimes that she was rather selfish? But such nonsense! Words are nothing but words. Just two days more now and Morris would come home, and she would be done with their everlasting prattle about duty and self-sacrifice. The letter from brother Hermann would settle all their talk.

The letter came that very evening and Rosa, gloating in her exhilaration, carried it off to have the first glimpse all to herself. An hour later Mother Rosenberg beckoned us down the basement stairs. Outside Rosa's door we listened to the low, hopeless wailing of a soul sorely tried. There was the letter from brother Hermann flung on the pile of baby dresses that Rosa had prepared against Morris's home-coming.

Brother Hermann wrote that he was sick at heart because he could do so little to help. The jewelry business had failed. Just now he and his wife and their three little ones were living in one small room, earning their bread by sewing buttons on coats. He had, however, scraped up enough for one railroad ticket, and she could bring the child since he was young enough to ride free. They would manage somehow. Rosa would be able to do some work; and by and by, when the little fellow got big enough, say seven or eight, he could learn to sew buttons on like his cousins.

We left Rosa in the apathetic calm of one who mercifully has been numbed by a blow. Later, when Mother Rosenberg found excuse to go to the room, Rosa had packed all the little dresses in a canvas bag and was trying to close it and fasten the strap with her one hand. Through the night, Mother Rosenberg uneasily alert, heard Rosa

pace back and forth, back and forth. When we came down in the morning, Rosa Eppman was gone. She had taken the bag, but left her own belongings behind.

It was raining that afternoon when she dragged herself up the stoop. She passed us in the hall, seemingly unconscious of our presence. Her eyes, glowing hectically, were set straight ahead; her cheeks were pallid; her mouth and lips dry and drawn. Her breast heaved in quick staccato rhythm.

Mother Rosenberg followed her downstairs, pretending to blow her nose. The old hypocrite! As though that would deceive us. A great boarding house convenience are banisters. One can never be certain whether you are eavesdropping, or just going up or coming down stairs. We were grateful to Mother Rosenberg for leaving the door ajar.

"Rosa, girl," we heard her say with over cheerfulness, "why are you packing up? Surely you don't think of taking the boy out to that hard life!"

"Oh, no," came in a dull, lack-life monotone. "He's not going. I'm going alone."

"What's that?" snapped Mother Rosenberg. "You'll bring him right here and stay with him—that's what you'll do! And right now I'll go with you to the hospital and we'll get him."

"No, no," came in the same even, tense voice. "I'd be afraid to see him again. I didn't even go to-day. I might change my mind. I've decided it all, but I've got feelings, you know. Just suppose he reached up and patted my cheek and made play faces at me!"

"It's too late, anyhow," she continued, droningly. "I've been to the lawyer's and signed papers. He's to grow up and think she is his mother. I'm never to

see him again—never to go near him. And it's best. He'll forget me after awhile and then he'll be happy."

Mother Rosenberg was frankly sniveling. "And to think of the way you used to love him," she gurgled.

"Used to love him!" Rosa Eppman's voice swept up to a wavering pitch. "If I didn't love him now a million times more than I ever did, I'd take him to my brother's or I'd keep him here and struggle on somehow. That wouldn't tear my heart out and make me feel all dead, this way. But he'd grow up to sew buttons, to be hungry, to be always bound to sorrow and trouble. It's because I love him that I'm giving him up!"

THE LITTLE CARES

The little cares that fretted me,
I lost them yesterday,
Among the fields above the sea,
Among the winds at play;
Among the lowing of the herds,
The rustling of the trees,
Among the singing of the birds,
The humming of the bees.

The foolish fears of what may hap,
I cast them all away,
Among the clover-scented grass,
Among the new-mown hay;
Among the husking of the corn,
Where drowsy poppies nod,
Where ill thoughts die and good are born,
Out in the fields with God.

What a world of gossip would be prevented if it was only remembered that a person who tells you the faults of others intends to tell others of your faults.

when she could hug and kiss him, and wash and dress him, and there would be no unkind, though good, nurses to say "stop" if she only slid her fingers under the covers to press his little hot hands. And he was getting along famously. Why, to-day, think of it, he knew her and smiled when she playfully threw kisses on his pillow; whereas, yesterday, he only stirred when she called, and the day before he had taken no notice at all.

Then a singular thing happened—something that showed her there were people ever so much worse off than she. Truly, it was sort of ridiculous, and she laughed when she told Mother Rosenberg the details. That day, it seemed, the superintendent had introduced her to another young mother who was all in black and whose heart was broken. A rich woman, she was, a Mrs. Bonewaur, the widow of Bonewaur, the "pants" manufacturer. And now the poor woman was all alone in the world because her little boy had died in the hospital, of scarlet fever, not a month before. See how little good money is when it will not save your child!

But here was the foolish part. The young woman wanted to adopt her Morris because he was just like the dead little boy. Think of it! If Rosa did not understand how that mother was suffering she'd have told her something! Of course it was a great compliment, everybody seemed to want him; but anyhow, a mother should know more than to offer such a thing. Money! Huh! Did that give excuse for robbing another mother, because she was poor, of the only thing she had worth living for? They might talk of fine prospects for Morris, of the beautiful home and the fine education he would get. But he would not have the love of his real mother; and, anyhow, now that brother Hermann was to help, she would be able to give him future prospects enough. And she had made them understand that the matter was settled for good.

In this Rosa was mistaken. Every day the widow Bonewaur was at the hospital with more coaxing and arguments, and trying to win her over by bringing flowers and things to Morris. And even the superintendent, who had seemed so kind at first, took the side of the widow. That was because she was rich! Why did he have to argue

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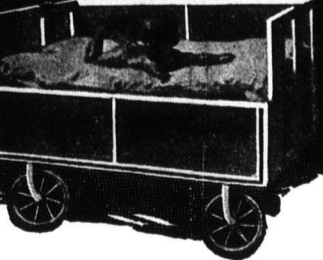
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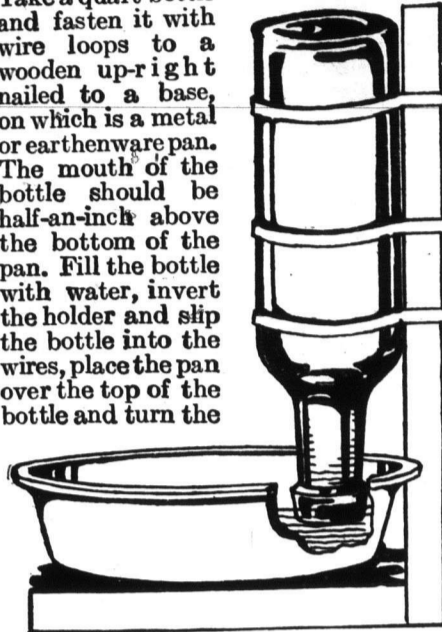
Children's Cosy Corner

Conducted by Bobby Burke



To Make A Chicken Fountain

Take a quart bottle and fasten it with wire loops to a wooden up-right nailed to a base, on which is a metal or earthenware pan. The mouth of the bottle should be half-an-inch above the bottom of the pan. Fill the bottle with water, invert the holder and slip the bottle into the wires, place the pan over the top of the bottle and turn the



whole thing quickly over. So long as any water remains in the bottle the level in the pan will be just above that of the mouth.

A Pretty Hat Band

Have you a big shady "picnic" hat or an old garden hat or pretty panama that needs a new little "touch" girls? If you have got a pretty piece of cretonne or chintz, there may be a scrap in the house, you will want a piece six inches wide and about 3/4 of a yard long. If you are buying it, choose the brightest colors you can get, a design with birds and flowers. With gray or white wool (angora if you have it) do a blanket stitch all around this strip. Put a band of it round the crown of your hat, and with the end that is left make an imitation bow of one straight piece blanket stitched all the way around also, and caught through the centre with a narrow cross strip in the manner shown in illustration. Place this bow at the back, front, or side, wherever it is most becoming, and you will have a pretty new trimming for your hat.

Something to Learn

The Peacock has a score of eyes,
With which he cannot see;
The cod-fish has a silent sound
However that may be;
No dandelions tell the time,
Altho they turn to clocks;
Cat's cradle does not hold the cat
Nor fox-glove fit the fox.

Rosette.

What does it take to make a rose,
Mother—mine?
The God that died to make it, knows
It takes the world's eternal wars,
It takes the moon and all the stars;
It takes the might of heaven and hell,
And the everlasting love as well,
Little child.

Noyes.

Something to Read

Among the very curious superstitions of modern sailors may be mentioned the following:

Captain, cook or cabin boy considers it unlucky to ship with a man who has forgotten to pay his laundry bill. A sailor, nearing port after a lengthy voyage will gather up old clothes and shoes unfit for further use and ceremoniously commit them to the sea, in order to ensure himself luck on his next voyage.

Sailors like to ship on a craft that displays a shark's tail firmly nailed to the bowsprit or jibboom.

Jack Tar places great faith in the merits of a pig as a weather prophet. During very rough weather it is difficult to convince any old-timer

that there is not a Jonah on board. Many captains of the old school, who ought to know better, are so superstitious in this regard that it is not uncommon for them to evince an intense dislike for officers who have happened apparently to be the harbingers of bad weather, especially fog. It is quite usual on board ship to find members of the crew nicknamed "Foggy Jones," "Heavy Weather Bill" or "Squally Jack."

Cats on board ship are held to be lucky, and many a stray feline finds a comfortable home and careful attention with Jack for its friend, although on the other hand, our domestic friend has at times been held responsible for the continuance of very bad weather and forced to accept the role of Jonah to the fullest extent.

One of the most curious of the superstitions of the sea is that pertaining to the capture of a shark. The natural dread and antipathy with which these monsters of the deep are viewed cause a capture to be hailed with much rejoicing. All hands, from the captain down to the cabin boy, take a keen interest in the proceedings, and, having successfully landed the shark on deck—an operation involving no little excitement—it is killed and its tail cut off. This trophy is then nailed either on the end of the bowsprit or the jibboom and is considered an infallible charm, capable of bringing the craft the fairest of winds and weather. It is not uncommon to observe sailing vessels lying in port with this peculiar emblem of the sailor's superstition, but the custom is fast dying out, since, in the case of steamers, a shark capture at sea is a very rare occurrence.

Father—Why do you want to leave school and go to work when you're so young?

Son—It's this way, Dad. School is going to be a tough place for the next few years. We shall have a new map of Europe to study and if we fail the teacher is likely to give us the constitution of the League of Nations to learn by heart.



Making the most of educational facilities.

The three children in this picture, although they live four miles from school, have an enviable record for school attendance which, we doubt, is excelled by many, if any, in Western Canada. The tiny tot in front has just completed her sixth birthday, and had done her eight miles each day for quite a time, while still in her fifth year. It is only very extreme weather which keeps these girls out of school for a day.

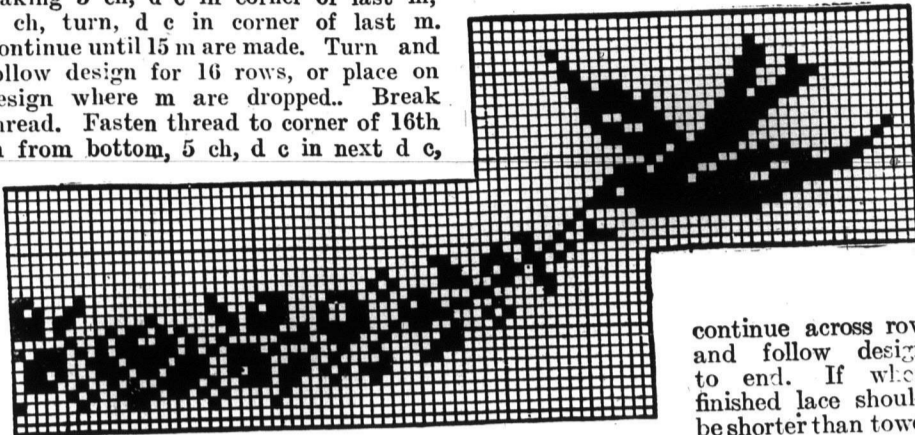
Our country schools in the west could do with a few more examples like this.

The happy trio, on their faithful pony, are the children of Mr. Les Jespersen, a prominent farmer of the Taber District, Alberta.

Work for Busy Fingers

The suggestion has been made by one of our subscribers to ask all readers to send in their favorite knitting and crochet patterns, for garments and household articles. This idea seems a good one and the editor of "Work for Busy Fingers" will be glad to receive any instructions for such work. Illustrations should accompany the instructions. The needlewoman who takes pride and pleasure in crocheting will find the towel and scarf ends illustrated here very attractive pieces of work. Towels with such attractive ends as depicted make exceedingly nice gifts or may be made to swell the "Hope Chest." The basket design for scarf ends will be very easily made if the instructions given are followed carefully.

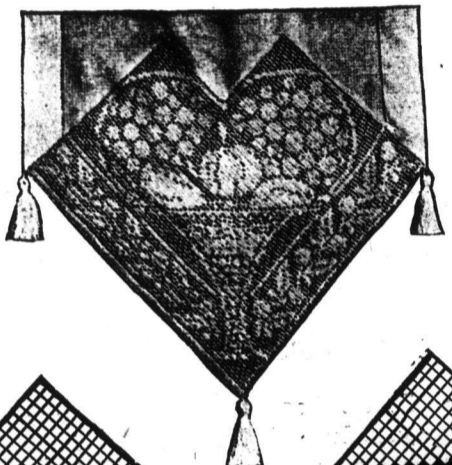
m one at a time instead of on a ch, by making 5 ch, d c in corner of last m, 5 ch, turn, d c in corner of last m. Continue until 15 m are made. Turn and follow design for 16 rows, or place on design where m are dropped. Break thread. Fasten thread to corner of 16th m from bottom, 5 ch, d c in next d c,



Basket Design for Scarf End

Basket Design for Scarf End

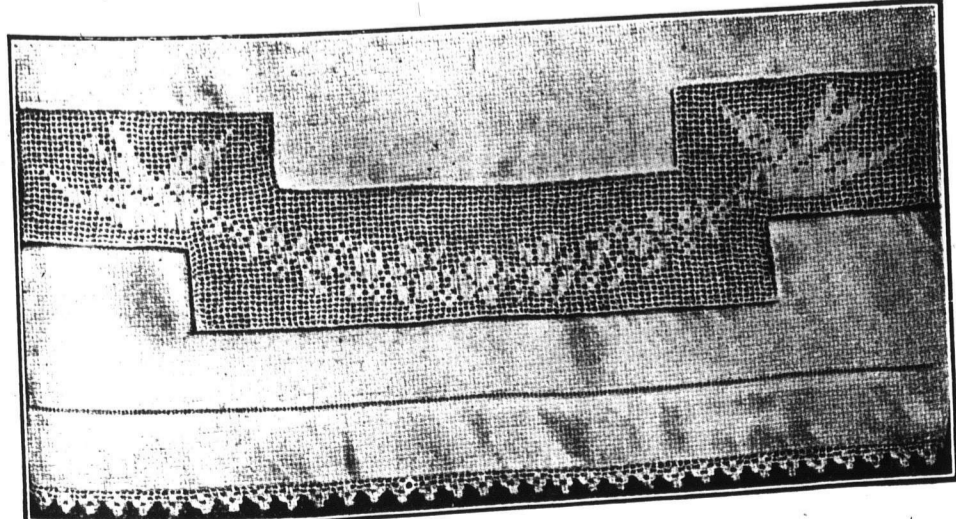
Materials required—12 balls of No. 60 crochet cotton for two scarf-ends and 6 tassels. No. 10 steel crochet hook. Ch 272, d c in 8th ch from hook, ch 2, d c in 3rd ch from last d c, continue across, making 89 meshes on first row, ch 5 turn. Row 2—1 m, 87 bl, 1 m, ch 5, turn. Follow pattern to row 61. Row 62—1 sp, 1 bl, 4 sp, 3 bl, 2 sp, 3 bl, 4 sp, 2 bl, 5 sp, 3 bl, 3 sp, 6 bl, 1 sp, 5 bl, 1 sp, 2 bl, 1 sp, 5 bl, 1 sp, 3 bl, 4 sp, 1 bl, 1 sp, ch 5, turn. Follow pattern to end. Tassels—Cut a piece of card board three inches wide. Wind the cotton over it 50 times. Run a thread under one edge and tie the loops together tight. Cut loops at other edge. Wind thread around tassel about a half-inch from top. Make a chain of 18 sts, slip through top of tassel and fasten both ends of chain to end of scarf.



continue across row and follow design to end. If when finished lace should be shorter than towel, 2 or 3 rows of m may be added at each end to make length right. Lay lace on towel, baste on pencil line and with embroidery thread (1 strand) go all around, over and over as in eyelet-stitch. Cut cloth out underneath. Lace for towel ends—12 ch, d c on 9th ch, 2 ch d c on 12th ch, forming 2 m; 6 ch, turn; d c on 5th and 6th ch, d c on d c, 2 m over first 2 m, 5 ch, turn; 1 m, 1 bl, 2 ch, 1 tr on last d c of bl, 1 tr in end of tr just made, 1 tr in end of this tr, and one in last tr, making 4 tr, forming lowest bl; 1 ch, turn; sl st in 2nd, 3rd and 4th tr, 3 ch, 2 d c under m, d c on 1st d c of m, 2 m, 5 ch, turn; 2 m on next row, adding 6 ch, for beginning of another flower. Continue until length of towel is made. Make piece for each end and whip on.

Bird Design for Filet Towel End.

Materials used—No. 70 crochet cotton and No. 12 steel crochet hook; 22-inch width linen towel. Row 1—Ch 71, d c on 9th ch, and every third ch to end, with 2 ch, between, forming 22 m, Row 2—1 m on each of 22 m. Row 3—1 m, 1 bl, 10 m. Row 4—11 m, 1 bl, 10 m. Row 5—9 m, 1 bl, 12 m. Row 6—12 m, 2 bl, 8 m. Follow design through to 26th row. At the end of this row add 53 ch. Row 27—D c on 9th ch, 1 d c on every third ch, forming on this row 16 additional m, 3 m 5 bl, 1 m, 2 bl, 8 m. Follow design to row, 42. Row 43—12 m, 1 bl, 10 m, turn. Follow design all across center part to end of pattern. Begin again on design at row where arrow is shown and follow pattern backwards until row is reached where m are added. Add these.



Basket Design for Scarf End

the doubled end, thus forming a knot. Belt—Cast on 18 sts. K for 27 ins. Make 2 buttonholes as follows: K 3 sts, bind off 4 sts, k 4 sts, bind off 4 sts, k 3 sts. Turn—K 3 sts, cast on 4 sts, k 4 sts, cast on 4 sts, k 3 sts. K 2 ridges and bind off. With sc cover 2 buttons.

Sports Cap

Materials required: 2 balls yarn; 1 pair No. 5 and 1 pr. No. 3½ knitting needles; bone crochet hook No. 4. On No. 5 needles cast on 47 sts, *k across, turn and k back to within 3 sts of end (that is, do not k the last 3 sts), turn as if at end of the row and k back. Repeat these two rows, always leaving 3 more sts unworked at the same end until there are seven sets of 3 sts. Then k all the way across line and p back. *Repeat pattern from *to* for 18 times. Bind off. Band—With No. 3½ needles pick up sts on long edge (about 96 sts). This allows about 5 sts on the end of each section so that crown is pulled on to band. K 4 sts, p 4 sts, for 2½ ins. Then with larger needles k plain for 12 ribs and bind off. Sew up seam and roll back the plain border.



Shawllette and Sports Cap

The New Shawlette and Sports Cap

The knitted sweater and sports coat have found their place in nearly every woman's wardrobe, so should the shawllette and sports cap. The shawllette illustrated on this page is very easily made and most effective in contrasting colors such as olive green and pink, navy blue and tan, light blue and tan, light blue and yellow, etc. The sports cap is becomingly attractive when made to match with the shawllette. Most women who are fond of creating knitted garments will find this an easy set to complete by following the directions as given below.

Navy Blue Shawlette

Materials required—1 pair No. 5 needles; 9 balls blue yarn; 1 ball tan (1½ oz. balls). With blue cast on 75 sts. K plain for 54 inches and bind off. Roll collar—Pick up sts on one of the long sides—1 st to each rib, k 8 ridges. Then attach the tan yarn, k 2½ ridges, attach blue yarn, k 2½ ridges and bind off. Pockets—Cast on 25 sts. K 25 ridges. Attach tan yarn, k 1 ridge. Then decrease one st each end every ridge for 12 ridges or until 1 st remains. Fasten off and turn over the tan point. Fasten down with blue crocheted covered buttons. Make two pockets and place in position on each front below waistline. Trim edge of fronts with blue and tan fringe. Fringe—Take 3 strands of wool 8 inches long. Double this and with a crochet hook pull the doubled end through a st on end of sash. Then pull ends of strands through

Balls—Using double yarn, ch 3, join and make 6 s c in ring. Crochet tightly. 2nd round—2 s c in each st. Increase in every other st until there are 15 sts. Work 8 rounds even. Decrease as increased to about 5 sts, fill ball with cotton, draw up opening and fasten off. Fasten to hat with a cord of ch sts.

While calling with her mother, a Boston child was given a piece of luscious cake. In ecstasy she exclaimed: 'Oh, I just love chocolate cake! It is awfully nice.'

'Clarita,' her mother corrected, 'you do not love cake, you like it. Nice is not the proper word in that connection, and "awfully" is absurd. You should have used "very good". "Oh" and "just" are redundant, and should have been omitted. Now say the sentence correctly.'

Clarita, who was used to such corrections, said, meekly: 'I like chocolate cake; it is very good.'

She seemed so miserable, however, that the hostess came to her rescue with: 'What is the matter, dear? You said it quite correctly.'

'Yes, I know,' the child replied, 'but it sounded as though I was talking about bread.'—'Everybody's.'

The Greater Duty

Continued from page 34

But now, with the boy's last uttered word, striking like a blow in the face, all in a moment he was no longer officer but a man fired with just some comprehension of where a greater duty lay.

Impulsively he threw his gun away. "Yes, boy; you're right—a mother's heart is too precious a thing to break, even for the sake of duty." He walked over to the fire, now but glowing embers from inattention, and stood for a long time thinking. At last he came back again to the boy, still seated on his sleeping bag. "To-morrow you be on your way to the outside, and go home—surely now you'll be good."

"And you?" Charley's voice was interestedly questioning.

"I'm going back and turn in a report of suicide of Piano Jack. The boys are pretty good friends of mine, they'll see me through on that. And then," his voice was suddenly old and listless, "and then I'm going to resign, for I couldn't go on upholding the law when I'd broken it myself."

The Romance of a Railway Man

Continued from page 43

"We're almost half an hour ahead of time, ain't we? What ails her anyway?"

"Don't know," said George, "there's no holding her; she's sure got a hunch of some kind, haven't you, old girl? I guess it's the frost maybe."

The train sped along. In the Pullman the passengers slept. In the other coaches people sprawled, hats atilt, doubled in all kinds of positions, some asleep in the strong light, others looked idly at their own faces in the car window, or peered beyond at the spectral, moving landscape. The crew pursued their business; the newsagent tried to arouse interest in his fruit or magazines.

They were nearing the shack. George looked eagerly, expecting to see it lying peacefully in the wintry whiteness, the abode of his slumbering divinity.

But—horror of horrors!—The shack was afire, yes, undoubtedly afire!—the roof blazing at one end!

"Good Lord," said the fireman. "Look!"

George was looking. Immediately he stopped the train, gave a wild war-whoop. "Fire! fire!—come on boys!—and ran for the shack. All immediately sized up the situation. The fireman, conductor, brakeman, and some passengers struck out for the fire at terrific speed. All knew and realized the plight of the helpless victims. Lying no doubt asleep, chloroformed by smoke to deeper slumber, death was certain. Theirs it was to smother and burn, or, if awakened to dash outside and freeze in the wilderness at 30 degrees below zero—fearful alternatives.

The shack was beyond saving, with no fire-fighting facilities anyway. They were none too soon, if soon enough, were the rescuers.

The frail door yielded to George's shoulder. In the smoke-filled room George spied the girl lying asleep. He picked her up, covers and all, and started ahead, by the light of the blaze which had now penetrated the roof and was licking up the inner walls. The father and mother and little boy were grabbed by the rest and a dash made for the train, its lights twinkling a welcome in its friendly dark length.

The passengers took charge of the awakening and bewildered creatures, and the engineer started the train.

"We're still in time," said he, joyfully. "Good old engine; you had a proper hunch, hadn't you?"

"She sure had," yelled the fireman, stoking up.

George sped her along. In his thoughts the girl's cheek was still against his, her black hair falling on his shoulder. How white was her throat, the pink of her gown against it! He knew just what kind of a dress and

hat and coat she would want at the end of the run—yes—and, with a burst of generous feeling—there would be things needed for the little boy and mother and dad. He longed to assume his responsibilities, and, just as surely as he had become engineer, he assumed them at the end of that run.

UNMUZZLING MARY

"But what does Mary think about it? She hasn't said a word. Speak up, Mary!"

"Thanks for the opportunity, Isabel," responded Mary, lightly, "but I prefer to remain, like the model secretary in Frank Stockton's story, 'an excellent listener and an appropriate smiler.' I've listened excellently; now see me smile appropriately, and retire."

She took a book from the table, nodded, and suited the action to the word. As the door closed behind her Isabel exclaimed, "That settles it! I thought so, and now I'm sure. It serves us right, too; but something must be done about it right away!"

"Done about what? If you could ever begin at the beginning, Isabel," suggested Laura.

"Mary's as sensitive and high-minded as she is high-spirited, and she won't have anything more to do with our wrangling, jangling kind of arguments. She'll talk, and argue, too, when she's treated differently. Polly Morton told me that at her mother's literary luncheon the other day, Mary had the liveliest sort of argument with the biggest lion of all, and held her own with so much sense and wit and spirit and modesty that everyone was delighted; especially the distinguished lion she disagreed with. The Mortons say we ought to be proud of Mary."

"Well, so we are, aren't we?" demanded Tom.

"Of course," soothed Isabel, "but all the same, we've driven her to silence—and we can't very well be proud of that. We've got to reform. We can be just as honest and earnest and true to our convictions, and yet be civil and considerate, can't we? And each treat the others as if we didn't belong in the family?"

"Oh! oh!" protested Betty. "How that sounds!"

"Sounds like a fact to me!" growled Tom. "Well, henceforth my favorite sister shall be as a stranger to me. Anything to unmuzzle Mary!"

MRS. McEWAN

Several years ago I met a woman whose personality left an impression that I shall never forget. She conducted the programme at the first women's section of the Brandon Winter Fair. A pioneer in women's work who helped pave the path of progress on the lines of women's organizations of service and influence.

When someone writes a book on "Pioneer Women of Canada," Mrs. McEwan's biography will be an important chapter. Mrs. McEwan has gone from us but her work shall live and grow on through generations for she is among the makers of Canadian History.

The Pioneer Women—

"They cut a path through tangled underwood of old traditions, out to broader ways. They lived to hear their work called brave and good, but oh! the thorns before the crown always.

The world gives lashes to its pioneers until the goal is reached—then deafening cheers."

Someone called today to ask me if I had a book on "Pioneer Women of Canada." Will someone write the book?

Dynamiting The Pothunter

The newspapers of the country have almost everywhere been a powerful force in crystalizing the sentiment for the protection by proper laws of fish and game as important resources of the commonwealth.

A New Jersey editor, a thorough sportsman, says Wild Life, recently received from a reader who desired to take fish by questionable means a letter that contained this request:

"Please advise me how to dynamite a stream."

The newspaper man sent the following advice:

"Four sticks of dynamite are sufficient. Tie them securely round your neck, attach fuse, light it, and run as fast as you can away from the water, to avoid injuring the other snakes and reptiles."

Outranked

War, under present conditions, is a great social leveler. The son of a well-to-do family had recently entered service as a private, says the Toronto Saturday Night, and was spending his Christmas leave at home.

His mother, returning from a walk with him, espied a figure in the kitchen with the housemaid.

"Clarence," she said to her son. "Mary's got some one in the kitchen. She knows perfectly well that I don't allow followers. I wish you'd go and tell the man to leave the house at once."

Clarence duly departed to the kitchen, but he returned somewhat hastily a few seconds later.

"Sorry, mother," he said, "but I can't turn him out."

"Can't turn him out? Why on earth not?"

"He's my sergeant!"

My Secret

BEND your heads, ye tall trees above;
Listen, oh, listen, sweet flowers below—
He's mine forever—my love, my love!

My secret of secrets now you know.
Gayly rustle the leaves as I pass;
All the blossoms smile in the grass;
Carol the birds upon every bough:
"Happy," they all say—"happy art thou."

Dear little birds, throughout all the land,
Ye will tell this secret of mine ere long,
But none will be able to understand;
They will only say: "How sweet is the song!"
And the flowers will whisper my tale to-night
To the fairies that come in the clear moonlight;
And the leaves will murmur it, soft and low,
To the summer winds that among them go.

Oh, birds, will you leave us when days are cold?
Will the flowers wither, the leaves grow sere?
Little brook, will the frost your wavelets hold?
Will the earth be sad, as it was last year?
To the earth shall winter come by-and-by;
But when the leaves shall fall, and when flowers die,
And the woodland singers are over the sea,
This summer-time still in my heart shall be.

TO-DAY

By Grace G. Bostwick

To-day is all there is of life for each.
The day that's past may nevermore return
No matter how regrets may weep and yearn
For its best hours. Ambition cannot reach
To-morrow. Even sages, urged to speech,
Declare that all is now. And man must turn
His efforts to the hour if he would learn
The lessons that the truth of life would teach.

There is no future and there is no past;
To-day is all. Then let us make it grand!
With glowing vision let us rise and stand
God's image—glad, untrammelled, free at last!
And thus the radiance of our joyous day
May light for someone all the hidden way!

To-morrow may be eternity with you,
Therefore live as on the margin of etern-
ity, as next door to heaven.

Entirely Unnecessary

The town council of a small Scotch community, says Reedy's Mirror, met to inspect a site for a new hall. They assembled at a chapel, and as it was a warm day one of the members suggested that they leave their coats there.

"Some one can stay behind and watch them," suggested another.

"What for?" demanded a third. "If we are a'gagin' oot together, what need is there for any o' us tae watch the clothes?"

It is certain that the nearer we come to heaven or to a meetness for glory, the more we are impressed with the value and privilege of prayer.

The preaching of the world in some places is like the planting of woods, where, though no profit is received for twenty years together, it comes afterward.

"Beyond The Code"

Written for *The Western Home Monthly* by Charles G. Booth.

THE unbroken desolation radiating from the tiny fire, blinking like a feeble eye in the snowy wilderness, matched the desolation in the hearts of the two men within the circle of its light.

One of the men was hunched up before the fire. Occasionally he stirred to replenish the hungry flames from the pile of spruce boughs at hand. Then he would turn to the flames again. His gray eyes seemed to bore through the fire's red heart. The other man was lying in a sleeping bag. His head moved restlessly from side to side. His eyes continually sought the fire, then his companion, then the eternal wilderness. He groaned querulously, cursing his broken leg from time to time.

A rifle and meagre provision pack lay between the two men. A stunted spruce bluff was immediately at their rear.

"We were fools to come on this trip, Jim," said the injured man uneasily after a long silence.

"Yes," returned the other wearily.

The injured man became still. Jim cast more wood on the fire. It had been intensely cold all day despite the brilliance of the northern sun now but a red remembrance on the distant horizon.

"I got you to come here, Jim, and this leg of mine—"

"You couldn't help it, Don," began Jim.

"You can make it, Jim, if you go on alone. Leave me. Take the rifle and the grub—there's enough to see you through."

"Shut up, you idiot!" snapped the other abruptly.

"I can't possibly move. If you go on and leave me you can get through, I tell you! You can!" he added passionately.

"We came out together, Don, and we'll go back together, or not at all," said Jim briefly.

"No! I tell you, no! You must go! You must!" A vibrant new born power, quite foreign to his usual nature seemed to hurl the words from Don's lips. Jim watched him curiously. He quietened under his companion's calm scrutiny.

Melting some snow in a tin cup Jim added a little beef extract. After it became hot he roused his companion from the lethargy into which he had fallen and held the cup to his lips. Instead of drinking the liquid, Don's eyes fastened on Jim's face.

"Drink it, Don," said Jim quietly.

As he spoke the other's body stiffened. The fear in his eyes became horror. His inarticulate cry rang weirdly into the night. His arm struck upward spasmodically, knocking the cup with its precious contents into the snow.

"You fool, Don!" cried the other. "That's the food! Food, man! It's priceless!"

"I can't take it, Jim! You must leave me! Get away—you can if you go—now. Yes, you can, I tell you! No, you can't keep me quiet! Listen to me, Jim. I lied to you back there—about her—Mary. I said—she did not care for either of us—that there was someone else. We agreed I should ask her first and she told me—it was you. You, Jim! I lied! It is you she loves, Jim—always you. Go—to her. You

must leave me! Take the rifle, and the grub—you can make it before the snow comes. Go..."

Exhausted he fell back. His body quivered. Fear and shame struggled in his eyes.

Stunned by Don's sudden tumultuous revelation, Jim's brain refused to grasp the facts forced upon it. Both had loved the same girl and when Don had told Jim there was someone else, all the light and color had passed from his life. Then Don had eagerly suggested the hunting trip. Jim didn't care very much what became of him and had fallen in with the urgings of his comrade in disappointment.

As his brain cleared his companion's conduct stood out in all its pitifulness. Jim's eyes smouldered as they rested on the cowering man at his feet. His fingers ached to break the man at his mercy.

Then he remembered the changed value of his life. If before existence had been of any consequence now its value was enhanced a hundred fold. A new desire to win out arose within him. He would win out and go back to her! Then he thought of Don. He could not return and say that he had left Don alone. It did not occur to him to lie. They had barely a week's supply of food and there was no means of moving Don. Resignation to fate was doubly hard now. He looked at the man at his feet. It was nearly dark. The tumbling flames lit up the other's face. For the first time Jim noticed how weak it was. Unconsciously his hand passed over his own rugged chin. Don was watching him piteously. He seemed very childish and pitiful. And suddenly Jim's heart warmed to this man who had wronged him. They were the only two human beings in that great white solitude.

"Jim, you're going, aren't you?" cried Don, a mixture of hope and fear in his voice. The stormy vehemence had abated with the stammered out confession.

"No, we'll stick it out," said Jim turning to the fire. Condemnations seemed inadequate.

Don trembled. He had not expected that.

"Jim, you must go. She's waiting for you. She thinks you'll return. It will kill her. Jim! Jim, answer me!" The consciousness of his responsibility for their predicament stirred the tormenting fires of conscience.

Jim did not reply. He was preparing more beef extract. Don watched him, fascinated.

"Jim, is that for me?" he cried.

His companion nodded absently.

"I—I won't have it?" screamed Don.

"I tell you I won't! It's all my fault! Why do you treat me like this? Kill me, Jim! Kill me, and go! This is hell!" Foam whitened his lips.

Jim turned to him.

"Be quiet!" he ordered sharply.

"You'll have yourself in a fever if you go on this way!"

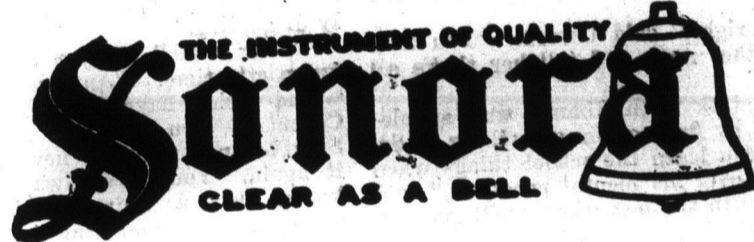
His cool tone aggravated Don's hysteria. Forgetting his broken limb Don struggled into a sitting position. Drawing his hand from the sleeping bag he reached toward the other. The fire lit



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Incorrigible James

Continued from page 5

remember your father, Jimmy?"

There was a little pause, then the close-cropped head nodded eagerly.

"Well, it's like that," said Carson. "I haven't any little boy, you know, and so you're to live here with us and be our little boy, and I'm going to be your father, as soon as I learn how, and you are going to have a mother, too; and we are going to love you for always and always. Do you understand?"

As Carson talked the boy's brows drew down in a deep frown. With the question he positively scowled, then his face cleared, and sighing deeply, he nodded again, almost smiling at the success of his mental effort.

"Good," said Carson. "Now, I want to talk to you about that scratch on the door. I know you made that one, because I saw you do it. You aren't going to do that kind of thing any more, Jimmy. It isn't very much fun, anyway, and it's foolish to go around scratching your own house. You see, if you are going to be our boy and this is our house, then it's your house, too. You must be just as careful of it as you can. You mustn't take little things, either, Jimmy. If you want a thing you ought to ask for it. I wouldn't go up in your room and take one of your new chairs unless I asked you. And when you break something, come and tell about it. Nothing is going to happen to you for something you didn't mean to do. But you come and tell about it right out and see how much better you'll feel around your middle."

Jimmy nodded again and the ghost of a smile flickered at the corners of his mouth.

"All right," said Carson. "You look up mother now, and tell her that's all fixed."

This talk with Jimmy was supplemented by finding him something to do. "He can learn the school things when he gets over his mental paralysis," said Carson. In the meantime, we'll get him ready."

So Jimmy was introduced to the delights of gardening. Carson was himself a gardener of sorts and his heart warmed at the boy's first evident enthusiasm. For Jimmy, once gardening was explained to him, once his little, lonely, cramped mind in some way glimpsed a fragment of the majestic panorama of delving, seedtime and harvest, lavished his restless activity of mind and body upon the six-foot corner that had been staked out as his own. And with the garden he was endlessly patient; although plants were mistaken for weeds, or died of too much inspection, with his garden Jimmy never lost heart.

"It seems as if he grew with it, Sam," Mrs. Carson said, and Carson thought her quite right. For although the mischief continued, it grew less and less, and day by day Jimmy learned better what Mrs. Carson was pleased to call his "lessons in demonstrativeness." This does not mean that he successfully kept out of trouble. Little by little the Carsons discovered that Jimmy was a liar.

"It's the one thing I won't stand," Carson said, "and we'll make it plain to him as soon as we can get hold of one thing we're sure of."

The opportunity was not long in coming, and it came in such a way that Carson was able to "kill two birds with one stone," as he explained it afterwards to Janey, when they were comforting each other about what they had done, and refreshing themselves with mutual assurances that they had lived up to their convictions. Carson had acted swiftly and promptly, but when he had finished found himself unexpectedly sick and in need of his wife's reassurance.

"I am sure that there will be welts on him, Janey," he said. "It was perfectly disgusting."

"Never mind," Janey repeated for the twentieth time. "Any sensitive child would rather have it than be sent to Coventry. You had to do it, you know, Sam, but now you may never have to do it again. You have always said, you know, that a whipping should be a thorough job, something to be always remembered."

"I shall always remember it, at any rate," Sam answered ruefully. "I got the poor kid in my room, Janey, and gave him plenty of chance to tell me the truth. At first he wouldn't say a thing, then he lied out of it amazingly. If you and I hadn't seen him take the thing from Dora's bureau, I should have thought he was really innocent."

"Then what did you do, Sam?" "Well, I took the knife out of his pocket and showed it to him. I had already told him I would let him off if he told me the truth. Then I explained to him that he was to get two licks for stealing, because it's sneaking and ungentlemanly, and three licks for lying, because that was worse. I told him I was going to hurt him a lot and that I hoped he would be man enough to try at least not to cry about it. And by some marvel he didn't, Janey; only a tear or two sneaked out. That was doing pretty well, for I hit him about as hard as I could, and a bamboo cane is no joke. I am afraid I blubbed as much as he did."

Carson blew his nose savagely and swore under his breath. "I am going to look the kid up now," he said, "and help him dig up that last corner of his garden. The poor little soul needs some help." And all the rest of that afternoon he and Jimmy grubbed side by side together, conversing in intimate monosyllables.

And as the summer advanced, it commenced to look as if Carson really had killed two birds with one stone; for Jimmy's petty thievings came abruptly to an end, and as far as anyone knew, he had overcome his more deep-rooted habit of lying. His look of stupid terror had gone, too, banished by care and outdoor work and the thrilling interest of two great and growing passions, only one of which, however, the Carsons realized. This was the interest he took in his garden in general and in a freakishly tremendous watermelon in particular.

It was really an enormous melon. Carson himself bragged about it on the train, and to Jimmy's dreams it appeared as big as the promises of a seed

catalogue. Janey, too, took a vivid interest in it, and found it a sort of Rosetta stone by which she read the obscure writings of Jimmy's heart. They all agreed that the melon would be ripe about the time of Jimmy's birthday, and that then there should be a feast and the neighbours and their children asked in—the elders to admire, the children to banquet in Jimmy's honor, at a table where the birthday cake should be only incidental and the wonderful melon the piece de resistance. Jimmy always went out to see it the first thing in the morning and bade it tender farewells before going to his supper.

It was in the garden that Carson found him one evening on his return from the city. To his surprise there were two other boys with him, bigger boys, whose rough voices and oath-spangled speech told Carson, even before he came near enough to make out the trouble, that they were what Jimmy and boys of his acquaintance called "muckers." He heard Jimmy's voice rising in shrill protest, and started toward them at a run, but changed his mind and hid behind the sparse hedge of lilac bushes which partly hid the garden from the house. He stopped with the deliberate intention of eavesdropping, for it seemed to him an excellent opportunity to observe the conduct of Jimmy.

One of the boys had a watermelon already in his arms, not the sovereign and incomparable melon, but a smaller, ordinary one of Carson's own. They were not standing in Jimmy's part of the garden.

"You can't have it, I tell you," Jimmy was saying. "It is one of father's melons."

"Who's going to stop me?" the boy asked roughly. "Not you," and he described Jimmy's slowness and physical ineffectiveness profanely. The other boy shoved Jimmy back with a laugh.

"You're—you're thieves," Jimmy panted. "It doesn't belong to you. It belongs to us."

Carson glowed at the "us." The boys laughed again, scornfully. The old look of pallid terror and ob-

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stinacy had begun to show in Jimmy's face. Carson told himself argumentatively that this was not cowardice; it was perfectly natural to be frightened at such odds.

"Hey! Jimmy called out, when the boys had gone only a few steps. "Well?" the one who held the melon snarled.

Jimmy's face was working with a great internal strife. "It's poisoned," he blurted.

The boys turned and came back to him. "Poisoned? Watcher mean?"

Jimmy shifted his eyes to the ground, as was his habit of old; but now that he had taken the plunge, he was glibness itself.

"Yes," he went on, "my father got tired of having his melons stolen, and so he poisoned a lot of them, and that's one of them."

"Well, show us one that ain't," the boys said, half convinced.

"I—I don't know them apart," said Jimmy.

The boy cast the melon from him, where it thudded without breaking in the soft earth. Jimmy skipped between it and the foe. For a moment the boys lingered, undecided whether to believe him or not, but dark shadow of possible death was too much for them, and at last they turned away. Carson from his place of concealment heard Jimmy's sharp sob, and saw something in Jimmy's face which almost frightened him.

"Hey!" Jimmy called again, and again the boys stopped. "I—I lied," blurted Jimmy. "They're not poisoned at all, but you can't have them. Won't you please go away and not touch them?"

Their answer was to pick up a melon apiece. Jimmy was sobbing openly now.

"If you put them down," he blurted, "I'll give you my melon, a much, much bigger melon, truly, the biggest melon you ever saw, the biggest melon in the world."

Carson had heard enough. With a shout he sprung out from behind the hedge, and swept down upon them, vengeance incarnate. It was the work of a minute to dispose of them, to crash their heads together, and kick them from his boundaries. He caught Jimmy up in his arms as if he had been a baby. "Good boy," he said, "good boy," and Jimmy looked up at him, surprised at the queer roughness in his voice.

"Sam," said Mrs. Carson that evening, when she came down from tucking the children into bed, "I had a telephone from Hilda this afternoon."

"Anything particular?" Sam asked absently.

"I can't understand Hilda, Sam. She said her conscience had been troubling her and she was worried because she had put such a great burden upon us, that it wasn't fair we should have the entire worry of that little incorrigible."

"Huh," said Carson, "what did she propose to do?"

"She wants to share the expense with us of sending him away to school."

"She does, does she?" said Sam angrily.

"Well, you tell her that when Jimmy is old enough and wants to go, we'll send him ourselves, but just at present Jimmy is enjoying himself being a part of a real family." He laughed and reached for the hand that rested on his shoulder. "If she doesn't believe it," he said, "she can ask Jimmy. He's got the right idea now."

"There is no greater mistake," says an eminent divine, "than to suppose that Christians can impress the world by agreeing with it. Now, it is no conformity that we want; it is not being able to beat the world in its own way; but it is to stand apart from and above it, and to produce the impression of a holy and separate life; this only can give us a true Christian power."

To "take up the cross" is not so much to do—a duty which the Christian profession requires and expects—as to bear a burden which the unbelieving world may impose. The idea of suffering with Christ is connected with cross-bearing. There is not much of the original cross-bearing in the world now. And yet true discipleship implies the same spirit, a readiness to bear the cross.

VANITY

The craftsman paused, then viewed, with unctuous pride

The product of his brain—the casket by his side—

Crusted with gems.

Pause in that self-sufficiency, vain man!

And gaze into the star-inwoven carpet of the skies!

And think of Him whose thought, whose lightest wish

Forms from the woof of Time, and Space those sparkling worlds.

Then, watch this insect crawling through the grass—

So small, the eye can scarcely see it pass;

Yet conscious, eager, full of life, and sense—

It hurries on, its speed is so intense That the eye aches to trace it.

It sees; it hears; it feels; it tastes; It thinks and worries—watch its pace;

It loves and loving—has a voice— If we could but hear it, and its minute choice

Whispering together!

It has a heart, also a brain; It has its joys, and sometimes pain.

More wondrous yet—it has its young; And knows them, too; yea, everyone.

If to thy casket then, thou canst impart One gem of life, they mantling pride of handicraft

Is just—but thou dost know no life within it moves,

Therefore, in all humility, it thee behooves

Thy pride to master, as thou hast well thy trade,

Then by the wiles of vanity thou canst not be inveigled.

A Knitting Song

By Grace Atherton Dennen

Over and under, up and through, Stitch upon stitch in the lengthening rows,

Yarn of khaki or yarn of blue, Day after day the knitting grows.

Who is the one shall wear my work? Lad of America, lad of France?

Pray he be young with eyes of blue And the eagle's look in his steady glance.

Into the stitches I will weave Prayers of a woman's tenderness,

Whispers of hope and high desire, Holy thoughts that shall guard and bless,

Till they shall fold him and shield him from harms

Like the loving clasp of a mother's arms.

Over and under, hopes and fears, We weave our hearts with the yarn of gray.

Love and sacrifice, triumph and tears, Row upon row the livelong day.

Who is the one shall wear my work? Soldier of England or Italy's strand?

Pray he be steady and strong of soul, Lost in the mists of No Man's Land.

Pray he be gentle with maidens all For the sake of her who is knitting here.

Kill as he must, but not in hate, Battling with wrong till the right appear.

Stitches of mine, weave holy charms To guard him body and soul from harms!

Co-worker in Christ! be content to sow little seeds for him; be patient to wait a long time for their growing; be strong to endure much opposition; be hopeful, expecting sublime fruitage; these are the chief lessons of the parable of the seed and the leaven.

A transcendent faith, a cheerful trust, turns the darkness of night into a pillar of fire, and the cloud by day into a perpetual glory. They who thus march on are refreshed even in the wilderness, and hear streams of gladness trickling among the rocks.—Chapin.


O wives and mothers! be wise before it is too late! Live so as to enjoy every day of your life. Ten years hence, or even to-morrow you may die. Live so that your presence will gladden the lives of your dear ones, more than anything your hands can win for them.

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A Wreck on Sambro Ledge on the dreaded "Blind Sisters" off Halifax

By Bonnycastle Dale

THE night of March the first found that the "lion" had come instead of "the lamb." Whilst it grew dark a tremendous wind whirled a snow-squall over the little harbour on the Nova Scotia coast, where "Little Hope Light" warns the mariner to beware.

We had shoveled a load of spruce chips into the fireplace, closed it up with the big iron shield, and had eaten our supper in the kitchen near the warm stove. Outside, the wind howled madly, shaking the ancient house we live in until the floors fairly thrummed. The drift banked the windows and slid over the roof until we exclaimed "I hope there are no vessels passing along tonight."

"Sniff! sniff" went laddie's nose and off he darted into the front room where the fireplace was.

"Come here" he yelled. I ran in. The chimney was on fire. Great red embers were dropping down from the kitchen flue and had set fire to the pile of dry chips. We threw all the water in the house on it and then had to use snow, as the boy could not make headway against the gale, to the well not a hundred yards off. For hours we watched that great chimney blazing and roaring. Finally it died out and we went to bed—glad we were on the good firm earth and not out at sea.

While we were fighting the fire there passed seven miles out in the Atlantic the "Bohemian", Capt. Hiscoe, Boston to Liverpool, making for Halifax for coal, with a large number of passengers in her brilliantly lighted saloons, and a huge cargo of cotton and miscellaneous. She sighted "Little Hope." On she went with sixty-four passengers and well over one hundred of a crew. On she sped past our harbour ahead of the heavy gale then blowing.

The Captain, after picking up another coast light, retired, giving orders to be called at one-thirty in time to take his ship into Halifax harbour. All the passengers slept secure in the care of the man who had brought the "Bohemian" through several submarine attacks and many times over this very course.

The night was of fair visibility between snowsqualls, and shortly after the Captain was called, Sambro Light was picked up. Just a few miles short of a clear inward passage into Halifax harbour, he did not order the lead to be used but turned towards the shore under reduced speed; with the result that the mighty vessel struck the "Blind Sisters" at about five knots headway. Instantly her wireless picked up Halifax and called for help. The weather at this time was calm. They had run out of the wind, and there was very little sea on. She

filled with water to the orlop deck, just above the lower hold, so to lighten her it would be necessary for the cotton cargo in the fore hold to be removed. Wireless called for tugs and lighters and men left Halifax, three hours steaming off.

The Captain, with memories of vessels that had broken their backs on similar ledges, ordered all passengers to the boats. Stewards called. They came half dressed, not dressed, fully dressed and everyone was safely passed into the boats and swung behind the wreck by long lines. One boat stuck, ropes jammed, within ten feet of the slow heaving swells. Clever work cut it loose and it fell right side up into the sea and was swung back with the other boats. It seemed needless hardship for the passengers to sit there in the biting cold, insufficiently clad, but they began to toss bundles of warm clothes and blankets to them and the occupants started a hymn to pass away the long hours before daylight.

Now came a wireless from a passing steamer, the "Maplemore," but the squall shut her out of sight. Although each ship heard the other's horn, the "Maplemore" stood by until daylight. All this time the strong little tug the "Roebling" was breasting the swells, outward bound with help. Soon the lights of the tug bobbed up over the dark swells and the shivering passengers sang and cheered. Over they drifted and were lifted aboard the "Roebling." By nine o'clock the passengers disembarked at Halifax and sought warmth and comfort at the wait-

ing hotels (Halifax is always the Good Samaritan to the great numbers who yearly seek her aid from the rough Atlantic). They left the "Bohemian" sitting upright on the reef, holds one, two and three were full of water.

Jettisoning of cargo now took place and wireless calls for lighters. The sea was soon bobbing with precious bales of cotton, each worth a high priced market value. The boat was still firm on. The passengers were safe and a score of Halifax lightermen were aboard with the one hundred and ten of the crew. The great ship rested lightly as the weather continued moderate, but the ledges lie ten miles off shore and who can tell just what the uncertain North Atlantic will do? All the baggage was transferred to the tugs—a dismal sign, not hopeful, of finally getting the huge hull off that well-known reef.


Night fell and all the tugs left for Halifax. Even the "Roebling" with her load of baggage went westward—leaving the great vessel groaning on the rocks—groaning because the swell had been slowly getting up. Towards midnight the mighty hulk was sending out a terrific note. Great booming shots of rending plates, a rattle of sprung rivets, ghastly roars of splitting and bending beams. The high upperworks swung dangerously and the masts swayed in the increasing swell. So terrible was the grinding and crunching noises aboard that each and every man of the crew knew that the death groans of the mighty fabric told of her soon snapping asunder and disappearing in the sea. The wind by this time was howling out another gale and not a light of any ship that might bring help was to be seen in all that black waste. True, the Sambro Light gleamed within two miles, but what of that. Men cannot walk on lighthouse rays.

"She's going," each man told his neighbour. "Launch the boats," came word from the Captain. Three were dropped over and swung back all ready for that last moment. The great giant built by puny man reeled and pounded, swung and screeched above the gale. The noise was terrific, she was actually splitting apart. Some of the men crowded into the boats and drifted off, others cried out that they "saw a light!" True, it was so. The "Roebling" was again pounding her way towards the reeling giant. Now she swung into the lee, a little dark shadow in the calm of the mighty passenger vessel, that at times actually hovered over her as if she would take her down in her final plunge.

Each sailor put on a lifebelt and the lifelines were swung over and the little tug careened in on a giant wave, now the dark figures slid down towards the little tossing deck. The tug's crew were trying hard to save her from pounding to pieces on the massive sides of the great vessel. Many a man, Captain, officer or crew, made that perilous trip. Most made it in safety, but every one who missed the swaying edge of that small, stout bulwark, perished instantly, crushed, drowned, alas! alas! In haste they slid, tender hand of waiter and calloused palm of deckman. Above them the lurching monster was ripping into clanging bits that leaped out and, as one sailor said, "struck at me as I swung down." No sooner were the last men off the "Bohemian" than she ripped out the last holding beam and stanchion with a noise never heard by mortal man before, then that wonderfully built structure literally split into two huge pieces and plunged down to the bottom. Nearly all of the crew were safe, some in the drifting boats, others on the tug. Even a dog was safely transferred, and away they went towards Halifax. All that was visible of that huge liner then was the funnels and the mast on the forward bit, the stern piece of the steamer had disappeared altogether.

Before nightfall the drifting boats were gathered in by searching volunteers of passing "tramps." Even the frozen bodies of the dead were taken up and later buried with all the loving care comrades and citizens could give them.

Then came the naval inquiry. Capt. Hiscoe loses his papers for a three months suspension term, six of the crew, poor inside workers not used to the inclement



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cold of the deck workers, lost their lives. A vessel the Huns could not put away succumbed to the wiles of the "Blind Sisters," and you good prairie dwellers, and 'e poor naturalists can thank God that we have the solid earth beneath our feet instead of the unstable Atlantic.

Now, if some of you prairie dwellers lived along this coast you could get your supplies for the picking up, all along the three hundred miles of the western shore of Nova Scotia, sweeping up in the surf and crashing on to the rocks are boxes of lard, sides of pork and all the miscellaneous flotsam that old ocean flings ashore from her many victims, chief of which was the "Bohemian." Halifax and its noted Atlantic Salvage Company have their big wrecking tugs on the scene where the poor old passenger liner beats herself to pieces on the ragged "Blind Sisters." Three boats and five divers are at work saving the precious bales of cotton, each one worth one hundred days wages of the best paid laborer. The ill-fated Leyland liner is split and rent. The mighty platys and beams and stringers of fiercely and cunningly wrought metal are just so much glass in the grasp of the giant seas that sweep the ledge and the wreck now lies in five distorted pieces in about 75 feet of water, nautically I should say 12 to 15 fathoms. The divers have hard dangerous work fixing tackle at that depth. The lifting and surging has pounded the bottom of the wreck right up against the second deck.

The "Amphitrite" was the tender at work when these notes were taken and she had a load of soppy bales of cotton and many sides of leather, about four dozen, so that her load was worth a few thousands of dollars. The boiler, thrown out, lies a tug boat's length away off on the bottom. Very little of the wreck is to be seen, only a couple of derrick booms sloop in the sea and the top of the mizzen mast rides in the swell. The divers have not been able to find the engines yet, they may have been thrown out, but they did get the ship's safe. There is yet a long, cold job for the divers and salvage men, as the underwriters will urge them on as long as a plate holds to a frame.

Close beside the throbbing traffic of the North Atlantic on the lane from New York to Liverpool this band of men labour to snatch from the greedy maw of old ocean, bits of her latest and largest victim.

THE FRIGHTENED LION

In the familiar stories of the unarmed man and the lion, it is not the former who trifles with the situation. There is a sort of poetic justice, therefore, in the following incident. A group of loungers were discussing the recent escape of a lion at a zoological garden, and one expressed his belief that it must have been something of a scare.

"Scare!" echoed a man connected with the garden. "I should say it was a scare. The people made such a din I was afraid the poor old fellow would die of fright before we could get him back to his cage."

"We found him hiding behind a tree, and it was ten minutes before we could induce him to face that yelling mob and get back to where he knew he was safe. He is the gentlest old fellow in the world, and never would have wandered out had he not been frightened by the man who fell into the cage from the cycle whirl above. Of course that upset him, and when he saw the door open he naturally ran out."

Then the people made such a noise that his one idea was to flee. The more he ran the more they yelled, and when we did get him back it was hours before he stopped trembling.

"It was a shame to scare the poor old fellow like that."

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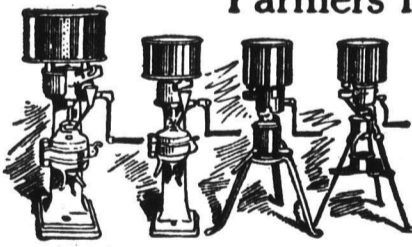
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Roses

One of the loveliest of flowers is the Rose. Its presence in a garden adds a grandeur that has a style of its own. Its perfume is one of the rarest obtainable and it makes an ideal bouquet or button hole. As far as popularity goes, there does not seem much danger of its dethronement from the regal position it now holds.

In this country it has been found that roses will give a good show of bloom, and there are some that need little or no protection in the winter. It is well worth while to try at least a few rose bushes as even a few roses in bloom are worth a great deal more as a means of ornamentation than a garden over-run with a miscellaneous riot of blossoms.

The hardiest roses are *Rosa rugosa*, Austrian Briars, Damask roses, etc.

In choosing the site for the rose bushes it should be borne in mind that they require a good deal of sunshine. A location where the sun plays on all day would be an ideal one. If the location is one of those where there is a choice of giving the rose bushes the forenoon or afternoon sun, the former should be chosen. The plants should be allowed plenty of moisture and should be protected from the elements that tend to rob moisture, such as wind, and the intruding roots of trees. In the choice of soil the moisture retaining ones should be given the preference, other conditions being favorable. It pays to build up conditions for the benefit of the rose bushes by preparing a bed that will have gravel about two feet under good soil that has had well rotted manure worked into it. Let the soil thoroughly settle before planting the rose bushes. Of course such preparations are not absolutely essential as roses are to be found growing in various kinds of soil and under various conditions, but if time and means allow it is as well to give the roses every encouragement to do their best.

The surface soil should be kept loose for the conservation of moisture. It is better to give roses a thorough watering occasionally than to give them frequent light waterings. Another item in the care of roses is that of syringing. This may be done every day and is not for the purpose of adding moisture to the soil but for the cleansing of the foliage and is one of the best preventives of insects.

In regard to planting, two year old budded plants are considered to be the best for the purpose. It is advisable to plant them in the fall just before winter sets in. When planting see that the soil is well tramped close up to the stem so as to bring all the particles into contact with the roots and thus ensure a moisture supply at the beginning. As roses have few roots, none should be pruned off when planting except in the case of a very unshapely projection that would prevent proper planting. The rule observed in the planting of other young

trees should be strictly observed in the case of the roses, viz., never to expose the roots to the sun or air more than is absolutely necessary. It is suggested when the stems look withered on arriving at the purchaser's residence, that the plants be buried for two days in wet soil so that the stems may take up water from the soil. When the plants are put in in the fall, the soil should be heaped up around them for protection and in the spring this should be removed. In the spring the stems should be cut back until there are about six buds above ground on each stem. In the case of spring-set plants it is more important to do this.

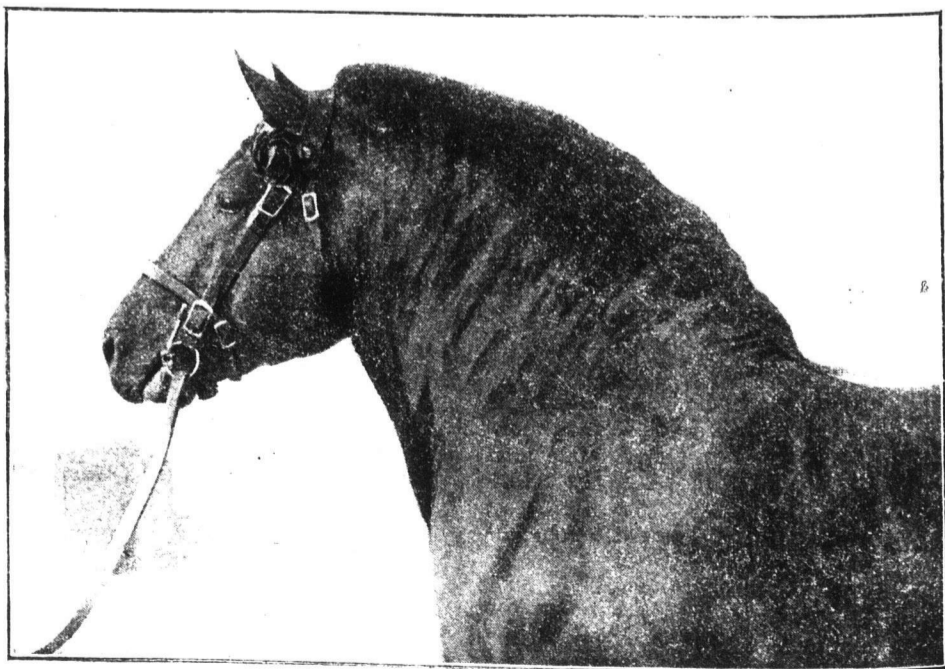
The Selecting of the Best Strains of Poultry

The Egg Laying Contests taking place in various parts of the Dominion have brought more into prominence to the general public the value of selected breeding than could have been accomplished in such a short space of time by the usual formula of dry tables and other statistics. We are told by poultrymen that it takes two eggs to produce one chick, meaning that for every successfully hatched egg there is one that does not produce a chick. Then again, there is a period of uncertainty between hatching and the time when the chick becomes a mature bird.

The incubator is sometimes blamed for failure of a hatch when such failure is due to other causes. If the eggs are from your own chicks, of course you should know something in regard to their reliability, but if they are purchased eggs, it is as well to buy from very reliable sources, but of course it is natural that the seller does not wish to guarantee eggs to produce chicks when the management of their incubation passes out of his hands.

The method of selecting the best strains is to place the settings from the best laying hens in wire baskets, the baskets having lids and fasteners. Each setting has its own basket so that as the chicks come out they are unable to mix with other chicks and thus retain their individuality as the progeny of the most productive hens. The chicks are then taken from their baskets and banded on the legs, after which identification they are safe to be allowed to run with the other chicks. By the leg band numbers the chicks are known, and thus a "social scale" is started among the young birds, as certain numbers will show on the record books that certain chicks are from extra productive hens.

By this system of selection, success is far more assured than by indiscriminate methods of treating all chicks as equals more or less. The males and females of the best strains are carefully noted, and are mated with a view to the con-



A noble specimen of a noble breed.

tinuance of high production by the system described above and thus in time the poor producers will find their way to the table via the fattening crate and in that way pay for their board instead of becoming boarders on the poultry plant.

The Insect Problem.

Each spring brings in its wake the usual army of insects which add to our plans of production also that of destruction. It is not an easy task to become advised of their arrival at the precise moment and it is generally the discovery of some of their destructive work that is the first knowledge we have of their arrival, which means that one must have more or less of a scouting system on field and garden in order to keep ahead of these uninvited guests.

The methods of defense must be arranged in various ways as unfortunately there is no cure-all prescription that will rid the garden of all kinds of insect pests. As in warfare, a knowledge of your opponent's plans is an essential to success, therefore a study of insect life is becoming more and more a necessity to the tiller of the soil. Then again, as the oft used saying goes "A little knowledge is dangerous" when it is not sufficient for us to discriminate between insect friends and foes.

The method of attack by insects varies considerably and it is only by a study of their methods that we can control them effectively. With some insects their depredations are so well concealed, as in the case of boring, that the effect of their work is often well advanced before measures can be taken for their control. Some insects may cause injury by attacking the roots of the plant, while others may work on the buds or leaves and thus seriously weaken the plant.

Grass-hoppers are a bad pest and are a menace to field and garden crops. They may be controlled by hopper dozers or the "Criddle Mixture." The latter is prepared by thoroughly mixing one pound of Paris green and two pounds of salt with sixty pounds of fresh horse manure. This is scattered about the infested places and proves a very attractive but fatal food.

The Colorado Beetle appears when the potato crop is coming up and it is wise to keep a sharp lookout for its first appearance as when they once get a start on the crop the leaves of the plants rapidly disappear with the result that the tubers will lack development according to the amount of loss of foliage. It is not advisable to wait until the vines become stripped of leaves, but it is necessary to start spraying as soon as the first bugs are observed. As the eggs are not all hatched at the same time it is advisable to repeat the spraying at given intervals in order to thoroughly rid the crop of the insects. The mixture recommended to be used as a spray for this pest is eight ounces of Paris green to forty gallons of water.

The Cut Worm is capable of doing a considerable amount of damage and its taste covers a varied range, including grains, roots, alfalfa, and various vegetable crops. The Cut Worms remain below the surface of the ground during the day, rising to the surface at night to feed. They prefer to feed a little below the surface of the ground, and in dry years they are able to do much more damage, as in the dry soil they pass more easily from plant to plant, whereas in wet soil they find their travels below the surface considerably retarded and have to feed above ground.

The moths which lay their eggs throughout the months of August and the greater part of September, select weedy summer fallows. A field that is smooth is less likely to be infested with Cut Worms, as the moths choose the clods to be found in roughly cultivated fields under which to lay their eggs. Summer fallows should be kept free from green growth during the Cut Worm's egg-laying period, as the aim of the moths is to lay their eggs near green growth.

A good poison mixture for the control of these insects is made up of the proportion of twenty pounds of bran, half a pound of Paris green, one quart of mol-

lasses, and two or three gallons of water, Mix the bran and Paris green dry; mix the molasses and water together until the former is dissolved, then wet the bran mixture with same and see that the bran is thoroughly dampened.

The Cabbage Worm is a common garden pest and is the larvae of the Cabbage Butterfly. These larvae are a pale green color and do damage to the plants by eating holes in the leaves.

A dry mixture of Pyrethrum powder should be used against this pest. Mix thoroughly one part by weight of the Pyrethrum powder to four of cheap flour and keep in a closed vessel for twenty-four hours before dusting over the plants which have been attacked. A good method of dusting is to make a bag of cheese cloth or some other such open material, partly fill it with the

mixture and shake it over the plants.

Occasionally ants will establish themselves on a lawn and are hard to get rid of as they are very persistent workers. The remedy recommended for their destruction is to place a saucer containing carbon bisulphide next to their burrow and over this place a box to form a cover that will prevent any wind from blowing the fumes away. If this is placed in position as night comes on, the ants will be in the burrow and the poisonous fumes which are heavier than air, will have penetrated the burrow and killed the ants by morning.

During some seasons the plant lice on the Manitoba Maples will be particularly active. These are sucking insects and live on the juices of the tender parts. As they are sucking insects, the ordinary poison solutions are not sufficient for

their control but require a "contact" poison such as kerosene emulsion which is made up as follows:

- Kerosene (coal oil) 2 gallons
- Rain water 1 gallon
- Soap ½ lb.

Dissolve soap in water by boiling; take from fire and, while hot, turn in kerosene and churn briskly for five minutes. For use, dilute with nine parts of water so that the above three gallons of stock emulsion will make thirty gallons of spraying mixture.

Trees for the Prairie Farmer.

The value of the tree, especially to the farmer on the wind swept prairie is manifold. As a windbreak it means a degree of comfort in summer and winter, retarding the force of the wind ere



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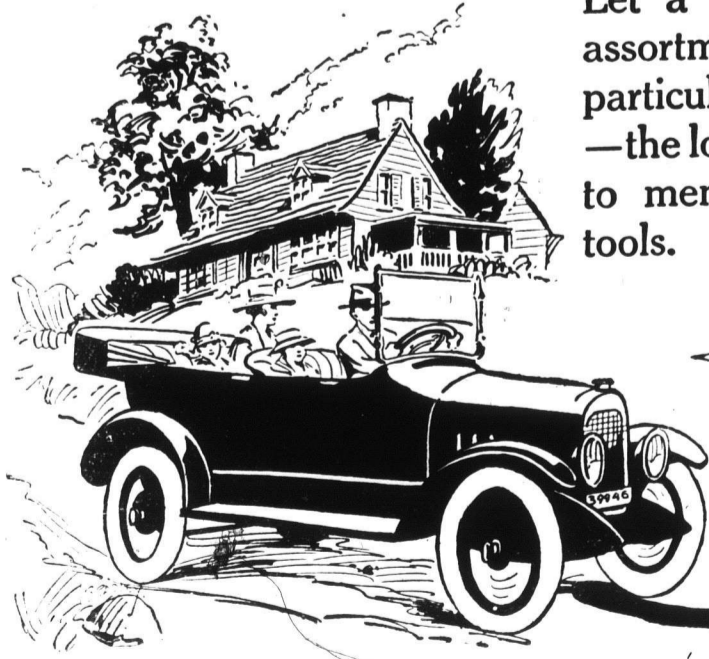
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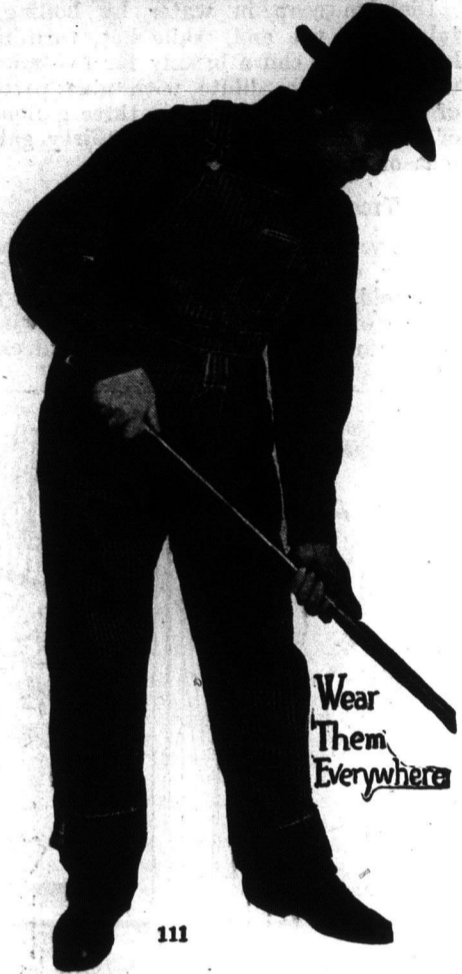
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it dashes against the barn or house. In the blazing days of July when the sun casts a shimmering heat over the home grounds, the shade of the tree is a haven of refuge. As home makers, trees play a very important part for we are always influenced by our environments and where there are trees to beautify our home a more contented atmosphere is established than is the case of the bare prairie homestead. Trees have sheltered mankind from the earliest days and we are ever looking for their companionship and where they are lacking there is a tendency to tire of the home that offers a bare outlook. In fairness to the children born on the newly established farm, trees should be provided to give them a better outlook on life in general, and in later years these same trees may prove the deciding factor when the natural restlessness of youth asserts itself in the usual indefinite way bringing up the question as to whether the old farm is to be run by hired help or by the sons and daughters who were born and grew up on it.

Trees are not hard to obtain, and the labor of planting them is an extremely small item when one considers the advantage of the investment. Of course, like all other young things, they need some care to start them successfully on the road of life, but once a good growth is established, they become objects of pride and interest to the owner as each year they transform the farm home into a beauty spot on the prairie.

A few trees and shrubs may be mentioned offhand that will be found suitable for average conditions. The Caragana (introduced into Canada from Russia) is hardy, handsome, and makes a tight hedge. The Tartarian honeysuckle and the Lilac are both handsome flowering shrubs. Spruces provide an all year round green and are a splendid windbreak though they are slow growers. For a quick shelter the willows are to be recommended. The Mountain Ash is a very fine tree for individual ornamentation as its berries turn a rich red in the fall and add a bright dash of color when some of the foliage of the other trees has turned.

Amidst the green of the home plantation the white bark of the White Birch adds a touch of beauty that is remarkable. With a plantation of Cottonwoods in a convenient corner of the farm one has a good investment growing into fuel.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS

A Home-Made Soap Shaker

An excellent soap-shaker can be made by perforating the lid of a baking-powder tin, making about twelve holes in the lid. This I find is a good way of getting rid of scraps of soap that are too small to handle.

To Sprinkle Clothes

When sprinkling clothes use a whisk broom. It is easier and quicker than doing it by hand, and also distributes the water evenly without wetting the clothes too much.

To Thread a Needle

When threading a needle with yarn, if you will lay the eye of the needle on the yarn and pull the yarn up through the eye with a pin, you will have no trouble in threading a needle, even in the dark.

Hot Milk Sponge Cake

Two eggs beaten five minutes, one cup sugar (beaten with eggs three minutes), one cup flour, one large teaspoonful baking powder, one-half cup boiling milk, flavor with lemon or orange extract.

This makes an easy and cheap cake, but like all other cakes its success lies in the beating of the sugar and eggs and the folding in of the flour.

How to Mend a Wringer

If one of the rubber rolls of your wringer is worn out, take a piece of cotton cloth about four inches wide and long enough to roll around several times. Turn the handle and run the cloth through, wetting and rolling it tightly. As the cloth wears out, put new pieces in.

Make Your Own Corn-Starch

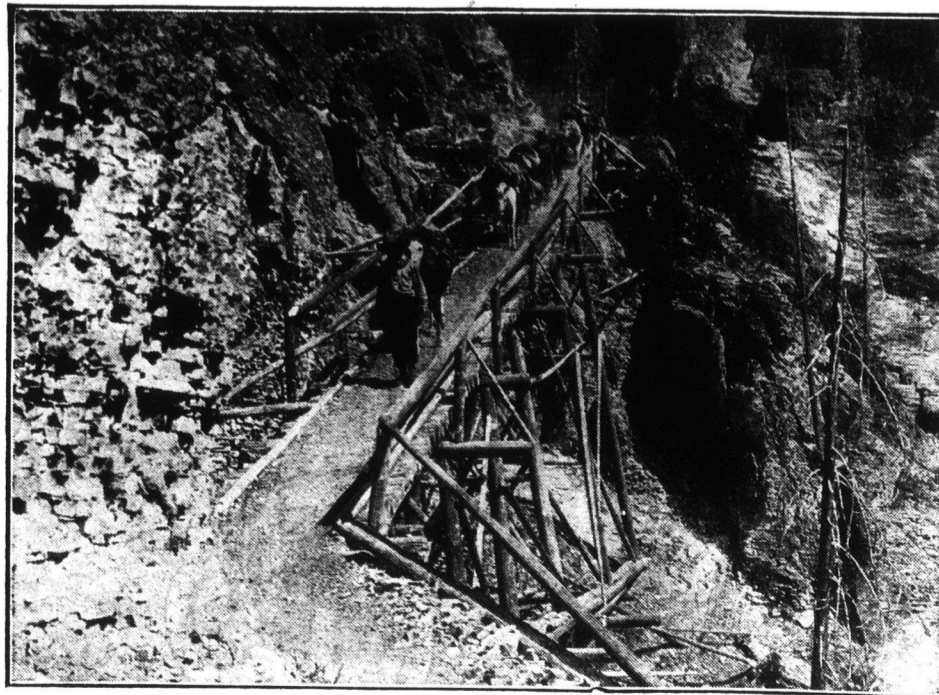
Take white field corn after it has passed the roasting ear stage; grate the kernels down to the cob. Place in a bowl, cover with water, and let the pieces of husk rise to the top, then skim them off. Let the remaining substance settle; when the water is poured off there will be a sediment of fine white starch at the bottom of the vessel. This will soon dry and can be put away in boxes or bags. Use it in your puddings and in starching your clothes.

To Mend Collars

For years I shared my husband's feelings that celluloid collars were "impossible." But when living in the country, a dozen miles from a laundry, we found some of these collars which are hard to detect from linen. Then we found that the breaks in the buttonholes can be easily mended with gummed cloth tape, used on the wrong side. The repair can easily be made so that the buttonhole is "just as good as new."

To Make Comforters

Pretty "comforts" for winter, light and warm, may be made by covering two worn blankets with silk-aline or cheese-cloth and tacking together with worsted like any "puff." These "comforts" may be washed each year and kept immaculate. Old white bedspreads may be doubled and stitched together to form mattress protectors. Cut blankets in two, bind the cut edges and use the top for the bottom. Blankets and spreads which are nearly square may be used, sides for top and bottom, thus equalizing the wear. If an end of a spread wears thin, reinforce it by underfacing it with a wide piece of loosely woven cotton.



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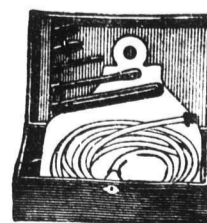
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"The Mothers"

By E. Mortimer Batten

THE nurse came down to the kitchen fire, and sat for a time looking into the flames. Presently she raised her face, the sweet, wan face of a woman well beyond her prime. "The boy—the baby, is dead!" she said simply.

The housemaid went on with her ironing. She had no special use for nurses. Only she snivelled a little.

"Poor thing," said the cook. "And her husband gone, too!"

For a time they were silent. Only the nurse seemed unmoved. After all, this was what she was paid for, a part of her business. Paid? The cruel mockery of it rang in her mind. Who can pay anyone for their lives—for all they have to give? No one knew what the last few months had contained for the nurse, but it did not matter. Professions may kill much in women, but they cannot kill the sense of motherhood.

The housemaid, snivelling loudly, banged about with her iron, till it occurred to her that if she went on like this she would have no need to sprinkle. The idea occurred to her as faintly amusing, and she sniggered and sniffed.

"If you are going to turn hysterical," said the nurse, "you had better go into the back kitchen and clean the knives."

The nurse was indirectly reminded that those who attend their own business are least likely to stir up trouble for themselves. Her business! The nurse smiled over the irony of it. "My business in this house is ended," she said quietly. Then she hid her face.

The cook also wept. She said it reminded her of the night when their little Mildred lay a corpse, but the sound of silken skirts on the staircase roused them. The nurse rose and went out.

"Have you been crying, nurse?" asked the mistress of the house.

"I haven't. I can't cry. I wish I could!"

The face of the professional woman was radiant now. "Why should we cry?" she asked. "He is happy now. Are you going out?" she added suddenly.

"Yes. Perhaps it will do me good to get thoroughly tired."

"Let me come with you? It is raining, and very cold."

"No. I would rather not. I want to be alone with God's night."

The nurse closed the door behind her, and returned to the kitchen. It was the warmest, brightest place in a house that contained no other warmth.

"Gone to do away with herself I shouldn't wonder!" snivelled the housemaid, and was implored by the nurse not to talk such utter nonsense.

"You hadn't ought to have let her go," the maid persisted, sticking to her guns. "It's your job to comfort her!"

The nurse uttered a dry laugh. Comfort her! Who in all the world could comfort her? She herself had done everything within human power, and she said so.

"If she throws herself in the river," snivelled the cook, "it will be the best thing she could do. I would have done it if it hadn't been for Herbert—and him out of work too!" At this her cup of sad retrospect overflowed, to be stifled by a gurgling of stout.

The mother—the little bereaved mother, made her way through the gleaming streets as though with some fixed goal in view. The cold rain beat against her cheeks, renewing the blush of girlhood; the sleeping buildings drip-

ped and guttered with the tears she could not shed. At the end of the avenue a policeman on point duty gleamed like a pillar of light, and as the mother watched he turned to speak to a bedraggled figure trudging in the slush. "You go 'ome, missus," he advised. "You'll get your baby drowned a night like this."

The bedraggled worldling tramped slowly on. "Home!" she echoed. "There is no home for me!"

And so the two mothers came face to face in their poverty, the one pleading with tired eyes for help, the other envying her for what she already possessed.

"Can you help me, madam? I have nowhere to go, and I am worn out!" said the bedraggled mother of the world.

The bereaved mother might have drawn in her skirts at any other time. She knew nothing about such lives, save what she suspected—too unpleasant for contemplation. Now she said: "You are better off than I! God took my baby an hour ago."

The face of the other mother was like a faded flower. There was nothing vile about it. Only her mother remained.

"Would that he would take mine!" she said. "There is no other place for him here, and God does not want his mother!"

The bereaved mother was feeling for her purse. She had left it at home—it was always so when she needed it.

"Come to my house to-morrow," she said, "and I will help you."

"To-morrow!" There was unuttered pleading in the woman's eyes. "Not to-night?"

"No, it was impossible tonight. Come to-morrow; and the bereaved mother gave an address which left no question as to her status in life, and they parted.

The rain passed by and the stars came out. It was bitterly cold now, and to the bereaved mother the wind about the eaves and gables seemed to echo—"To-morrow! Not to-night!"

Presently she retraced her steps. How blind and cruel she had been! Of what use was to-morrow to a cold and hungry woman faced with to-night?

She went back to the policeman on point duty, but he had seen no more of the mother of the world. She gave

Continued on page 64



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The Kitchen

FISH

Fish must be perfectly fresh. Frozen fish may be kept a long time, but must be used at once when thawed, as it spoils very quickly.

How to Know a Fresh Fish

1. Gills a bright red. 2. Flesh along backbone firm and elastic. 3. Eyes bulging and bright. 4. No unpleasant odor.

Preparation of Fish

To remove scales, scrape with a knife from the tail slowly towards the head, holding the knife nearly flat on the fish. Rinse the knife often in cold water. The inner organs of small fish may be pressed out through an opening near the gills. Large fish are cut nearly half way down and scraped clean. Remove with a

sharp knife any clots of blood, wipe the fish thoroughly inside and out with a cloth wrung out of cold salted water. Do not put the fish into water. Skin from head to tail. Bone from tail to head.

To skin a fish—Cut through the whole length of the skin, close to the fin on the back, and remove that. Then cut the skin on the other side, loosen it around the head, and pull toward the tail. When a fish is not fresh, the skin is difficult to separate from the flesh.

Boning—After skinning the fish the flesh can be taken from the backbone. Begin at the back and with a sharp knife scrape the flesh from the bone all the way from the tail to the head on one side. Then turn the fish, and remove

the flesh from the other side. A piece of fish large or small free from skin and bone is known as a "fillet."

Fish is sufficiently cooked when the flesh begins to separate from the bones. Over boiling makes it soft and watery. Vinegar or lemon juice added to the water in which the fish is boiled, keeps the flesh white. Fish should always be served with something acid.

Garnishes for Fish

1. Parsley. 2. Water cress. 3. Shreds of red or green pepper. 4. Slices of lemon, either plain or sprinkled, with finely chopped parsley. 5. Hard cooked eggs. 6. Tomatoes. 7. Cucumbers. 8. Stuffed olives. 9. Sliced pickles.

Boiled Fish

Unless the liquid is used, this is an extravagant way of cooking fish. Cut large fish in thick pieces. Tie in a piece of cheese cloth to prevent froth settling

on them. If the fish is not too large it may be coiled in the frying basket. Immerse in boiling salted water. Cook from 20 to 30 minutes.

To Bake Fish

Grease a flat Pyrex dish, or cover the bottom with thin slices of fat pork. Sprinkle with mixed onion. Lay on this a slice of halibut, or any small whole fish split down the middle and stuffed if desired. Add one tablespoon of vinegar. Spread with butter or other fat. Dredge with flour. Bake one hour.

Halibut en Casserole

Clean a thick slice of halibut and place in casserole, with half of the following sauce poured around it:—2 cups tomatoes, 1 cup water, 1 slice onion, 3 cloves, ½ lb. sugar, 2 lb. fat, 3 lb. flour, half teaspoonful pepper, three-quarter teaspoonful salt. Cook together two minutes, the tomatoes, water, onion, cloves, and sugar. Melt fat, add flour, then liquid gradually. Add seasonings and strain.

Bake fish in casserole one hour. When nearly cooked add remaining sauce, and serve from casserole. Forty-five minutes is sufficiently long time for a one-pound slice of halibut.

Halibut au Gratin

Place pieces of boiled or steamed halibut or other fish in ramekins. Moisten well with Bechamel sauce, sprinkle with buttered crumbs, around the edge, place a border of mashed nicely seasoned potato, forced through a pastry tube. Place in oven till thoroughly heated and the crumbs are browned.

Sauces for Fish

Drawn butter sauce:—Quarter cup butter, 3 lb. flour, 1 one-third cup hot water, half teaspoonful salt, a little pepper. Melt half the butter, stir in flour, mixed with seasonings. Add boiling water, boil five minutes, stirring constantly. Stir in remaining butter.

Egg Sauce

To drawn butter sauce, add hard cooked eggs, sliced or chopped.

Pickle Sauce

To drawn butter sauce, add sour cucumbers pickles, chopped or sliced.

Bechamel Sauce

1 cup stock, 1 cup hot milk, quarter cup butter, quarter cup flour, 1 small onion, half-teaspoonful salt, one-eighth teaspoonful pepper, quarter teaspoonful thyme, 1 bay leaf. Cook onion, thyme and bay leaf in butter, slowly five minutes. Stir in flour, add hot milk and stock, stirring constantly till thick and boiled. Strain. The seasonings may be cooked in the stock, instead of butter, then strained, but be sure there is a full cup after straining. A yellow sauce may be made by stirring the sauce into beaten egg yolks.

The Use of Fats

The ever-full cookie jar brings a decidedly comfortable recollection to the mind of the grown-up child. It seems to be a symbol of the thoughtfulness of mother and of the plenty always in her home. In reality it is a very small thing, even in these days of doing our own work, to keep a cookie jar full.

Yet too many of them to-day stand empty. Let's fill them and keep them full, both for the nourishment they give and the happy memories they bring.

Every woman wants to prepare the oldtime favorites when relatives come to visit. It makes no difference whether or not the favorite dish is one of the season's accepted ones, the visitor must have it. While mention of the cost of anything is always taboo in the best-regulated families, the wise housewife always keeps within the bounds of economy. Experience has taught her how to reduce the cost but not the quality, in many cases, and just how far to go.

Oldtime Favorites

She recalls that John liked doughnuts so well that she immediately plans a batch for his visit.

When Molly used to go into ecstasies over deep-fried fritters there must be fritters and maple sirup for one meal, at least.



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IF you are not already using Blue Ribbon Baking Powder in your home, we would like you to try it. If you are eager to improve your baking, select now the best family baking powder, and stick to it. Blue Ribbon Baking Powder maintains unfalteringly its high standard of quality, its goodness never lessens, each tin contains baking powder that will act like the last tin, and give you splendid results--try it.



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is out of place. But MACARONI is so simple and easy to prepare that you could wear an evening dress while cooking it.

MACARONI, in any one of its hundred and more different recipes is a builder of health and strength. A pure wheat product, better than bread, meat, eggs, or fish—and more nourishing.

Try It!

Buy it by the package from your grocer

A food for the hungry—rich or poor

For others fried biscuits, croquettes, potato chips, or potato puffs will be the favorites.

The fat you use for frying plays a great part in the ultimate success of the dish. Ultimate success means more than appearance and taste, it means digestion as well.

Fats for Cooking

Food chemists and those trained in domestic science have always grouped frying mediums, shortenings, and spreads, as fats. Madam Housewife seemed undecided to adopt this term. Lard popularly seemed to mean all fats for use as spreads. But housewives are becoming more and more professional in home managing, so we now group the food in our minds just as the experts do.

From a food value standpoint the grouping of fats according to their source would be the most helpful.

It is the wise home manager who puts all technical information she finds into constant use until it becomes part of her everyday technique of buying and cooking. By this method she is always ready to adjust her buying so as to avoid high prices.

When buying fats for cooking purposes, the entire group of cooking fats should come to mind. Lard is the animal fat on which many cooks absolutely rely; but in the group of cooking fats lard is only one. Cooking experts have demonstrated that you will get equally satisfactory results with the best brand of vegetable shortening, or cooking oil. Therefore, be prepared and ready to make use of these other fats, if reasons of supply or economy make it desirable to do so.

Richness of Fats

Shortening will vary a trifle according to richness desired, according to the shortening used, or whether nuts, cream, full evaporated milk, or chocolate are used. Pure lard, vegetable shortening, or salad oil is the richest shortening. Oleomargarine comes next, then butter.

A large amount of shortening makes a cake close-grained; a small amount makes it porous, but it dries easily. Too much fat causes the cake to crumble and it may be heavy.

If melted fat is used in a cake, add it when it is cool. If added hot, the cake will be tough, coarse in grain, and not so light as desired.

Kinds of Fats

Animal fats are pure leaf-lard, lard made of rendered back-fat, suet, tallow, oleo oil and butter.

Vegetable fats commonly used are cotton-seed oil, peanut oil, corn oil and olive oil.

The high-grade salad oil is a highly refined vegetable oil, and may be used in any way that lard or oil may be used.

The cracking point of fat is the temperature at which the fat begins to give off a blue smoke. This smoke is caused by the decomposition of the fat and the development of fatty acids. The smoke has a pungent, sharp odor, and if foods are fried in these decomposed fats they are apt to cause digestive disturbances. When using fats for frying, use those that have a high cracking-point, or the vegetable fats and lard.

Fats listed according to their burning point are as follows: Vegetable fats, pure leaf lard, compound drippings, oleomargarine, nut margarine and butter. It will be seen from this list that the vegetable fats have the highest burning point, while butter decomposes at the lowest temperature. Bacon and ham drippings lead in variety and satisfaction of uses for drippings; beef comes second; mutton third. Bacon becomes a really inexpensive food when you use the drippings.

Equal in Food Value

The food value of these fats is practically the same—equal amounts of fats giving, approximately, equal amounts of calories. The cooking results can be made the same with equal usage. Where any budget calculations are necessary, they will determine which fat to select.

If fat is increased in making a cake, a larger proportion of flour and leavening will be needed.

If water is substituted for milk, use seven-eighths cupful of water where one cupful of milk is called for.

If cream is substituted for milk, lessen the shortening and use more cream than the quantity of milk called for.

Frying Notes

Rules—

- 1.—Do not pile fried articles.
- 2.—Drain on brown paper.
- 3.—Strain fat after using it, and clarify if necessary.

Tests for temperature—

- 1.—Fat should be motionless.
- 2.—A piece of bread will brown in forty seconds if hot enough for cooked articles. A piece of bread will brown in sixty seconds if hot enough for uncooked articles.

Articles soak fat if—

- 1.—Not hot enough—that is, if fat is not hot enough.
- 2.—If articles to be fried are too rich.
- 3.—If articles to be fried are too moist.
- 4.—If too much soda or baking powder is used.

The fats to alternate for spreads are butter, oleomargarine, nut butter and peanut butter. With a varied diet and with plenty of milk and leafy vegetables for the children, the use of one fat is as good as another for a spread.

EMERGENCIES

Wounds.—To check bleeding apply firm pressure with a pad of dry lint or a clean handkerchief, kept in place by a bandage. If the wound is dirty cleanse with a warm boracic lotion.

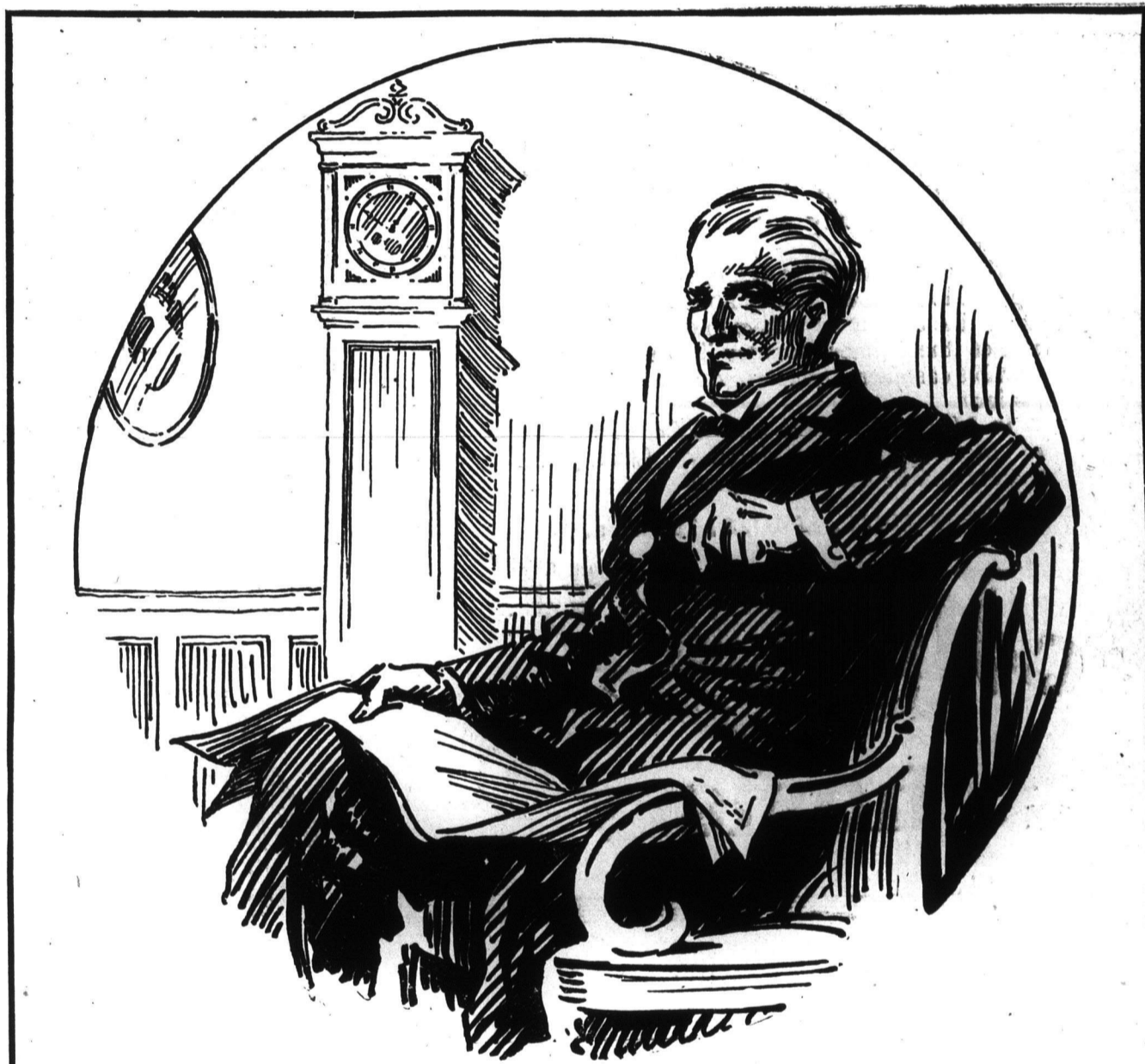
Bruises.—Treat with application of cold water, compress to allay the pain. If it is a limb, let it be elevated. When pain disappears rub morning and evening with vaseline till discoloration disappears.

Burns.—If slight treat by running warm water over the affected part, then

apply a boracic lotion—one to thirty. In severe burns apply the boracic lotion and send for a doctor. Do not apply an oily dressing.

Choking.—Turn the child, head downwards and smack hand on the shoulders. If that is not effective, open the mouth, push a thumb well in at cheek between the gums to hold the mouth open, and pushing the index finger of other hand downward and inwards into the throat try to get the obstruction. If serious call a doctor at once.

Dust in Eye.—Pull eyelids apart and wipe away particle with a wet rag. If the particle is not in the eyeball examine the inside of the lids. First pull down the lower lid and examine it. If not there then examine upper lid by turning it back over a flat pencil held horizontally over the lid.



The Human Clock usually *Breaks Down* instead of *Runs Down*

"It has long been a favorite idea of mine to compare the human body with my old clock here."

"Without proper attention the old clock gets run down and stops until I wind it up again and then it ticks away just as heartily and regularly as ever."

"And so it is with the human body, but the great difference I find is that the human clock usually breaks down instead of runs down because people neglect to take proper care of their health."

"Through all these years I have managed to keep well and to keep young by using restorative treatment whenever there are indications of the system becoming run down."

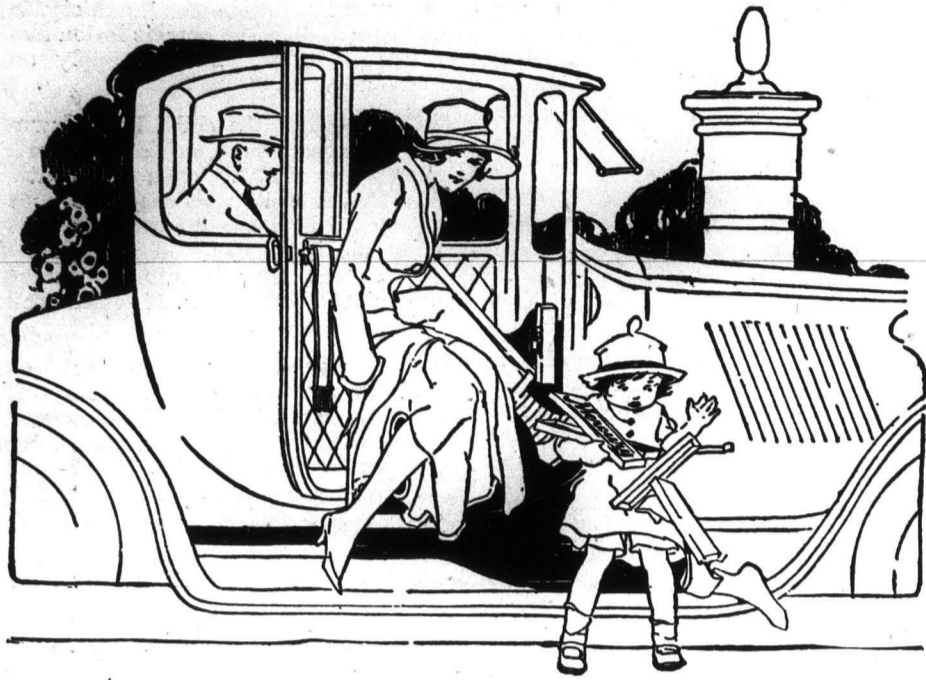
"Fortunately I learned the value some years ago of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food and

to its use I largely attribute my healthful condition at this age."

"When I hear people talking about being unable to sleep or of suffering from nervous headaches, indigestion or worn-out feelings I ask them, 'Why do you not use Dr. Chase's Nerve Food to increase your nervous energy?'"

"So many people, as age advances, suffer from a lowering of the vitality, from high blood pressure or hardening of the arteries, but I have found that the use of this restorative treatment, when required keeps my health at the high water mark."

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cents a box, all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Ltd., Toronto. On every box of the genuine there is the portrait and signature of A. W. Chase, M.D.



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A Popular Style of School Dress. Pattern 3121 is here portrayed. It is cut in 4 sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. Size 8 will require 3 3/4 yards of 36 inch material for the dress, and 1 1/4 yards for the bloomers. This style includes the bloomers illustrated. It is a practical, serviceable model, suitable for all wash fabrics, and also for serge, gabardine, plaid or checked suiting, velvet and taffeta. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Very Attractive Dress for Home Wear. This is very good for gingham, Chambray, lawn, drill, linen, serge, gabardine, voile, poplin, repp or percale. It is a dressy model that may be finished with a comfortable sleeve in bishop style or one in short length, with a turned back cuff. Width of skirt at lower edge is 1 3/4 yard. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 38 requires 5 1/4 yards of 36 inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A New and Stylish Sports Costume. Comprising waist pattern 2365, and skirt pattern 3252. This shows the new bib skirt worn with a smart blouse. The bib portions may be omitted, the blouse may be finished with or without the collar. The skirt is cut in 7 sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure. A 24 inch size

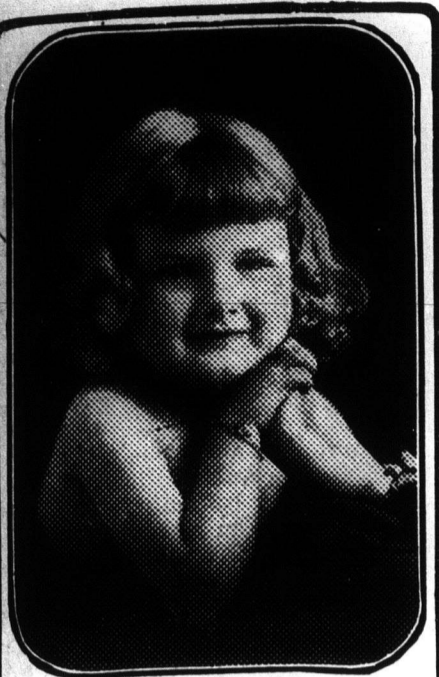
will require 3 3/4 yards of 40 inch material. The blouse is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. A medium size will require 2 3/4 yards of 27 inch material. The width of the skirt at its lower edge is a little over 2 yards. One could have this in sports satin, serge, taffeta, shantung or linen, with braiding or embroidery for decoration. 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 Pretty Frock for the Little Girl. Pattern 3261 is here portrayed. It is cut in 4 sizes: 2, 3, 4 and 5 years. A 4 year size will require 2 3/4 yards of 27 inch material. As here shown dotted challie in white and blue was used. Pippings of white poplin trim the dress. This model is pretty in dimity or Swiss with lace or embroidery. It is also nice for gingham, percale and pique. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Popular and Practical Undergarment. Pattern 3264 supplies this style. 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 3 3/4 yards of 36 inch material with 2 3/4 yards of flouncing 15 inches wide. The garment may be finished without the flounce. Cambric, lawn, batiste, crepe, crepe de chine, silk, satin, and saten may be used, with embroidery or lace and insertion for trimming. This makes a good "slip" or foundation, and is a good model for mature figures. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

—A Pretty Summer Frock.—Pattern 3268 is here depicted. It is cut in 3





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No. 43, St. Ann St.,
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Dear Sirs,
I have much pleasure in forwarding to you a photo of my little girl who I am quite sure owes her life to Virol. From birth she would not take her natural food, and I tried all the patent foods I knew of, but nothing would suit her; then I took her to three different doctors, after that I took her to the London Hospital; then when I was giving up in despair I was advised to try Virol. She is now 3 years of age and I think the picture speaks for itself.

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sizes: 12, 14, and 16 years. A 14 year size will require 4 1/4 yards of 36 inch material. The tunic may be omitted. The sleeve may be finished in either length illustrated. The style is pretty for challie, voile, batiste, linen, gingham, chambrey and organdie, crepe and gabardine also are attractive for this dress. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

Two Up-to-Date and Practical Accessories for Dress or Coat. Pattern 3251 supplies these pretty models. It is cut in 4 sizes: Small, medium, large and extra large. A medium size will require 2 yards for No. 1 of 27 inch material and 1 1/2 yard for No. 2. Satin, silk, linen, pique or crepe could be used for No. 1. For No. 2, lawn, batiste, mull, dotted Swiss, dimity and organdie, chiffon and crepe de chine are desirable. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Becoming Dress in "Over Blouse" Style. Pattern 3278 is illustrated in this design. It is cut in 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. A 12 year size will require 4 1/2 yards of 40 inch material. As here depicted, plaid gingham is here combined with chambrey. Linen, voile, percale, challie and serge with contrasting material would also be attractive. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Cool Comfortable Apron. Pattern 3263 illustrates this style. 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 1/4 yards of 36 inch material. Figured percale is here shown with facings of white cambrie. Gingham, chambrey, sateen, linen, lawn and alpaca are also appropriate for this style. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Simple Set for the Little Tot. 2880—This comprises a pretty bonnet, a sack and a dress with kimono sleeve and simple lines. It will not take long or be difficult to develop these models. Lawn, dimity, crossbar muslin, challie, poplin, voile or crepe are nice for the dress and sack. Flannel or silk may also be used. The cap may be of silk, cloth, or velvet, lawn, or batiste. The pattern for this attractive set is cut in 4 sizes; 6 months, one year, 2 and 3 years. Size 2 will require of 36 inch material, 2 yards for the dress, 1/2 yard for the sack, and 1/4 yard for bonnet, with a 1/4 yard of lining. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Smart Summer Frock. Pattern 3260 was selected for this style. It is cut in 3 sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. An 18 year size will require 3 3/8 yards of 40 inch material for waist and skirt and 1 1/4 yard for the jumper. As here shown shantung in a natural shade and embroidered in white was used. This is a good model for batiste or voile, also for linen and gingham. Width of skirt at lower edge is a little over 2 yards. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Pleasing Costume. Ladies waist pattern 3274 cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure is here combined with skirt pattern 3259, which is cut in 7 sizes: 24, 26, 28, 30, 32, 34 and 36 inches waist measure. The width of the skirt with plaits extended is 2 3/8 yards. As here shown, embroidered and plain pongee are combined. One could have the skirt of serge, taffeta, or linen and the waist of crepe, silk or linen. It will require 3 yards of 36 inch material for the skirt, and 2 3/8 yards for the waist for a medium size. 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.



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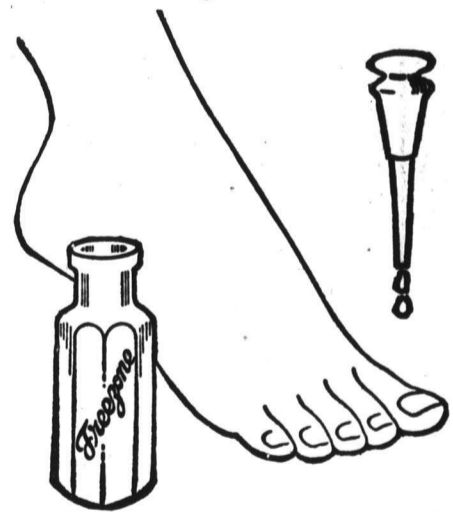
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Doesn't hurt a bit and "Freezone" costs only a few cents



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A Becoming Play Dress. Pattern 3266 is here portrayed. It is cut in 4 sizes; 2, 4, 6 and 8 years. A 4 year size will require $3\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 27 inch material. Checked gingham, striped seersucker, spotted percale, pongee, poplin, drill, linen and crepe are good materials for this style. As here shown blue and white gingham is combined with white linene, and tiny frills of the gingham. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Becoming Dress For Home or Porch Wear. Pattern 3249 supplies this style. It is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. The width of the skirt at its lower edge is 2 yards. It will require $6\frac{1}{8}$ yards of 36 inch material for a medium size. Blue plaid gingham was used in this instance, with pipings of blue. Collar and cuffs are of embroidered linene. Serge, gabardine, taffeta, percale, linen and chambray are also good for this model. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Pretty Dress for the Growing Girl. Pattern 3262 was used to make this dress. It is cut in 4 sizes: 8, 10 12 and 14 years. A 12 year size will require $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 27 inch material for the dress, and $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards for the "jumper" or overblouse. Plaid gingham in blue tones is here combined with plain chambray. One could have serge and plaid or checked suiting. Linen, embroidered, or figured and plain voile combined would be attractive. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Stylish Gown. Pattern 3275 is here illustrated. It is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. A 38 inch requires $5\frac{1}{8}$ yards of 44 inch material. The width of the skirt at lower edge is about $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard. Embroidered voile is here portrayed. The style is also good for linen, foulard, printed voile, sateen, taffeta and serge. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Dainty, Simple Dress. Pattern 3267 was used for this design. It is cut in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. A 10 year size will require $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40 inch material. Lawn, batiste, voile, dimity, dotted Swiss, crepe, wash silk, gingham and chambray could be used for this. As here shown white

organdie was used, with self frills, and outline embroidery for decoration. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

2947—Here is an apron model neat and pleasing. It is sleeveless and so, is cool and comfortable. Gingham, seersucker, lawn, cambric, drill or alpaca are good materials for this style. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: Small, medium, large and extra large. Size medium requires $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36 inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

PATTERNS

Straight but not scant are the lines of the summer frocks, with draperies, bandings, ruffles and flounces on dresses of summery materials.

It looks indeed as if this summer were to be one of lingerie dresses, there are so many exquisite frocks of sheer cotton and linen; dainty little gowns of batiste, handkerchief linen, organdie or cotton voile, simply made with tiny hand-run tucks and plaits, beaded seams and hemstitching.

Embroideries are not so much in evidence and lace is sparingly used.

Ribbons play a very important part in the new styles; all colors, widths and weaves are employed. Velvet ribbons are well liked for lingerie dresses, also for chiffons, printed georgettes and crepe de chine.

The more glaring color combinations are used; some that at first glance are not pleasing grow on one's fancy.

Green has proven to be the right spring color, and it looks as if it would be popular during the summer; vivid grass and jade green are indeed suggestive of coolness.

Just now red is favored for foundations of vestees on street dresses, for undersleeves, guimps and pipings. Very narrow belts of red patent leather are used with suits and dresses.

Yellow, too, has many followers, and nothing seems quite so pleasing as yellow in an organdie dress with black velvet ribbon at the waistline or a sash of just the right shade of blue.

Dotted net and organdie are a good combination in either black or white.

Short sleeves, so much in vogue now, are of course real summery and in good taste on frocks for country wear, but the intelligent woman will always have the sleeves in accordance with the line

of her dresses and with her own individuality.

For morning or business wear the tailored suit or dress is suitable. Afternoon dresses in one piece style are shown, also those with flounced or plaited skirt, little ripple basques, high collars and bell sleeves. In taffeta, satin or crepe de chine all with a touch of white organdie the afternoon dress is very correct.

While sleeves appear to grow shorter waists grow longer, and one will see many models, even before the end of summer, with the fitted bodice and waists an inch or more below normal waistline.

The figure lines will remain the same, the widened hip and smaller waists being brought out by soft folds at the waistline and an arrangement of draperies. With the new waist effects will come the widened hip, and there will be many variations.

The slender woman may select the puffy draperies for which the light, soft materials are excellent. The woman of generous proportions must, as ever, exercise care so as to get the most charming results for the "full lines."

Lace skirts are worn with long waists of taffeta that are sometimes belted or often merely drawn about the form in tiny folds.

A charming fancy is shown in the use of bows, belts and loops in skirt decorations.

One sees novel apron overskirts made much like the straight full gathered aprons for maids. They tie at the back where the edges almost come together, and the foundation skirt is very narrow.

There is a tendency to lengthen the shoulder line, some new waists showing a decided drop shoulder in cap or epaulette effects which is really a modified kimono expression.

A very interesting feature of summer styles is the sash or girde, for according to its adjustment the lines of the figure may be broadened, narrowed, lengthened or shortened. The wide sash has the widest sphere for usefulness. It may be turned into panels, looped like panniers or crushed about the hips in oriental fashion.

Just now one finds sashes in bold striped patterns, in flowered and brocade designs. For street dresses of linen, pongee and taffeta a sash of Roman coloring is very attractive.

The string sash is holding its own, and nothing can replace its suggestion of youth, decoration and serviceability.

Ribbon is used for collars on summer frocks; sometimes it is seen combined with maline for stocks with stand-out loops over the back.

Hats have sash trimmings and ribbon streamers.

There are also sunshades of ribbon and parasols of plaid taffeta.

A serviceable "country dress" of sports silk has trimmings of linen crash.

A dress of foulard may be trimmed with bands of satin.

A dress of plain organdie has the waist of flowered organdie with collar, cuffs and frills of the plain material.

A dress of English sateen is trimmed with loops of grossgrain ribbon and a double round collar of organdie.

A kimono blouse of tricolette is bordered with satin.

Satin ribbon was used to simulate stripes on a blouse of organdie. The ribbon forms loops below the belt.

Blue and black embroidery trims a dress of white crepe de chine.

A frock of black taffeta has for its only decoration a frill of organdie from shoulder to belt at one side

Try orange and black embroidery on a frock of blue taffeta.

A dress of black and green challie is trimmed with loops of green ribbon.

Black satin and blue georgette is smart for a gown finished with a vestee of ecru lace and a blue velvet sash.

A cool looking dress of green and white gingham is trimmed with white linen pipings and a narrow belt of white kid.

A dress of blue serge is finished with stitching in self color.

Printed lawn in rose and white will be pretty combined with white organdie.

Beige colored taffeta and ecru organdie are a good combination.

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Correspondence

We invite readers to make use of these columns and an effort will be made to publish all interesting letters. Kindly note that we do not give out the name and address of any writer to the Correspondence Page, but a stamped letter sent to the Correspondence Department, will be forwarded to the right party.

Teachers' Problems

Dear Editor and Readers,—“Love Sick Farmer” asks “May a lonely bachelor of twenty join the circle?” Well, may a lonely spinster of nineteen become a member? I have been teaching a few months so I am not a “regular school-marm” yet. I agree with “A Reformer” that teachers should discuss their problems with other people. Indeed I think that their greatest problem is how to obtain the active co-operation of parents in their work. My opinion is that few people are practically interested in Education. A teacher's column in the paper would be of great value if others besides teachers were interested in it. To change the subject. I agree with “Happy-go-Lucky” about girls. I think also that “Violin Lover” and “Ex-Sergeant” wrote very interesting letters, but “Violin Lover,” what kind of young men are there in your district that the girls should be so cool? I should like to hear your opinion of the modern young man, and yours also, readers. It seems to me that the returned boy has been made a great deal of—and justly so—but has the attention he has received gone to his head a tiny little bit? Of course, “The more one has, the more one wants.” With apologies if I have offended anyone.—Del.

An Overall Enthusiast

Dear Editor and Readers,—“For the last few years we have been taking The Western Home Monthly and I find the Correspondence Page the most interesting. I agree with “Happy-go-Lucky.” I like to go out and enjoy an evening with a boy friend. Just because a girl goes out with a boy friend some think they are to marry. I am only 17 years of age and too young to marry. I think a girl shouldn't marry before twenty, but she need not be tied to her mother's apron strings until then. Do you think she should? I have nine sisters, three being married. I have only been out in the country since last April and just love the fresh air, horse-back riding, motor-ing and cycling. I have a pair of overalls and oh, boy, you should see me jump around in them. All you girls who are on farms should wear them. One feels so free with no skirts around them, especially after having come from the city and being used to wearing hobbles. I have a small camera and was taken with my overalls on. I'd like to show some of you what I look like in them. Some city girls say, what do you do all the time in the country, I couldn't stand it, too lonesome for me. To tell the truth you have not much time to be lonely on a farm. We have eight men working at our place taking night and day shifts with two engines plowing. Others are harrowing and seeding. The season being late we had to do this to get in our grain. This work does not keep me employed most of the time but I have to be dad's chauffeur this year making trips to the town (8 miles) for repairs, etc. We have very sociable neighbors around here and we always have company in the evenings. I took a fancy to “Love Sick Farmer,” only I wish he'd drop a note first. When I read the letter from a “Lonely Bach” I could almost picture the sight of his face when his flapjacks were all gone and him so hungry. Why doesn't he “Pop the question” to some nice girl, but aren't the girls around there taking advantage of leap year? I would be glad to receive letters and snaps from some jolly people about my own age (17). I wish all the readers would get to work and write long letters to the Correspondence Page and make it the best in the Magazine. I will be a booster of this Magazine until the North Pole melts. Hokus-Pokus.

A Voice From Toronto

Dear Editor and Readers,—“Like so many others, I have been a silent reader of your paper for many months, and at last have decided to send a line. There certainly seems a good many lonely people out West. Poor “Lonely Bach” must have an awful time. So sorry I cannot send you another recipe for flapjacks, for to tell the truth I cannot do much in the line of cooking or baking. Being a business girl I haven't time to try. “Violin Lover” seems to be a very energetic young man. I must tell you something of myself. I love dancing, skating, swimming, music, motoring and in fact all sports. My business occupation is a telephone operator and stenographer. This is my first letter to your columns and I must not make it too long, and if I am lucky enough to see this in print I will write again. Wishing the editor and every correspondent every success.”

Torontonian.

Will Torontonian kindly send her name and address to the editor so that correspondence intended for her may be forwarded.

Come Again Reader

Dear Editor,—“For many years now I have taken the Western Home Monthly and have spent many happy hours reading its columns. I like the editorials, the Fashions and Patterns page, and Work for Busy Fingers, and most of all the Correspondence page. I have learned a great deal from the different letters and have come to the conclusion that folks in the country, especially out West, have a very happy time. The days from now on are the most anxious ones I suppose for the farmer. Like most of the writers to this page, I would like to hear from the old time bachelors. Where is “Sky Scaper” these days? He used to write such interesting letters, and while I can't remember him among the very old timers, it is quite a long while since we have heard from him. The Teacherage subject has been very well discussed, and I think that we should have more teachers write to our columns. I do not know much about farm life, but I have an invitation to spend my holidays on a farm this year, which I think I will accept. I am fond of music but cannot play very well. I am not of a studious turn of mind unless reading comes under that heading. I am extremely fond of books and magazines. I am also fond of sports of all kinds, especially swimming in the summertime. I said swimming in the summertime, as if one could swim in the winter in this country. I am afraid one does not go swimming for choice in the winter, (in the lake or river anyway). The warm days are with us again and I love the heat. I like the winter too, but the summertime for me. Well, dear editor and readers, if you see fit to print this letter I shall be very pleased. If not, I shall know its doom, that W. P. B. If I see this in print, I will perhaps come again. Thanking you for space and with best wishes.” Reader.

The First Attempt

Dear Editor and Members,—“I have been an interested reader of the Western Home Monthly for a number of months. I love the Correspondence page. One often gets valuable news from the other members' views. There has been quite a number of Leap Year dances around this community. The girls here are not quite so slow as the ones where “Violin Lover” lives. They have managed to get up two dances. I certainly agree with “Happy-go-Lucky” about the jolly girls. Spring is here at last and every thing is green once more. I play the piano a little and like it very much and am fond of all kinds of good music. Well, as this is my first letter, I will close with best of luck to the editor and paper. My address is with the editor if anyone in their teens wishes to write. Lonesome.

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The House of Colgate

There is an old English poem little read but very fine, which begins:

The glories of our blood and state
Are shadows, not substantial things,
and ends:
Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet and blossom in their
dust.

NO more suitable lines could be inscribed upon the repository which holds the family possessions and heirlooms of the house of Colgate. Nor indeed, would the pleasantries of the allusion to the actual business of the house be itself more than a perfume to enhance the reality of the tradition it describes.

William Colgate the founder of the house was the son of a French refugee in New York, who, on coming of age, inherited his father's debts and the fruits of four years apprenticeship to the industry of soap boiling.

At that time he rented a two-story brick house in Dutch street, New York, wherein, being a just man, he began the boiling on his own account of just soaps and essences, to the eventual great glory and enrichment of the blood and state of his numerous descendants. They, however, regard less these insubstantial things than the solid tradition of justice in the compounding of soaps and essences transmitted from their ancestor.

Let him assert that the idea of justice in the matter of soap boiling is ridiculous whose skin has never been assaulted by an unjust soap, a soap of apparent honor and good outward seeming, but in reality alkaline and deadly, or whose nostrils have never inhaled a perfume, approaching under the guise of rose or violet, only to affront his inner and more tender sensories with the horrid effluvium of a gas-works.

There, in this two-story house on Dutch street, William Colgate lived and flourished and it remained for 104 years, till 1910, the headquarters of the house of Colgate. It was his custom to consult with himself and his family over the morning cup of coffee and to this day the custom is retained, and every Monday morning the directors of Colgate's discuss their vast business over coffee served in the French manner. While the two-story brick house has disappeared, the ledger of William, his original soap kettle, the faded sign that used to hang above the door, and even the padlock which secured the door, are jealously preserved as heirlooms, along with the receipts for all his father's debts paid by the just and honorable William without legal obligation.

Thus do the members of the house of Colgate venerate a tradition of honor transmitted from the founder of the house who was their ancestor.

It is easier to worship a tradition of honor than to live up to it, still the idea of honor entertained as a cherished tradition comes, like other things, habitual, and if it is not always easy to live up to it, to live down from it becomes equally difficult and highly repugnant. Herein is touched upon the foundation of true aristocracy, nowhere a more noble thing than in trade and commerce, because nowhere more subjected to the insidious assaults from greed of gain unscrupulously pursued.

To William, the original soap boiler, succeeded in the business of making soaps, his sixth son, Samuel. Samuel directed the business and presided over the matutinal coffee for forty years. But the vast soap and perfume business was not all that grew upon the solid foundation of saponaceous integrity laid down by the original founder. The glories of the Colgate blood and state include a university, a powerful bank and a great manufacturing trust. To Samuel succeeded his eldest son, Richard who, with his brothers Gilbert, Sidney, Austin and Russell, carried on the business until 1919, when he died and his son Henry A., fourth in the direct line, now rules in his place. "Colgate's" is a household word for delicate soaps and rich perfumes, but the real perfume that clings to the name is a subtler essence, that smells sweet and blossoms in cen-

tury-old dust from the honesty and integrity of the man who boiled honest soap in New York in 1806.

It is a frequent allegation that such traditions are vanishing in the modern orgy of finance. If so, the fruits of honorable commerce will themselves perish, and not the requirement of honest dealing in commerce alone. For in the history of the Colgate family is seen a long continuance and growth of prosperity, of which the acquisitions of fraud and violence afford no examples in the structure of society.

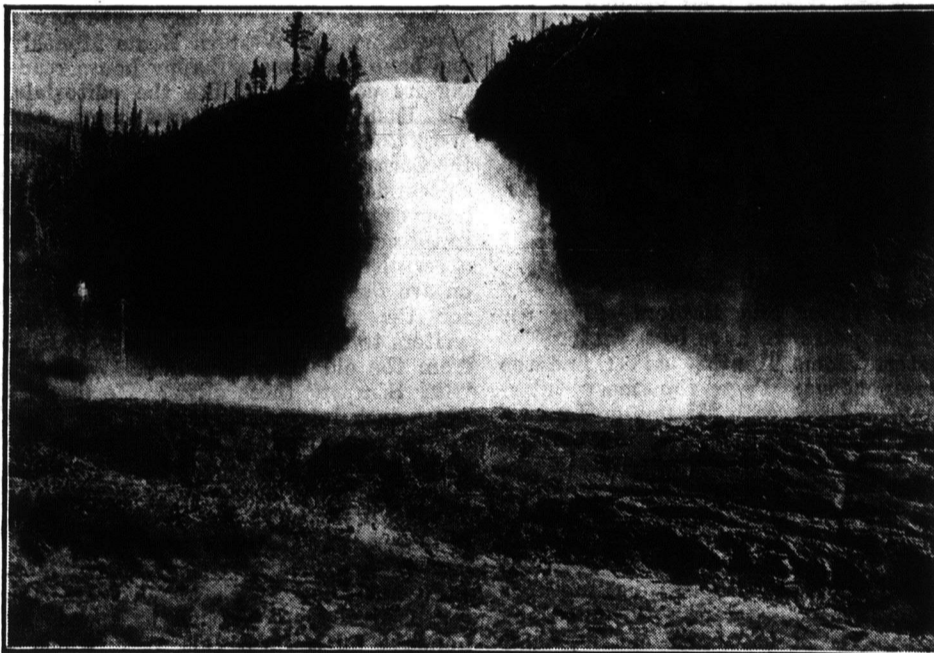
In Canada Colgate is represented by one of Montreal's most progressive business men, Mr. W. G. M. Shepherd, the Branch Factory in that city is conducted on the principles that made Colgate an honored name in the business world.

THE SHEEP AND THE PIG.

One morning, bright and early, a sheep and a curly-tailed pig started out through the world to find a home. For the thing they both wanted more than anything else was a house of their own.

"We will build us a house," said the sheep and the curly-tailed pig, "and there we will live together."

So they traveled a long, long way, over the fields, and down the lanes, and past the orchards, and through the woods,



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until they came, all at once, upon a rabbit.

"Where are you going?" asked the rabbit of the two.

"We are going to build us a house," said the sheep and the pig.

"May I live with you?" asked the rabbit.

"What can you do to help?" asked the sheep and the pig.

The rabbit scratched his leg with his left hind foot for a minute, and then he said: "I can gnaw pegs with my sharp teeth; I can put them in with my paws."

"Good!" said the sheep and the pig; "you may come with us."

So the three went a long, long way farther, and then they came, all at once, upon a gray goose.

"Where are you going?" asked the gray goose of the three.

"We are going to build us a house," said the sheep and the pig and the rabbit.

"May I live with you?" asked the gray goose.

"What can you do to help?" asked the sheep, the pig and the rabbit.

The gray goose tucked one leg under her wing for a minute, and then she said: "I can pull moss, and stuff it in the cracks with my broad bill."

"Good!" said the sheep, the pig and the rabbit; "you may come with us."

So the four went a long, long way farther, and, all at once, they came upon a barnyard cock.

"Where are you going?" asked the cock of the four.

"We are going to build us a house," said the sheep, the pig, the rabbit and the goose.

"May I live with you?" asked the barnyard cock.

"What can you do to help?" asked the sheep, the pig, the rabbit and the gray goose.

The cock preened his feathers and strutted about for a minute, and then he said: "I can crow very early in the morning, I can awaken you all."

"Good!" said the sheep, the pig, the rabbit and the gray goose; "you may come with us."

So the five went on a long, long way until they found a good place for a house. Then the sheep hewed logs and drew them; the pig made bricks for their cellar; the rabbit gnawed pegs with his sharp teeth, and hammered them in with his paws; the goose pulled moss, and stuffed it in the cracks with her bill; the cock crowed early every morning to tell them that it was time to rise, and they all lived happily together in their little house.—C. S. Bailey.

MISSED THEIR CALLING

The British general Sir Douglas Haig is a soldier first, last and all the time, and he is sincere in regarding all other professions as of quite negligible importance. He was recently inspecting a cavalry troop, said the "Minneapolis Tribune," and he was particularly struck with the neat way in which repairs had been made on some of the saddles.

"The Mothers"

Continued from page 57

him the address to which to send the woman if she appeared again, and he promised to comply. "Did she beg from you, ma'am?" he concluded, almost apologetically.

O what did that matter? What did anything matter when she and her baby were cold and hungry? The policeman explained. "If she is begging," he said, "I can take her along of me to the station—the best place for her a night like this."

The bereaved mother went back to her home, where the nurse was awaiting her with gentle cheeriness. They joked over the hot gruel on the hearth, for she did not need it now. They warmed her wet and tired feet, and the bereaved mother went to her silent room to sleep the sleep of long weariness.

Many hours later the policeman going the round of his beat found the little mother of the world seated in the gloom of the great stone portico of the house where the other mother lived. Her face was bowed over her baby—a face so coldly sweet that no one could have told that it was the face of one whom the world had soiled and cast aside. The cold rain streamed from her tattered finery, and dripped like tears from her tresses on to the tiny, budding life in her arms. The mother of the world was dead.

"And the best thing too!" said the policeman, when he rang the bell and the nurse and the cook came down.

The women wept over the atom of purity as they took it in. They placed it in the robes of the little life that was gone, and when the bereaved mother awoke she heard familiar noises at her side, and thought that she was dreaming.

* * * *

It was dawn. A woman and a tiny child walked slowly hand in hand up the winding path that led to the gates of a lustrous castle, rising fairly-like against the glory of the day. There were flowers on the hillside, such flowers as they had never seen before, and above them those shining gates were open wide.

The face of the woman was very, very beautiful, upraised towards the light. Her streaming, tattered finery shone like the day, spotlessly pure, and her eyes were open wide with a great new wonder.

"My mother was a lady," said the little child, whose hand she held. "But in our garden there were no flowers like these."

The woman smiled. "In our garden there were no flowers at all!" she said. "And my baby's mother was cold and placed silken slippers upon them, then tired. But O—they are so happy now!"

HIS FIRST WORDS

The Scottish people are thrifty, as everyone knows. Harry Lauder, the famous Scottish comedian, is authority for the statement that they are as saving of speech as of silver. This is the story he told to a Chicago audience in illustration of the fact:

A man and his wife, who lived in Peebles, had a boy whom they believed to be a mute, for up to his tenth year he had never said a word.

One day his father and he were at work in the hayfield, and, getting thirsty, they made their way toward a jug of cold tea. The father took the jug and began to drink. As he gulped the tea down slowly the thirsty boy said:

"Hurry up!"

The father put down the jug in astonishment.

"Why, Tam," he said, "you're talkin'! Why didn't ye never speak afore?"

"Naught to say," said Tam.

A NATURAL CONCLUSION

"Father," said Harry, "what would be the name of a little boy whose father was trying to get him into a crowded omnibus?"

"I'm sure I don't know, my son."

"Well, father, wouldn't it be Benjamin?"

"I'd go up on deck and see if there was any water in the lake."

"You'll do," said the captain.

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