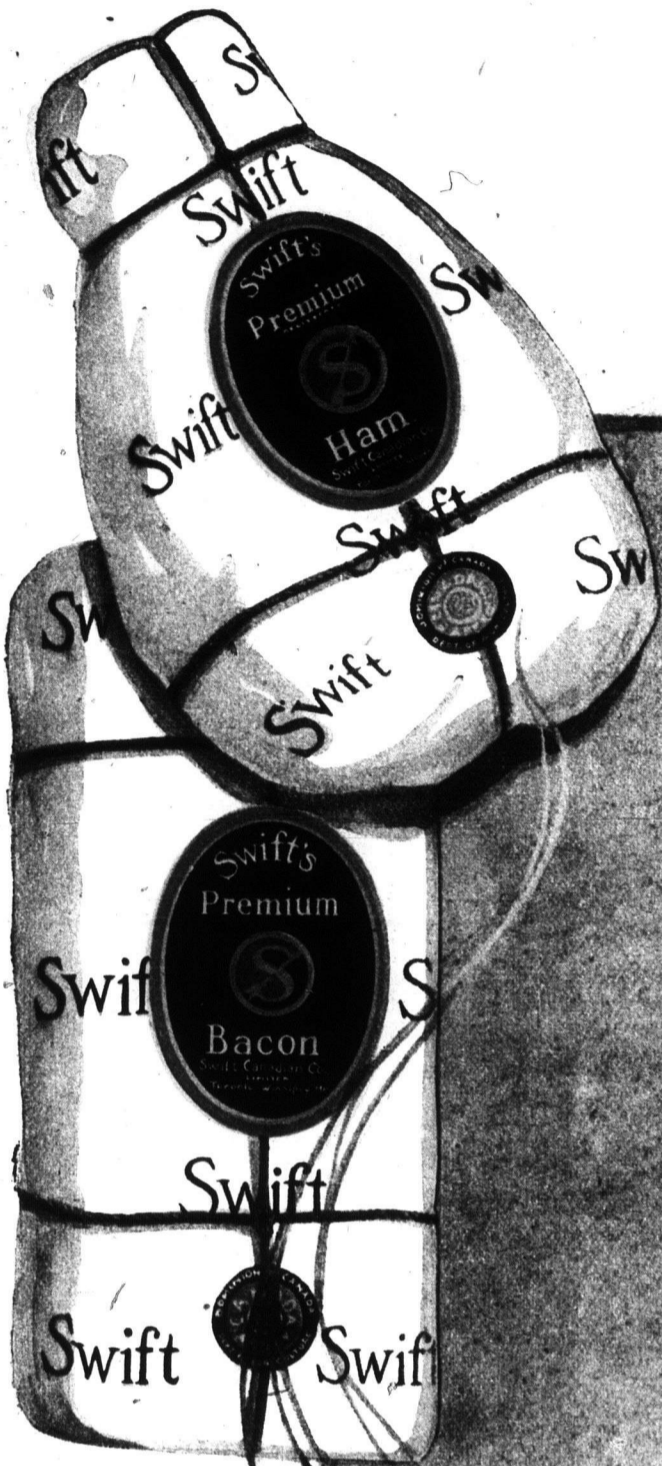


The WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

WINNIPEG, MAN., APRIL, 1920



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The Western Home Monthly

Vol. XXII. Published Monthly No. 4
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A Chat With Our Readers

In this month's chat we give way to three of our subscribers whose appreciations reached us in the same mail recently. They are but samples of many tributes coming to us almost daily. The work of producing a periodical that arouses such warm interest and enthusiasm is surely worth while.

We take six papers, but the family disturbance does not start until the arrival of The Western Home Monthly, for all want it at once. No periodical that comes into our home gives as much satisfaction and pleasure. Mother has a passion for it and Dad says that one story in February issue was worth the yearly cost.—Mary McKelvie, Moosomin, Sask.

Dear Sir,

I am herewith enclosing \$5.00 for five subscriptions to The Western Home Monthly.

I should like to express my personal appreciation of the paper and the high standard it has reached, which is fully shared by my friends whom I have sent the paper to. I always feel, when I send the paper anywhere, that I am sending a publication that is more representative of this Western country than any other paper I know of and also one that can reflect nothing but credit on the West and also upon its publishers.

I may say that I have been a reader of your paper since 1901 when it was very small. I always look forward to receiving the magazine and wish you all possible success.—Yours truly, Geo. F. Ballard, Spy Hill, Sask.

Peace River District, Alberta.

Dear Sir,—It gives me great pleasure to write a few words in praise of the many good qualities of such a homesteader's friend as The Western Home Monthly. "In this far northern settlement it is particularly welcome as the long winter months grow rather monotonous and the mail that carries to us such cheery, wholesome reading as we find in your columns is keenly looked for. Those columns devoted to the problems of the young men, and women are alone worth the subscription price. For what greater problem is there to-day than that of the lives of the young people of our land and the man or woman who devotes his or her energy and time to this matter shall surely be well repaid. Then "The Philosopher" is also splendid reading for both young and old. But those pages of fiction; how they must appeal to all young people, especially those who live in the Great West, the land of adventure and romance. Then, too, the Correspondence pages are interesting, but I often think we would enjoy more letters from the older readers for we can learn so much from the words and experience of those who are older in years and experience. Then best of all, I do so much enjoy the first page where we seem to get a heart to heart talk with our editor. It seems to bring us with our busy lives and many problems closer to each other and makes us realize that we must combine together to make a success of "our paper." I only wish this splendid paper came more often but there, we must remember that "enough is as good as a feast."—Yours sincerely, O. R

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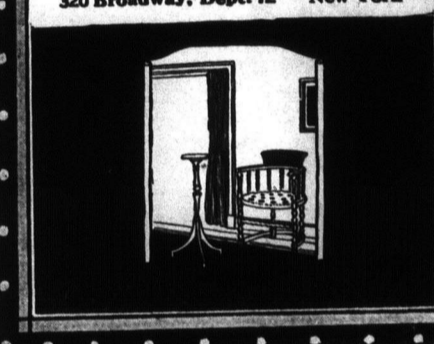
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About The Early Music of Our New Allies—The Czecho-Slavs

The war has awakened a widespread interest in the Czecho-Slovak races. The little that is generally known of their music makes it worth while to read the information that is available. The first Bohemian tunes were of a religious character. Even away back in the early days music was on the curriculum of the University at Prague. The musician at the head of this department introduced a famous love-song and probably brought into vogue the dancing songs which became so popular for a time. Then we are informed by a writer in the London Musical News that "The Hussite Wars (1419-68) turned men's minds from secular music. Love-songs, drinking or dancing songs, did not accord with the grim struggles of conscience which then absorbed the Bohemian people. Hus himself was quick to realize the great power of music as a propagandist force. In his time the Latin hymns were eagerly translated into the vernacular. Hymns which are practically fierce war-songs were composed, or adapted to fresh words, and collected in finely illuminated manuscripts. Each religious party had its own hymns. A few of the sturdy hymns of this period have crept into English collections, where they are vaguely distinguished by the words "Prague" or Moravia!" The tunes are still familiar to the Czecho-Slovaks, and could be more appropriately used to welcome them in our midst than the Russian national anthem."

The same writer states that later on, imitating the power of their sovereign, Ferdinand I, the nobles began to set up their own private bands, the most famous of which belonged to the powerful house of Rosenberg. This family possessed also a superb musical library, representative of all the mediaeval schools of European music. An independent music school was established in Prague in 1616, and already half a century earlier Brother Blohoslav (1523-71) had collected the songs and hymns of the Moravian 'Unity,' and published his famous theoretical treatise, 'Musica.' Native talent was encouraged by a prosperous bourgeoisie, who organized musical societies in the cities. Nor were the working classes excluded from this aesthetic activity. Musical education must have been fairly general, as the folk at this time found no difficulty in joining correctly in two-three, and four-part church music. Instrumental did not lag behind choral music. Even small towns had their orchestras, and from the 18th century onward Bohemia began to supply other lands with teachers and executants.

College President Recalls Old-fashioned Organ In The Home Of His Boyhood

Dr. L. H. Murlin, president of Boston University is a man who stands up and gives music its due. "I believe in music as a factor in building character, and

as a humanizing element," he said to a group of school music supervisors in conference. "Against the conservatism of faculty and those who could not see the educational advantages of music to be as great as those of Greek and mathematics, who thought it absurd to give credit for music, we fought it out and won." Dr. Murlin also said that he had been greatly interested in the movement to get everybody to sing whether they can sing or not; because everybody can sing whether they can sing or not.

This college president also recalled that his father, who was a circuit preacher, bought an old fashioned melodeon out of a meagre salary of \$200 a year. There are those who would condemn that purchase as extravagance or an absurd notion; but that little old organ became the centre not only of the homelife but also of the community life and no person can estimate its influence for good.

A Father In Jail Wants Daughter To Study Piano

A term in jail does not always make a man better. Often he comes out a bigger criminal at heart than when he was sentenced. But with the humane ideas now being introduced into the treatment of prisoners some startlingly worth while cases come to light of where characters have been completely transformed in jail. One such instance was told recently of a party who instead of getting soured on the world and everybody turned over a new leaf, became a leader of his fellow convicts and came to the notice of his guards as an exemplary prisoner.

Wanting to do the right thing by his family, he has made arrangements for the warden of the prison to go to one of the local music stores to select a piano for his daughter, in order that his little girl might not miss the advantages of a musical education. Pathetic, isn't it, to think of a little girl receiving a gift of a piano from her father in jail! And yet the nobility of the incident overshadows the pathetic side. The man told the warden that he felt he had wronged his family. His one desire was to make amends in so far as he was able. He knew the value of music in life. He even thought that, had he come under the refining influence of music and music loving friends, he might not have gotten himself behind the bars. But his opportunity had been lost. The blame rested somewhere, yet that mattered little now. Life was before his child. His own future was all wrapped up in her future. He could not, when it was in his power to prevent, add crime to crime. He would not withhold from her the means of cultivating the enjoyment of music, which would follow her through all her days.

So the little child got her piano, and the home with the cloud of the absent father continually overhanging, was made brighter.

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TARDY JUSTICE

THERE went from Victoria to Ottawa, last month, a group of men who had a claim to present before the government—the face of it a very righteous claim, but one that the government of Canada has never really considered. When the country was taken over by Canada the Indian tribes were placed in reserves. In the central provinces little trouble has arisen because the wishes of the red men were taken into account, and the lands set apart have been of real value. In British Columbia, the reserves were arbitrarily selected. About 20 per cent of the land is tillable, the rest is useless to Indian or white man. It is impossible for the tribes to exist if they confine themselves to the reserves, and it is impossible for many of them to leave the reserves because they are of necessity of lower intelligence and possessed of less training than the average white. They can work practically as slaves in the canning factories, but that is about all that is open to them. However, that is not the point. They used to have the right of hunting and fishing for food for their families. This right has now been denied them at the request of the canners. They are not even allowed to catch the dog salmon, though they die by scores of thousands in their rush up the rivers. The Indians have over and over again sought for an understanding but have never been able to get the Indian department nor the government to move. Their case was finally submitted to the privy council, but it had been held upon the promise that the Canadian courts will try it. Yet everybody concerned knows and admits that no Canadian court has power to give judgment in the matter. And so these tribes have been played with by the British Columbia legislature, who evidently fear that justice will make the province a debtor to a wronged race, and by the Dominion authorities, who are naturally inert in all such matters as this and particularly so where big interests are concerned. The people of Canada are weary of delay in matters of this kind. They are as jealous of the rights of minorities—even Indian minorities—as of the rights of commercial institutions. So there is a probability something will be done.

The argument for taking away the land from the Indians in the first place is the old one that they were not making use of it. If that is right why does the government have speculators in possession of the farms, timber resources, mines and water privileges all over the Dominion. As a people we are acting unfairly, and the sooner we correct our faults the better.

MORAL TRAINING

The problem of training in morals has rarely been more clearly presented than by Mr. Letham, of Winnipeg, in a recent address.

The Home and Morals

THE home claims the greatest portion of the child's time, and the influence of the home is therefore so great that it should be the highest and the best.

But how many homes are there to-day where no sincere effort is made to establish those moral principles of action upon which the church and the school are supposed to insist? How many homes are there where there is no true consciousness of parental responsibility and where there is not that healthy atmosphere of discipline and control in which the finer nature of the child can thrive and grow? Reports of juvenile delinquency during the war have been both illuminating and startling. They go to prove that the child always responds to his environment, and that where parental control is withdrawn the child will readily succumb to the baser influences that cross his path. It is one of the tragedies of modern civilization that economic and social conditions should be able to destroy the moral fibre of domestic life, and this is a situation that is all too common to-day, but after allowing for all the conditions over which men and women have no control, we are bound to admit that there is a passing need for a new vision of the possibilities of home influence in making national character all that it ought to be.

Home and School Inseparably Linked

The home and the school are inseparably linked up together. You cannot dissociate the one from the other, because the home lays that foundation upon which the school must build the superstructure, and so the task of the teacher will be rendered all the easier if the elements of obedience and respect and reverence and moral conviction have already been planted in the mind of the child. But the moral atmosphere of the school must also be of the very highest and this can be achieved only when the teacher is a person of the finest moral character. Child intuition is exceedingly keen, and at once perceives the moral weakness and appreciates the moral strength of superiors. As we look back upon our own school days what is it that stands out as the greatest single influence that entered into our lives? Is it not the subtle power of personality, the sincerity and the moral enthusiasm of those preceptors to

Editorial

whom we had entrusted the guidance of our young lives?

Some of them have been completely forgotten because they failed to make any such impression upon us, but others again have woven themselves into the very warp and woof of our beings, and so their influence can never die. As we look back upon it all, we can see very little relation between ethical standards and the fifth proposition of Euclid or the geography of the North American continent, but something else was present and to-day we realize that sterling personality was one of the most potent influences of childhood and youth. That is why the teaching profession should be regarded as one of the most sacred, and that is why only the highest type of men and women should enter it. Character is just as essential as cleverness, and if intellectual brilliance is not directed and re-inforced by pure character and moral worth we cannot have the ideal environment in either school or college.

THE EIGHT-HOUR DAY

WHEN one turns away from little souls to listen to what a great man has to say, he sometimes gets a refreshing thought. The other day Edison expressed himself on this eight-hour problem. Everybody knows how the great inventor works. All his life he has been at it from 15 to 16 hours a day, and he does not even yet think of saving himself. He is very insistent upon it that a man can never do a man's work in eight hours a day. Any man who has really known what it is to work will agree with him. What a person needs for his own sake is work and plenty of it. "There is," as Carlyle says, "a perennial nobleness in work, were it never so mean." But in these days we need the work, not for man's sake alone, but because it is necessary to national safety and world peace. The sluggard, the man who plays at his job in these times is criminal. He is not fair to himself, his employer, his nation or to humanity. In business as in war every slacker deserves condemnation. The fact that there are gross injustices in industrial life does not justify laziness and deliberate stalling. It is altogether dishonest for workmen to live up to only fifty per cent of their capacity. That they do this by design requires no proof. Any contractor will justify the statement. If Canada is to attain to a position of leadership among the nations she must learn to work. There is no doubt at all, a growing consciousness of this fact. Young boys are beginning to feel it. Young girls are beginning to realize it. The races that work are the races that thrive. It is so in the world's history. It will be equally true in the history of Western Canada. Is the good old British race to die out? Are Canadians to lose their inheritance? It all depends upon capacity for and willingness to work.

BEATING THE H. C. L.

SIX young girls, between fifteen and seventeen years of age stood on the street corner. They were talking about the price of hats. Every one of the six had made her own hat, and there wasn't a poor or unbecoming hat in the lot. That is the result of two things, first the teaching of art millinery in the schools, and second the protest against the prices charged for headgear at fashionable stores.

What is true of hats to-day will be true of dresses to-morrow, and of boots the day after to-morrow. There are a thousand things people can do for themselves under compulsion and they are fast learning to do them. Excessive charging drives people to help themselves. Profiteers can outdo themselves. Said a good citizen recently: "I cannot afford to have a man cut my hair, black my boots, press my clothes, wash my collars. I cannot afford to buy eggs and potatoes. I can't afford to pay a man to saw my wood or paper my house. I do the whole thing myself." How many thousand are saying the same thing? If Boards of Commerce and the like are helpless, cannot people help themselves?

OUR WATER POWER

FEW people guess what wealth we possess in the water power of our great rivers. A careful investigation and measurement is now being made. The recent invention of a Manitoba professor whereby transmission can be effected at half the usual cost, will put Canada first among the nations, for she has raw materials in plenty and when the power to handle these is provided, there is no limit to the possibilities in sight. Iron,

gold and copper mines are all awaiting development. Forests of pulpwood are standing ready to be converted into paper. Lumber mills, flour mills, abattoirs, box factories, cabinet shops, and a hundred other enterprises are possible. One can scarcely be too optimistic in this matter.

Canada's day has come. Are Canadians to benefit from the development or are strangers to come in and possess the wealth without any movement on our part? Would it not be better for us all to forget our little family troubles and to unite in a movement to go in and possess the land?

THE GERMAN REVOLUTION

THE expected has happened in Germany. People call it a revolution, but nobody is quite sure that it is not rather the working out of a deliberate programme, according to which the junkers are to assume once more the direction of government. Germany is unfortunately in this position that no one trusts her. Every movement, every declaration is open to suspicion. When she says that there is no thought of restoration of the Hohenzollerns to the throne of Prussia, people generally accept this as the best evidence that such restoration is aimed at. This is perhaps one of the saddest features of the war—that a great nation has lost the confidence of an entire world.

But granting that there is a genuine revolution at the present time, what does it mean? First, it means a division of the Empire into North and South, each with its own ideals and its own ambitions. It means revolt against the despotism of Prussia. That is in itself a good thing, for the curse of Germany has been Prussian militarism.

In the second place the revolution means for the world something more alarming than a civil war. It means that the junker class have not learned that they were wrong in national and world policy and hopeless in their leadership. It means that they still believe in their old ideals and methods and that they are determined to work towards another world struggle. Let no one be deceived.

At the same time Germany may as well rest assured that never again will the nations of the world go to sleep. They know what is going on in Prussia, in Saxony, in Wurtemberg. They know, too, what is going on in Russia and Turkey, and in the nations in between, and they are not going to permit a programme of silent preparation to be carried out. The world requires peace, and peace it will have, even though it means drastic action in the near future. When the nations watch closely the forces that are at work within their own borders and check up the activities of the defeated but not repentant Germany, they may feel somewhat secure. The nations are not going to sleep.

A HOME RULE PROPOSAL

There is nothing new in the idea of Home Rule for Scotland. For many years an organization in Scotland has advocated that proposal with great earnestness. There has also been earnest advocacy against the use of the word "English," instead of "British," as, for example, in speaking or writing of the British Navy. As for Home Rule for Scotland, there are many excellently sensible arguments advanced in support of it. Needless to say, it is a question which concerns the people of Scotland and England themselves; when the two countries became one, under the name of Great Britain, the Scottish parliament was merged in the parliament at London. Something new in this connection is the appearance of an organization on this side of the Atlantic which announces as its purpose "the restoration of the Parliament of Scotland." From St. Louis, Mo., there has come to the Editor's table a circular letter from one who describes himself as the organizer for America of the International Scots' Home Rule League, suggesting that the W. H. M. should make a donation towards that movement. It is stated to be the intention to "raise a large fund for the advocacy of self-government for Scotland on lines consistent with the unity of the British Empire." The further statement is made: "There is no demand in Scotland for separatist self-determination, but there is a strong feeling in favor of reducing the enormous burden resting on the House of Commons, by referring Scottish business to a Scottish Legislature in Edinburgh, while retaining our representation in the Imperial Parliament." The proposal, it is also declared, "is a national movement for a Scottish parliament for Scottish affairs, as part of a federal scheme of government for Great Britain." Undeniably there are many excellently sensible arguments in support of this practical, business-like proposal. But, speaking for himself, The Editor finds Canadian affairs quite sufficient to engage his attention and his endeavors to do what he can towards getting managed rightly, without his concerning himself about the local affairs of Great Britain. He writes this as a Canadian, without any desire in the world of saying anything against Home Rule for Scotland.

An Old Company—250th Anniversary

THIS is the 250th anniversary of the founding of the Hudson's Bay Co.—the oldest trading company in the world. As the activities of the company have centred in the territory now known as The Western Provinces, it is interesting to review the history of the organization from the time the charter was granted in 1670, to the time of its surrender in 1867.

When the French settled along the St. Lawrence they were not slow in developing the fur trade. The governors were exceedingly jealous of their rights, and private parties were prohibited from trading, except under conditions that were almost unbearable. Nevertheless, some bold spirits took a chance, and pressed away into the hinterland, making such bargains as they could with Indian tribes, and shipping out their furs as best they might. Two of the most adventurous of these early explorers were Radisson and Grosseilliers, who came west as far as the head of the great lakes. Their knowledge of the Indian life and the Indian language enabled them to find out many things that were unknown to the French in general. Among the things, they learned of a great sea away to the north-east, and they determined to make an effort to reach it from the Atlantic, and divert the trade in furs from the St. Lawrence to this new body of water—Hudson's Bay.

The two Frenchmen could not find any one in Canada, the British Colonies or France who would back them in their venture, but they were fortunate enough to find an interested listener in the adventurous Prince Rupert, a cousin of Charles II. The Prince granted them two vessels, and one of these was successful in reaching the bay. Forts were erected on the southern coast, and trading with the Indians began. When the boat returned to London laden with valuable furs, the King was no less interested than the Prince. Little difficulty was experienced in getting a charter for the new company. "The Governor and Company of Adventurers from England, trading into Hudson's Bay."

The company had wonderful success. Forts were opened on the west side as well as on the shores of James' Bay. Furs began to come in from points further and further west. It was easier to get down the rivers to Fort Nelson, than to get the furs overland to Mon-

treau and Quebec, or even to the head of the great lakes, and the English company was always honorable and upright in its dealings with the red man.

It was a great time when, in the summer months, the canoes began to come down the rivers leading to the bay. The various tribes timed their coming so that they arrived on the shores of Lake Winnipeg at about the same date. Then, with sometimes as many as five hundred canoes, they began their tiresome journey down the river to the bay. No wonder that often half the furs were thrown away! No wonder that few Indians were willing to take a second trip;

When the canoes came within hailing distance of the fort they fired guns to announce their coming. The fort responded by discharging a cannon. Then came the formal reception of the chiefs, the smoking of the pipe of peace, the long silence, then the announcement by the head man of the number of canoes and the character of the furs.

After this, the chief presented the factor with skins of great value and in return the company presented him with a new suit. Then came the formal trading. The women and the younger men brought the skins to the exchanging office and the reckoning began. On one side it was beaver, fur, muskrat, mink, otter, and buffalo, on the other it was beads, trinkets, blankets, knives, guns, powder, shot, bullets and tobacco. It was a wonderful meeting on the shores of the salt sea, and it speaks well for the company that the Indian tribes remained friendly through all the long years of bartering and bargaining.

It was only to be expected that the French would be jealous of this new company, and the jealousy finally worked over into open warfare. In 1687, Des Troyes, with a band of eighty men, made his way up the Ottawa, and overland to James' Bay, and captured the forts, one after the other. Ten years later D. Iberville attacked Fort Nelson from the sea, and the company's affairs

were in serious jeopardy. In 1713, however, the treaty of Utrecht restored all the territory to Britain, and the company was happy in its old relationships.

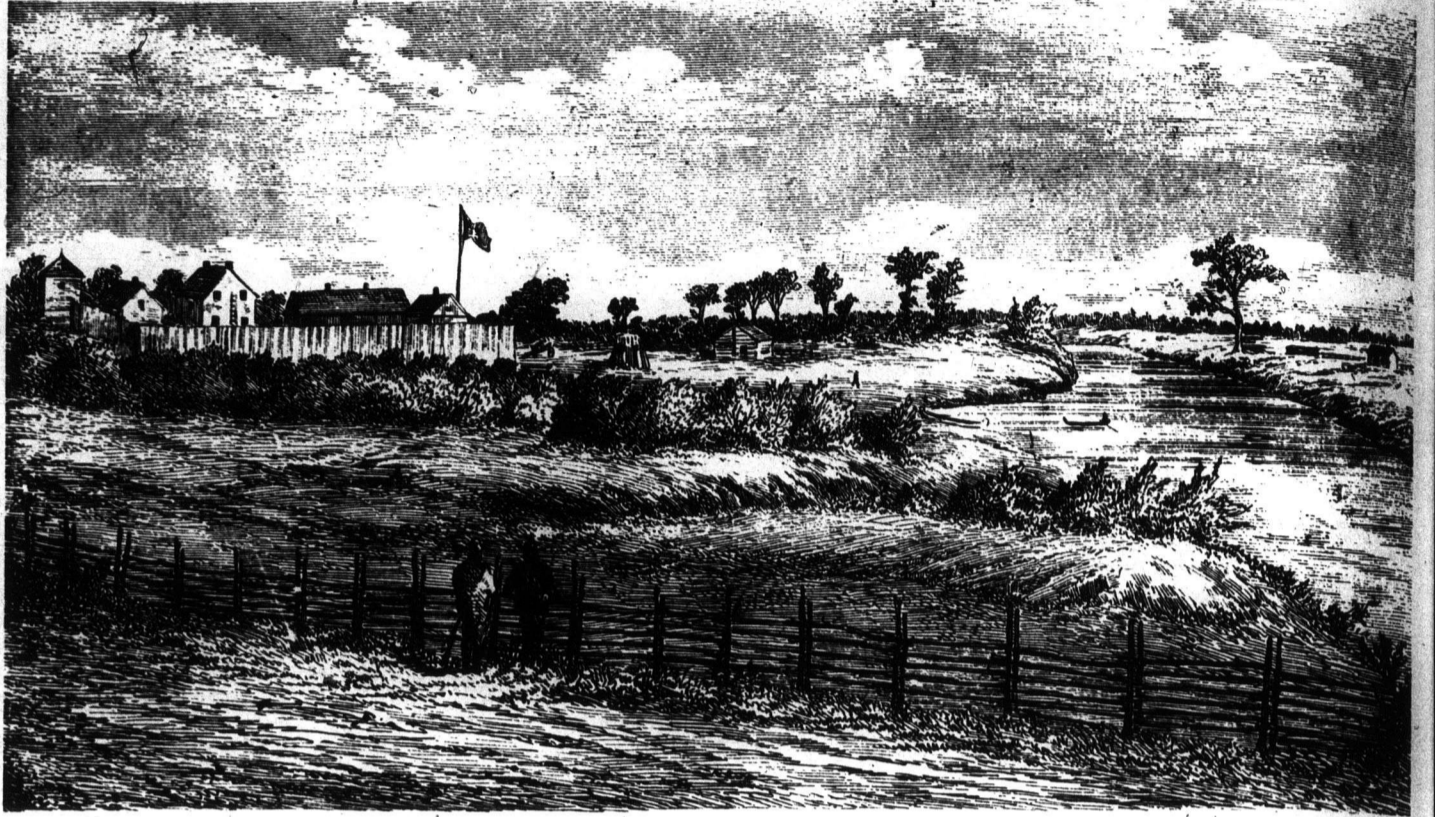
Though the French traders in the district were powerless, and though many of them went back to the St. Lawrence, and others united with the Indian tribes, it was not many years before new rivals to the Hudson's Bay Co., appeared.

French traders working up the Ottawa and towards James' Bay, tempted the Indians with trinkets, and sometimes with liquor, but this had, on the whole, the effect of standardizing trade. The Indians began to sell to the highest bidder and a unit of value was agreed upon. When, however, after 1763, the Scotch traders from Montreal organized into the North West Company, and began to reach farther and farther west, real trouble had to be met. Agents of the two companies met as far west as the Saskatchewan. Then began the building of inland forts. The most important of these was Cumberland House. The erection of this fort on the Saskatchewan, no doubt preserved the trade for the Hudson's Bay Company.

On the Red River, where Winnipeg now stands, each of the companies had a fort, and the rivalry was extreme. In 1812, Lord Selkirk, interested in the Hudson's Bay Co., bought land in the Kildonan district and brought in settlers to cultivate it. The rival company saw danger in this movement, and there was long, and bitter feud.

On the death of Selkirk, the companies found it advisable to unite. This they did in 1821 under the name of the older company. This was the last of the great difficulties until 1867. Then the effect of the company on the newly formed Dominion had to be considered. The arguments both at Ottawa and London were all in favor of the surrender of the charter, and so an arrangement was made, according to which the company received £300,000 and a title to one-twentieth of the land south of the north branch of the Saskatchewan, and west of Lake Winnipeg. It was no longer a fur trading company with a monopoly, but a great commercial concern with a chain of stores reaching from the Great Lakes to the Pacific.

During the long years of struggle between 1713 and 1821, the rival companies sent into the west many great explorers. Hearne went out to the Coppermine River and worked his way down to the Arctic Sea. McKenzie discovered, and worked his way down the river that bears his name and later crossed the Rockies. Fraser and Thompson gave their names to the great streams that



Hudson's Bay Company's Fort, Pembina



Indian Chief making a speech to the Governor of Red River, 1825, at Fort Douglas

Continued on page 48



Those Pretty Teeth

Millions get them and protect them in a new, scientific way

All statements approved by high dental authorities

You see pretty teeth everywhere nowadays. Their luster is conspicuous. They look uniquely clean.

You will realize, if you notice, that some new method of teeth cleaning has come into vogue.

And it has. Millions of teeth are now cleaned in this new way. Leading dentists everywhere are urging its adoption. Over 6,000 new users daily start it by writing for a 10-Day Tube.

Every woman, for her sake and her family's sake, should know the facts about it.

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This new-day method deals with film. With that viscous film which coats your teeth. You can feel it with your tongue. Modern authorities now agree that the cause of most tooth troubles lies in film.

The film is clinging. It enters crevices and stays. The tooth brush alone doesn't end it. The ordinary tooth paste does not dissolve it. So it remains and may do ceaseless damage, until removed by instruments and pumice in a dentist's chair.

That is why brushed teeth discolor and decay. Old methods have proved inadequate. And statistics show that tooth troubles have been constantly increasing.

How film destroys

Film is what discolors — not the teeth. It is the basis of tartar. It holds food sub-

stance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. Also of many other troubles, local and internal.

Dentists long have known this. Periodic film removal did not meet the need. What was wanted was a daily film combatant, and dental science has been seeking it for years.

Now that film combatant has been found. Able authorities have proved it in all ways by clinical and laboratory tests. Dentists have for five years been watching its efficiency.

Now the method is embodied in a dentifrice called Pepsodent. And, to quickly let all people know it, a 10-Day Tube is being sent to everyone who asks.

Now millions know

Millions of people have already made this ten-day test. If you have not done so, do it now. It will be a revelation.

Pepsodent is based on pepsin, the indigestant of albumin. The film is albuminous matter. The object of Pepsodent is to dissolve it, then to day by day combat it.

A new discovery has made this method possible. Pepsin must be activated, and the usual agent is an acid harmful to the teeth. But science has found a harmless activating method. Now that film, hidden or apparent, can be daily fought in this efficient way.

The test is free

No charge is made — not even postage — for this ten-day test. We urge you to accept it and see the results for yourself.

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how the teeth whiten as the fixed film disappears.

These facts are most important, both to you and yours. See the results, read the reason for them, then decide for yourself what is best. Cut out the coupon so you won't forget.



Film dims their luster

A coat of film clouds white teeth. Film absorbs stains and is the basis of tartar.

Film-coated teeth are unclean and unsafe. Millions of germs breed on them. There are few things more important than to keep that film removed.

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Pepsodent

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A scientific film combatant, now advised by leading dentists everywhere and used on millions of white teeth.

Supplied by druggists in large tubes.

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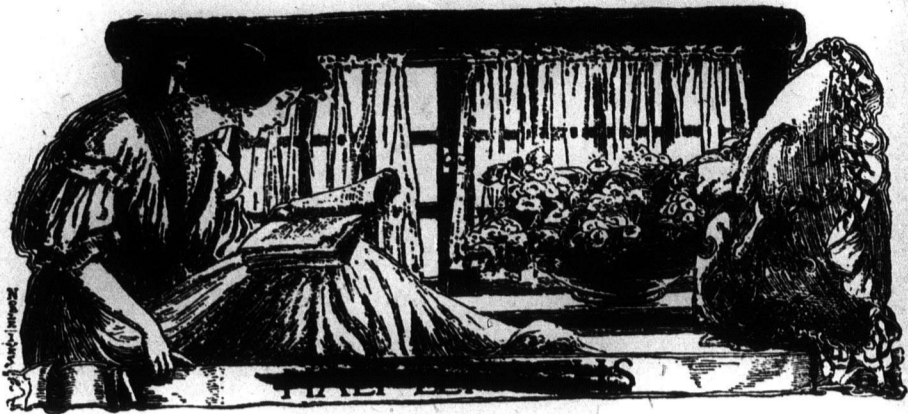
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T. EATON CO. LIMITED
WINNIPEG CANADA



Calla and Lily

By Hulbert Footner

ONE seldom thinks of Coney Island in the winter time, and if he does it is with a shiver, for the idea of the bitter Atlantic gales searching out the crannies in the flimsy structures which compose the City of Fun is anything but a warming one. Yet, though the hoarse invitations of the barkers, the rumble of the scenic railways and the shrieks of the female passengers are stilled; though the scent of the popcorn, sausages and stale beer no longer rises in the air, life in Coney is not extinct even in February. Hilgenreiner's is open all the year.

On the coldest nights couples scurry down Surf Avenue past the great plaster goddess who, with the scantiest of draperies to cover her through the winter, mounts guard at the entrance to Morpheus Land, and around the corner into the dark Bowery, where the loosened planks spring under foot and the wind plays hob with the remains of last summer's decorations. Midway on this deserted boardwalk a single building rays light from every aperture. It is "Hilgenreiner's Dancing Palace," the destination of the hurrying couples.

The O'Heraghty twins (born on Easter Sunday nineteen years ago, and in honor of the day christened Calla and Lily) journeyed to Hilgenreiner's every Saturday night. They liked the place because it was "respectable" they told each other; and respectable it was in the full sense of the word as applied in Coney Island; but it was a stronger attraction than that which drew the twins and other youngsters so far. In the summer Hilgenreiner's, like all the surrounding resorts, was given over to the indiscriminate mob, but in the winter it possessed a character quite its own; in no other place was so much gaiety consistent with such undoubted respectability. Among the decorations at Hilgenreiner's was a large china doll which hung suspended in a swing under the smoky ceiling. It might have been likened to the Spirit of Youth smiling down at the bright-eyed, red-lipped youths and maidens, so frankly pleased with themselves and with one another.

None of the boys had ever asked Calla or Lily to dance. In fact, though they were far from suspecting it, the twins were a sort of joke at Hilgenreiner's. They were so little, so grave, so comically alike; they wore such elaborate, old-fashioned little dresses and hats (which they constructed themselves). In asking them to dance the boys suspected that they would become laughingstocks. Moreover, in some way their botanical names had become known and were the inspiration of many a Hilgenreiner's joke. So poor little Calla and Lily, like two dolls out of the same batch, always waltzed and two-stepped together, followed by smiles. They both wore, for propriety's sake, an expression of forbidding indifference, so that no one ever knew how their hearts began to beat every time they approached the place where the young men waited for partners, and sunk as they passed by and no signal was given.

During the week, sitting side by side at the table where they filed cards, Calla and Lily planned in whispers for Saturday night and what they should wear. In the evenings they sewed. As a result the twins possessed a wardrobe which, as they often told each other, rivalled in size many a lady's who rode in her own carriage. They had imbibed from their mother strong ideas on the propriety of dress which was not to be

lightly shaken by the passing vagaries of fashion. They quite looked down on the store clothes of the other girls at Hilgenreiner's. They possessed a single soul halved in two bodies; since their birth they had not been parted for a day, and now that their parents were dead they sufficed to each other. And yet they did want a young man. They had spirited discussions about the youths they saw from afar at Hilgenreiner's, for whom they had invented names to suit themselves. They always thought of one young man between them; one apiece would have suggested an unimaginable division of their interests.

One Saturday night clad in their latest effort of dressmaking, which they referred to as "our red," Calla and Lily were sitting at a little table by the rail which surrounds the dancing floor at Hilgenreiner's, drinking "pear cider," their invariable tippie. They did not in the least enjoy pear cider, but it was a custom of the place to which they deferred. They made two glasses apiece last out the evening which, with five cents to the waiter, constituted their expenses. They had not as yet experienced the sensation of having some one else pay for their drinks. The evening was half over and so far their "red" had not been any more successful than its predecessors in making a conquest of the swains. The twins hid their disappointment well; promptly upon the sounding of the first note for each dance they took the floor with a businesslike air and danced right through as if there was no such thing as a young man.

Suddenly they were conscious that some one had stopped in the aisle beside their table and was looking at them. Instantly they stiffened into self-consciousness and looked stonily ahead. Their hearts began to beat with quickened strokes.

"Good evening, ladies," said a man's voice.

The twins turned their heads simultaneously with an air of cold surprise which each admired in the other.

"Good evening," they murmured stiffly.

But the young man (he was young, but not quite the "swell dresser" they had dreamed of) was not so easily put off.

"May I sit down?" he asked.

"Certainly," they said together. A chair stood by Calla and another by Lily and the twins experienced a moment of harrowing suspense. But he took neither. He seized another chair and sat at the end of the table. The girls exchanged a glance of approval.

"What'll you have?" he asked politely, as the next step in their acquaintance. The twins hastened to decline any further refreshment, but he called the waiter and ordered two lemonades. The twins exchanged a look of delighted horror at such extravagance. They adored lemonade.

For a while conversation languished. The young man did not seem to be especially gifted in that way, and while a close observer might have discovered that the twins were not quite so chilly as at first, they did not encourage him openly. But their cheeks got red, their eyes began to shine, and their mouths made ready to smile in the corners, in spite of them. Lily was sorry to see Calla giving herself away so completely and Calla had precisely the same thought about Lily. Those passers-by who were accustomed to see the twins on Saturday night were surprised to discover all at

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Calla and Lily
Continued from Page 6

once that they were very pretty. As often as they dared, they darted little glances at their new acquaintance. He appeared to be a muscular lad, well hardened by physical labor; a little under the average height but quite big enough and dangerous enough to the twins. At the present moment he had an air nothing less than ferocious; but at Hilgenreiner's that is a well known cover for bashfulness. Young men were assorted by the twins into three great classes: "swell," "steady," and "fresh." This one was undoubtedly of the middle kind. They telegraphed their thankfulness across the table that he was not of the third division, while secretly reserving a little sigh that he did not come under the first head.

Presently, with a preliminary moan, the band overhead slipped into one of the slow waltzes beloved of Hilgenreiners. Each twin felt a tightness in her breast and looked steadily at her glass. What would he do next? For some precious moments he did nothing—but squirm uneasily on his chair. Finally he blurted out.

"Well, here's a fix! Who'm I going to dance with?"

"Calla," said Lily, instantly.

"Lily," said Calla, just as quickly.

"I don't care to dance," added Lily.

"I'd rather watch," said Calla.

"It'll be over before we decide," said he.

"We'll have to toss for it! Heads I dance with Calla, tails with Lily!"

his dancing the next dance with Calla. Fortunately it was not necessary, for when the music stopped he accompanied her as a matter of course. They had more lemonade in spite of a protest from the twins, and when the band struck up again the young man and Calla were among the first couples on the floor. As she watched them appearing and disappearing in the shifting throng, Lily lived it all over again; and when they compared notes on the way home the twins found that, allowing for the difference between two-step and waltz time, Calla's sensations during her first dance with a young man were exactly the same as her sister's. They learned his name on parting—Burton Shevlin. He was a shipper at Mandel and Cohn's big department store. He pronounced his name "Duyton," just as the twins said "cuytainly" when he asked them if they would be at Hilgenreiner's the following Saturday.

The twins had little sleep that night; time after time as they were about to drop off, one or the other would remember something and turn over in bed with eyes shining in the dark.

"You know I always said red was our color, Lily."

"So you did. Isn't it good we hadn't bought our new dress goods before this happened?"

"He paid me a compliment about it when we were dancing, says he, 'Your dress is just the color of your cheeks.'"

"He said that to me, too. We had a good color to-night."



"Shake hands with my friend, Mr. William Dolan."

He produced a quarter from his pocket and flipped it onto the table.

"Tails it is!" he cried. "Come on Lily!"

She got up slowly, as she had seen the popular girls do, and giving her skirts a shake, walked languidly to the dancing floor with a hand to her back hair. He grasped her firmly, she laid her face comfortably against his shoulder and they swept out into the throng.

How different it was from her uncomfortable self-conscious circlings with Calla. Far from being put out if people stared, now she hoped they were staring. For the first time there was no need for her to trouble herself about their course through the crowd; with a strong arm to support her and a pilot at the helm she could close her eyes and give herself up to it. Lily was glad it was a waltz. As she told Calla afterwards, she floated away on its slow notes like a speck of dust in a sunbeam. It seemed to her as if the ugly common things of every day were made over and made right; Hilgenreiner's became a palace of the stage with her for leading lady and her partner for the hero.

As they approached the end of the dance it again became an agitating question what he would do next. If he evinced a disposition to leave her, Lily was prepared to hang on to him and insist, in the interest of fair play, on

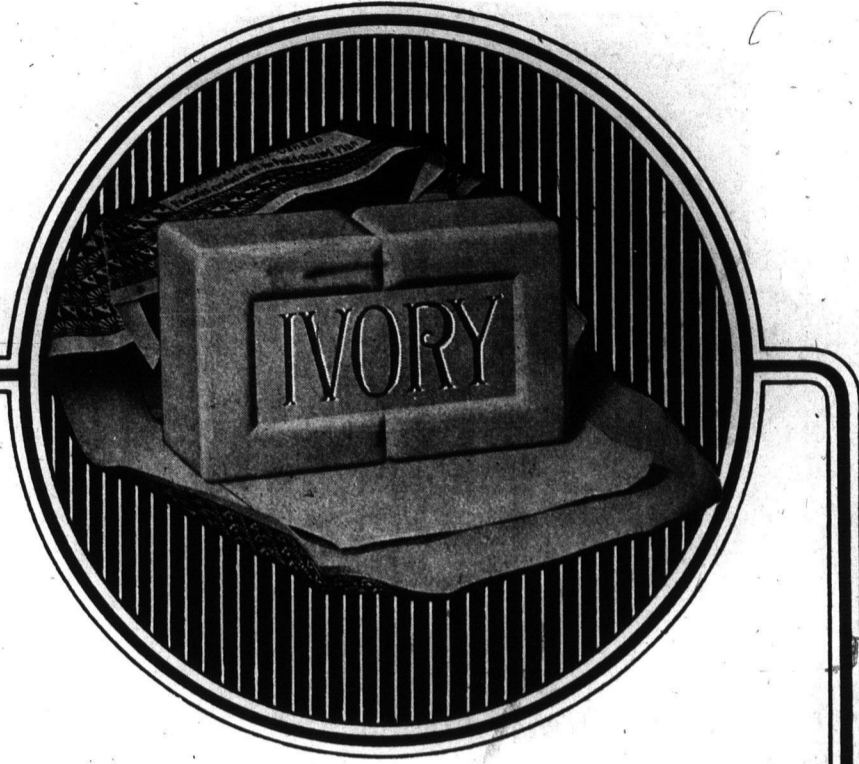
"All our own, too; not like some I could mention down there!"

"But he isn't the kind to be caught by anything like that."

"We wouldn't have him if he was, would we?" And so on through the whole story for the dozenth time!

On the following Saturday night the twins appeared at Hilgenreiner's early, but there was no sign of Burton on the floor, and as the evening sped by without his reappearance their disappointment was heavy. Just as they were thinking of starting for home he turned up with a shamefaced air and flags were raised in the twins' cheeks again. He danced once with each. The Saturday after that he stayed longer with them and gradually in the course of weeks he came to constitute himself their escort for the whole evening. He lost his whipped air in their company and was on the alert for any covert smiles behind the twins' backs. One night he arose suddenly from beside them and, crossing energetically, had high words with a young gentleman whom he repeatedly invited to come outside. The young gentleman declined to do so and an exchange of blows was averted. Burton maintained a watchful, war-like air during the rest of the evening, which secretly delighted the twins, though they scolded him. He refused to explain the cause of the quarrel.

Continued on Page 8



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Calla and Lily

Continued from Page 7

Before this Burton learned to distinguish between Calla and Lily. There was a certain droop to Lily's eyelashes and a fall in her voice which affected him powerfully—made him want to fight some fellow. He could not understand how he had ever thought them so much alike. But in spite of Burton's predilection for Lily he found himself much more at ease with her sister and was able to exchange repartee with Calla in the best manner of the young men of Hilgenreiner's. As this went on, in the twins' endless talks about Burton, Calla began to assume a little air of proprietorship and to treat her sister with just a shade of condescension. Lily, so far as one could tell was satisfied. If there was any change in her it was that she began to think more of Calla's appearance on their weekly journeys to the Island than of her own.

One night when Burton and Lily were waltzing, Burton's tongue, usually tied when he was alone with her, seemed to be released. This was the more surprising since dancing at Hilgenreiner's is a serious matter and conversation while the music lasts is not considered the thing. Burton appeared to be anxious to unburden himself about his family affairs, to which he had never before referred.

"My sister's going to be married next month," he began. "Her fellow's a floor walker and they've raised him to be a buyer for the notions. They're going to take a swell flat and they've offered the old woman a home. That lets me out." This was a long speech for Burton. On the face of it, it seemed like an ordinary communication, but something made Lily's heart start thumping in a most surprising way.

"I'm soon due for a raise, too," he continued. "I'm in line for the head shipper's job down at the store." This confirmed Lily's fears. She knew instinctively what next to expect. They waltzed awhile in silence.

"Lil," he suddenly blurted out, his heart in his voice, "I'm just crazy about you. I want you for my steady."

"Oh, stop," she murmured. They dropped out of the dance and stood by a pillar at the end of the hall where there were fewer people.

"You spoil it all!" she complained. "Why can't we go along as we are?"

"I can't go with the two of you. It makes me look like a fool!"

"Oh, if you're ashamed of us—"

"I'm not!" he protested. "And you know it. I asked you to dance the first night because the fellows dared me to and I've been glad ever since. I'll knock any fellow's block off that laughs at you. But I can't talk to you when she's around. I don't want her to hear what I've got to say to you!"

By this time Lily had managed to draw a long breath and collect her wits; besides there was that in his last speech which brought anger to her aid. To his astonishment she faced him indignantly.

"How dare you say such things to me!" she cried. "Are you trying to turn me against my own sister?" What do you mean by making up to her all this time and then asking me to keep company with you. Do you know what you've got to do? You've got to go over there this minute and ask her!"

Burton closed his mouth obstinately, "I'll be hanged if I do," he said, without heat.

Lily drew herself up to the full of her small height. "Then never speak to either of us again!" she said impressively.

"Oh, all right!" he said, sullenly, and marched off.

Lily's ordeal commenced when Calla naturally demanded to know what had taken Burton away so suddenly. He had been very faithful of late. Lily explained it somehow. She felt it necessary at any cost to keep Calla in ignorance of what had happened, though the task of playing a part with her twin, with whom up to this minute she had shared every thought in her head, was a staggering one. Lily's pillow was sprinkled with a good many tears that night and the nights which followed; but she succeeded. Calla never guessed.

Contrive as she would, Lily could not bring up a reasonable excuse for their re-

maining away from Hilgenreiner's the following Saturday. It had become so much a thing of course in their week that Calla would have been astounded at such a suggestion. Moreover, this was the night on which the new dresses were to be shown. Lily knew that no pretext of illness would deceive her twin: It was either confess the truth or go ahead as if nothing had happened. She chose the latter plan, relying on the belief that Burton would not dare show his face after what had happened. She underestimated that young man's pertinacity and resourcefulness. He, too, was making preparations during the week—"laying pipes," he said—for Saturday night.

By one pretext and another Lily managed to delay their departure and the evening was well advanced before they arrived at the dancing palace. Burton was not immediately in evidence, but Lily enjoyed only the briefest of respites. They had scarcely seated themselves and ordered two glasses of pear cider when she saw him at the far end of the hall pushing through the crowd with a dogged set to his shoulders which told her he was coming to have it out with them. Lily lowered her lashes to hide the resentful tears which would rise. What had been the use of her painful struggle to keep the truth away from her sister, she thought, if Burton was coming to make trouble between Calla and her.

"Good evening, ladies," said Burton, as on the first night. His tone conveyed a portentous formality, but was otherwise mild. Lily breathed more freely.

"Shake hands with my friend, Mr. William Dolan," said Burton.

It was their first intimation that Burton was not alone. He stepped aside to allow his friend to come forward. In spite of their manners the twins' eyes opened very wide and they could not forbear exchanging a glance of astonishment; for Mr. Dolan was a wonderful sight, perfect in every detail, the embodiment of the swell dresser they had dreamed of before Burton appeared on their horizon. He was about Burton's size, but younger, and according to the standard of the twins, extremely good looking. Poor Burton looked as heavy as a day laborer beside him.

After duly shaking hands with the twins, Mr. Dolan seated himself beside Lily, while Burton took the chair next to Calla. Lily was conscious of a double irritation with this arrangement. She was annoyed because Burton allowed the newcomer to sit beside her instead of taking that seat himself, and she was annoyed again because she could not take in the details of Bill Dolan's make-up without turning rudely in her seat. Calla was free to gaze openly at the splendor.

Burton sent back the pear cider and ordered lemonade for the twins. Lily felt that she ought to be angry with him, but to her shame she found herself admiring him instead for the cool way in which he had ignored her command never to approach them again. Bill Dolan did not talk, but his actions were eloquent. He blew his nose into his mauve handkerchief, he shot his cuffs, he unbuttoned his coat the better to display a startling waistcoat. Bill ran to purple; handkerchief, shirt and cravat were of a shade. The twins were dying to see if he had on purple socks as well. Bill's hair was brushed to a degree and an odor of violets permeated the atmosphere every time he shook out his handkerchief. He accepted the twins' admiration as a matter of course; Bill was delighted with himself.

When the band struck up Bill asked Calla for a dance and Lily and Burton were left together. They avoided each other's eyes.

"Will you dance with me?" asked Burton, in a guarded tone.

"If you wish," returned Lily, no less noncommittal than he.

They two-stepped solemnly through the number in Hilgenreiner's best manner, without exchanging a single word. Naturally the dance broke the ice and thenceforward the quartette got along famously. Calla and Lily scarcely recognized each other, they became so gay and talkative. Mr. Dolan proved to be as entertaining as he was decorative. Only Burton seemed to have a

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Calla and Lilly

Continued from Page 8

secret anxiety. After a number of dances Bill Dolan started a sort of oration.

"Although I ain't had the pleasure of knowing you ladies for long," he said, mopping his face a good deal and glancing nervously at Burton from time to time. "I feel like I was an old friend, being as I—that is because I—"

Bill stopped and gazed anxiously around.

"He seems to be stuck," remarked Burton, scornfully. "I guess he wants to say it's because he heard so much about you from me."

"Sure! That's it!" cried Bill, taking new heart. "My friend Burton can't talk about nothing else. Why when he gets going about the O'Heraghty twins he gets so—I mean so elegant—"

"Eloquent," interrupted Burton.

"Well, eloquent, then," said Bill, glaring back. "What's the difference? If you want me to go on—"

"Can't you keep still, Burton!" said Calla, severely. "It's a perfectly dandy speech. Don't pay any attention to him, Mr. Dolan."

"Well, the long and short of it is," continued that young man, visibly cheered by encouragement from this quarter, "I wanted to ask if you wouldn't mind if I made a regular fourth at this here party?"

Calla and Lilly assured him they would be delighted.

"And, what's more," Bill went on, getting very red and fidgety again, "I wanted to find out, that is to ask in a way, meaning no offense; I wanted to ask Miss Calla O'Heraghty—in the presence of her sister—if she would keep company with me."

The twins looked hard at the table and blushed in unison, but for a different reason it may be hazarded. Calla was the first to look up. She glanced shyly at Burton.

"If he doesn't mind," she said.

"Bless you, my children!" said Burton, sheepishly.

"Well, that's settled!" exclaimed Mr. Dolan with great satisfaction. "And here's a waltz to clinch the bargain. Come on, Cal!"

Lily continued to stare at the table. She was of three minds, whether to scold, or cry, or laugh.

"Well?" questioned Burton, experimentally, when they were left by themselves.

She looked at him with deep reproach. "It was all a put-up job!" she said.

"What of it?" said Burton, doggedly.

"It isn't square to Calla!"

"Ain't he a good sort of chap?"

Lily was constrained to admit that he was.

"Earns first class wages for a kid, too," added Burton.

"I'm afraid he spends it all on his back," suggested Lily.

"Ah!" growled Burton with his most hang-dog air. "I set him up his clothes. Them are what I bought for myself."

"Oh, Burton Shevlin!" she cried horrified. Nevertheless she let him take her hand under the table.



FROM over the rim of his push-cart spectacles Giuseppe peered into the corner of the cluttered room. "Is the cough no better, my Gemma?" he asked anxiously.

"It is, I think, a little better," the young wife answered, rising from the low mattress to light the lamp and carry it to the work bench, "but this benedict to climate where the sun never shines is bad. Do you remember, Giuseppe mio, the sun, how he shone in Amalfi?"

Searchingly the man looked at her. Was this stooping, huddled figure in the gray knit shawl the dimpling, laughter-loving child he had married not six months before? The lamplight fell full on the delicate, oval face framed in the brown curls. Startled, Giuseppe laid down the tiny plaster bambino which he was chiseling.

"Perhaps America is not good for you. Pasquale maybe was wrong, and it were better to have bided in Amalfi."

"Amalfi! Is Amalfi, with its taxes, its tiresome, chattering women a home fit for the artist? No, Giuseppe, we did well to leave Italy. In America you will be famous."

Giuseppe sighed. "Three months ago I thought even as you. But America is fast—restless. In these rushing streets, where trains shoot through the air, is there time for the beauty? The Americani do not buy my images." Then abruptly, "Pasquale is late again tonight."

"You have said it, Giuseppe. The Americani do not buy your images because of Pasquale. Your Madonna he sells as fish."

"Speak not so," answered her husband. "All cannot be artists. Pasquale is a fisherman. But to him we owe much. His fish paid for my lessons in modeling, his fish bought for us our tickets to America."

"And if we owe," replied the girl quickly, "does he not live with us? Do you not model from early till late figures, figures, figures, for yourself and for him? He does nothing but sell—and that badly! Is the work not beautiful? Did not all in Amalfi, the padre himself, praise your 'Manger' and 'Wise-men' and 'Christ-child' for the Christmas Presepio? I tell you, Giuseppe, Pasquale is a failure." A violent attack of coughing interrupted her rapid flow of speech.

"There, there, my little one," said Giuseppe, soothingly, putting his arm about her shaking shoulders. "You speak too much. Let the fiddle talk."

From a faded bag he drew a violin and lovingly drew the bow across the strings. The plaintive strains of a folk song awoke the memory of a dwarfed boy fiddling for pennies at the big hotel, as year after year had slipped by and he still sat before his table of images in the square of Amalfi; the golden words of the padre: "Giuseppe your work teaches where my words fail. Speak to more people, my son."

Then had come Pasquale's luck. Day after day the great run of fish, the high prices in Naples. Even as he drew the bow across the strings, Giuseppe recalled the night that the fishing boat had upset and he had struggled in the icy water, until he felt Pasquale's strong arm. How many other times had he not felt that arm about him! Now it was the artist's turn. Recognition was slow but it would come. "When it comes," thought Giuseppe, "it will be well for Pasquale."

The door opened abruptly, and a tall, broad-shouldered man stumbled into the low room. Pasquale always stumbled. The noise disturbed Giuseppe's reverie. "You are late," he said, frowning. "Have you sold much to-day?"

Pasquale unfastened the broad band that strapped the heavy basket to his shoulder.

"The day has been bad," he replied.

"Yet have I sold eight. How is Gemma?" Giuseppe shrugged his shoulders. There was no need for words—a fresh attack of coughing spoke for itself. "Why were the sales so small," he thought. "Eight were well enough when Pasquale knew not the streets, but now?"

Pasquale watched him anxiously, reading in the high forehead and sensitive, drooping mouth disappointment, pity, resignation. "I am slow, amico mio," he said at last, "stupid and slow. You are right to be angry. But try me a little longer. To-morrow it will be better."

"So you say, always, Pasquale. Did any speak of the work to-day?"

"Yes, there was one," answered Pasquale, speaking rapidly, as though reciting a much-rehearsed lesson. "A Signor, multo rico, I remember because he bought a Madonna and the gold rubbed off the crown. You must change that, Giuseppe. For the man who made this," said the Signor, "a future openeth, his very words. When the future openeth, Giuseppe, Pasquale will no longer be needed."

"Speak not so," said Giuseppe as he looked to see if Gemma, too, had grasped the significance of the words. "Speak not so, Pasquale. Then, as now, I will

(continued on page 10)



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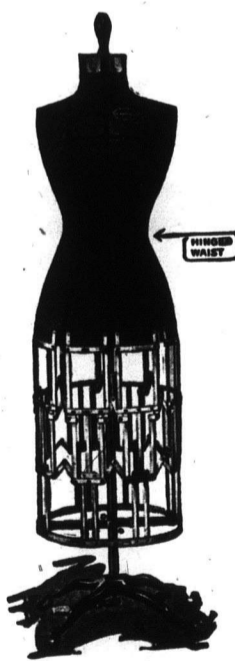
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Found Wanting

Continued from Page 9

care for you—share with you. Then as now we are partners. Not so, Gemma?"

The girl nodded assent. "Pasquale," she asked, abruptly, as she handed him a heaping dish of macaroni, "why do the Americani buy always the same? Sometimes bambini, sometimes Madonne, yet always the eight?"

The long strings of macaroni that were being conveyed to Pasquale's mouth fell suddenly. "It just happens, Gemma," he stammered, "just happens. Who can speak for these strange Americani? Could you but see the windows for Christmas! Could you but see—"

Gemma's big brown eyes fastened on Pasquale's face with the innocent, far-away look he had learned to dread. "I will see," she replied, firmly. "To-morrow I go with you to sell."

Pasquale rose abruptly. "Are you a child, Gemma, that you know not the meaning of a cough in America? The streets are cold and wet. When you are well then will I take you."

Until late that night Pasquale, who had gone to bed right after supper, stared into the darkness. A new calamity had befallen him. At the subway that morning the boss had spoken. Frozen ground made digging impossible. Fifty men must be discharged—the unmarried to go first.

"No dig?" the dazed Pasquale had asked, anxiously. "I no good to dig?"

"No you're no good," repeated the boss, turning his back on his best worker. "We don't want you to-morrow."

one blustering evening late in December, the children received but two. That evening as Pasquale reached the door of his home he met the dispensary doctor coming out. "That little wife of the image-maker's," he said, "is in a bad way. Get her back to Italy. She'll die here."

Die! The word echoed through Pasquale's brain. Die! Little, laughing Gemma must die. And it was he, Pasquale, who had brought her from Italy; he who had promised so much and failed in all; he, Pasquale, who had killed her. Despairingly he turned from the doorway.

Wandering aimlessly through the crowded streets of the Italian quarter he found himself again on the wide Bowery. The crashing, clanging cars were torture. Gemma, gay little Gemma must die, and he, Pasquale, had killed her.

Suddenly the words of the doctor rang with a new meaning in his ears. "Take her back to Italy," he had said, "or she will die." Then he was not a murderer, not yet. Thirty dollars was the price of a ticket. Thirty dollars would save him from murder.

The sight of an insurance office reminded the Italian of Enrico. Why had he not thought of his countryman before? Fearful lest the office be already closed, he turned hurriedly from the strident Bowery. Enrico's door stood open; an accident case had come in and the agent, gesticulating excitedly, barely noticed Pasquale as, hat in hand, he entered the room.

"These stupid peasants ought never to leave their villages," fumed the agent of the Italian-American Casualty Com-



"Are you late?? Have you sold much to-day?"

Slowly Pasquale had pushed the great shovel through the hard ground. "No good to dig. No good to dig," he had repeated again and again.

Restlessly the harassed Pasquale tossed on his narrow mattress. He had lost his job. The rent was due; money was needed for Gemma's medicines—and he could no longer dig. Should he go back to the early hopeless task of trying to sell the images? But the images would not sell. He had been so hopeful at first. During his first four weeks in America he had trudged the streets with his basket, standing at corners, before cafes, theater entrances, and dance halls. "Wanta Christo. Wanta Christo," he had repeated a thousand times in vain. He remembered how in those early days of unsuccessful selling he had dreaded the nightly reproachful look of Giuseppe and the unspoken contempt on Gemma's face. Yet for a month he had persisted, until his friend Enrico, the insurance agent, who knew these strange Americani, had secured for him a job in the subway. Now that, too, was lost. "No dig. No dig."

The days that followed were days of torment. Every morning Pasquale issued from the swarming tenement, deposited his full basket at a corner store and, hour after hour, trudged the streets. He learned to follow coal wagons to earn a stray half dollar. He hung around wharves, stations, wholesale houses. By one means or another he earned his dollar and a half.

Each night the children on the Bowery watched for the big, sad-eyed man who was never too tired to stop in a doorway and let them choose six figures from his recovered basket. Always six. Later only four were given, and finally,

pany. "Here's another fellow fallen under an electric car and had his legs cut off. The company must pay. That's five losses in three days!"

Bewildered, Pasquale listened. This was a strange land indeed. "Do you want people's legs, Enrico?" he asked slowly. "Do you pay for them with money?" Enrico gave a short hurried laugh. "Pay for them?" he answered. "Take out a policy and see. We've paid this man three hundred dollars."

Pasquale made a slow calculation. Three hundred dollars. It was enough for the rent, the tickets, and something over.

"Well, Pasquale," said Enrico at last, smiling over his pleasantries, "what is it? Do you want to sell us your legs?"

"No," replied Pasquale, hesitatingly, but gaining courage by the agent's geniality. "I just wanted to ask one question. Does your company that buys legs sell them back again?"

"Sell them back again?" repeated Enrico, laughing uproariously. "Oh, yes, we'll sell them back fast enough. Cheap, too."

Pasquale did not wait for more. Grazie, Enrico," he answered. "Mille grazie Buona sera!"

"Buona sera," sang back Enrico. If you decide to sell, come to me."

But Pasquale had no intention of returning to Enrico. He preferred doing business with strangers. He remembered the great office on the Bowery, with gold letters on the windows. Enrico had told him that this was a big casualty company, and Enrico knew. Pasquale found it easy to take out a policy. The Italian clerk arranged everything, and

Continued on Page 64

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The Midnight Ride of Ebenezer Frear

By Edith G. Bayne

EBENEZER FREAR and his wife sat over a late "snack," consisting of doughnuts and milk, macaroni and cheese, mince pie and dill pickles. Not that his wife was wading in very deeply, for experience had taught her that if you eat pie after ten o'clock you're certain to dream of your grandmother, and Elmiry's grandmother had been a tartar in her time. No, she was merely nibbling at a doughnut to keep Ebenezer company. —But Ebenezer himself? Oh, boy! Ebenezer was making a meal of it. The way he could stoke grub into himself would have made a food controller throw a fit. As he munched he ruminated profoundly, glancing from time to time at an old newspaper that he had erected against the milk pitcher. At length Elmiry yawned and made no bones about it.

"I'm a-goin' to bed if you ain't," she said, folding up her sewing, and looking over her "specks" at her helpmeet.

"Elmiry, I been thinkin'," said Ebenezer slowly, as he chose a fifth pickle. "I been thinkin' I'd like fust rate to take a ride in an airyplane."

Elmiry again looked over her "specks," this time in scorn. Then she removed them and put them into their case in her sewing-basket.

"Land sakes, Ebenezer!" she sniffed. "Sich fool talk fer a man of your years!" "Years nuthin'" he retorted.

"Ain't you ever goin' to quit eatin'?" "Not till I'm dead, I hope," grinned Ebenezer.

"Well, I'm off to bed. Mind an' see to the doors, an' put the cat out an' don't forget to wind the clock."

In process of time, Ebenezer creakily ascended the stairs, in his sock feet, as per hoary custom. He thought he had done all Elmiry had asked him to, but it was not until he was snug in bed beside his slumbering spouse that he remembered he had forgotten the fastening of one of the doors—the one on the southwest side leading out into the garden.

There had been a series of burglaries in the neighborhood, and precautions were not to be overlooked. So Ebenezer rose. He did it stealthily, so as not to waken Elmiry. Then slipping on some garments—only the very necessary ones—he stole downstairs past the family portraits, past the solemnly ticking grandfather's clock, over the cold oilcloth, on to warm rag carpet, and so to the southwest door which was standing wide open, the moonlight streaming in and lighting up the old living room as brightly as day.

In fact, the night looked so glorious he was tempted to step outside a moment on the verandah. He stood gazing up at the silver orb of night and out over the scented garden to the river beyond, and at length was turning to go in when his attention was arrested by a peculiar purring sound. Ebenezer

pricked up his ears and went forward a few steps. It sounded like the drumming of prairie hens! But this was the close-season. Couldn't be that. He gazed all around, and at last located the sound. It was coming from the meadow down at the river a few hundred yards away. Ebenezer went down the garden, sprang the fence and crossed the cow pastures till he came to the slope, and here the noise became louder and more prolonged. It sounded like a great bumble bee or a giant dragon fly, and when he did finally see whence it proceeded he thought he must be in a kind of Alice-in-Wonderland dream. For there before his blinking eyes was an aeroplane. He ran down the slope like a boy.

"Hi!" he called. "Hi there!" A man who was tinkering with the engine raised his head. He was a natty-looking young man in a belted coat, reaching only to the knees, leggings and a goggled cap, with the goggles just then pushed up.

"What yew doin' here?" demanded Ebenezer, making a great show of indignation to cover his surprise.

"Had engine trouble," responded the aviator. "Came down to fix it up. I haven't hurt your field any, have I?"—and he grinned good-naturedly.

"I wanta know!" "How would you like to take a flyer?" Ebenezer gasped. A ride in an aeroplane! Just what he'd been longing for!

"Why I—I—don't mind if I do!" said Ebenezer in repressed excitement.

Wouldn't he make Si Perkins and Jonas Pettingill and all the rest of them down at the village store to-morrow pop-eyed!

"All right. Hop in," invited the young man.

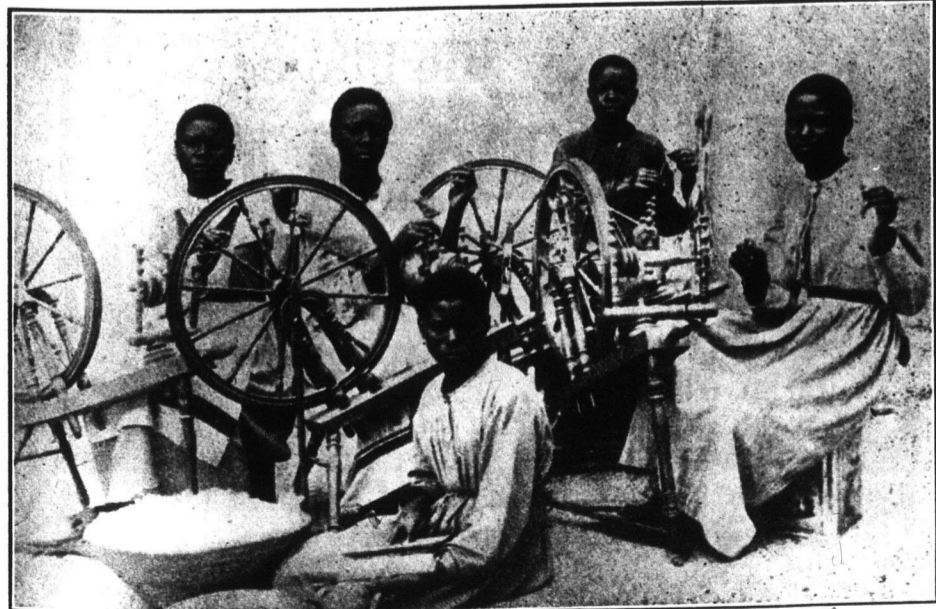
"How'd yew git into the durned thing?" demanded Ebenezer, stalling now a little.

His knees were trembling just like at the dentist's that time he went to have two teeth out. The aviator showed him how to climb over the fusilage.

"All set? Up we go then!" he cried, seizing the steering gear.

They wobbled along the field for a little, and then suddenly the machine rose from the earth, though just when this occurred Ebenezer wasn't sure. The first he knew of it was seeing the fences scooting by beneath them, then the roofs of barns and the tops of trees. Up up they went. Ebenezer caught his breath and clung to the arm of the aviator like a frightened child to its mother. He could feel every separate hair of his head standing on end, and in the region of his belt he had a sensation of all-gone-ness. They were now among the lower clouds, and going at a tremendous rate.

Continued on Page 12



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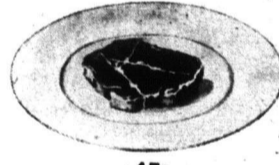
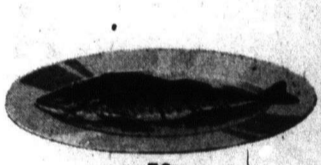
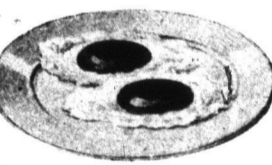
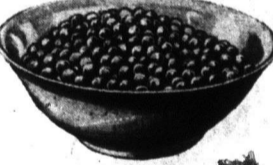

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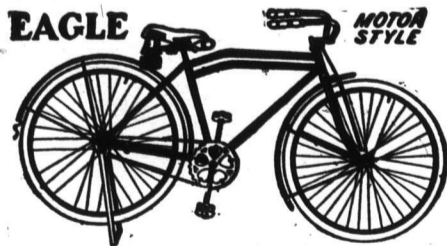
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The Midnight Ride of Ebenezer Frear

Continued from Page 11

"Hi!" howled Ebenezer, clutching frantically at his companion. "Yew headin' for the moon, stranger?"

But the young man merely smiled gaily and pressed the speed-lever.

"How fast does this bird go?" yelled Ebenezer.

"Four hundred miles per is our present rate, but she makes eight when pushed," shouted the aviator. "We're just sauntering along."

"Gosh-all-hemlock!"

"Like me to give her more juice?"

"Go as fur as yew like! Might's well die fast as slow." Ebenezer peered earthward. "What's that long silver cord down thar?"

"River."

"Gwan! Think you can fool me, eh? What's them bright spots, then, like pearl buttons?"

"Lakes."

"Do tell! An' I s'pose yew think I believe that! Yew quit handin' me the hokum, young man! Great guns! What's all this white stuff we're sailin' over?"

"Clouds."

"Let's git out an' walk a spell. Would they hold us up?"

"Maybe—if we'd only brought snowshoes along!"

"I'm a-gittin' real chilly, mister. I ain't got but a shirt an' a pair o' pants on an' if yew aim to go fur why I'll just natchally freeze. Yew turn round an' take me back hum now, an' I'm much obleeged. I'll give yew a bid to our barn-raisin'."

But the aviator stubbornly shook his head. The 'plane scudded swiftly through miles and miles of vapor, in which the moon's light was lost. Ebenezer's ears were filled with a whistling sound, and his long whiskers flew backward. Damp covered him, and the air was so rarefied he could breathe only in choking gasps. The stars seemed to have gone out.

"Where in tarnation are we?" he shouted.

"Over a great lake in a fog-bank" was the reply.

"I thought 'twas a Turkish bath. I'm soppin wet," and Ebenezer shivered.

From right and left big bright stars now began to twinkle down at them, flashing by as though it were they who moved and the 'plane stood still. At last a big soft glow appeared far below and ahead.

"Coming to a big city," explained the aviator, pointing over the starboard side.

"Stranger, I ain't rigged fer callin'. I want yew should put me off," cried Ebenezer in a flurry. "Sot me down in somebody's field an' I'll hoof it hum."

"You poor simp, you're a thousand miles from home! Sit tight, I tell you, and I'll show you some real speed."

"Put me off! I ain't goin' another step!"

The aviator only laughed and stepped on the accelerator. Ebenezer got real heat up. Even as the other laughed exultingly, derisively, he rose and tried to seize the steering-wheel from him. The aviator refused to surrender it.

"I've run every traction injine in my district. I guess I can handle this here sewin' machine," Ebenezer declared.

"Yew move over and watch your uncle now!"

But the young man was disinclined to obey. So Ebenezer began to pummell him, handing him a good hefty right swing and then a left upper cut. The 'plane wobbled and swung dizzily from side to side as the pair came to grips. It rocked like a ship in a storm, and the aviator yelled maledictions as he tried to fend off Ebenezer's wallops. Ebenezer was real mad. He'd show him!

There was ginger in the old boy yet, by gum! Nice way for his initial fight, his big joy-ride to end up! Lines had been ringing in his mind—and he had visioned little folks clustered round a mother's knee while she recited:

"Listen, my children, and you shall hear
Of the midnight ride of Ebenezer Frear."

His title to fame all gone to smash, by heck! No chance to go sailing triumphantly home to the old cow-pasture with all the neighbors gaping up at them in awed surprise and envy!

Suddenly the 'plane began to do the fatal tail-spin. It was all over now but the bump! The aviator yelled and reached over to a lever and righted the craft just in the nick of time. Ebenezer, not to be outdone, pressed a button and the 'plane began to circle around so fast he saw seventeen moons. Madly he tugged at brakes and handles. The 'plane turned a somersault. He hung on desperately like a hen upside down on a roost, till she righted herself. But when that occurred he saw that he was alone. The aviator had been spilled out into space! Ebenezer now became panicky. He experimented madly with every device within sight, tried out all the stops, brakes, buttons, levers, controlling rods and wheels, and to cap the climax of the disaster the incandescent bulbs suddenly decided to knock off and call it a day. Ebenezer was in darkness up there at heaven's gate! He clutched his hair and tore it out in chunks. He prayed and cursed alternately, and in his mind his whole life flashed by with unerring distinctness in every detail just as in the case of a drowning man. He saw crooked horse deals, robber egg prices, baskets of fruit with false bottoms, watered milk, and that there booze cache up in the barn loft, saw buttons on the church plate, "spring" chickens five years old dressed for market, that line-fence encroaching two feet on Sam Twilliger's land, and—showing how modest Ebenezer really was

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The Midnight Ride of Ebenezer Frear

Continued from page 12

—there was nary a glimpse of the many nice, generous things he had done, too! Such is conscience in a crisis. Ebenezer was entirely human.

All of a sudden his foot encountered a piston connecting with the generator. He pushed it in a last frantic endeavor to get action. The plane had been running amuck among the clouds all this while, but now she responded so quickly that Ebenezer sat hurriedly down. The craft shot off and upward—like the skylark, higher yet and higher—and it began to look as though the next stop would be St. Peter when the machine suddenly gave a tremendous flop and heaved her nose downward. What had he done? . . . His hand had pushed against some durned button accidentally. Or was the juice giving out? Great Caesar's ghost! She was sinking in great swooping dives. He caught sight of a tongue of flame near his feet, and he quite lost his head. Better beat her to terra firma than be burnt en route! Ebenezer stood up on the edge of the fusilage, threw his arms up and leaped off into atmosphere! He gave no thought to the hereafter as he took this drastic step, though he knew his last words had been as ardently blasphemous as those with which he was wont to address his mule, Pearlie Maud. But Fate was kind and stalled off the fire—and—brimstone. For:

Ebenezer fell down, down, down, through leagues of space. He struck old Mother Earth finally, with a thud—a rather emphatic thud. His senses reeled for a few minutes. Blindly he lifted his arms, his legs, felt of his ribs. Yep! He was still all to the good, all in one piece! Then through the void, amid his semi-stupor came the sound of a voice—a dear familiar voice. It was saying:

"Ebenezer Frear! This is what comes of eatin' cheese a-goin' to bed! Aint I allus said as how yew can't stand a rich supper last thing at night? An' if yew intend to sleep thar on the floor yew might hand me back some o' them bed-clothes!"

THE BOY LIVING DOWN IN THE STREAM

By R. G. Chase, Milestone, Sask.

Living down in a stream was a boy whom I knew,
In the days of the far, long ago,
And how oft have I wandered when skies they were blue,
And the soft sun of summer would glow,
To the side of the stream where I knew he would be,
Living there mid the bright waters gleam,
And by just peeping over the edge I could see
The boy living down in the stream.

Came a day then at last when I looked for the lad,
But to find he was gone and instead
Was a man with a face that was sunken and sad,
And a place that was bald on his head;
Just a look in his eye and the story was told,
Then a blur on the bright waters gleam,
And I knew that I never again would behold
The boy living down in the stream.

O, how sweet if time in its waverless flight
Would revert through the cycle of years,
Bringing back all the days and the hours so bright,
Leaving out all the sorrow and tears.
O, how sweet just to stray with a heart light and free,
Once again where the bright waters gleam;
Once again to look over the border and see
The boy living down in the stream.

THE LAW OF ENVIRONMENT: VARIATION

That environment is an immense and controlling natural law for the sustenance of life has come to be a fact as conceded and confessed as that Biogenesis, or life only proceeding from life, is the inexorable natural law for the beginning of life. Environment, as the natural law for the sustenance of life, is energetic, with two main influences upon life. The first influence is that of variation. The life itself varies as the environment gets changed. Hunter put a sea-gull into such environment that it could only get grain to eat. The result was that the stomach of a bird normally

adapted to a fish diet, came in time to resemble in structure the gizzard of a grain feeder like the pigeon. Holmgren fed pigeons for a lengthened period on meat diet, and their gizzards became carnivorous stomachs. How constant and controlling this varying power upon life is, is seen in the adjustment of animals to their habitat—the flounder, burying himself in the mud and sand at the bottom of its sea or river, takes on its hue; the fur of the polar bear is white as are the Arctic snows amid which it lives; the alternating narrow stripes of shadow and sunshine interbraided amid the tangled Indian jungles are photographed and stereotyped upon the Bengal tiger which seeks its prey among them.

But is not this varying force of environment upon life, a natural law for life as thoroughly energetic in the spiritual world as in what we call the natural? What man's spiritual life does not get shape and take on color from his environment? The books he reads, the social atmosphere in which he is immersed, the daily business to which he sets his hand, the companionships he chooses—how do their varieties, their purities or impurities, their nobleness or lowness, react into variations within himself. The law of environment which, in the natural world, bleaches the brown coat of the hare into the white coat of it in the Arctic regions, is only the same law plying its changes upon man in the spiritual world.

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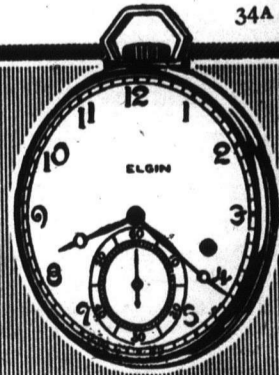
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Little Grains of Grit

By M. Irena Burns Denny

TOMMY TOWER woke on the morning of his seventh birthday with a mind instantly alert and expectant. During the night maturity—that great mysterious change—had come upon him. Only yesterday his extreme youth had disgraced him. Beulah Kingdom in a secret stolen interview had boasted that she could tickle any toad she saw.

Later, in the dusk, he and his mother had come upon a toad in Polly Voo's forest. His parent had screamed and fled. He (who might have tickled it manfully) had followed, screaming, too. But of course that was during the part of the night when he was still only six. Now he was seven! He examined himself with bursting curiosity. It seemed to him his hands were bigger, more resolute. He consulted the weather. The day was fine.

"I believe I will go fishing!" he rejoiced aloud.

A laugh, harsh, but indulgent—his grandmother's—startled him. She was beside him, her powdered formal old face distorted with lines of satire, her wasted hands, where the loose rings jingled, busy among his presents.

"Good morning!" greeted Tommy, with large happiness.

Beyond Madam Tower stood Tommy's mother, his own dear "Merm," exquisite in morning lavender. She came to him immediately and kissed him. Her bent head was lit yellow by sunlight, and all her curls were a-glimmer. Yet it seemed to Tommy she was troubled.

"Want to go fishing with me, Merm?" he invited, warmly.

"Merm!" mocked Madam Tower. "Seven years old, and talking baby talk still!" No, she don't want to go fishing. The water is full of monsters! Crawfish! Clams! They'd frighten you both into fits. Josephine, he takes that coward streak from you."

"I know it," admitted Tommy's mother.

"There isn't a speck of grit between you—not a speck! If you didn't have me to lean on, I don't know what folly you'd fall into. Oh, me!" she sighed heavily. "Tommy, wash clean for your party. No toads or tomboys invited."

"Isn't Beulah invited?" spluttered Tommy indignantly, his curls all sopped and running.

"Beulah!" Madam Tower gave Tommy a difficult moment; then while he assaulted his head with the brush, she turned her satire on his mother.

"Haven't I made it plain to you both that I shall exert my right to choose your intimates? Neither Jack Kingdom nor his undisciplined sister are welcome here while I am head of this house! Dramatists! Tomboys! Huh! What chance has a dramatist to earn a Christian living, I'd like to know? Josephine, for your boy's sake, if not for your own—But there's no use talking before the child. Come, Tommy, and put on your birthday suit. Oh, if your poor father had only lived!"

Tommy stared at the garment she thrust toward him with amazed and violent disappointment. It was a despicable white duck blouse, with a silk necktie and a belt like a girl's.

"Oh, Merm, you promised me overalls!" he cried.

His Mother's look faltered before his own.

"There's the party, Tommy, dear," she wavered. "I bought the overalls, but your grandmother thought—your grandmother decided—"

"Your grandmother decided that a child who falls into a spasm because of a warty toad isn't man enough for overalls!"

"I was only six when I saw that toad!" cried Tommy, stung with injustice, but Madam Tower leaned forward on her cane, frowning, the old-fashioned diamonds bobbing in her ears.

"Put on this blouse instantly," she said. "and go play in the sand pile till I call you. Josephine, gather the lilacs. Thomas, this bucket and spade is my present. Take it to the garden, and mind you keep your clothes clean for the party."

She kissed him brusquely, and limped away. Tommy and his mother, guiltily, like culprits escaping, yet with shy smiles for each other, slipped out into the gorgeous garden of Madam Tower. There, under the bending lilacs, the appealing sweetness of Merm's lavender ruffles and violet eyes was no longer to be resisted.

"You're the beautifullest lady anywhere," he said. "Who cares if you haven't got any grit!"

His mother laughed. "Look!" she



"A cup of hot blood," repeated Tommy, firmly.

whispered. "Some one sent you this."

She held up a knife.

"How many blades?" he gasped.

"Find out."

Tommy crooked his short fingers and pulled open the four blades one by one. He matured beneath her eyes.

"Merm," he pronounced, "it's a corker! And I bet I know who sent it!"

"Who?" scarcely above her breath.

"Mr. Jack Kingdom, that's who!" Tommy's bosom throbbled. "I guess he knows what a fellow wants."

Tommy's mother bent till her bright hair covered her eyes. "Here's the whittling blade, dearest. Don't you want to go to the forest and whittle?"

By the forest she meant the forest of bean poles, where Polly Voo was working. Now, a bean pole would whittle down to a splendid fishing rod, and as Tommy advanced he debated whether to say "Halloo, Polly," offhandedly, or to pull up a pole and escape with what speed he could. As he hesitated, he heard a clear, significant whistle, and Beulah peeped through the pickets.

"Halloo, there!" he called.

"Halloo Tom."

"I'm seven, growing on eight, Beulah!"

"I know it. An' you're going to have a party, ain't you? I'm not invited; so I thought I'd come early." She hopped up to the top of the fence. "One f' the money, two f' the show, three t' get ready, and four t' GO!" She finished, leaping gloriously over. Tommy also

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Little Grains of Grit

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might have been wearing overalls that day, he reflected bitterly. He revealed his knife.

"Isn't it elegant!" admired Beulah in her most excited lisp. "Wait." She dived into her left hip pocket and drew out a present wrapped in shaving paper. "I didn't forget your birthday. Mine's in a week. Then I'll be as old as you are again."

"Of course you will," agreed Tommy, moved by the mystery of the present. "Seven, growing on eight. That's what you'll be." He unrolled, and unrolled, and finally gazed perplexed at an oblong, hard, slate-colored stone.

"It's a hone she cried. "Jack got him a new one. Gimme your knife!"

"What for?"

"We can put a razor edge on it. See, this way."

Beulah grasped the knife and began to grind. "Pretty soon it'll cut a hair."

Tommy caught the idea and took up the grinding himself. The minute she was out of occupation Beulah transferred her bright attention to the new spade and bucket.

"Goin' to fill the bucket with angle-worms?" she asked.

Tommy could not forego the honor of being the originator of this inspired scheme.

"Yes. There's lots where Polly Voo has hoed. Come on."

Tommy would have led her past the bearded Frenchman with the terrible voice, but Beulah paused politely.

"Good morning, Mr. Voo," she said. "How are you feeling this fine weather?"

"G-r-r-reat!" returned Polly with a terrible rumble of r's.

The r's sent delightful chills up and down Tommy's back. He had never continued a conversation with Polly Voo past the opening words. But Madam Tower herself, Tommy remembered, had admitted that Beulah had nice manners.

"I should think gardening would give you a fine appetite," she continued, pleasantly.

"G-r-r-reat! I could eat ze ox, ze sheep, ze goat." He rolled his eyes. Tommy wondered if he could eat children.

"Your whiskers grow clear down to your wrists, don't they!" Beulah asked politely.

"Oui." Polly was turning great clods as he spoke.

"We've just put a razor edge on Tom's new knife. Wouldn't you like to shave them?"

"No, no, no!" rumbled from Polly's huge boots. "No, no, no, no!" He might have been laughing, but it sounded like thunder. "I am pr-r-roud! Ze hairy arm, zey show ze strength, ze grit. I am ze man of grit!" He flexed his arm till his very teeth echoed.

"How did you get to be so strong?" Tommy drew nearer.

Polly Voo struck his chest. "How do I get ze strength, ze airy arm? Me, I am born in France! When I am little, more little as ze Tom-mie, I go to ze abattoir—how you say it?—ze slaughter, ze butcher place. I drink ze cup of hot blood, so!" He opened his bearded lips, contracted his great throat muscles to illustrate, and resumed his hoeing.

Plainly, he had spoken. Not until they had put several rows of poles between themselves and the blood-drinking Frenchman, did they speak. Then Tommy swaggered.

"I know what he eats, too."

"What does he eat?"

"He eats frogs legs!"

Beulah began filling the bucket with earth-worms. "I guess he's not afraid of anything," she said.

But Tommy was not ready to dismiss the subject. He knew now what he wanted to be: he wanted to be strong, to be gritty, to have hair on his arms!

"I've got to go," sighed Beulah, at last. "I ran away. Jack will miss me. He's fixin over the fourth act of Castle Gray-rag right now, I guess."

"What for?" Tommy was keenly interested in Jack Kingdom's play.

"Oh, I forgot to tell you! We're jus' goin' t' wallow in money, Jack sayth, an' he's bought him a motor boat! The star he sent it t' is going t' take his play, only she sayth Lady Jessica has jus'

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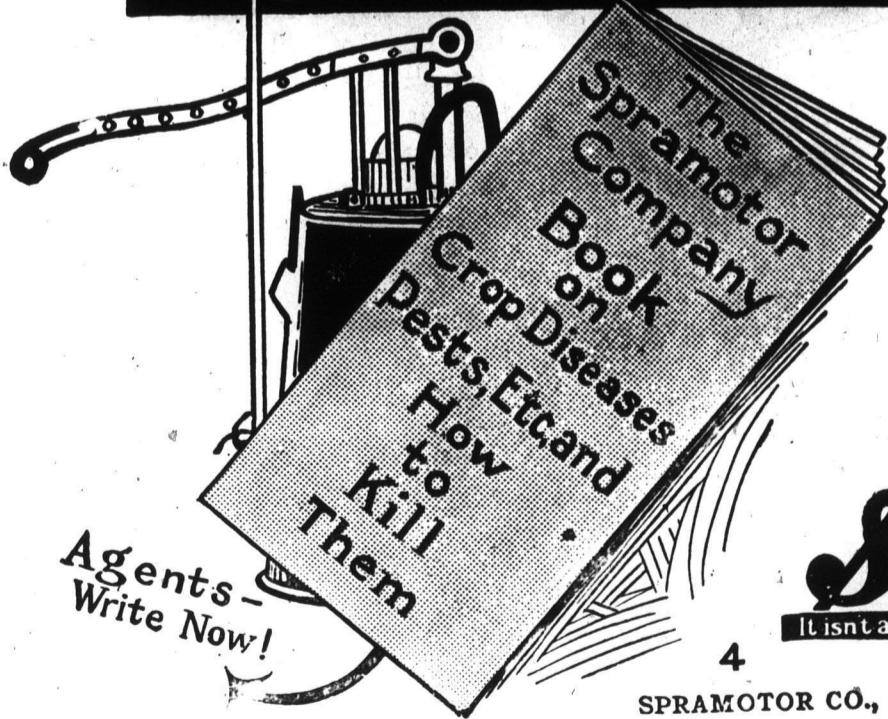


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Little Grains of Grit

Continued from Page 15

got t' defy the old duchess in the last act. The public insists on happy endin's—that's what she wrote t' Jack. It'n't it jus' glorious? I love happy endin's."

"So do I," voted Tommy, without exactly understanding. "I'd like to run away to a star some time. Come out through the gate."

"Haven't you never run away in your whole life?" probed Beulah.

Tommy winced. "Some day you'll see me fishing," he hinted, vaguely.

Their loitering steps brought them suddenly upon a sight which filled the children with embarrassed alarm. Tommy's mother was not alone; she sat under the nodding lilacs with her face buried in a sleeve of lavender ruffles,

while before her knelt Mr. Jack Kingdom, his jolly face all earnestness and persuasion, his voice as deep and pleading as the new rector's when he read the prayers.

"What's the matter with them?" whispered Beulah, the freckles on her small nose standing out over sudden pallor.

"Listen!" Tommy whispered. "He wants her to do something."

"Well, why doesn't she?"

"She hasn't a speck of grit!" mourned Tommy.

"Lady Jessica hathn't any specks of grit either!" lisped Beulah, hotly. "Jack sayth I'd better get rid of mine. Grit's for men!"

"Grandmother has grit," ruminated Tommy with strong disrelish.

"Sh!"

They listened, huddling in the shrubbery.

Beulah's eyes grew big. "They must be talkin' about you! Jack says it'll serve Madam Tower right if there's a runaway right from her house! Oh, Tom' are you hones' an' truly goin' to run away?"

Tommy chilled with excitement.

"You wait and see! I'll ask Grandmother Tower just once to let me go fishing. If she doesn't—" He frowned.

"What's that?" hissed Beulah.

On the hidden veranda sounded the staccato tap-tap of Madam Tower's cane.

"Josephine!" called the well known voice.

Tommy's mother leaped up in affright, scattering lilacs.

"I'm coming she quavered back.

"You shan't go till you promise me!" Mr. Jack Kingdom caught her hands and held them fast. "Merm!—How I love Tommy's dearest name! Will you promise?"

"Oh, I can't, I can't!" struggled Tommy's mother. "He is all that is left of her blood. It is love that makes her such a tyrant. She loves Tommy—and me, too, Jack. The poor lonely old being loves both of us! But Tommy is mine."

"And you are mine!"

"Oh, I must go! It won't make the least difference to her if you are wallowing in money." Tommy's mother caught her breath in a laugh. "Can't you see that's only her excuse? But she shouldn't treat me like a baby! Anyhow, Tommy is mine! I am his mother!"

"And you are mine!"

"Let me go!" cried Tommy's mother.

"Aren't you?" exulted Mr. Jack Kingdom. "Merm! aren't you mine?"

"Yes!"

The startled little spies saw the two that they loved best in the universe kiss each other and separate.

"I give the whole world warning," called the man from the gate, his brown eyes dancing, "that unless Madam Tower listens to reason and quits treating folks like babies, there'll be a runaway pretty quick!" But Merm was gone.

Alone, Beulah viewed Tommy with worshipping interest.

"When are you goin' to run away?" she demanded.

Without haste, Tommy notched his fish pole.

"I'll give her one good chance," he decided. "Then, if she doesn't say yes, I'll walk right off and leave her with the whole bum birthday party! A fellow's got to fish sometime."

He left Beulah in a trance of admiration, and approached the house. In truth, it looked a fine effort at nonchalance to stroll into the pantry, where his grandmother was wielding an immense spoon. Madam Tower was never happier than when she was beating batter.

"Well, well, smelled a birthday cake, did you?" she beamed. "What have you got?"

"This is my fish pole, grandmother. Isn't it fine?" he continued hurriedly. "My bucket is most the usefulest of all my presents, grandmother. Look, look, it's clear full of bait!"

Grabbing a fat earthworm, he held it, wiggling and squirming and scattering dirt, right in front of Madam Tower's nose.

"Goodness!" she screamed hoarsely. "Take it away! Throw the creature out! What do you mean by leaning over my batter with that slippery thing! Lena, give the child bread for bait!"

Tommy accepted the bread. "Guess I'll start for the lake now," he observed, tentatively.

Madam Tower stopped beating and looked at him quite terribly, under her glasses instead of over them.

"Lake fiddlesticks!" she intoned, exasperated. "What are you jabbering about? Who said anything about the lake?"

"Well, where am I going to fish?"

"Such a boy! Fish anywhere! Fish in the slop hopper!"

Tommy could hardly trust the ears that had heard. What had this terrible woman dared to say? The wrath of half a lifetime's ignominy burst in his heart.

"Grandmother," he choked, "either you or I can't stay in this house!" He drew himself up with blazing eyes.

His grandmother loomed over him; in one flour-whitened hand she raised her stick. Then she pushed him away.

"No, I won't!" she forebore. "I won't strike you on your birthday! Go to the sand pile, Thomas Tower, and shame on you for a naughty boy!"

Tommy walked out, with an awful thumping in his ears. His necktie strangled him. Tearing it off, he threw it into a rosebush, and instantly felt an odd release, as if up till now the silken trumpery had cut off his mind from the rest of him, so that no matter what his head might think, his hands and feet were compelled to move with Tower decorum. He glanced up at the ruffled curtains of his mother's room. Some day he would come back and save her, but now his own destiny called him.

Continued on page 17



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Grains of Grit

Continued from page 16

He did not walk toward the sand pile. He turned in meditation lakeward, where Beulah lived with her brother Jack.

To be gritty, to be brave—ha! that was what he wanted! To be afraid of nothing created, to have hair on his arms!

Fate had placed him on the steep street down the hill; a small butcher shop; a small, idle looking building, which was possibly also a residence, since a wash hung on the line and a yellow cow chewed her cud in the yard. Tommy, clinging absently to his fish pole, opened the screen door and stood as tall as he could before the counter.

"I want a cup of hot blood," he announced.

The two men behind the meat block looked at him fixedly.

"A cup of hot blood," repeated Tommy, firmly.

The lean man looked at the fat one, and appeared to wink.

"I'm afraid we can't give it to him hot—eh, Billie?—unless we kill the yellow cow."

"That's right," confirmed Billie. It'll take some time."

"I'll wait," said Tommy sitting patiently down.

The men still hesitated.

"This will be charged," Tommy explained with dignity, "to Madam Tower."

Both butchers withdrew. From a back room there came a great deal of ogreish laughter, which Tommy inferred always preceded carnage. He felt horribly sick in the midst of all the steaks and chops. Past the window they led the yellow cow,

and the poor thing kept on chewing her cud dreamily, even on her way to slaughter. "All ready Billie!" signalled a brutal voice. Tommy crowded both hands to his ears.

In a few minutes the butchers returned, bringing pitcher and cup.

"Feeling bad?" asked the fat one, boisterously.

"No, sir."

"Take it blindfolded? All our customers drink their gore that way."

"Very well," consented Tommy, with the faintest possible relief.

They tied a towel about his head. Then against his lips he felt the thick edge of the cup.

Tommy was almost fainting, but he summoned his nerve and gulped. He smelled a faint, not unfamiliar fragrance. The beverage was warm and smooth on his strangling tongue, and slipped down very much like fresh Jersey milk, but for all that Tommy writhed in the butcher's embrace and dropped his sick and dizzy head to the counter. When the spasm was conquered, he rose.

"I'm much obliged to you for killing the cow," he observed, faintly.

"That's all right!" roared the fat one. "Ain't it, Jake? That's all right! Every now and again a young swell comes in for his cup of blood."

"Well, charge it to Madam Tower," reminded Tommy, and moved faintly on.

As he groped giddily past the corner that overlooked the shop's back yard, he seemed to see the switching tail of the yellow cow, quite as if she were standing there near the overturned milking stool. But all Tommy's faculties

were playing him tricks. Houses, trees, everything, came to him in shattered glimpses, and the side-walk swam. One thing only appeared certain: the magic draught was already at work within him. A toad crossed his path, with one warty eye cast up, and Tommy tickled it contemptuously, and moved on. He was filled with an exhilarating spirit of courage and adventure. The earth grew solid beneath his tread. Kingdom Come Inn, with its blowing paper lanterns and gay shingled walls, loomed in sight, and he gave the whistle and began to run. Beulah met him midway.

"I knew you'd run away! I knew it! I knew it! Oh, Tom!"

Tommy submitted to her demonstration. Beulah had finished her casual household duties in a bathing suit, and she rumbled the big gingham apron which hung from her neck into a fidgety knot.

"I wish I could run away!" she envied. "Jack won't let me. Why, he tells me to, an' that itn't runnin' away! I wish I was Lady Jessica. Then I'd run away, an' defy 'em all, an' ever-body'd be jus' perfectly fur-ious! I'd elope!"

"What's elope?"

Beulah's eyes expanded. "It's running away the worst kind!" she revelled. "It's full of danger, an' pursuit is useless, an' it takes two! Oh, Tom!"

Tom clutched her hand. "Well, we're two! Let's do it. Let's elope!"

"How?" whispered Beulah, eager and thrilled.

"The terriest way there is!"

"There isn't any more terrible way than thwimmin'!" Beulah twisted her apron into a rope. "Lady Jessica thwims the moat! Oh, Tom! Can you thwim?"

"Of course I can. They wouldn't never let me show 'em though."

"It's eathy!" lisped Beulah, ecstatically. "Jus' mock a frog!" Then she fell into troubled comparisons. "But this lake ain't a moat. We've got to paddle. Won't we never come back?"

"Never!"

Beulah was torn by conflicting emotions. She loved an adventure, and she loved her brother Jack. Tommy was exultingly aware of her new respect for him.

"When we get there I'm goin' to shave!" he vowed. "I'll put on your overalls, and hunt and trap. But first I'll fish. You'll wear dresses and cook, Beulah, and I'll protect you. Guess I'd leave a letter telling the p'licemen pursuit is useless."

So, while Beulah packed, Tommy, with a blunt, well-wetted pencil inscribed a letter. On second thoughts he sent it to his mother.

Derest Merm:

Im fealing ofel grittie but dont you mind if you arnt grittie as grits for men. Beulah and i are redy to elop by water and persub wil be usles. but why not you and mr. Jack Kingdom elop after us. I am so grittie i wont be lonsom but i wish youd come lovingly

T. Tower.

P. S. you will find me fishing. T. T.

This epistle Tommy dropped just as the mail-man opened the box with his key. When he returned, Beulah, finger on lip, signalled him to the canoe. "Jack won't mind. He's got his new motor boat," she murmured.

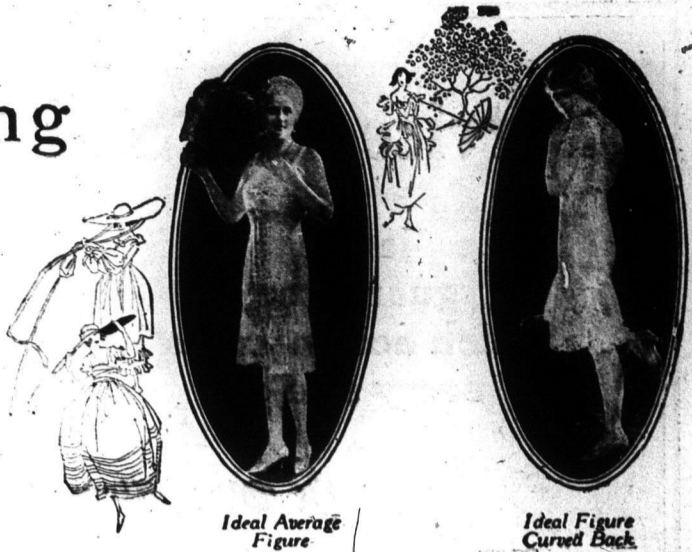
They glided in a certain secret way that Beulah knew, in among the water-blackened piles, hugging the shadows till they were well away from Kingdom Come Inn. Then Beulah gave Tom a paddle. She wielded her own with practiced dexterity. The lake was calm, though the waves at the point applauded their escapade like clapping hands. Beyond the point all was a green, mysterious wilderness, a native park. Not a soul was in sight; of the city they had left there was here no sign. They pulled the canoe up by a fallen log, and blinked at each other. They had eloped!

"I guess the first thing we'd better do," bossed Tommy, is to get the right clothes on. Open your bundle and give me your overalls. You can't be a boy here, Beulah. Why don't you let your hair loose?"

"I don't never let my hair loose," objected Beulah, speaking as if it were a dangerous captive. "Why don't you

Continued on Page 18

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"GETTING your money's worth" in these days of increasing costs and the diminishing value of dollars, as it applies to corsets, is not so much in the price you pay as in the garment you buy. The corset you discard after a few uncomfortable wearings or the corset you continue to wear at the expense of your appearance, health, and peace of mind, is the corset you cannot afford.

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WINNIPEG, MAN.

Grains of Grit

Continued from Page 17

look after your own head? It's all curly!"

"I'm going to," muttered Tommy, struggling behind the log with his overalls. "I'm going to use the razor blade. I don't want curls on my head, but I am never going to have my arms shaved, Beulah! Seems as they're getting about as hairy as Polly Voo's."

"Oh, let me see!" trilled Beulah, dancing barefooted up and down, but Tommy silenced her with a look.

"You musn't forget you're the youngest. You got to act like a girl. But I'll let you help with my head."

Together they whacked and pulled at Tommy's curls till they were reduced.

"We may as well start right," theorized Tommy, wiping a stream of blood away with scorn. "All the grit here is to belong to me. I'll defend you. If monsters come I'll drive them off."

"What's monsters?"

"Lions and things."

"What if it's people—officers an' furions folks?"

"We'll never surrender—never! Will we?"

"Of course not," murmured Beulah, busily.

"Never!" emphasized Tommy, shorn to a stubble and feeling masterful.

"Not ever, ever, ever!" swore Beulah, crossing her heart.

Then they fished.

The hours passed. Out on the great lake a storm was quickening, but where the runaways dropped their lines the little waves nibbled and tugged at them like hungry trout. They grew hungry themselves—famished: but their shining treasures multiplied. At last they ate dry bread from Beulah's basket. Then, being sleepy, they slept.

Tommy woke suddenly to find the wind in a gale, and Beulah harkening to something beyond the point.

"What is it?" demanded Tommy.

"I heard something."

"What?"

"I think it's the Sea Lion!" quaked Beulah.

Tommy sprang to his feet, just as a series of short, coughing barks cut through the wind. The lake was washed white, and a drifting boom far out moved like a thing alive.

"It's the Sea Lion!" declared Beulah with agitation.

"Don't be afraid. Hide back of the log. Just let it come near—" Tommy fixed the boom with his eye. "I'll take care of it!"

Obediently Beulah scurried over the log. The blood curdling cough rasped out again.

"I don't want to hide!" rebelled Beulah, popping up.

"You must."

She ducked, and Tommy stood on his guard, his knife open at the razor blade.

"Do you see it?" pantomimed Beulah.

"Hide this instant!" warned Tommy, sternly. The boom was too long for a lion, too stiff for a serpent; Tommy had withdrawn his attention. Every fiber of him was steeled. "Do you want it to claw you to pieces?"

"Claw me to pieces?" gasped Beulah. Then she began giggling, with one hand considerably over her mouth. "Tom Tower, don't you know yet what the Sea Lion is?"

"It's a monster!" muttered Tommy, tense and vigilant.

"Tithn't gither!" lisped Beulah, riotously. "Te he he! Tithn't no such thing! It's Jack's new motor boat—locky! There it comes! And Jack is in it! Oh, goody, goody, goody!"

"Sure enough, around the foaming point swooped the motor boat. Beulah leaped to the log and flourished her arms and danced.

"Get down, get down!" supplicated Tommy. "Can't you see it's somebody coming after us? Maybe it's p'licemen!"

"Here I am, Jack!" shrilled Beulah.

The motor boat slowed down, dodging the boom. Three harried faces scanned the shore. One of them was a beautiful, woeful, tear-stained face, framed with a glory of wind wrecked curls.

"Why, it's Merm!" cried Tommy, the biggest and sweetest emotion he had ever suffered welling up from the deep springs of his being. "Oh, Merm, here I am!"

"Haloo, there, you little rascals!" challenged Mr. Jack Kingdom.

"Here I am, Jack!" lovingly answered Beulah.

The swift little Sea Lion nosed in, and out on the fallen log sprang Mr. Jack Kingdom and Tommy's mother. Then there followed a mixed-up but wholly acceptable embrace, which ended with Tommy's being on his mother's wildly beating heart.

"Oh, my precious!" half laughed, half wept his Merm, "and you, you dear child Beulah! What will you drive us to! Didn't you know you'd have us half crazy? And with the lake storming so, and that letter the only guide! Tommy, what have you done to your head!"

"Tom'th shaved," pointed out Beulah with impish complacency. "We eloped."

"Eloped!" groaned a deep old voice. And there in the boat, an erect and pitiful figure, crippled and alone, sat Madam Tower.

"Yes, grandmother. Did Merm show you the letter?" exulted Tommy. "I knew I'd get gritty pretty quick when I started. Merm, if you'd like to elope, why, it's just as easy! All you need is—"

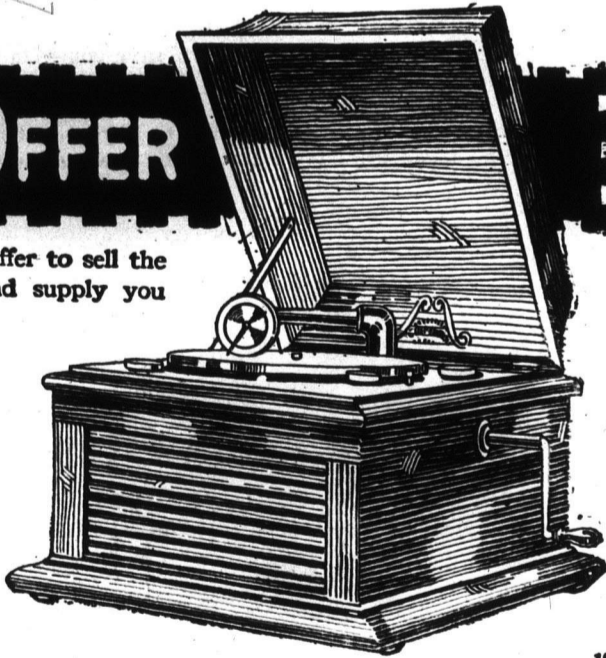
Continue on page 19

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Grape-Nuts is economical

Grains of Grit

Continued from page 18

"Specks of grit," said Beulah, with the air of knowing.
 "Little grains of sand!" twinkled her brother Jack, and everyone, even Madam Tower, joined in the laugh.
 "No more elopements if I can help it!" prayed Madam Tower, fervently.
 "There'll be scandal enough in the town when all those silly dressed-up children get home from Tommy's party, but thank goodness they didn't get at the birthday cake! Josephine, if you and John Kingdom must have each other, let it be with a church wedding and my blessing. Oh, me! It's the way of youth! We'll have to see to it now that these starving children don't make themselves ill with the frosting. Thomas, you willful, headstrong boy, come here!" and the scolding voice broke down.
 "Come here and kiss your grandmother!"

A Prayer at Evening

By Amelia Josephine Burr

Now angels walk the hills with flaming feet
 Along the purple margins of the day.
 Father, we beg, who know Thy rest is sweet,
 Help for the hearts too pain distraught to pray.
 We, beckoned to soft beds by kindly sleep,
 Yearn toward the aching watchers for the light,
 Wide, fevered eyes that Pain's red vigil keep,
 Hearts beating loud through the unquiet night.
 Father, Thy love doth bless each perfect room—
 Shall it not more tenderly be shown
 Where some spent spirit, stumbling in the gloom,
 Toils upward to its Calvary alone?

Even He Had Feelings

The Topeka State Journal tells a court-room story that throws a new light on the sensibilities of offenders against the truth:
 "Why did you strike this man?" asked the judge sternly.
 "He called me a liar, Your Honor," replied the accused.
 "Is that true?" asked the judge, turning to the man with the bruised face.
 "Sure, it's true," said the accuser. "I called him a liar because he is one, and I can prove it."
 "What have you to say to that?" asked the judge of the defendant.
 "It's got nothing to do with the case, Your Honor," was the unexpected reply. "Even if I am a liar, I guess I've got a right to be sensitive about it, ain't I?"

A Close Observer

After witnessing the performance of a blind pianist, says the American Medical Journal, one Irishman remarked to another:
 "By the powers, that's the best music I ever heard with me two ears."
 "He does pretty well for a blind man, doesn't he?"
 "He does, indeed, but I was just thinkin' of wan thing."
 "What's that?"
 "It wouldn't make any difference to him if he wasn't blind."
 "Why not?"
 "Well, I was watchin' him all the evenin', and he never looks at the piano, anyhow."

He Had Had Enough Attention

For the most apt word and the ready reply, the American soldier is certainly not behind his allies, the Tommy or the poilu. The Boston Herald tells of a Yankee "doughboy" in the Philippine insurrection who was knocked out by a bullet in the leg.
 As he lay there helpless, unable to drag himself to a place of safety, two more bullets whisked up and embedded themselves in other parts of his body. At the third he raised himself painfully and, shaking his fist in the direction of the Moros, shouted:
 "Shoot some one else, you bloodthirsty murderers. I'm not the whole American army!"

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A True Fable

Once upon a time there was a merchant whose name was P. Rocrastinate. In the town where P. Rocrastinate lived there was another man named N. Agent. Mr. Agent tried for many years to get P. Rocrastinate to buy some fire insurance and finally persuaded him to insure his store and its contents against fire. The insurance taken amounted to \$2,000 on the building, and \$5,000 on the stock. Every year P. Rocrastinate renewed the policies, and every year he was too busy to listen to N. Agent who said he had something important to tell him. Last week the store was burnt down, everything went up in smoke, including the insurance policies. P. Rocrastinate did not worry very much for he was insured. He remembered that in 1914 he had insured the store and the stock for as much as N. Agent would take, and he remembered that N. Agent had copies of the policies, so that it didn't matter whether his copies were burnt up or not. But when he started to figure up he remembered a few things that he had previously forgotten. His store would have to be rebuilt. A store just like the old one would cost him \$5,000, the builder says. He will have to get a new stock of goods. Just the same quantity and quality of goods as he had in 1914 will cost him \$12,000. He forgot that he should have insured his store and stock for the full value at 1920 prices instead of leaving the policies on the 1914 basis, and incidentally he lost \$10,000 because he forgot.

Moral—Check over your fire insurance policies and insure your property, not for what it cost to buy it, but for what it will cost to buy some more like it.

Rural Credits

The Norris Government in Manitoba has made many steps forward since it took office. It has given particular attention to the financial needs of the farmer. The Manitoba Farm Loans act, and the Manitoba Rural Credits act, are each steps in the right direction, and the government has earned credit for its painstaking efforts to secure adequate and reasonable credit facilities for the farmer. We are all agreed that agriculture is the basic industry in Western Canada. In consequence, all the people of Western Canada are materially interested in the welfare of the farmer. The farmer must be able to get cheap and sufficient credit, otherwise the whole industrial fabric of the country is adversely affected and production is retarded. The Manitoba Government has made a genuine effort to supply the farmer with cheap mortgage money through the work of the Manitoba Farm Loans Association, and with short term credits through the facilities made available by the Rural Credits act.

The government has been criticized at times in connection with these two schemes, the farm loans, and the rural credits, but it is worth noting that in no instance has the principle embodied in the schemes been attacked. It has always been the administration of the acts which have been attacked. Even the critics agree that the schemes are good ones but they find fault with the manner in which they are handled.

Rural Credits Controversy

It will be remembered that the banks charged the rural credit societies 6%, and the rural credit societies charged their members 7% on loans granted. The difference of 1% is kept by the societies to defray expenses. This was the arrangement last year, and it was understood, until a few weeks ago, that similar arrangements would be made this year. Then the bombshell fell in the rural credit camp. The banks decided that they would loan no more money to rural credit societies at 6%, for they claimed that this low rate was not sufficient. They suggested 6½% as a compromise, although they submitted that 7% was really the rate which

should be paid. The Manitoba Government could not see its way to accept the proposal and the provincial treasurer, Hon. Edward Brown, made a hurried trip to Eastern Canada to interview the executive officials of the chartered banks. Upon his return the provincial treasurer issued the following statement:

Official Statement

"After discussing the matter from every angle, and after informing the Bankers' Association of the government's viewpoint, it was agreed that the banks would continue to lend money to the Rural Credit Societies during the current season at the old rate already established at 6 per cent. and under the old relations, on the understanding that an announcement would be made that at the next session of the legislature, if present financial conditions obtain, that the act would be amended increasing the rate. On my return I consulted the other members of the government in council and following that we have consulted with our supporters in the house. The situation was outlined and agreed to.

"It is understood that before the legislature meets again there will be a convention of the Rural Credits Societies when this matter will be fully discussed, and in view of the abnormal conditions, which it is expected will be more acute a year from now, it is anticipated that the commonsense of the directors of these societies will suggest that the rate of interest should be increased."

Banks Are Sympathetic

The banks have been criticized for wishing to charge a higher rate but the provincial treasurer pointed out, when reporting to the legislature, that he found the banks sympathetic to the rural credit society movement, particularly in the backward portions of the province where they are assisting needy settlers. During the conferences, which Hon. Edward Brown had with the bankers, they suggested that the administration of the act could be improved. Two main proposals were made, first: that a maximum loan to any farmer should not exceed \$2,500; second: that in the older portions of the province where the district is served by a number of banks, and where they think that the needs of the district are fully served, that it is a mistake to establish rural credit societies. The provincial treasurer stated that these proposals would receive the careful consideration of the government.

WHY SHOULD I EMPLOY A TRUST COMPANY?

A letter reached us recently, written by a young widow. The death of the bread-winner of the family left this young woman with a small family and a moderate sum of money with which to face the future. Not being versed in financial matters, our correspondent sought the advice of the bank manager with whom her deceased husband did his business. The bank manager advised her to place her funds with a trust company for investment and she now asks us "Why should I employ a trust company?"

In answer to this question we must point out that our correspondent has very wisely admitted that she needs financial advice. This means that she understands that her money should be properly invested so as to earn the highest rate of interest consistent with safety. She realizes that the term "investment" covers a multitude of money destroyers and she is evidently desirous of separating the good investments from the bad ones before she ventures into the financial world with her money. A trust company is an institution whose business is largely made up of minding other people's business. All reputable trust companies have many different departments handling many different

Continued on Page 21

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Interesting Collector of World's Greatest Individual Gathering of South Sea Relics Bequeaths it to New Canadian University

By Francis Dickie

Rich in the romance of business and the adventure of the big outdoors of the Canadian frontier and the still vaster region of the South Sea Islands was the life of Frank Burnett, the sturdy, gray-haired man shown in this picture. In the last twenty-five years of his life he spent much of that time in voyaging throughout the vast stretch of the South Seas studying the Polynesian and Papuan people, and gathering all the various objects representative of them, till in 1919 he had gathered the greatest individual collection of South Sea curios ever procured and owned by one man. And now he has made a bequest of the entire magnificent collection to the new university of British Columbia which is being constructed on the outskirts of the City of Vancouver. Thus in future years the thousands of students that will throng the halls of this vast institution of learning will be able to become acquainted with the varied lives of the people who inhabit a stretch covering over a quarter of the entire globe. Few people realize what an enormous stretch is taken in by the South Sea Islands. Yet from the Marquesas to the end of New Guinea is over seven thousand miles along the equator. And throughout these varied islands, the Tongan, the Fijian, the Solomons, the Gilberts, the Marquesas, the Carolines and a score of others Frank Burnett roamed and combed them for things most representative of the people of the present and the past.

It would take many hundred pages to tell in detail the history of all the rare treasures that have been transported from their various island homes. Many of them to-day in this man's collection are no longer to be found in the land where they originated and once were plentiful.

Among the chief things of interest are over two hundred spears, some barbed with human bones, some with sharks' teeth. The sharks' tooth spears in some instances are fifteen feet long, and have taken a toll of many hundred lives. Clubs of every size and shape representative of each island; native armor particularly rare, shields, swords, knives of shell and stone, human heads, the bodies of which served at a human feast are here, some stripped clean and brightly shining, others smoked and hideously ornamented after the fashion of the Solomon Islands and New Guinea; in keeping are the forks and plates and human meat hook used only for handling this particular kind of flesh. Rare tapa cloth of fine design, mats exquisite in weave and texture, ornaments of shell and bone, fishing tools odd and clever in design, countless kinds of bowls, canoes from a score of islands, little models beautiful in finish, and which would excite the envy of any boyish heart—all

these things are gathered here. There are gods of many shapes made of stone and wood and lime. To gather some of these Frank Burnett took his life many times in his hand, for heathen people are jealous of their deities and resentful of their disturbing. There are ornaments of marvellous ancientness. Shell money and money made from feathers fill part of a case. In fact, nothing representative of a people in the way of things used in hunting, war or dress, in ornament, amusement or religion, has Frank Burnett failed to ferret out and bring back to Canada. There are pillows of stone

Continued on Page 23

Dollars and Cents

Continued from Page 20

kinds of trust business. Our correspondent will be particularly interested in the investment department. That department will be in charge of a man whose sole duty is to see that trust funds are properly handled. As the investment department is a very important branch of a trust company organization, the man in charge is of necessity, a very competent, trustworthy and capable official. The investment department of a trust company is usually prepared to accept money for investment upon one of two plans, i. e., the guaranteed plan or the agency plan. The guaranteed plan is usually found to be more satisfactory for a small investor. Under this plan, the trust company accepts sums ranging from a hundred dollars or so upwards, and guarantees to repay the investment at the end of a certain period, usually five years, and interest is also guaranteed to be paid half yearly or yearly at the rate agreed upon, usually around 6 per cent.

The money is invested by the trust company in mortgages on improved real estate and the mortgages are assigned to the persons whose money is invested in them, as additional security. This means that if our correspondent has \$10,000 to invest and places it with a trust company on the guaranteed plan, she will receive \$300. every six months and the full amount of \$10,000 at the end of five years. In the meantime she has ample security for her money. She holds a straight guarantee from the trust company and in addition has mortgages for \$10,000 assigned to her in the books of the company. Under these circumstances, even though the trust company should be unable to live up to its guarantee, and this is a very remote possibility with a reputable trust company, she still has her real estate mortgages to the full value of her investment which she can take charge of to realize her money.

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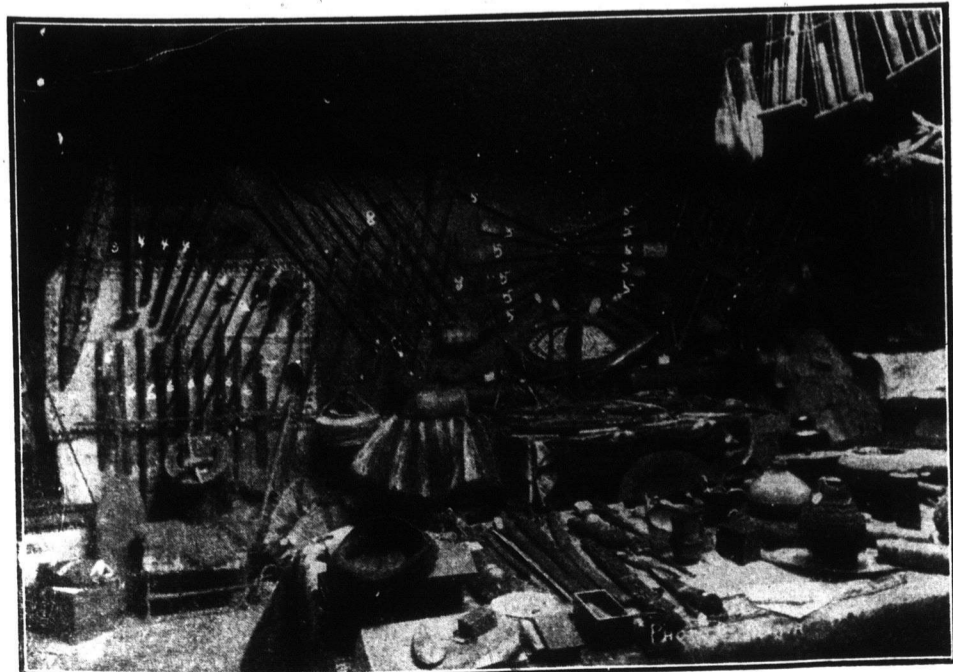
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THE POPULATION OF CANADA

In this month next year the regular census of Canada will be made, in accordance with the provision in the British North America Act that there shall be such a census under the direction of the Dominion Government every ten years. The last census was in 1911. In advance of next year's census, the Department of Trade and Commerce at Ottawa has issued an estimate of the present population of Canada, placing the figure at 8,835,102, which, if it is approximately correct, would mean an increase of more than 1,500,000 over the total ascertained by the census of 1911, namely, 7,204,838. The census of 1901 showed the population of Canada to be 5,371,315. By provinces, the estimate of the already-mentioned bulletin which has come to The Philosopher's table from the capital, sets forth the following figures:

Ontario	2,820,909
Quebec	2,328,528
Saskatchewan	754,090
British Columbia	718,660
Manitoba	618,903
Alberta	587,770
Nova Scotia	518,761
New Brunswick	368,760
Prince Edward Island	93,728
Northwest Territories	18,481
Yukon	8,512
Total	8,835,102

It is to be noted, in this connection, that the Statistical Annual of Quebec, prepared and issued by the government of that province, puts the population of Quebec at 2,380,042 at the beginning of 1918, that total being based on municipal statistics, which are given in detail. On the other hand, the municipal statistics of Ontario give a total of 2,578,177 at the beginning of 1918. In regard to the figures for Quebec, it is further to be noted that the Statistical Annual quotes the statement made by the historian, Benjamin Sulte that only 4,000 persons emigrated from France to Canada before the British conquest in 1759. Their descendants numbered 1,649,371, surely a striking showing of the fecundity of the race, even if Mr. Sulte's estimate should be increased by a couple of thousand, as some authorities believe. Among the many matters of looking forward to in next year's census is that of the proportion of the sexes. The census of 1901 showed 132,769 more males than females in Canada, and the census of 1911 showed that the excess of males had increased to 438,272.

SERVICE OF BASIC IMPORTANCE

If it is the plain, cold fact, as Sir Robert Falconer, president of the University of Toronto, states it, that "there is very little inducement in Canada now for young men and women to look upon teaching as a 'life-work,'" there is ground for grave concern in regard to the future of our country. If the Canadian nation in the years to come is not going to be an educated nation, how can it fail to fall short of realizing anything like a full measure of its possible progress and well-being? Education is essential to democracy; without it there cannot be real democracy. There cannot be education without educators. It takes time to make qualified and trained teachers. Their work is hard, and it is of the first importance to the state; and surely of no other workers is it more truly to be said that they are worthy of their calling. In truth, the value of the service done by a competent and faithful teacher is greater than can be measured in terms of money. Much has been said and written of late in regard to the inadequate wages paid to teachers; there is need of much more being said and written on that subject. The influence of a true teacher in forming character and mind is never lost. The nation owes a debt of gratitude to every faithful school teacher. More than that, it owes to every faithful school teacher a decent recompense for exacting service rendered—service which is fundamental to the public welfare.

THE SPIRIT AND THE FLESH

From a friend who is a physician and who served at the front during the closing year and a half of the war, after a good many months' service in a military hospital in England, The Philosopher has received a book by that great surgeon, Dr. George W. Crile, whose work in preventing the "shock" caused by serious surgical operations is recognized by medical men all the world over as well deserving to be termed epoch-making in medical science. Dr. Crile it was who did such memorable service in dealing with great numbers of wounded men after the heroic first British army, which the then Emperor who vaunted himself as All-Highest by Divine Right, spoke of with contempt for its smallness, went against German legions that outnumbered it so vastly. Following up his investigations, in which he has

The Philosopher

been assisted by many medical men, biologists and other scientists, Dr. Crile has proved that the conditions produced by the "shock" caused by a surgical operation and by serious wounds and injuries are the same as those produced by the exhaustion of extreme fatigue, insomnia or hunger, by prolonged worry, by fear, and by grief. All these things produce what is called "acidosis" in the body, which means injury to the nervous system. Certain of the chief organs of the body have the function of disposing of this "acidosis" and bringing about a recovery of normal conditions. When these organs find themselves overpowered in this work, the result is disaster. To translate the scientific pages of Dr. Crile's book briefly into popular language, it may be said that the most advanced results of science establish a great truth which has been known for ages, namely, that cheerfulness and confidence and courage have a direct influence on health. Faith in the final outcome for good can control, and may even prevent, the creation of conditions within the body which render easy the invasion of disease. Anger, jealousy, fear, grief and other violent emotions, as well as the prolonged strain of worry, have a destructive effect upon the vitality.

IN REGARD TO SPIRITUALISM

The deaths of so many during the war has caused an immense amount of deep yearning on the part of persons still in the flesh to communicate with their loved ones who have passed through the veil into the mystery which surrounds our life—a yearning which is perfectly natural and calls for profound sympathy. But the vast majority of those who share that yearning most keenly cannot but feel that there is no true solace to be found in the methods of what is known as Spiritualism. Such methods have never resulted in furnishing any real illumination. It is not to the point that men of the standing of Sir Conan Doyle and Sir Oliver Lodge appear to have a certain belief in the value of those methods. Neither Sir Conan nor Sir Oliver, nor anybody else have ever produced a single communication from a disembodied spirit which was of any value or importance. That wilful deception is exceedingly common among "mediums" is well known. Curiously enough, Sir Conan Doyle says that not only are there swindling "mediums," but there are lying spirits. "We have unhappily to deal sometimes with absolute cold-blooded lying on the part of wicked or mischievous intelligences," he writes. Another notable knight who is also a Spiritualist, Sir William F. Barrett, writes that a "medium" in whom he places absolute trust received some "purely fictitious" details from the spirit of a deceased person. Of course, there is nothing really new in the idea of these persons who claim to have dealings with the departed; in fact, it is bare truth to say that Spiritualism is a return to practices associated with what the world has been accustomed to regard as the dark ages. It is a step backward rather than forward; the methods of Spiritualism do not differ essentially from the methods of the necromancers of remote times. Spiritualism vulgarizes that which is holy, while adding to our knowledge no single help of real worth.

EDUCATION FOR LIFE

There is widely prevalent an altogether wrong idea of education, of what it should be, and of what it should provide. For the community, it should provide light and leading. A man, or a woman, may be a graduate of an institution of the highest learning; unless he, or she, has acquired something in that institution of learning which can be made of value and of usefulness in furthering the general good, he, or she, is no more than a standing rebuke to that institution of learning and the system of education of which it forms a part. No man or woman can truly be said to be educated whose education has not meant preparation for some vital service. So much for education and the community. For the individual, education should provide ways and means for his getting on with himself, or herself. Our minds are our only constant companions. No person is educated who, when he finds himself with time on his hands, is afflicted with mental emptiness. The Philosopher is free to confess that sometimes he finds himself a little tiresome. And this, of course, is his own fault entirely. The House of Knowledge is open to us all; no one life is long enough to allow time for the exploring of all its rooms. No education which is worthy to be called education ends while life continues. Each of us can always keep adding to his knowledge, increasing his usefulness and his ability to get on with others, and increasing, too, his power of finding companionship in himself.

A MALIGNER OF PLUMPNESS

The manager of the Winnipeg office of a life insurance company told The Philosopher recently that at the annual meeting of the American Institute of Actuaries, last month, an insurance expert of high authority, H. M. Butolph, of Indianapolis, made the statement that thin persons live longer than fat persons. Surely fat men have had to put up with enough already in the way of jokes about their plumpness that it weighs the scale against their chances of longevity. They are constitutionally a cheery-hearted tribe and they will laugh to scorn the idea that their fatness is anything else than proof of their vigorous health and their enjoying the sound sleep that comes of a good conscience. Good nature and benevolence are proverbially associated with plumpness, and it would surely be a thousand pities if these qualities should be discouraged by the implanting of a fear among those inclined to plumpness that health and length of years depended upon being lean. Julius Caesar, it is universally admitted, was an excellent judge of men. He said, as reported by Shakespeare:

Let me have men about me that are fat,
Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' nights;
Yond Cassius has a lean and hungry look;
He thinks too much. Such men are dangerous.

Fat men, having their nervous systems comfortably cushioned, will not worry over any insurance expert's assertions. They will feel that in their plumpness they have reserves of health and vigor to draw on. They will be cheerfully inclined to say that the life insurance expert who has been maligning plumpness is himself a lean and hungry Cassius.

A ZOOLOGICAL REMARK ABOUT LLOYD GEORGE

In reading a copy of the London Times lately to hand The Philosopher noted a letter from a correspondent who signs himself "Zoologist," and who takes exception to the utterance of a member of the House of Commons who "compared Mr. Lloyd George to an agile Rocky Mountain goat, vaulting from pinnacle to pinnacle." The writer of the letter in the Times says that "the animal referred to is not agile, nor does it leap from pinnacle to pinnacle, nor is it truly a goat." The letter must have amused the British Premier when he read it. If he visits Canada this year, as it was reported a little while ago that he was thinking of doing, he may have an opportunity of seeing for himself in the Rockies the animal in question, which, whether or not it is to be spoken of with scientific accuracy as a goat, is certainly a courageous and resourceful animal. The Philosopher remembers reading many years ago in the London Times the report of a speech in the House of Commons, in which Henry Labouchere spoke of Lord Randolph Churchill as "leaping from branch to branch of the political tree with all the animated alacrity of an ape." That was an offensive comparison. But to be compared to a Rocky Mountain goat is something to be proud of, though the speaker who compared Lloyd George to that animal did not intend his remark wholly as a compliment.

A NOBLE CREATURE'S FEAT

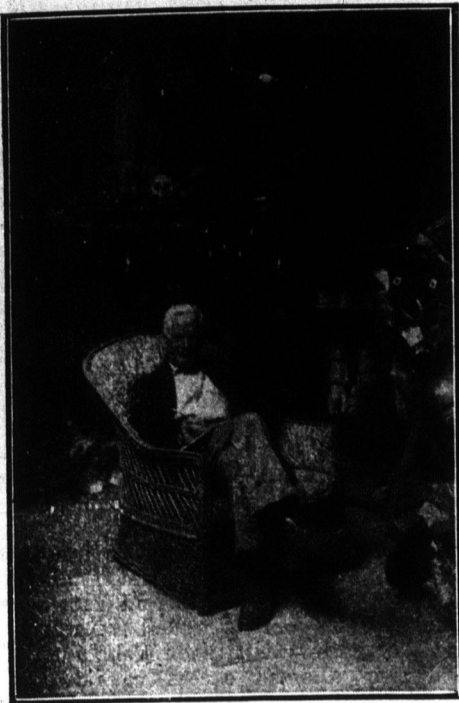
People of middle age, or a little older, can remember among the familiar beings that lived and moved in the world when they were young the large, black, curly-haired Newfoundland dogs, of a nobility of bearing comparable only with the dogs of the St. Bernard breed. They were certainly common throughout Ontario and all Eastern Canada. Now they are said to be extremely rare in Ontario and elsewhere in the East, and to be almost extinct even in Newfoundland. The Philosopher does not remember to have ever seen one in the West. True stories of the bravery of Newfoundland dogs (in which respect they had no monopoly among dogs) and of their feats as swimmers and their extraordinary prowess in rescuing persons from drowning were familiar in juvenile and other books, including school "readers." They are brought to mind by the recent report from the coast village of Curling, in Newfoundland, of how a Newfoundland dog saved the lives of the passengers and the crew of the coastal steamer Ethie, numbering ninety-two souls in all. The intelligent animal did what the hardy sailors could not do in the storm and stress of the perilous situation in which the steamer was, having been driven on the rocks in a storm; he released a rope which had become caught, and swam ashore with it, after which it became possible to rig a life-saving basket in which to draw the people aboard to the shore. Should not that dog have a medal for his intelligence and his fearlessness in achieving so notable a rescue of human lives in a driving storm, when the waves were running so high that no human swimmer could live in them?

Interesting Collection of Relics

Continued from Page 21

and wood that look very much like those wooden horses used by carpenters and painters, except that they are only a few inches high. But only a book of a great many pages would do justice to the things here gathered, for each article has a story interesting, rich in the romance and adventure of the tropic lands, and also a second story of equal interest pertaining to its acquisition by the indefatigable collector who procured it.

But if the collection has an interesting history, it is no more interesting than that of its owner, who has lived a life which reads very much like fiction. He



Frank Burnett, the world's greatest South Sea collector

was born in the famous fishing and whaling town of Peterhead, Aberdeenshire, Scotland. His father was a sea captain, and his three brothers before him went to sea. So Frank Burnett, leaving the Merchant Taylor's Grammar School at fourteen was apprenticed to the sea by his own choice. He had many adventures in the five years of his calling. Once on a leaking barque he drifted for a month



Unique Gilbert Island armour

back and forth across the Bay of Biscay where prevailing winds in the sailing days often held ships a prisoner on this storm-tossed stretch of water. Every day of that month he with the rest of the crew were kept at the pumps to save the ship from sinking and their own lives. They finally threw overboard most of the cargo, and the ship, thus lightened and at last aided by a favorable wind, escaped the bad stretch of water and reached her home port.

In 1871 Frank Burnett came to Canada. He served first as a purser on an

Ottawa steamboat, then entered business in Montreal. He became a stockbroker, but, ruined in the failure of a big business house, he took up life anew on the lonely western prairie province of Manitoba. Here he came in 1880 before the railroad. By times farmer, grain dealer, then business man and banker, he had many ups and downs for fifteen years on the frontier, losing his crops by frost and drought and hail, having his elevator washed away by a flood which took also the savings of many years in grain stored there. But Frank Burnett was of the dogged Scottish breed which has made that race famous as pioneers. He finally won through to success. In 1895 he came to the Pacific Coast, and in that year first journeyed to the South Seas and began the making of his great collection. In 1901 in order to thoroughly explore lonely and little visited outlying islands of the distant groups he bought and outfitted his own sailing ship, a schooner of eighty tons—the "Laurel."

The fifteen months' cruise resulted in him getting well acquainted with the islands and in largely adding to his collection. In the years following this trip he returned often, his returns becoming more frequent and his stays lasting longer, until to-day half his time is spent in one or other of the groups. The Tongan, the Fijian, the Samoan, the Marquesas, Gilberts, Solomons, New Hebrides, the Carolines, the Marshalls, and the score of other groups which dot this immense expanse of southern sea he came to know as few men do, and in this way was able to build up the world's greatest individual collection which now, as a result of his splendid bequest to the Canadian University of British Columbia, will enable thousands of students in the future to benefit in knowledge by his work of research and collecting.

A Modern Sisyphus

Emeline, who was watching some young men working a pile driver, says Everybody's, came to her mother with this complaint:

"I am so sorry for those men, mamma. They've been trying and trying to lift out that big weight, and every time they get it most to the top it falls back again."

All Was Over

The passionate faith that certain commanding souls inspire in their followers is shown in a serio-comic light in the story of the dashing Gen. Kearny and one of his men. At the time of the second battle of Bull Run there was at Hagerstown, Maryland, a large corral in which the Union Army kept a number of cavalry horses. The corral master was an Irishman. The night on which Gen. Kearny was killed the horses suddenly disappeared from the corral and scattered over the surrounding country.

The next morning the quartermaster called up the corral master and berated him for his carelessness in allowing the animals to get out.

"Sure, sorr," ventured the corral master after receiving his lecture, "they did not get out by carelessness, for when I heard that Gen. Kearny was kilt I thought everything was busted and the country gone to the deuce for sure, and I just opened the gates and let the beasts run loose."

Putting Both Feet In

"And so, Mr. Pills," the old lady remarked to the country druggist, "poor old Joe Bunton is dead!"

"Yes," replied Mr. Pills; "died very suddenly this morning. He was in my shop only last night."

"Yes, I seed him 'in," went on the customer, and I said to myself, 'Poor old Joe's a goner now he's started to come here for medicine.'"

The druggist was evidently not very well pleased at this remark, and the old lady endeavored to set matters right, with the usual result.

"I don't mean to say, Mr. Pills," she explained hurriedly, "as how your medicine killed him, nowt of the sort. Old Joe never did like physick, and I'm sartin he'd never have took the risk of comin' here if he'd had a chance of livin'!"

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- to get another blanket?
- to answer the phone?
- to see who is at the door?
- to shake up the furnace?
- to take a dose of medicine?

And in the daytime do you—

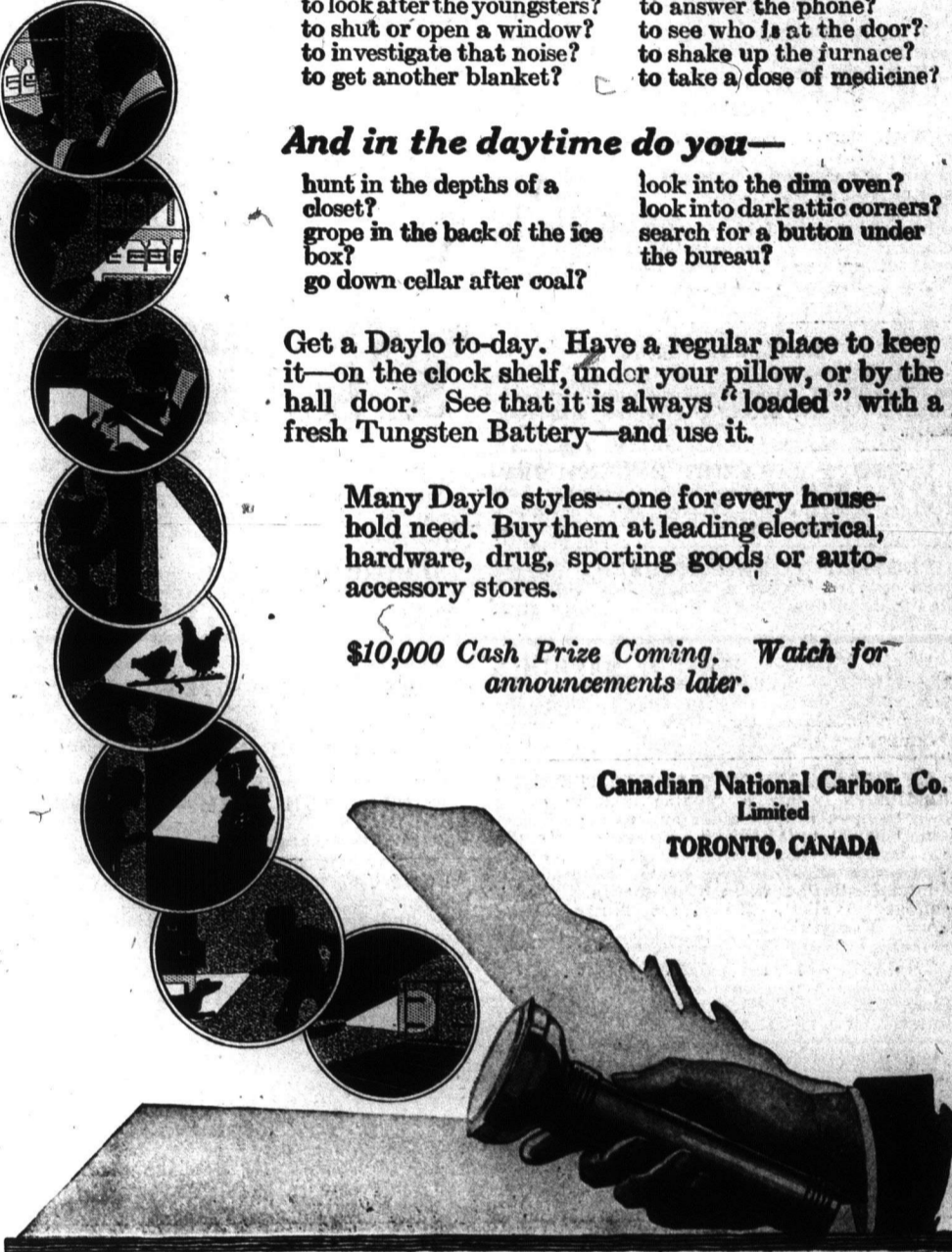
- hunt in the depths of a closet?
- grope in the back of the ice box?
- go down cellar after coal?
- look into the dim oven?
- look into dark attic corners?
- search for a button under the bureau?

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EGGS from trap-nested bred-to-lay Barred Rocks, Buff Orpingtons, White Leghorns, Rose and Single Comb Black Minorcas, \$2.00 for 13. Mitchell Poultry Farm, Tawatinaw, Alta. 4-20

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

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Poultry Chat

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Helen Vialoux, Charleswood

April, the month of "Spring smiles and mud puddles," and best of all, the glorious awakening of Mother Nature after her long sleep. All the information gleaned during the winter, in regard to poultry keeping must be put into practice this month if we are to keep up the slogan: "A hundred hens to each farm, and one egg a day to be eaten by each man, woman and child in Canada," and yet have two hundred million dozen eggs for export. Fancy, seventy-five million hens on our Canadian farms! Not counting back-yard poultry flocks in the cities which are yearly increasing.

Mr. F. C. Elford, chief of the poultry department, Ottawa, gave some most interesting figures to the Canadian Produce Association convention at Hamilton, Ont., recently. At present we have about 55 million head of poultry in Canada on our farms, working out at 73 hens per 100 acres. Therefore, at the present rate of increase, it will not be long before we shall have gained the objective set by the Dominion Poultry Council. The western provinces are forging ahead rapidly in poultry production, and no doubt when commercial hatcheries are established, farmers will raise many more chicks throughout Canada. The season is so late in some parts of the Dominion that the average farmer finds it impossible to raise early profitable pullets. So far the only really large hatchery is at Hamilton, where the Canadian Chick Hatchery has three mammoth incubators which are turning out thirty-one thousand chicks each 21 days during the season. When baby chicks can be secured by all who need them, and people learn how to raise them properly, the poultry industry will "hum" and our national debt will vanish. In the meantime we should make the best use of our old-time methods and set our chickens and run an incubator as well. There is now much excellent information in chick rearing and incubation in all our papers, and bulletins on every phase of poultry raising can be secured by dropping a post card to any of the Agricultural College centres or the Experimental Farm, Ottawa. Fertile eggs for hatching must be secured if good hatches and healthy chicks are looked for. Select only healthy birds for the breeding pen. A dozen good birds of your best type and breed will lay enough eggs to hatch out a fine large flock of chicks. Secure a vigorous well bred male to mate with them. A cockerel with old hens, and a cock with pullets. Feed dry grains rather than mashes giving them plenty of vegetable matter and grit and a little green cut bone if available. This winter it has been impossible to get alfalfa meal, so I empty the hay bins of the seeds and chaff and steam a pail of it for the hens sometimes.

A good dose of epsom salts given in bran-mash at roosting time, one pound of salts to 100 hens, adding a little ground ginger, and some salt will tone up the flock in the spring. Give them this dose two or three times during the breeding season, and see the hens have plenty of fresh water to drink next day. The biddies will soon begin to sing and lay hatchable eggs with a good shell. Charcoal is also most necessary for good health. My birds pick all they require from the wood ashes, but the granulated charcoal can easily be added to their dry mash of crushed oats and bran etc.

Some April hints in regard to turkeys, ducks and geese, may be useful to our readers. Turkeys should never be closely related to secure good strong "turks" as the young fry are called, therefore, in-breeding must never be resorted to. The hens are at their best at two or three years of age. One gobbler may be mated to a dozen hens and may be kept for several years if he does not become too

cross. Sometimes, they become quite vicious and will attack chicken with their claws. Place an old barrel on its side, or fix up a large nest box about the farm yard and dame turkey will usually lay in these nests instead of stealing away to her nest in the bush, as she is wont to do. Of course the nest should be made inviting, with straw or hay to entice the shy bird into it. A turkey often lays a large number of eggs, therefore the first 8 or 9 eggs can be stolen from her nest and given to a broody hen to hatch, always leave her one or two eggs, so she will not become disheartened. She will cover 13 eggs nicely. Do not disturb her when she is sitting, especially during the last week of incubation. Turkey eggs take 28 days to hatch and are very fertile, as a rule. Turkeys have a single mating for each quota of eggs, and will lay a second lot when the first hatch of turks is 6 weeks old, however, this is too late for incubation, but turkey eggs are delicious, more delicate in flavor than the eggs of the other domestic fowl. One boiled turkey egg makes an ideal breakfast. Young turks need care in feeding, and must be kept from dampness in the chilly spring mornings, otherwise, I have found turkeys easy to rear and very profitable. The coyotes which prowl about in many sections of the country, taking toll from the farm flock of turkeys, prevent many persons going into turkey raising.

The popular breeds of geese are the Embden, Toulouse, and African, all of large size, easily raised and fattened. Considerable room is needed for raising geese, and they will soon gobble up a garden if allowed access to it. One gander mated to several geese, is the rule, and geese should be mated in the fall, birds two years old and over, making the best breeders. When a goose marches about in the spring holding bits of straw or hay in her bill, provide a nest for her of soft straw, in which she can dig and hide her eggs, which are very large. She lays 12 to 15 eggs before setting, and these should be removed from her nest daily as they easily chill. Leave a couple of dummy eggs in the nest. The mother goose should be well fed whilst sitting and the gander should be kept away in a run by himself. Incubation, takes from 26 to 29 days, and hatching 48 hours. The goslings should be removed from the nest as they hatch and placed in a flannel lined basket until all the eggs are hatched. The gander helps the mother look after the goslings during their early days, and defends them from all harm. Goslings should be fed bread crumbs, greens, bran and shorts, and boiled potatoes mixed with milk and grit, during the first two weeks. After that they run with their mother and require little care if given a good mash feed at night.

Ducks are also easily reared and make a quick profit. Do not raise them near a river, however, unless they are yarded as they will surely "float off" just when they are ready to be potted and turned into money. Ducks do not really need water to swim in except at breeding time, then they should have their liberty and find plenty of little ditches and ponds on the farm to swim in, at that season of the year. Several breeds are popular, and the Pekin is a handsome bird of large size. Personally, I prefer the Indian Runner duck, or a cross between the Pekin and Runner duck, many more eggs are laid by this breed, they are easily reared, and fatten quickly, the flesh is of fine flavor. When ducks are laying keep them in the coop until 10 or 11 a.m. as they drop their eggs anywhere. One drake mates with 4 to 8 females, and care should be taken of hatching eggs, as they chill very readily. A large hen will hatch ducklings even better than a duck. Time of incubation 27 to 29 days. If under a hen sprinkle with warm water the last week of incubation. Do not feed for 36 hours, and give the same bill of fare as the goslings need at first: green food is essential. Milk and water in a shallow dish makes the best drink. Be careful of chilling ducklings in the spring rains.

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The Woman's Quiet Hour

By E. Cora Hind

During the first week of March there was laid to rest in the old cemetery at Millford, Manitoba, Mrs. Moon-ey, who had passed the allotment of three score years and ten. Mrs. Mooney's passing took from the province one of the pioneer women Manitoba could ill afford to lose. More than forty years ago, with her husband and six children, one a child in arms, she came to the district that is now known as Wawanesa. There was no doctor within thirty miles and probably not a graduate nurse nearer than St. Paul, Minnesota. The Mooneys were homesteaders, and before coming west had farmed in the bush country of North Grey, Ontario, but even in those days that had been a well settled and prosperous country, and doctors and nurses were aplenty.

Pioneering on the prairie with its magnificent distances and its possibility of getting lost in a blizzard was a wholly different proposition. Mrs. Mooney was a woman with the real neighborhood heart, and the dangers and sufferings of the women in the widely scattered community to which she had come, appealed to her, and very soon her neighbors—probably the nearest was at least two miles away—learned that she was a friend in need, and many a young wife a thousand miles from her own mother and thirty miles from a doctor, was helped in her hour of greatest need. When friends gathered round the grave in Millford cemetery, in the late March afternoon of 1920, to pay a last tribute to Mrs. Mooney, among them were some twenty men and women who she had helped into this world, not for price or fee, but as an act of neighborly kindness. One man had driven more than twenty miles over very bad roads, but when a daughter thanked him he said, "the roads were never too rough or the night too cold or dark for your mother to come to us when there was sickness."

Mrs. Mooney was the mother of that beloved daughter of the west, Nellie L. McClung, who, with her two sisters and three brothers were privileged to attend her mother's funeral.

Just once the writer was privileged to meet Mrs. Mooney. It was a hot August morning and there was a train wait of some hours at Wawanesa, so presuming on an acquaintance with her noted daughter, I forsook the flies and heat of the usual country railway waiting room and strolled over to the pretty cottage standing in its brilliant flower garden. Explaining my reason for calling, the welcome accorded me was cordial and kind. Almost the second question was as to the hour at which I had breakfasted in Brandon, and instantly the kettle went on. In a little summer kitchen, and an incredibly short time a fragrant pot of tea and a light meal was set out on a little table drawn to the doorway where we could look over the garden.

Sitting over that table we talked of many things, her flower garden, public questions, the childhood of Nellie, yet never once in that hour and more of talk was anything said which gave the remotest hint of what she, herself, had done for her neighbors.

The merest glance showed her a woman of great force, character, and strong individuality. She had been a widow then for nearly twenty years, yet there was no tone of plaint, no suggestion of losses or sorrows.

Her grave lies by that of her husband on a high knoll in the Millford cemetery, and if her spirit ever hovers round the resting place of her body, it must look with eyes of love over the wide stretch of country dotted with prosperous homes, the country which, as a pioneer, she helped to redeem from the wilderness.

We were chatting of the passing of Mrs. Mooney, and of what such women had meant to the west, and one other thing led to another and a man told a very touching incident in the life of the father of Judge Metcalf.

It was in the very early days of the

portage plains, and Portage la Prairie, more than fifteen miles away, was the nearest place at which anything could be bought. The wife of a near neighbor had lost her first-born and Mr. Metcalf and another neighbor had constructed a tiny coffin, but the plain uncovered boards looked a bleak resting place for a little child. It was night and bitterly cold, they had no horses, only oxen. Together the two men walked to Portage la Prairie and pledging their credit secured the material to cover the coffin outside, and walked back the fifteen miles and finished the coffin before the

mother saw it. A walk of thirty miles in midwinter more than forty years ago so that a mother's sorrow might not have the added sting of seeing her little one laid away in a plain deal box.

Another man told the story of the birth of his own first child, and how a bachelor neighbor had gone first twelve miles for the nearest woman, and then without a moment's pause had travelled all night, through the dark and cold, to Rapid City for the nearest doctor. This man who told the story is now a grandfather, yet his feelings overcame him and he could hardly speak as his mind reverted to that long passed kindness when he was barely twenty-two, and the life of his wife, not yet twenty, trembled in the balance, while his neighbor

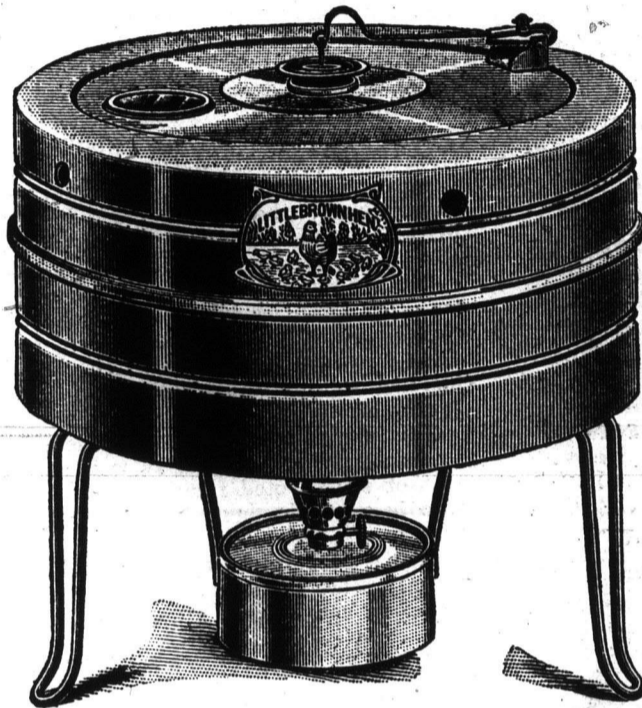
covered the long, dark cold miles to Rapid City.

The early days of the west were full of such quiet deeds of heroism and neighborly kindness, and one by one the men and women who so nobly helped in the making of the new country are passing. Surely it is high time that some historian should rise up and record these things, and that a book be made of them which shall be placed on the shelves of every school library in the west.

Of such men and women it can truly be said:

"Not as a ladder from earth to heaven,
Not as an altar to any creed,
But simple service, simply given
To their own kind in a common need."

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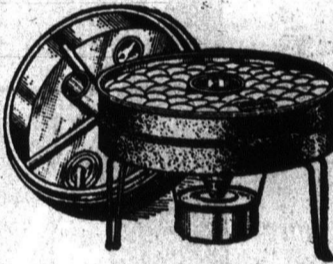
THE INCUBATOR IS 18 INCHES IN DIAMETER, stands 15 inches high, and holds about fifty average size hen eggs. It is made entirely of metal with double walled nest and top lined with insulating felt. Nest slopes toward centre so that by taking out a few eggs the others can be rolled over, a simple method of turning and at the same time changing the position of the eggs.

Heat radiates above and around nest and is uniformly distributed, the fumes being carried off through side openings.

Regulator is of the expansion disc type, with brass disc.

Thermometer is guaranteed high grade, and can be easily read through glass window in top. Lamp has heavy one-piece bowl and burner and chimney of improved safety design. Incubator is finished outside in a durable brown enamel. Complete instructions for operating furnished.

Incubator is packed so it can be safely shipped by freight or express.
No. WH 40—Little Brown Hen Incubator—Weight 15 lbs. Price..... \$8.00



Cover without Cage
\$6.95



OUR COZY HOVER

The Cozy Hover or Brooder affords your chicks the warmth and protection of the mother hen. Why spend your money for eggs and oil, to say nothing of valuable time, only to see your young chicks die for lack of proper care? The hover is made entirely of sheet metal excepting heavy outing flannel double curtains. It can be used in a

room, shed or box. When set inside a substantial box it makes an excellent outdoor brooder.

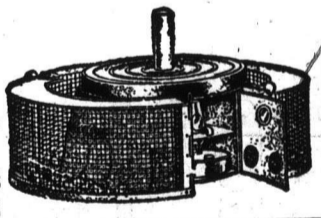
Lamp Compartment is galvanized steel, with brass screen and mica window in door. Lamp and burner are specially designed for safety and economy in use of oil. Lamp fumes are carried off through a galvanized pipe which gives steady draft for lamp flame and prevents fumes from entering hover.

The Cozy Hover is 12 inches high, 18 inches diameter, and will care for about 50 chicks.

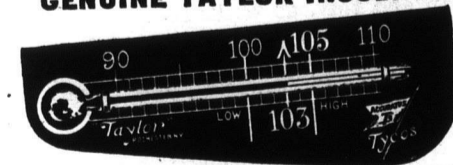
The Case, if wanted, must be ordered extra. It is made of close meshed galvanized wire and sheet steel. It can be spread as shown in illustration to allow room for exercise or closed tight around the hover to protect chicks against rats, etc.

Order a Cozy Hover with your Little Brown Hen Incubator and you have an ideal outfit.

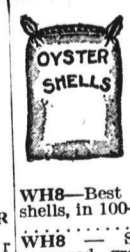
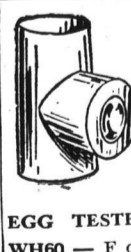
No. WH 3013—Cozy Hover, without cage. Weight 15 lbs. Price..... \$6.95
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A thoroughly reliable, beautifully finished incubator of the hot water heated type. It is a well-made machine in every respect and has been sold for years with an ever-increasing demand as it becomes known. This machine is complete in every way and very easy to run, if the simple instructions we send are followed. This incubator is far better value than many incubators quoted at much higher prices, and it has hatching qualities that will make it a good investment for you. We could sell you cheaper incubators, but they would not be as good an investment for you.

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The case is of selected cypress, nicely varnished in the natural wood. The top and sides are insulated with fibre board. The closely fitted door has a large single glass.

The Heating System consists of a heavy rust-resisting tank which extends around the four sides inside, and connects by two pipes to the outside heater. Thus a constant circulation of warm water is secured, and a uniform temperature maintained in all parts of the egg chamber.

The Regulator is of the expansion disc type and is sensitive and accurate. Egg Trays are substantially made, have wire screen bottoms, removable chick drops, and movable slats to prevent rolling of eggs.

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The Incubators are furnished complete with lamp, egg tester, thermometer and full instructions for operating.
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TRADE MARK

Home Life of Canada's Authoress, Nellie L. McClung

As Observed by Different Individuals. Pen-Picture of the Home

"Mother, who is the woman with the red roses on her hat, that we know?" inquired a fair-haired little chap of five or six years, of his parent, at a recent conference session regarding a newspaper acquaintance of the family, whom he spied in the assembly taking notes, the name of the person having slipped the enquirer's memory. It was not so much the description of the person, as the quaint personal interest and the partnership of the little fellow and his mother, when speaking of people and things, implied in the we-know.

How many children, especially of this age, have the delightful companionship which this child enjoyed with their parents, which makes all events and social acquaintances of equal importance to mother and son alike.

This apparently trifling enquiry disclosed the enviable intimacy between parent and child which is so rare in these days. Surely the parent must hold a place, a wonderful place, in the child's affections and respect, which can only be cultivated by a true mother and the fine womanly qualities which encourage the confidence and supreme contentment of a child to whom his mother's friends are his, and her interests equally a pride and joy to him.

This exquisite relationship exists between a mother and lad, as well as the rest of the devoted family of a woman who is a public figure of international renown.

Just a peep into the home life before revealing her name, to prove, from one who can speak from actual knowledge,

could not be; but by actual contact, such is the beautiful home life of Nellie L. McClung, and her bright and clever family. Her husband (Mr. R. W. McClung) also thrives in the atmosphere and adores it all.—M.L.S.

The home of the well known writer, Mrs. Nellie L. McClung, is looked after in a careful manner, love pervading all. There is a husband and five children—four sons and one daughter. The eldest son was overseas, having spent three birthdays in the trenches, receiving a lieutenantcy on the field and merit as a soldier. As showing the extent to which home ties are carried, it may be stated that, when this son returned, Mrs. McClung cancelled meetings she was due to attend, saying "Jack is home and I must be with him."

Mrs. McClung looks after her own household duties, keeping a maid, whom she does not call either servant or maid, but housekeeper. The help is treated largely as one of the family, and is allowed considerable latitude so long as conduct is what the lady of the house considers correct. When any extra work, such as washing, house-cleaning, etc., is on at the house, additional help is procured, Mrs. McClung overseeing what is at hand. During an attack of scarlet fever the lady was nurse for her own baby. She looks after her own clothes making, having a woman in for the sewing. When little meetings are being held at her home, any members of the household present are allowed in, being treated as "one" with herself, each being at liberty to take part in the conversation before and after the session. At her home gatherings, Mrs. McClung makes the tea, coffee or cocoa, and serves it herself or with assistance of the home folk. At one time the good lady busied herself considerably at crocheting, but has let it be known that now, between her writing, and the phone, and necessary home duties, she has no time for such. Mrs. McClung almost always answers the phone in person, rarely ever being known to allow anyone else to do so and pass it on.

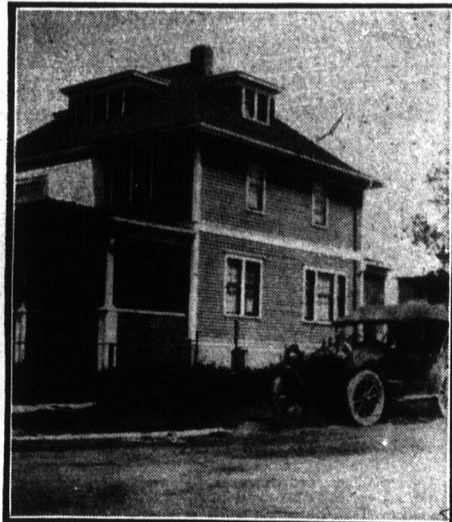
The author considers her family first, her home life being that of an ideal mother. Promptness is a large part of her make-up. This enables her to make much of the day. Mrs. McClung has strong convictions, though ready to concede to others what she would not countenance herself. She is reliable in all respects, and quick at decision. At the phone, when ordering goods, there is little time wasted in conversation, the decision as to requirements being made before the receiver is taken in hand, so that there is but the giving of the list to be done. She does her own shopping largely, seeing after the home cooking herself.

Mrs. McClung has frequently remarked that we were here to make others happy, and that appears to be a dominant spirit of her life as exhibited in her home. She is quite sympathetic, entering into the feelings of those she comes in contact with in a wonderful manner. Mrs. McClung is quite a worker in her home church and has a regular class in Sunday School.

Her husband generally calls for her at the close of any local gathering, or sees that provision is made for the home-bringing. Together they believe in the household making the most of life, joking and conversing freely at the family circle—the children being allowed the freedom that comes to a well-regulated home, and are full of life.

It is believed that the success of Mrs. McClung is her love for her fellow-beings, love seemingly entering into the very make-up of her everyday life. She is a citizen that any country should be delighted to have—the community being enriched by her presence.—M.S.C.

A pen-picture of the McClung home you ask for. The building is a two-
Continued on Page 27



Nellie McClung's home, Edmonton.

that a number of people are laboring under a wrong impression and a warped illusion of the real state of affairs.

It is a real joy to be so favored as to spend an afternoon or partake of a meal in this well-ordered household, the machinery of which is oiled by kindness and thorough knowledge of housekeeping. The rules are all observed, the rooms clean and tidy, as well as especially attractive and exceptionally artistic.

A canary sings and warbles, flowers bloom in the windows, fine pictures adorn the walls, and choice books are on the tables and, above all, the children's stockings are darned, much as a certain portion of the community declare the reverse. Hospitality reigns supreme and a cup of tea daintily served is no trouble—an extra cover can always be laid with no confusion.

And most important of all, the children "who never knew a mother's love," because of the interest exercised in the affairs of the community and state, lavish the greatest devotion and filial love on the so-called neglectful mother.

Mother is consulted on all subjects, an arm is about mother's neck, even in the presence of acquaintances, or the youngest is curled securely in mother's lap if the slightest indisposed.

Horrors! How can all this domestic happiness reign in the home of a suffragist?

If some of the public could have its way by talk and wagging of heads, it

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Nellie L. McClung

Continued from Page 26

storey one on a corner of two streets, in the residential part of Edmonton, the front of the house facing the west, excellent light entering from windows on the south and west. A good sized verandah runs the full width of the building, the main entrance to which is towards the north side. Entering the door one is in a square space fitted out with chairs, sofa, and so on. From the north side of this room a stairway winds up to the second storey. To one corner, underneath the winding stairway, is the telephone on a table, rather more than chair-high, with a seat nearby for the convenience of the one conversing. At the back of this square room is a doorway leading to the back part of the residence. To the right of the reception room is a long living room, there being no parlor, in the old-time acceptance of the term. The living room is two-thirds the width of the building.

This room gives one the impression, at once, of "home," there being none of the restrictions found in many of the society realms—in fact, the place has no semblance of "society" at all. There is an air of homefulness that makes one feel at ease immediately. The room has bright hardwood finished floor, on which are a number of mats or rugs, in careless yet becoming manner. There are several settees or sofas, each carrying a number of cushions, not in what may be looked upon as orthodox fashion, but lying about loosely as though having just been used. To one side of the spacious fireplace is a cabinet carrying the Encyclopedia Britannica, ready for use the moment a question arises, thus "fixing" many a matter right on the spot should there be doubt in the minds of those discussing a point. The fireplace is in the centre of the back of the long front room and is of red finished brick. The day visit was made there was material in the grate, as though thrown there to be out of the way, and still ready to do duty for the next fire. The screen in front of the fireplace was a little awry—the whole giving the idea that there should be no fixed arrangement, as use would be made very shortly of the fireplace. Though really not all finished as to being in position, there was no disorder, all appearing as for use and not ornament. To one corner of the room was the piano, and on it music, that exposed to view being "Tell Me" and "Dumbell Rag, Biff, Bing, Bang"—the latest in the soldier line—all appearing on the instrument as though having been just used? A little off from the piano was a cabinet, carrying library volumes. At the far end of the settee from the piano was a phonograph with records close at hand. Hanging from the mantelpiece, and at different points throughout the room, were hanging plants, while on tables here and there were other plants. The whole pretty homelike scene was enhanced by the singing of a canary off in another room. The place is lighted by electricity through lamps with subdued individual glasses, there being no chandeliers carrying large clusters of lamps and so on, all being of a plain though appropriate nature. On the settee and chairs, the latter being largely of the easy or rocker style, were books and magazines, as though just left by the individuals as call was made to some duty. There is nothing in the room to give one the impression of "You must not," all being bright and cheery, as though in evenings when the family is gathered a real enjoyable time was experienced.

On the occasion of the call, to one side of the cozy living room sat Mrs. McClung, senior, displaying some work and conversing with a lady friend in for the evening, both being on easy chairs out in the room. At the other end, on a sofa, was Mr. and Mrs. McClung conversing with the visitor who was on a comfortable chair in front of them. Though the conversation of the gentleman and wife was more directly with the visitor, it was not altogether so, as there was some with the ladies and also with the youngest son, who was on the floor going through a magazine. The lad noticed something about which he wished information. Putting the question to his mother, he was given answer in a quiet

manner. "Wes" and "Nell" is the way the couple addressed each other during the evening, the conversation being quite free with all in the room. Once a second son came in the front door and entered the room, not knowing any stranger was present. Excuse was made and the boy passed on. Such was the life at the McClung home the night an unarranged call was made.

The authoress is known as "Nellie L." McClung, emphasis being placed on the "L," so that there be distinction from the sister-in-law, Mrs. Anderson, whose name is also Nellie.—H.C.S.

Reclamation of Land

The Provincial Governments are taking a great deal of interest in the reclamation of lands that heretofore have seemed of little value. A great deal of land in Manitoba which was previously too wet for pasture, recently has been turned into valuable farming districts.

The largest undertaking of this kind in Manitoba, was the reclamation of a large area, comprising the bench lands on the east side of the Riding Mountain. Before this work was undertaken, the streams and freshets coming down from the mountain lost themselves and spread out over the land, making it very swampy, and the natural vegetation from the land having been decaying for centuries produced a very rich soil.

By a large system of deep ditches, carefully made and joined together, forming a complete system of drains with a natural outlet, this district has been well drained. While this work was only recently finished, to-day there are many prosperous farmers already in the district who have been able to work this land up into grain and stock farms. We are informed, farmers who have been in the district for only a few years increased their holdings in 1919 to the extent of about 10,000 acres. This would seem to prove that the undertaking by the government to reclaim these lands was of considerable value to the province as well as to the farmers especially affected.

There are several instances throughout Manitoba where similar reclamation work has been done and to-day the land in these same districts is being sold at prices equal to what was previously the high land.

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The new gasoline saver manufactured by the Simplex Gas Saver Company, is meeting with enthusiastic endorsement of car owners, and according to the company's report, sales throughout the west are daily increasing.

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A Misplaced Comma

A comma is a little thing, but so is a cinder in your eye. In the wrong place, little things can cause a great deal of trouble.

A certain poor woman whose husband was going to sea, handed through the clerk to the minister this notice, which she desired him to read in church. "A man going to sea, his wife desires the prayers of the congregation."

The minister punctuating it in his own way, read it thus—to the obvious amusement of his flock; "A man going to see his wife, desires the prayers of the congregation."



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The Young Man and His Problem

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

Sentence Sayings of Great Men

Here are ten expressions from the works of well known men that are surely worthy to challenge the attention. Some you may recognize readily; if the others are unfamiliar, they are none the less impressive.

He draweth out the thread of his verbosity finer than the staple of his argument.—Shakespeare.

Knowledge is of two kinds. We know a subject ourselves, or we know where we can find information upon it.—Johnson.

He that wrestles with us strengthens our nerves and sharpens our skill; our antagonist is our helper.—Burke.

Truth is as impossible to be soiled by any outward touch as the sunbeam.—Milton.

In the lexicon of youth, which fate reserves for a bright manhood, there is no such word as fail.—Lytton.

Always, from the least to the greatest, as the made thing is good or bad, so is the maker of it.—Ruskin.

The man who can hold uninteresting ideas before his mind until they gather interest, is the man who is going to succeed.—Hallock.

Everything that is great in life is the product of slow growth.—Jordan.

The question for each man to settle is not what he would do if he had the means, time, influence and educational advantages; the question is what he will do with the things he has.—Mabie.

A man that is young in years may be old in hours if he have lost no time. But that happeneth rarely.—Bacon.

Working for the Government

A few weeks ago, I met a man who had just secured a position with a private organization. Previously he had occupied a government post, a minor one, and he volunteered the information that he was not sorry to make the change, giving as his reason that in the government service he had observed that many were indifferent in their work because they were "working for the government."

There is indifference enough in many branches of life and it would not be right to suggest, when one can think of many faithful and efficient public servants, that there is more than the ordinary indifference in government branches. But, surely, it is time to emphasize the fact the hour has struck and that men need to face their tasks with a new resolve and a high purpose. All of us may realize profitably that we are working "with the government for ourselves."

Keeping the Desk Clear

Among the busy officials of one of the great Canadian railway companies was one, who, notwithstanding the fact that thousands of details were cleared through his office, kept his desk almost bare of papers. There was never a document visible on his desk except at such times as he was actually engaged in work on one. His secretary, too, was under instructions to follow similar procedure.

The contrast, after coming from some offices where the desks were literally swamped with correspondence and office data, was almost startling, but it carried a strong suggestion of efficiency, and was a method which might be followed with some profit in other branches of work.

Of course, we are not all possessed of desks to keep clear, but there are farmyards that would look none the worse if the debris were cleared away, and there are a few country stores, too, where a similar plan might work to some profit.

Trade Commandments

Just now there is in circulation a readable little folder which is entitled "Ten Commandments for Canadian Trade." They are as follows:

1. Buy Canadian products.
2. Import only necessities.
3. Produce to the limit in field and factory.
4. Co-operate, conserve, specialize, standardize.
5. Develop export markets.
6. Utilize Canadian services.
7. Manufacture raw materials to final stages in Canada.
8. Use science for the determination and development of natural resources.
9. Make quality the hall-mark of Canadian products.
10. Be fair to capital.

There does not seem to be much that is wrong in this, and there are several suggestions of which a personal application might be made. Search them out. Possibly we might encounter some difficulties in the practise of number five, if other countries should observe number one on their own account. But that is a matter for the economists.

The Value of History

A young business man asked me recently if the study of history was of any monetary value. "Such a question of course, belongs to the class of questions that probably should not be asked and, better still, left unanswered. An historian would have no trouble in proving that the reading of history is of very great moral and educational value. We cannot get rid of the past, and the past, much more than we realize, exercises a great influence upon our present and contemplated actions.

Actually, however, if one cared to study the subject from the very narrow viewpoint raised by our interrogator, he would find that the study of history has also a monetary value. The reading of history, as is the case with other recognized educational subjects, certainly tends to raise the general standard of intelligence, and when the standard of intelligence is raised, the business man has much less trouble in working through the intricacies of modern commercial transactions. And whenever the barriers of ignorance are pierced in business, there is a financial saving.

An Invitation

Is there a subject in which you have an especial interest and which you would like to receive an extra share of space on this page? Perhaps, indeed, there are several matters that you would like to receive publicity and discussion. Send in your list, arranging the topics in the order of their importance or interest to you. In so far as they may be of general interest, we will endeavor to respond.

A Message

After many years of careful study of the philosophy of business, and of thoughts and principles which lead to success in business and in life, one thought stands out to me conspicuous as a great truth for all time.

Life is what we make it.
My heart's message is this:
Make the most of your life. Love work because, it is useful to mankind, and because the best in you must find expression of some kind or it will never really be yours, nor can it be of value to others. Life is activity. Write in large letters across your sky the words, Purpose, Truth, Expression. Love life, if not for what it is, then for what it can be. Live for the common good. Have high standards in every direction. Strive continually to equip yourself for higher work. Work faithfully at what you can do well. Know men for the best, there is in them, and yourself likewise. Love all knowledge that is useful and in proportion to its usefulness. Keep alive your feeling, your sympathy, respect and love for others. "Out of the heart are the issues of life."—W. P. Warren.

Thoughts of a Veteran

These are the ideas not of a military, but of an agricultural, veteran. Some years ago, when in attendance at an irrigation convention in British Columbia, a farmer of over seventy years was asked to address the audience. He responded, in a voice that was still resonant and pleasantly toned. He spoke at length and without tiring, either himself or his listeners, and among the many excellent things he said, were these:

Never put into any one crop, be it potatoes, pigs or wheat, more than you can afford to lose in it.

I have travelled over practically every agricultural area of North America, and in all of those areas that had a reputation for being barren and unproductive, I have always found at least one man who was making a good living on the land.

Words from an Old Friend

Several years ago, the Rev. Dr. J. L. Gordon was the deservedly popular editor of this page, and those of our present readers who used to follow his writings then, will be interested, along with our new subscribers, in the following rousing sentences from some of his recorded work:

What a man says is a true indication of what a man is.

When Energy resides with Stability, success and happiness are the result.

A failure never injures an honest man.

When God would move men, he moves one man.

Whatever you possess in common with most men attests your humanity.

The breath of life includes the breadth of life.

The aristocracy of character is the aristocracy of heaven.

Perspiration is the secret of inspiration.

Every adverse circumstance has an advantage.

Young men, there are only two things with which you need concern yourselves—method and motive.

Co-operation in Industry

Something has appeared before in these pages about interdependence, and in these days of attempted class strife, we welcome the thoughts of reasonable men on a subject such as is indicated by our heading. Read a portion of what Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler has to say herein:

"If we abandon our fondness for abstractions and look at any industrial process just as it is, we quickly discover that it is an enterprise in human co-operation, and that in it there may be and usually are three different kinds or sorts of co-operating human beings, those who work with their brains and those who work with their hands and those who work with their savings. These are all alike essential to productive industry, and production is the joint enterprise in which all are engaged in common."

What Manitoba is Doing

If you want to know officially what your own province is doing in agriculture, in education, in development of natural resources, in public welfare plans, and in a score of other measures that are making our province a good place to live in, get your name on the mailing list of the Manitoba Public Service Bulletin. It is published for you at the legislative buildings Winnipeg, and will be sent on application to the Publicity Commissioner.

Study Paragraph

This is one of our regular series of suggestive paragraphs for those of our readers who wish for material containing definite educational suggestions.

1. Define the word industry. When is a business called an industry.
2. Name several raw materials. Name some industries whose business it is to produce raw materials.
3. Name some companies or industries whose business it is, or whose principal function it is, to manufacture from raw materials.
4. Name some companies or groups of companies that make articles more useful by transporting them to places where they are needed.
5. Name some companies which in manufacturing one product, make a secondary or by-product.
6. Trace the labor that is necessary to put a loaf of bread on the table.
7. Trace the changes that the mineral undergoes to be suitable for the making of edged tools.
8. Name a number of by-products and what they are by-products of.
9. Name some companies that manufacture more than one article, but all of the same class.
10. How would you classify methods of transportation?

Suggestions for Debates

In many sections of the country where community work has a place, the debating society plays an important and interesting part. Perhaps the most important thing about a debate is the subject that is chosen. Many subjects are debated which really should not lend themselves to argument as, for instance, a debate which was announced recently to the effect that reading was more beneficial than travelling. For those whose task it may be shortly to arrange the details of a debate, the following list is submitted.

1. That the average young man has a better chance to succeed in agriculture than in business.
2. That the profit-sharing plan produces greater efficiency in the working force.
3. That manufacturing industries would suffer if immigration were restricted.
4. That moving picture shows do more harm than good.
5. That every town should have a public park in the business district.
6. That the results of Arctic explorations have not justified the cost.
7. That man is not the architect of his own fortune.
8. That all government should be conducted on the civil service plan.
9. That the business of a city should not be centralized.
10. That corporations reduce the cost of commodities.

Old Dan as a Foster Parent

By B. Dalton Tipping

OLD Dan opened the door of his cabin and looked out. "Jove!" "but she's a fierce night," he said to himself as he resumed his seat and proceeded with his task of replacing a damaged snowshoe. "This snow is going to give me more work uncovering that line of traps, to say nothing of having to break all my trails again. Never mind, if she had come last night it would have caught me in my brush shelter at the lower end of the lake."

Suddenly he was aroused from his meditations by a knocking on the door. "Who the dickens can be out a night like this," he thought, as he called, "Come in!"

The door opened and an Indian stepped in. "Hello Joe! Pretty bad night, eh," said Dan as he shook hands. "Take a chair and I'll have a cup of tea for you in a minute. Where are you camped?"

"Half a mile down the lake," said the Indian, indicating the direction with his hand. "My woman pretty sick; we travel these days, and all the time she get worse; papoose twins day sick too. You know Jacob? He come here with me two years ago."

Dad nodded the recollection. "His woman dead two weeks ago; he was awful sick, but he better now." Dan had heard from a neighboring trapper that the "flu" was raging throughout the whole Dominion, and especially among the Indians, with whom, in the majority of cases it proved fatal.

Then Dan inquired, "Where are you making for now?"

"My house at Lac St. Ann," said the Indian, "but I stay here a few days, and maybe my woman get better. Today all the time she sick in de head; she take Indian medicine, but it no good. I come here to-night because I think, maybe, you have some white man medicine."

"I'll sure have a look," said Dan. "Get some of this tea in you; there's bannock and meat on the table, while I see what I can find in the medicine line."

From a shelf Dan took down a tin box, which he termed his first aid, but the same box had on a good many occasions been the one and only aid procurable, there not being a doctor within two hundred miles.

After rummaging through the box, Dan picked up a small envelope. "Ah! here we are, some small asperin. I guess that's the best I have here."

"Now, Joe, when you get back to your tepee give your woman one of these," placing one tablet in the palm of his hand. "To-morrow morning give her one more. Understand."

"Yes I know," assured the Indian, and as he departed Dan told him he would call in at the tepee in the morning when on his trap round.

The following morning on finishing breakfast Dan gathered his trap kit together, animal, bait, etc., then putting on his snowshoes he took the path that skirted the lake shore. On nearing the Indian camp he was met by a band of savage dogs. Joe came out to meet him, but by his expression Dan knew something was wrong.

"My woman awful sick last night, and this morning she gone queer in de head. She think she see big bear in tepee, but she quiet now. I not feel good myself. I guess I get sick like my woman, maybe die. Oh! I wish I home."

Dan told him to stay in the tepee and keep his feet dry, then after seeing they had wood and water, went on to his traps, saying that he would call in on his way back. On returning he cut a good supply of wood for them and then went back to his cabin, where he found Shorty McDonald, a neighboring trapper, who had recently made a trip to the settlement, bringing Dan's mail. Shorty's camp was twelve miles east on Otter Creek his trap line extended in the direction of Dan's cabin, and he frequently spent the night with Dan.

"I tell you Shorty: I'm sure worried about those Indians. If the father and

mother should cash in, I'll certainly have to act as foster parent to those little papooses till someone comes after them."

"How old are they?" Shorty inquired. "Why darn it man they are still tied up in those toddled socks. You know what I mean." Shorty nodded. Must be under a year, anyway. "Have you ever had any experience in caring for young un's, Dan?"

"No I haven't," Dan replied, "except raising a bear cub once; but I guess they would be pretty much the same. Feed 'em when they're hungry I reckon is the main point."

Before retiring Dan persuaded Shorty to stay with him through this worrying affair, saying, "If the worst comes to the worst I'll need your help."

The following morning Dan was up early. Breakfast over, he told Shorty he would hike down and see how the Indians were. "I guess I had better take this pot of mulligan along, as they won't be feeling like cooking anything."

Shorty waited until noon and then decided to go down to the camp and see what was keeping Dan.

The barking of the dogs announced his arrival, causing Dan to look out, and

on seeing Shorty went to meet him. "She has gone over the long road, Shorty, and Joe will be with her before long. Come inside."

Dan raised the flap of the tepee and went in, Shorty following.

A small fire was burning in the center which Dan had kept replenished. The poor squaw lay covered with a blanket, and against some pack bags the two little papooses were propped. Joe lay huddled by the fire. As Dan and Shorty entered he opened his eyes, but his feeble glance showed no sign of recognition.

Dan beckoned to Shorty to sit down and in a low tone said, "Poor Joe asked me when the long night came to take the papooses and look after them until I could get word to his sister or the missionary of the reserve."

They sat in silence for some time. Finally Dan got to his feet and knelt down beside Joe. "Poor fellow, his long night has come."

"Now Shorty for business. I'll put things in shape here, while you hit back to the cabin and get my rifle. Those dogs have got to be put out of the way."

Half an hour later Shorty and Dan left the gruesome camp, each carrying a crying papoose.

On reaching the cabin, Dan at once opened and diluted a can of condensed milk, which he heated to what he

thought was the correct temperature.

While Dan was thus engaged Shorty was frantically jiggling the papooses, balancing one on each knee, and whistling "Casey Jones," which did not appear to have the soothing effect he had hoped for.

Finally Dan had the milk ready, and after having placed a slice of bread in it, these two rugged old trappers undertook the delicate task of feeding the unfortunate little orphans. Through the sickness of their parents they had been very much neglected, so natural instinct predominated, and it was with beaming faces that Dan and Shorty saw them munch the last spoonful.

"Here Shorty, we've got to get them out of these blamed baskets, and then we'll rig up a blanket hammock."

This they suspended from two beams, and then carefully snuggled the papooses in for the night.

"Now," said Dan, "I'm going to write the agent of the Lac St. Ann Reserve, and I think Shorty you had better hike for the settlement in the morning. The sooner we get word to them the sooner we will be relieved of this responsibility. It will take you three days to get out, and that will just hit it right for catching the outgoing mail. Of course, the traps will have to take pot luck till you

Continued on page 36

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JABEZ MANDERS sat in the back seat of the little country schoolhouse, where the Presbyterians were going through the closing exercises of their Sunday School, under the leadership of Fred Seymour. Fred was holding forth with beautiful sincerity on the virtues and values of the "Golden Rule." "Do unto one another as ye would that men should do unto you," he declared, "is the acme of human perfection." Old Jabez chewed the wisp of his iron grey beard, which had the knack of curling perceptibly into the corner of his mouth when anything displeased him, or hurt his conscience. The latter agent troubled him but little. He had choked it down long years before under the false doctrine of materialism as opposed to idealism which fed the soul of young Fred Seymour. But anyone looking at Jabez this morning would know very well that he was displeased as Fred continued in his earnest voice, "If any man would know the peace and harmony among his neighbors, if any nation would learn how to beat their swords into ploughshares and their spears into pruning hooks, if any woman would know the joy of having a sweet word said about her behind her back, if any boy would know the thrill of true comradeship among his school fellows; if any girl would know the value of a friend's confidence; the great secret is all found in the Master's words; 'Do unto others as ye would that they should do unto you.' Let us pray."

The displeased look deepened in old Manders' face as he saw, among the young couples departing from the schoolhouse, his daughter Grace and Fred Seymour walking side by side toward the Manders' homestead. Mrs. Manders joined her husband, and together they started for home, a few rods behind the young folks.

Grace Manders had inherited her father's strength of character, her mother's gentle manner, and from her old schoolmate, Fred Seymour, she had learned to look at life's possibilities through the telescope of idealism. It was herein that now lay the cause of Jabez Manders' displeasure. He knew that Grace and Fred loved each other, and they would likely soon be approaching him, for his consent to their marriage. But he was determined that so long as Seymour held such fanatical and sentimental ideas, he, himself, would never give his consent to their marriage. He had argued and argued with Fred on religion and politics, but Fred always seemed to get the better of it by keeping his ideals above those of the older farmer. The fact of having to sit in silence in the Sunday School while Fred was speaking had added to the old man's chagrin, with the result that things boded ill for the young people's romance.

Fred was too full of youth and healthy animal vigor to notice the sustained silence on the part of the old man. After dinner, however, while Grace and her mother were clearing away the dishes, Jabez went out to have a smoke in the shade of some of his beautiful ash trees.

Fred followed him out quietly and seated himself on the grass near by. His heart was making a curious pounding that sounded in his ears; for he was essaying a task he had never tried before. The young man talked nervously of horses, cows, crops and weather without much sequence of thought or coherence of ideas. He was doing what hundreds of other young men have done. Talking nonsense just because he felt he must say something, and coming to the point was very difficult.

Finally he blurted out with startling suddenness, "Mr. Manders, you are aware of my attentions towards Grace. It would make it more pleasant all around to have your consent." It was a long speech for Fred and left him fagged and nervous, but the old man's reply recalled all his dignity and manhood once more.

"If you think," hissed the old farmer, "that I am such a fool as to consent to my daughter marrying anyone with such high falutin' fool notions of business and farming, then you're mighty badly mistaken. You, with your ideas of the Golden Rule and beatin' swords into ploughshares and spears into prunin' hooks. I tell you if you'd beat your swords into bullets and your spears into skinnin' knives it would be more to the point. Bullets and skinnin' knives, them's the weapons for the modern day. Bullets and skinnin' knives are my sentiments. You Sunday School men may think you're all right, but when it comes to scrapin' a livin' out of this old world your ideas are about as soft as the butter at your last picnic in July. The Golden Rule might bring harmony among neighbors, but it will never bring the jingle of silver into your pockets, nor add to your bank account. I want my daughter to marry a man with lots of up and git-there to him, and never mind the Golden Rule and all that tommy rot."

Fred was rather taken back by this outburst, and before he could gather his wits to reply, Jabez hurled a challenge at him that sent his blood bounding in unison with a brain more active than the old man realized.

"Bullets and skinnin' knives are my weapons," said the old man again, "and they should be yours when you can show me that you can shoot a man financially and skin him the same way, then I'll listen to your proposal, but not before."

CHAPTER II

"Here is a letter, father," said Mrs. Manders, "from the Hare and Hound Mortgage Company. I did not know you had anything mortgaged except to Graves and Slack." Jabez took the letter with a hand that trembled slightly as the big envelope revealed a seal of legal significance and gravity. His wife watched him as he opened the document, and she saw the wisp of beard curled once more between his gritting teeth. "What is the matter, father," queried his wife solicitously. "Is there something wrong?" For reply he dropped the letter into her lap, sat down on the verandah chair, and hid his blanched cheeks in his hands.

Mrs. Manders read the letter.

Mr. Jabez Manders,
Sir—

"Having secured the control of the liabilities and assets of the Graves and Slack Company of Silverdale, we beg to remind you that we hold a mortgage against your homestead to the extent of six thousand dollars (\$6,000). To prevent the necessity of foreclosure we urge that the mortgage be redeemed at the end of the present month, when it is legally due. Also we wish to state that further renewals are impossible.

Yours truly,

The Hare & Hound Company,

"Surely, Father, this cannot be so," sighed Mrs. Manders, with tears of anxiety in her eyes. At least they looked like tears to Jabez Manders, as he lifted his writhing face to meet his wife's. He

shook his head with the sorry mien of a man who knew no hope.

"To think," he muttered, "that Graves and Slack would sell out to them hard skinned wretches, who ever they are. If they don't renew, then we are ruined and homeless." His bowed head bore a look that Mrs. Manders had not seen there since they laid their only son away in the churchyard. Her husband had always been hard and selfish, and the death of their son was to Jabez made bitter by actual loss, rather than the loneliness. At this juncture she did not know what to say or do. That he was suffering acutely was patent, but perhaps therein lay the remedy for his extreme selfishness. So she determined to allow the medicine to do its work. She felt like some grim priestess of a cruel pagan rite. Yet the only alternative would have undone all the good that might eventually follow from the present crisis.

That night was a long and restless one for Jabez Manders. When awake his thoughts drove him to the verge of distraction, when he slept his wife heard him muttering, "Ruined and homeless, ruined and homeless." Once she feigned sleep herself, and knowing that he was awake she muttered "Bullets and skinnin' knives." He started like a man who had seen his own ghost. His wife, whose heart ached for the big selfish man that she loved, urged him to lie down and try to sleep quietly. But all to no avail.

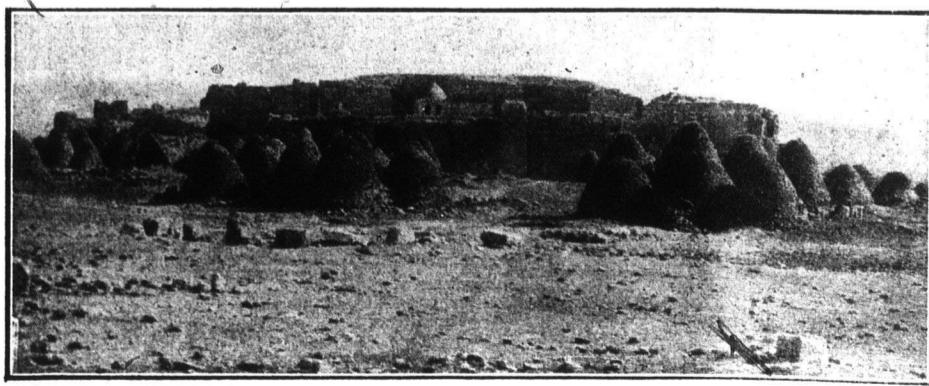
At the first streak of dawn, he was up, hurrying about the chores, in preparation for a long drive. The letter that had brought about his present state of affairs, had definitely stated that renewal was impossible, but he determined to try with all his persuasiveness to win this concession from the Hare and Hound Company.

Eight o'clock found Jabez at the door of Graves and Slack Company's office, to ascertain the why and wherefore of this strange transaction, which left him at the mercy of the Hare and Hound Company. Mr. Graves met him and explained that his firm was confronted with liabilities requiring immediate attention, so he was either obliged to foreclose the mortgages he held or sell them. Feeling that his former clients would have more time to adjust matters, and thus prevent foreclosure he sold out. He was deeply grieved to learn, however, of the present conditions, etc. Jabez cut him short with a fierce snort and made for the offices of the Hare and Hound Company. He found the place without difficulty, but was angered still more by the announcement on the door, "Office hours 10 a.m. to 3 p.m." "Must think they're a young bank," muttered Jabez to himself, as he looked at his watch and realized that he had still an hour and a half to wait. He sat down in the corridor, chewed the stray wisp of beard and read and re-read the letter that seemed to spell ruin in every word. It seemed incredible that he, who had worked and schemed for a life-time, should now be faced with no alternative but ruin. Surely there was some code of justice or honor, or at least a law of compensation that would intervene. He wondered what he could do if he should fail to win the concession of renewal from this new upstart of a young company. Would he and his wife have to live upon the kindness of Grace and her husband, that is if she would ever have a husband, now that Fred had gone away. Apparently Seymour had given up all notion of accepting the challenge hurled at him on that Sunday afternoon, some three months past. He had remembered the quiet, saddened expression on his daughter's face when Fred had left the community, but congratulated himself on being rid of a sentimental young fool for a son-in-law.

The hour of ten approached and with it the sound of footsteps in the inner office. A boy unlocked the outer office door and admitted Jabez. He took a seat while a young looking clerk pored over ledgers of apparently great significance. For a few moments the young man remained at his work and then inquired politely of Jabez if there was anything he could do for him.

The old man sprang to his feet and threw the letter of ill tidings down on the desk in front of the clerk without saying a word. The clerk glanced over the letter and then said in a colorless tone, "I suppose you wish to redeem the mortgage now, though it is not legally due until the end of the month."

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This photo shows houses two miles outside Aleppo on the road to Baghdad. They are homes of Arabs and are built of stone and bricks having only one door and no windows. They are about 20 feet in diameter and almost as high from ground to roof.

Bullets and Skinnin' Knives

Continued from page 30

"Great Caesar!" bawled Manders. "Do you think I'd come down here and sit around for two hours to pay my debts before they're due? Guess again, young feller. I want that mortgage renewed."

"I am sorry, Mr. Manders, but I have no authority to grant renewals under the present orders of the Company. In fact, the letter states explicitly that further renewals are impossible."

"But, by thunder! can't you see what it means to me if it is not renewed?"

"It simply means the realization of the risk you took when you mortgaged your property, Mr. Manders. This business is run on business and not charitable lines. Your business experience though will likely suggest to you some alternative to foreclosure. Have you any bonds or stocks that might be accepted as partial redemption of the mortgage?"

"See here, young feller, I want to see the boss of this firm. I tell you this mortgage must be renewed. Tell the boss to come here."

"I am sorry, Mr. Manders, but if you mean the manager, you will have to wait till the middle of next month to see him. He is away on his annual vacation."

"The middle of next month!" The world seemed to be falling about him, and a million demons shouting ruin into his ears. He turned to take a seat when his eyes rested on a picture on the wall. It was a northern hunting scene. The coureur de bois had just shot his deer. His rifle was leaning against a tree and the hunter was just commencing to skin his game. Manders' face blanched once more and his hair bristled, "Bullets and skinnin' knives!" he groaned as he sank into a seat. The hard and selfish soul of Jabez Manders was being stretched ruthlessly upon the rack he had so often contemplated for others. Before the middle of next month he would be a homeless wanderer, at the mercy of the merciful whom he had so persistently condemned.

"What could be done to forestall disaster till the manager returned?" Jabez was thinking out loud. The clerk heard him.

"Mr. Manders," said the youth. "Although I am not in a position to renew the mortgage, I have the authority to postpone its foreclosure, provided there is added sufficient security to modify the risk we take in carrying the mortgage."

These were hard business words, but as a drowning man grasps at a straw, so Jabez saw in them a gleam of hope.

"Added security, eh, young feller," he said in a voice that evinced new hope. Anything to forestall disaster until the manager returned. Jabez felt that he could certainly fix everything satisfactorily if only he could see the manager.

"Well," he temporized, "I don't know just what could you call added security, unless it is my shares in the Silver Spring Mining Company."

Jabez had invested four thousand dollars in the Silver Springs Mining Company when shares were quoted at twenty-five per cent. (25%) and the last quotation he had received from the Company indicated a drop of fifteen per cent. He was afraid the company would fail and his four thousand would be lost. Now he felt his old business capacities coming to the top once more. If he could use his falling shares to save his homestead he would be satisfied.

The clerk stepped to the phone and called up the broker.

"Quotations, please, on the Silver Springs Mining Company this morning."

"Ten per cent.," replied the broker. "It sure looks a little shaky this morning."

The clerk left the phone and turned to Manders. "That is pretty shaky stuff to call security, Mr. Manders. The shares are quoted this morning at ten per cent. I know I am taking a big risk with the firm's finances, but if you are willing to transfer your stock to our firm I can secure you against foreclosure for six weeks. In the meantime you can adjust things with the manager."

It was certainly a weak business policy on the part of Jabez Manders but when "the devil drives needs must," so he accepted the only alternative to immediate ruin.

Continued on page 47



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Love Never Faileth

By E. C. Cumming

A FEW centuries ago a certain great thinker, writing to a group of young men who were starting out upon a new enterprise, told them that he had come to the conclusion, after considerable observation, that the one thing that did not fail in all the varying vicissitudes of life, was the thing he called love. "Love never faileth," he said, and because he was a keen observer and, more especially, because his philosophy had a ring of truth about it, there have been millions who have accepted it as being the real standard of life.

As he sat alone with himself, having touched the depths of life and reviewing the way he had come, Grover Keniston, joined the great throng of believers, for the rawness of the deal that life in general had handed him had been eased by the touch of kindness. After all, he had come to think life was not so bad even though it meant failure in some things there were many others that made the failure almost worth while.

He had been born and raised in a small town away back in the State of Maine and was the third member of a large and constantly increasing family. His parents had drifted into the valley in the early days and had seized what they thought the best prospect in the erection of a pool hall, to which was added later a barber's chair. At first business was prosperous until one day a group of travelling preachers visited the town and engineered a revival, with the result that the tender consciences of the youths of the town were touched, and their simple amusements cut down. That was the first great drawback to the scheme, and with several periods of sickness and consequent misfortunes, the business gradually became reduced to a mere pittance. The elder Keniston had always cherished the ideal of a well placed and well educated family, but the failure of his little business, relegated the dream to the limbo of unrealized ideals. Thus, at the age of twelve, Grover finished his schooling and found his first attempt at commerce as the chore boy in the local general store. Each week as he received his five dollars in pay he was expected to contribute the larger amount of it to the family pool with the result, that the lad determined that as soon as opportunity presented itself, he would seek other and newer pastures beyond his native hills. The great world lay outside and, from the accounts which drifted in from time to time, it was a great world, and he made up his mind that some day he would not only see it for himself, but would investigate its promises of success.

The opportunity came one day when a party of men, representing one of the great Canadian railroads, passed through his town and, after a conference with them, he decided to accept a position in the great West in one of the depots that were then opening up along the Trans-Continental line. A few weeks after, before he had reached the age of eighteen, without a very full education in the academic subjects and certainly with no training in the ways of the great world, he set out as do many others, to conquer it or to go down in the attempt. With the enthusiasm of youth and the daring of his kind, he set out to win himself a place among his fellows, and determined, that unless he was successful, his native valley would know him no more.

His first position was that of an assistant in one of the great depots of the Northwest, in short in the city of Regina, and for the first year of his career he became successful and rose in position, until he found himself in charge of the wicket and with it a position of trust.

The native geniality won him a place among the patrons of the company and more than one passenger looked eagerly for the smile and joke of the ticket agent, indeed, he became in time one of the general favorites both among those who did business with him and his fellow employees. The prospects of his future looked as rosy as possible and there were some who even prophesied that, before very many years, he would be in a position that would bring his name before the public as a man to be honored.

The one thing about the position, however, was the fact that his presence was required for a considerably short period each day, and that there were

many hours between the quitting of work at six and bedtime that came anywhere around eleven. With some men, of course, there would have come the desire to study some branch of the business and so better his position later in life, but with Keniston the lack of education and the satisfaction he had with the job he held, made such improvements unnecessary in his mind. Besides after worrying over books ten hours a day, a fellow is not very anxious to study them for another three when he could be free to roam the city and meet friends. Of course, meeting with friends was quite expedient if the friends were of the right sort, but unfortunately in most of our cities, there are those who are anything of the right sort, and who are ready at any time to prey upon those who have little training and who are easy enough to be caught. Down home the extent of the wildness of Grover Keniston had been an occasional game of pool in his father's room, or at most, a game of cards at some party drawn together by some of his friends.

Thus, alone in the city, with little ambition, with many long evenings idle except to sleep and read in a hall bedroom, the boy became an easy mark for the sharks and quickly he was drawn into the net which brought about his downfall. For the first few weeks he seemed in some way to be able to keep his gains ahead of his losses, and the games seemed to be not only legitimate but a good way of spending the long evenings that had become a dread to him. Thus, for several weeks he became a regular figure around the table and was held in esteem by the fellows who ran the joint. Then came the crash. Several nights followed each other when his luck seemed to have deserted him and his losses mounted up until they reached a figure, that when he came to the reckoning, made him stagger. With his weekly wage standing at fifteen per, a gambling debt reaching into the eighties was by no means a pleasing prospect, and he saw the necessity of retrieving in some way the losses he had sustained.

The temptation and the way out seemed to be presented to him a few days later when, owing to the briskness of the season, he was asked to work late and to settle up the accounts for the day, which had run up into several hundreds of dollars. The day had been a trying one and the fact that Keniston had made an appointment to meet his "friends" that evening, and to try and retrieve his losses added a sense of keen disappointment to the lad's view, and while, he knew it was impossible for him to get down to the "joint" until later, he decided that he would repair to the place when he could conveniently leave. The question immediately arose in his mind, however, as to how he would secure the money to make the initial effort to win out. The day in question was towards the end of the week and wages would not be coming for a few days, while his immediate needs had very largely taken the most of his past check. He had made several attempts to borrow during the day, only to be told that others like himself, were in a similar position, and that the only possible place was the chief. Now for Grover to go to the chief would have brought an inquiry as to his way of living, and the truth would have of course cost him his position. No man wants to employ a gambler even though he is straight, for there was always the possibility of losses and the temptation to use the money he was handling during the day for the pleasure of the night. Thus, when he came to the time that he was to lock his safe for the night, the idea came into his head that he could borrow some of the cash until the following morning when he could replace it before its temporary absence could be detected. He was always first at the office, and having the keys of the safe, he could very easily make the manoeuvre without any possibility of it being known to the men who were in charge. With trembling hands and with a sense of coming disaster he pocketed a sum that he thought sufficient for the initial plays, and locking the safe, went out into the night.

There are some events which, while they are minor in their aspects, are very real in the changing of one's course of life, and which, if the significance could be grasped at the time, would save many a wreck afterwards. Such happened to

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Love Never Faileth

Continued from Page 32

Keniston as he was making his way through the crowd that waited in the rotunda of the great depot, for the first person into whom he ran was a girl that he had noticed several times at the wicket and who always had a word of cheer. Every Wednesday afternoon she had come and bought a ticket for a station a short distance from the city and always had left behind her the smile that was better than the finest flowers to be procured at the florists in the city. Everyone in the office had been attracted to it and to her, for she had followed the practice for several months, and the memory of that smile had brought out several remarks from some of the men who, otherwise were thought to be impervious to such feminine attractions. Strangely enough, too, most of the men came to the conclusion that she was different from most of the girls whom they had met, and thus cultivated a real and genuine if secret respect for the "Wednesday Afternoon" lady. On the evening in question by one of those small accidents which happen sometimes around a station Keniston was precipitated almost into her arms, by tripping over some object on the ground.

With a grace that was natural if awkward, he made his apologies and would have immediately effaced himself had it not been for the same smile that had attracted him on other occasions.

"Oh it's quite all right, Mr. Ticket Man. They really ought to see to it, though, that they do not have things lying around the floor to trip up such thoughtful employees as may come out late at night. Why it would have been very embarrassing if you had completed the gymnastics that would have landed you into my arms you know," she said with an attempt at joking.

Keniston colored with a shyness that was natural and was taken back with the pleasing look upon the face of the lady whom he had nearly knocked off her feet.

"I hardly think it's anyone's fault other than my own for I should have been looking out for such things instead of dreaming on a depot platform," he said in excuse.

"You know I think we are almost old friends by now. I have seen you so often," she said, and Keniston wished for the moment that he could really lay claim to the privilege.

"Well, hardly friends except in a business way, although if you will let me say so I would like to find the real thing and count you among my acquaintances. If you knew what some of the fellows say about you when you come, why there's almost a fight when it comes near to the two-twenty on Wednesdays for the chance of serving you. I'd like to know where you get that smile," he said, feeling afterwards that he had trespassed too much upon a passing acquaintance.

"Well, I think there's enough to cry about and plenty to do the crying, don't you know, so I try to do a little of the more pleasing thing and laugh now and again. You see it takes someone who can smile to go out where I go every Wednesday," she said.

Keniston would have given the world to know where she went, but felt that to do so at that juncture would have been the height of impertinence.

"What do you do in the evenings when you are off duty?" was the next question from the girl, and which changed the subject. If she had but known it was one of the most embarrassing things she could have asked at the moment, and which gave the lad a start as he remembered the plans he had made for the evening.

"Oh, I knock around the city and do what most fellows do you know until bedtime," was his way of getting out of the situation.

"That means not much, eh," she said. "Oh, well, can you suggest some other way of putting in an evening after working ten hours during the day?" he queried.

"Well, I can, but then perhaps you would not be wanting to follow them, but, then, it may do you some good if you did," was the cryptic remark. If Keniston had not been sure of his secrecy regarding the way he had spent the last few months he would have been convinced that she had "inside information." It was, however, a remark that was brought out by her searching observations of the way very many of her acquaintances put in their spare time.

"I would be glad if you are free some evening if you would come up to the house. My people are always entertaining fellows whom they say are unattached and I am sure we should be glad to welcome you with the rest some Thursday evening. Oh, by the way this is Thursday and if you are free why not come home with me now. You see I expected to meet one of my old college friends but she has not come and I am going home now," she invited.

Keniston immediately got red and wondered whether after all it was not better to accept the invitation and let the evening at the "joint" go by the board, when he was reminded that it was to be the one night when he would be able to retrieve his losses and answered,

"Well, I'm sorry, Miss, er, but I have another engagement."

"My name is Maclaughlin, Mary Maclaughlin, and we live on College-No. 1420. I'm sorry that you can't come to-night, but just drop in any Thursday evening and we shall be glad to see you," she said with a touch of disappointment.

"Thanks, and my name is not Mr. Ticket Collector, but Grove Keniston," he replied.

"I like the sound of that name and it has something about it to make it worth while you know. Still it's rather rude to pass remarks upon a stranger's name, isn't it, so please forgive me."

She turned and was gone, leaving behind her the same fragrance which seemed to have taken what may have seemed to be impertinence in the conversation that had taken place between them. For any other girl to have found out so much upon a first acquaintance would have relegated her to a class much lower than herself, but for Mary Maclaughlin, it was one of those ordinary things which she did every day of her life.

She was one of those souls who, having made her philosophy of life, determined to carry it out regardless of the protests that came from her friends and relations. More than once she had come in for a scolding at what, to them, seemed to be boldness on her part, but she pointed out that she had never met with trouble and that most men were good at heart if you only found out their hearts. So she went on in her way despite the fact that again and again they protested against her actions.

Keniston left alone immediately made up his mind that the evening he was about to put in would be the last of its kind. He was a fool he said to carry on that way when he could make the friendship of such people as she, and after he had made up the losses of the past, he would quit for good and go straight. It was one of those real resolves that would have been carried out, for from that moment he had a deeper and finer regard for the "Wednesday Girl." She was for him something to be desired, and while, he realized that she was miles above his reach from every standpoint, yet he decided to make himself fit for the time when he could make that promise of friendship rest upon something bigger and greater. Yes he would make good and go to her with the name she had admired a clean and good thing.

That evening, however, unfortunately changed his course.

At first, as he had entered the game he had made good, and it looked as though he were to achieve his object. The stakes were slowly rising and the fever had taken its hold. Game after game the stakes went higher and each time he went in with the others with varying fortunes. Then came the great plunge. Stakes were up to twenty-five dollars for a trick and he unconsciously began to reckon up its prospects until, with a sense of joy he realized that a win here would give not only the past, but something for the future as well. He began to reckon what he could do with what he won, for if his luck came to him he could quit the game then and there. He was reckoning the chickens before they were hatched out, however, and each play went against him until he found that he was not only far from gaining the goal he had set, but had gone further into the hole than ever. With weary steps and eyes that protruded from long playing he left the room to take an account of his play.

The first thing he realized was that the borrowings he had made from the safe were gone, and that, instead of having made up his losses, he had added to them very materially. Indeed, so great was the loss, Continued on page 34

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PUBLICITY is the power that will keep your business humming. An advertisement in *The Western Home Monthly* will prove this to your satisfaction.

Love Never Faileth

Continued from page 33

that he was beyond being able to retrieve them, and even, if he could in any way borrow the money to replace his takings, it would be months before he could possibly be put on to his feet, financially. Thus, the first thing that came to him was the terrible realization that he had committed a theft. He was on a par with those whom he had seen going down to the jail every day, and that if he were found out he, too, would be compelled to bear the same disgrace. Strangely enough at this time the thoughts of the girl of the depot came to him and with a great remorse he realized that he had put out of his life that ideal for ever. How could he go to her house a thief? How could he expect that she would even notice him when he had brought disgrace upon the name that she had said was worth while keeping clean? He had made it a thing that could be tossed about by the lowest of the city life, and how could he face her again, and know that he had broken the trust that she had reposed upon him?

It was with these thoughts that he took to his bed in the early hours of the morning, having reached no conclusion as to his future course of action. The late hours brought oversleep and he awoke to realize that the safe would have long since been opened and the discrepancy noticed, and thus, he decided to do what was really the worst thing possible, he made up his mind that he would "jump the job." It was the worst possible thing that he could do for it added to his list of crimes the taint of the coward, and put him beyond all possible consideration.

Two days passed in which he hung about the rooming house, giving excuse after excuse for his presence during the working hours, until, towards the evening, he had a visitor that took him in charge. Then the greatness of the calamity came upon him as he woke up to the fact that he must face a charge that would put him into jail perhaps for several months and break his acquaintance not only with Mary, but with all the respectable citizens whom he knew. The trial came off in a few days and because he pleaded the only plea he could, guilty, he was sentenced to serve three months in the common jail of the city. Strangely enough in these days of civilization we call the thing "justice" that counts property costing below a hundred dollars more than equal to the possibilities that such an incarceration may have upon a life, and we send the boys who have gone wrong to mix with the worst criminals because of some fool mistake, and thus condemn them to a life of shame and a masonry of crime.

The first week in the jail was one of the longest Keniston had ever known. After the routine work of the day was over, he was expected to spend his hours in his cell without a break except for a few books that had been given by some well-meaning individual to the prison library, but, which, strangely enough, made the position worse. The donor of this library had suffered from the mistaken idea that it was best to bring out the enormity of the wreck he had caused, and all the books granted him were of a religious character and which emphasized the impossibility of the sinner gaining the bliss from which he had fallen. Again and again, in the quiet of these hours, with impatience

written upon his face he would fling the literature from him with a curse. What did the writer really know about life? Had he ever touched its depths as he had done? If he (the writer) had been asked to start life as he had, would he have done differently? What he needed was, not to be told of the greatness of the fall, but a sympathy that would show him how to make good the mistake and get back again to respectability.

The answer came on the following Wednesday afternoon. It was the custom to ease off the work on some of these days and several people would come and either talk or sing to the men in the prison. On the afternoon in question, it was to be a singer who was billed to entertain them, and with a touch of disparagement, the men filed into the great chapel to hear the performance, not because they really wanted to, but because they were compelled. They had been to such things before and all seemed to emphasize just the thing that ought not to have been emphasized, and thus with some amount of bad feeling, Keniston, and the rest took their places.

A wonderful thing happened that afternoon, however, for the singer, who had gained some renown, began her concert with the best smile she could, and for an hour pleased them with her songs and music, until all the men had given her their hearts. The songs too were different, dealing as they did with the pleasing and amusing side of life, until with tears and laughter she had won her way into the hearts of all who sat before her. There was something strange, however, upon the face of the newest recruit to this strange regiment, for his face had gone ashy white.

"What's the matter, partner," whispered his companion as he noticed the change, "not feeling good, eh?"

Keniston did not reply but kept his eyes glued on the singer as though in recognition. He hoped she would finish soon so that he could get away, and then, he hoped that she would keep on and on so that he could enjoy the sweetness of the music that flowed like water from her lips.

The concert came at length to an end and the men filed out. Keniston kept his head down that she should not see him, and thought he had succeeded, when a little later, he was called down to the visitor's room to be interviewed. As he went down to the place he began to wonder who had taken enough interest in him to come and even see him, and immediately began to think of the fellows at the "joint." His face turned a deathly white as he at last saw the face of his caller. He would have given anything to have been able to turn back but the warden behind him made it impossible, and he was compelled to face, what he thought would have been an ordeal of condemnation. To his immense surprise, however, the conversation that ensued could have taken place in the drawing room of her own home rather than in the visitor's room in a jail.

"Why, how do you do Mr. Keniston? You are not looking well, what's the matter?" she asked as she met him, in some alarm.

"Why do you come here to see me now?" he asked, irrelevantly.

"Well, when my friends do not want to see me why I don't want to bore them, but, then, I know you don't feel like that, do you?" was the reply that was emphasized with smiles.

Continued on page 35



To the envy of his friends in the frozen north, Mr. N. J. Breen, of the Lake of the Woods Milling Co., who spent the winter months in Florida, is here seen packing his morning picking of oranges and grape fruit for dispatch to Winnipeg.

Love Never Filleth

Continued from page 34

"No, don't call me your friend because you don't mean that, you know, and you might as well say just what you want to say and let me get back."

"All right, sir, if you are feeling cranky I will. I want just to say this, Grover Keniston, that I believe you are going to make good, and that this little slip that you have made is just a slip upon the ice. Say, did you ever skate? Well, when your feet want to go up in the air and sometimes do, you know the result, and, well, you sit down. Did you ever realize that you never stay there, though. My dear friend I want to tell you that I believe you are going to get up again and skate. Good-bye."

With that she left him and not until the touch of the warder upon his shoulder told him that the interview was at an end, did he realize she was gone.

"What, she believed in him and that he would skate again?" Piffle! what can a fellow do when he is down and out? It was simply effect upon her part to rub in the whole thing," he thought. But he could not get away from that smile somehow, and the touch of a sob that had come into the last words she had said to him. Somehow during the nights that followed that smile would come back to him and would waken him to consciousness. He could make good, eh, then, by God, he would, just to show her. She believed in him! well, she would have something to show that her belief was not misplaced. Yes, if ever he got out, he would go straight and repair the damage and make good as she had said.

His release came in due course and to his immense surprise he was held for some hours as a visitor was calling for him he was told. Towards the end of the afternoon she came in a covered car so that no one would see and took him back, not only to the city, but to her home and there, with tender ministrations made him feel that it would be easier to make good than he thought.

A few years have gone since Keniston left the portals of that jail, and he has had his trial at making good in the world of men. In a great Western American city there is a large firm of engineers who are building great works for the nation. In one of its chief offices there sits a man who has reached the age of forty who occupies a private office and who has several employees under him. On the window of the door is a name that has become famous throughout the world in the particular branch of the profession he serves. It is the name of Keniston.

As he sat smoking his cigar after a particularly trying problem he wondered whether the singer at the opera that night was worth hearing or not, and afterwards amount of discussion with himself, he makes up his mind to spend the evening there rather than in the rooms at the club. He might as well put in the evening there, anyway, it will be worth while. Thus, shutting his desk, and locking his door he went out into the afternoon sunshine and to his club to dress for dinner and spend the evening at the concert.

The singer appeared later and something went wrong within him as he heard her voice. Somehow, it connected him with the past and strangely enough while he could not recall it, it gripped him with a wonderful feeling. Yet it was not in the song which, while beautifully sung, could have been rendered better. Then it came back to him. The singer was the little "Wednesday Girl" of the depot who had evidently become famous.

A little later, after the close of the event, in which the unsympathetic crowd had called for encore after encore, he found his way to the dressing rooms and sent in his card with an urgent request that she grant him a few minutes' interview. Mary Maclaughlin or, as she now styled herself, Marie Crofton, usually declined such calls, but the fact that he had written upon his card that she was open for a great surprise, induced her to grant the wishes of the caller who seemed to be insistent.

It was indeed a great surprise for both. As she dismissed her maid and closed the door she looked into his eyes that were filled with tears.

A CHINESE TOOTHPICK FACTORY

Few people, probably, know that a missionary and a group of Chinese students are contributing substantially to our supply of quill toothpicks. When, because of the war, a certain dealer was unable to import toothpicks from his factory in Bohemia, he asked the United States consular service to find him a new source of supply, and in the course of time he received an answer from a Methodist missionary, the Rev. George S. Miner, in Foochow, the capital of the Chinese province of Fukien.

Without a cent of appropriation from the missionary board of his church, Mr. Miner had equipped and was conducting one hundred and seventeen day schools for poor boys, and he wished to give his students every opportunity to help themselves. The toothpick man, who, according to an article by Mr. Paul Hutchinson in the "World Outlook," shortly went to China, learned all this and saw that an unlimited supply of goose quills was to be found there, and straightway he commissioned the missionary and his schoolboys to make toothpicks.

In the city of Foochow Mr. Miner had built a large higher primary school, which is the term used in China for a school corresponding to the last four years of grammar school. By ripping

out a few partitions and installing a picket fence, he turned the first floor of the dormitory into a toothpick factory. There was no machinery, but there were plenty of boys, plenty of room, plenty of light, plenty of air—and plenty of quills.

Thirty boys sat at long benches, each holding in his right hand a razor-sharp knife and a short piece of wire. With a quick twist his left hand placed the quill in proper position. Two cuts and a thrust of the wire to clear the interior, and the toothpick was done! A boy whom I watched when I visited the factory had cut seventy-two hundred toothpicks the day before, Mr. Hutchinson says, and the factory, at that time had produced one hundred and sixteen thousand toothpicks.

From the cutting room the quills go to great vats filled with a soda solution in which they are soaked; then they are washed and dried and sorted according to sizes. After that they are packed and shipped on their journey to America—more than two and a half million of them every month.

Most of the boys cut quills four hours a day and spend the rest of the time in getting the education that is such a precious thing in the new China. Some of them who have so little money that they must work all day get two hours

of school work in the evening. But all of them are earning their way, and the sight is an enheartening one to those who are anxious about educational tendencies in the Orient.

The Retort Courteous

On a very, very cold day last winter, a big soldier in the picturesque Highland uniform—the kilts of which leave the knees bare—boarded a street car in Toronto. On the car was a young fellow in civilian dress who sat beside a girl to whom he was very attentive.

The girl cast a good many admiring glances at the "Kiltie," much to the displeasure of her escort, who thought fit to make fun of the uniform.

"I think that outfit is most ridiculous," he said. "That fellow's knees look as if they were frozen."

The "Kiltie" overheard the comment, glanced contemptuously at the young fellow's civilian clothes and replied:

"Well, young fellow, it is a sure thing my knees aren't as cold as your feet."

The young fellow got off at the next stop.

"As I look into your eyes," he muttered, "I see much happiness in store for us."

"I fear there's nothing to it, Oswald," she replied, not unkindly. "Papa has been looking into your prospects."

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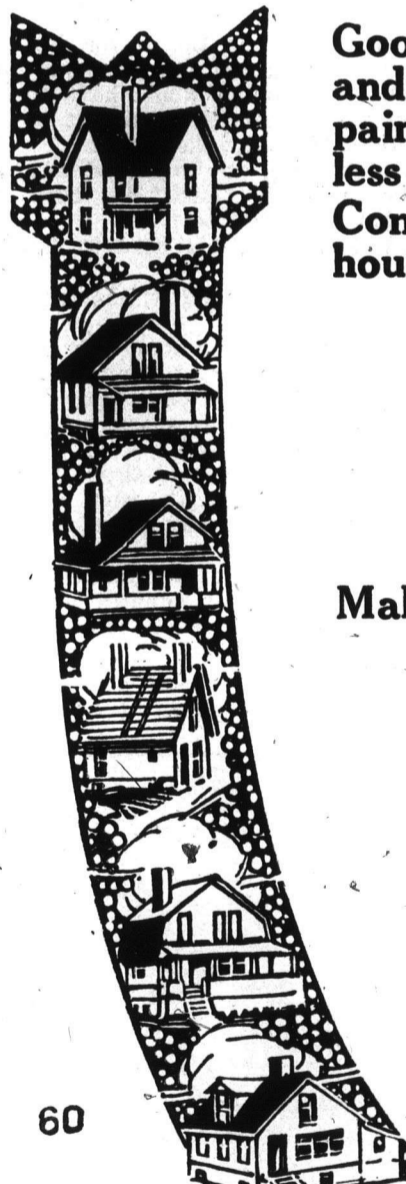
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CONQUEROR

Old Dan as a Foster Parent

Continued from page 29

get back. Let's see, this is Sunday, I'll expect you back by next Saturday. Jove! I would give my whole winter's stake, and then some, to have a woman on the job, but the nearest one must be Mrs. Curson at the fort, a good 80 miles from here.

Early the following morning Shorty struck out with snowshoes, carrying a pair of blankets and a noon lunch, as he expected to reach his camp on the Otter that evening.

Dan watched Shorty till he turned the bend, and then hearing a whimpering from the hammock was reminded of his maternal duties.

"All right, Buckeyes!" he called. "I'll have your grub ready in a jiffy." Then seeing his reflection in the mirror, he laughed.

"Dan you old Rounder," he soliloquised. "This is about the biggest problem you and I have bumped up against yet. If I make a success of this I guess I'll hit back east and open up an orphan's home."

Another outburst from the hammock brought him to himself with a jump.

"Right, oh, honeys, I'm a comin'! Here we are, the milk is near ready. He then propped them in a sitting position, but on seeing him they fairly howled. Dan tried to coax them with the warm milk, but they seemed terrified.

He stole away, leaving them to quiet down. Then when their sobbing subsided he again approached with the warm milk, but was met by a second outburst.

"I guess it's the white man of me they don't like, and this grizzled beard of mine must look mighty queer to the little bounders."

Dan again looked in the mirror, but now he was up against a serious problem. Did it mean he would have to shave off that treasured beard just to satisfy those little red heathens?

"That's expecting too much of any man," he said, half aloud. But then, again, what else am I to do?"

He sat down with his head in his hands.

"I guess I've got to do it," he kept saying to himself.

Then quickly rising he went over to his old pack-sack, lying at the foot of his bed. The twins got one glance at him as he crossed the room, which started their uproar afresh.

Dan paid no attention to them, but from the deep recesses of the pack sack he resurrected an old razor and a very much worn shaving brush.

He then got a pair of scissors, some warm water and, fifteen minutes later, his own brother would not have recognized him.

When the task was completed Dan viewed himself in the glass. "I wonder

if I can make Shorty understand. I suppose he'll laugh himself sick when he sees me. Perhaps I am an old fool, but we'll see what the little bliters think of me now. Drat 'em!"

Dan again approached the hammock, and whether it was that hunger had overcome their fears, or Dan's alterations, but the twins eagerly took the warm milk. On finishing the last spoonful Dan breathed a sigh of relief, but inwardly feeling himself very much a martyr. The days that followed seemed to Dan an eternity, though the twins had quite reconciled themselves to their new surroundings, and when not asleep would gurgle and croon by the hour. He had made them each a rattle by putting three or four buckshot in two small tins, with the result that he spent most of his time recovering them from under his bunk, where the twins seemed to persist in throwing them.

"On one of these occasions, after retrieving them three times in less than ten minutes, the limit of Dan's patience was reached.

"Look here you little bounders!" Dan thundered, shaking his finger in each little red face. "I'm getting too old and stiff to be crawling under that blamed bunk for your entertainment."

Suddenly the door opened and in stepped Shorty.

He stared at Dan for fully a minute in blank wonderment, then finally exclaimed, "Dan, for the love of Mike, man, what have you done to yourself?"

"They were scared of my whiskers, and I had to shave them off," explained Dan.

By this time Shorty was leaning against the wall just choking with laughter.

"Oh, Dan! my cats, but—you—do—look—queer."

Then holding his sides he staggered out of the cabin and over to the saw-horse, where he sat down, rocking to and fro, the tears streaming down his cheeks.

This was too much for Dan, who felt that all this mirth at his expense was quite uncalled for. He strode to the door. "Look here, Shorty!"

Shorty looked.

"Oh, Dan! for mercy's sake, keep away. I'm in agony."

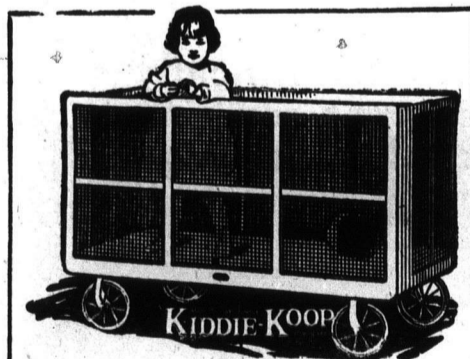
Dan in disgust went back to the cabin and busied himself preparing supper.

As soon as Shorty felt he could control his mirth, he ventured to the door, and in an apologetic tone informed Dan that he always was a fool when he got one of his funny fits and then proceeded with an account of his trip.

"Of course, you did not expect me back till to-morrow."

"Well, I had the good fortune to overtake a party of surveyors on their way out, so turned the letter over to them, explaining the jackpot we were in and asked them to see that it got out the quickest possible way."

Continued on page 37



Shelters and protects baby day and night—indoors and out—at play or asleep from birth to fourth year. Safety screened—sanitary—wheels through doors—folds for carrying—springs raised and lowered with one motion. Simple, practical, economical. A bassinet, crib and play-pen combined for price of good crib alone.

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The Lawrence-Williams Co., Toronto, Ont.



Modern sports in Africa find high favor with the natives. Here are three beauties in "tennis" hats and rackets ready for a set on the courts near their chief's kraal.

Old Dan as a Foster Parent

Continued from page 36

Then Dan told Shorty of his trouble with the twins on the morning of his departure. "I'm sure Shorty, if I had not shaved off they would either have starved or died of fright, they were that scared. But since then they have been fine, except the morning I tried to wash their dirty little faces, but, oh! how they did howl. I had to give it up as a bad job."

"Now, Shorty, we will have to take turns in playing foster parent. Tomorrow I'll round up my traps, and as soon as I get back you can round up yours. I think we will see some of their people in after them by the beginning of the week."

Three days later, as Dan was preparing dinner, two Indians and a squaw drove up to the cabin. The older of the two Indians informed Dan in good English that he was the father of Joe.

"I shake hands with you my white brother, because I know you have always been a good friend to us Indians. Every stoney that hunts in the north country speaks well of you. I know that you have done all you could for my boy. It is well that he reached your cabin. Had his sickness overtaken him elsewhere in the wilds his babies would have been left to the mercy of those starving dogs."

Then the old Indian asked, "The dogs are gone?"

"Yes," Dan replied. "I shot them at once."

"The white man is wise," said the Indian.

Dan then prepared dinner for them, and on finishing it he and the young Indian drove down to the camp, where they carefully placed Joe and the squaw in the sleigh, also all their belongings. They then drove back to the cabin, where they were met by the old father and the young squaw, who had the twins back in their stiff little baskets.

Dan asked them if they would not like to camp the night and make an early start in the morning, but they said they were anxious to get back and would travel most of the night.

An hour after their departure Shorty got back from his trap line.

That evening while enjoying their after supper smoke they reviewed the events of the past ten days.

Finally, Shorty remarked, "Do you know, Dan, every time I think of you as a Foster Parent I have to laugh."

BEFORE YOU CAME

By Eleanore Myers Jewett

Before you came I thought my garden fair;

My heart sank when I heard the droning bee,

The sunlight fell in soft, glad radiance there,

And dew-dimmed flower faces smiled at me,

And when I felt the roses' velvet skin,

My heart thrilled open and all heaven rushed in.

Before you came I would not pass the gate

That shut my garden from the world without,

Yet often would I lean o'er it and wait,

Marking the long, white road that wound about

The distant hills—my garden called, yet I

Would linger lovingly, I knew not why.

And then you came, so still I did not hear

Your coming, and my garden path grew bright;

Above my head a bird sang, madly clear,

And all the flowers ran riot in my sight.

You kissed me! As I smelt the roses' breath

We grew immortal nor could taste of

You led me to the gate and all around
The birds sang and the giddy blossoms whirled;
I left them, for the unknown pathway wound

Beyond the wicket, out into the world.
You took my hand, I found life's long road sweet,
And all the world a garden at my feet!

A PILGRIM'S PRAYER

By Doñ. MacVicar.

Father of mercy in Thy love,
Look down in pity from above,
When we before Thy footstool fall,
To sue for grace for one and all!

All we, like sheep, have gone astray,
And wandered from the narrow way,
Until Thy mercy manifold,
Recalled us back within the fold.

We are but children in Thy sight,
Who follow each alluring light,
Be Thou a lamp unto our feet,
To lead us to Thy mercy-seat.

If death and sorrow blight our hearth,
And banish all the joy and mirth,
Be Thou our refuge ever sure,
And grant us patience to endure.

And when the sun of fortune smiles,
And earth beguiles us with its wiles,
Shine Thou upon us with Thy face,
And guide us with Thy saving grace.

And as we reach the Great Divide,
Send our beloved to our side,
That we may enter undismayed,
Where Thy redeemed have knelt and prayed.

Then all our griefs and all our fears,
Shall vanish with our earthly tears,
When we are Thine for evermore—
To serve, and worship and adore.

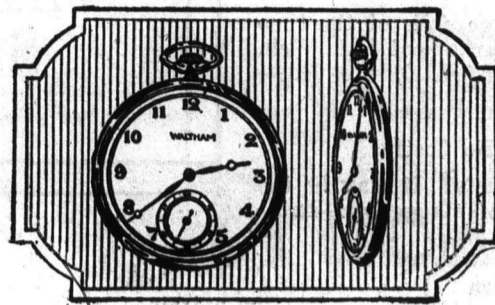
SPRING

By Grace G. Bostick.

Leaping fern and reaching tree,
Clamoring sap that springs,
Stirring wild anemone,
Lifting eager wings;
Growing grass and budding spray,
Magic sap that flows
Through the orchard dull and gray,
Turning it to rose.

Sap that courses in a flood
Through the heart of man,
Stirring up his turgid blood,
As only magic can;

Lifting flower, lifting leaf,
Face of love that smiles—
What has man to do with grief,
When Spring comes with her wiles?



COLONIAL "A"

Thin, without sacrifice of accuracy. At all good jewelers. Priced from \$25.00 upwards. Other Waltham models from \$25.00 upwards.

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THE first cost of an inferior watch is a long way from being its last cost. Instances are by no means uncommon where the cost of repairing such a watch exceeds its original price.

Watchmakers nowadays receive high wages. Their bills are apt to be very large for time spent in trying to repair low grade watches. Especially is this true of the cheaper imported movements for which repair parts are often unobtainable and must be made by hand.

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This gives you a high grade watch at a reasonable price consistent with quality.

Apart from accidents and the general overhauling every second year which good watch mechanism deserves, the good service you get from your Waltham means a real cash saving over the low grade watch.

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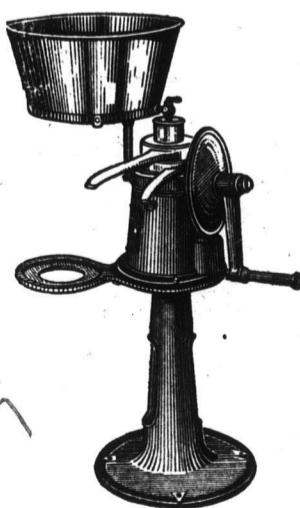
The Lister Premier Separator

skims to the last drop. This has been proven in actual dairy practice. Ask the person who owns one. Perhaps your neighbor has one, or if not, see your nearest dealer. Examine the Premier; take it apart. The entire machine can be taken apart and re-assembled in a few minutes.

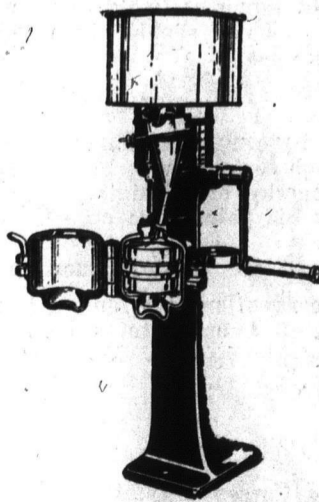
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Capital Sarcasm

Michael O'Brien, 96 years of age, tells of the time when wolves used to howl on Parliament hill. Well, times haven't changed much, Michael, me lad.—Ottawa Citizen.

A Tea Party Would Be Costly

Tea costs \$800 a pound in Russia. It may be the cup that cheers, but the price is staggering.—Lethbridge Herald.

One Consolation

Fortunately the pound weight has not yet begun to shrink like the pound sterling and the dollar.—Kingston Whig.

The Small Boy's Role

A Louisville church has a movie on Sunday. The small boy has always acted the part in the past.—Minneapolis Journal.

Typical of the Time

Pine siding costs \$125 a thousand feet in Ottawa now. The pine woods are apparently very unhealthy for the pocket-book.—Brockville Recorder-Times.

Comment on a Rumor

Despatches say that the get-rich-quick craze has struck the British people. A lot of Canadians were hit the same way and haven't been able to get up since.—Toronto Telegram.

An Opportunity

Mary Pickford has been given a divorce. Western bachelors who may need a little capital and someone to mind the house on the homestead should not let the opportunity pass.—Winnipeg Free Press.

Forestalling

Hotel burglaries are getting quite common in New York; the bandits often robbing the guests before the hotel management gets a fair chance at them.—Calgary Herald.

There Have Been Some

Prince Louis of Bourbon is now selling eggs for a living. And there have been some pretty bad eggs in the Bourbon family before now.—St. John Telegraph.

Skirts and Progress

On account of the present style of skirts the Baltimore American does not believe that at present women will take great strides forward.—Hamilton Herald.

Yellow

It is proposed to send the ex-Kaiser to the Canary Islands. We don't know how the idea will strike the home birds, but the color seems suitable for Wilhelm.—Vancouver Province.

Unsettled Spain

Madrid authorities are trying to distract the attention of the populace from labor troubles by giving more public amusements. Taking the bull by the horns, as it were.—Ottawa Journal-Press.

"A Wicked World, My Masters!"

Reports from various centres, including Montreal, tell of rascals disposing of salt and boracic acid as cocaine and water as whiskey. Such a wicked world it is!—Montreal Standard.

A Drastic Resort

In Illinois a man who is found with a hip-pocket flask of liquor is liable to have his trousers confiscated. This should help in the winter-time enforcement of the law.—Victoria Colonist.

Honolulu Nuts

We have nuts in Honolulu who propose to reduce the high cost of living by living faster, like the chap who hurried on a painting job so as to get through before his paint gave out.—Honolulu Advertiser.

A Question

A convention at Winnipeg has asked that a certificate of mental fitness be required from persons about to be married. May this not be putting undue restrictions on the matrimonial industry?—Regina Post.

An Estimate by Lord Curzon

Lord Curzon estimates that the British Isles will spend £400,000,000 this year for liquor, an increase of £141,000,000 in one year. Prohibition would soon wipe out Britain's war debt.—Guelph Herald.

What the World is Saying**The Impossible**

Probably no married man, no matter how well trained his hand and brain, is quick enough to take his knife and scrape up a small quantity of red raspberry jam, adulterated with rhubarb, from the luncheon cloth without getting caught.—Columbus Dispatch.

Education in Japan

Educators who have investigated say that the percentage of persons who can read and write in Japan is higher than in any state in the United States. Elementary education in Japan is compulsory and there is no immigration problem to reduce the percentage.—Halifax Herald.

In a B.C. Hindoo Sawmill

Thirty white men are employed at a Hindoo sawmill in British Columbia. Why is it that they did not have at least the ability of the Hindoos, and operate the sawmill themselves? That condition is not a compliment to the Canadian people.—Toronto Mail and Empire.

All That Will Be Left

Judging from the way Canadian lumber is going out of the country about all that will be left to the Canadian in a few months is the sawdust. And if he is not careful somebody will come along and throw that in his eyes.—Winnipeg Tribune.

Incomes in India

A speaker in Winnipeg says that the average income in India is six cents a day. Considering the high cost of clothing, the wage must have something to do with the much quoted rhyme: "The poor be-nighted Hindoo, for pants he makes his skin do."—Winnipeg Telegram.

Regarding Quebec

A bill to admit women to the study and practise of law on the same footing as men has been introduced into the Quebec legislature, but there appears to be no demand for a vote in provincial affairs from the women of that province.—London Advertiser.

A System That Works Well

The parole system has amply justified itself. According to the report of the Dominion parole officer, W. P. Archibald, 748 prisoners were released on parole during the past year and of these only five forfeited their license by subsequent conviction. When a man is placed on his honor he usually lives up to expectations.—Toronto World.

A Turkish "I Told You So"

The worst blow yet to German military pride has been struck in the modest declaration of Mustapha Kemal, the Turkish military leader, that he told the Teuton high command in 1917, after a visit to the western front, that their strategy was so poor that the Allies were certain to win.—Vancouver Sun.

Haircut Prices in Montreal

Haircuts in downtown Montreal are to be 50 cents and in uptown Montreal 40 cents. Where is the hair line to be drawn between these sections? And is the wind of West St. Catherine street more tempered to the shorn lamb than is the breeze of Craig street to the goat of the lower levels?—Toronto Star.

Sarcastic

One thousand, three hundred and thirteen western Michigan young men and women took agricultural courses in the schools during 1919, according to a late report. This is bound to have a tremendous effect on agriculture, when one of the pupils goes on the farm, and the other one thousand, three hundred and twelve take jobs in the city, and tell him how to do it.—Peterboro Review.

An Illiterate Money-Maker

An alien in Welland who can neither read nor write has been fined \$1,000 for making a false income-tax return. His earnings as a steel worker were \$5,527 in one year. It would be illogical to deduce from this an argument for illiteracy, but many men who are literate in three or four languages would change places financially with the Welland wage-slave.—Toronto Globe.

A Worthy Suggestion

The thoughtful suggestion is made in connection with the grant of silver crosses to the wives and mothers of soldiers killed in the war, that where, as in not a few cases, a mother has lost two or more sons, or both sons and husband, the cross shall be of gold as an indication of the greater sacrifice the recipient has been called upon to make.—Victoria Times.

Foch on Wilhelm

"The Kaiser, a man, intelligent perhaps, but not very intelligent, a bluffer, a man of hasty action, and for that reason a bad judge of his acts." Also: "The Kaiser served us in good stead, for an express train was intrusted to the stage coach driver." So Marshal Foch characterizes the Hohenzollern, and the world will agree that the characterization is apt.—London Daily Mail.

The Idea!

In a legal dispute between the Independent Order of Daughters of the Empire officials in New York, one accuses the other of establishing new chapters for the sole purpose of obtaining votes for herself. The charge is resented and denied, of course, but the very idea of such a thing indicates that there may be among the women of the country just as crafty politicians as among the men. Rolling up the vote is a prime requisite in politics.—Montreal Star.

The Man Who Got to the North Pole

Rear Admiral Robert E. Perry, who has gone on a voyage of discovery greater than the one which made him famous, made seven attempts before he discovered the North Pole. By his persistence and audacity he overcame all obstacles and achieved his heart's desire. Those of us who are prone to be discouraged when difficulties confront us might well take a lesson from the life of the late Admiral Perry.—Woodstock Sentinel-Review.

Nervy and Unscrupulous

That the automobile bandits in Toronto are unusually daring is shown by their attempt to steal one of the high-powered cars hired by the police for their pursuit. The impudent fellows are in a class for cheek with a thief in London, England, who recently cut the back of a valuable fur coat, while the feminine owner was gazing into a jeweller's window in a prominent thoroughfare. There are some nervy and unscrupulous persons in this day and generation.—Hamilton Spectator.

When Census Men Must Guess

Supervisors of the census in New York report that enumerators are encountering considerable difficulty in obtaining the proper ages of women. Some say they are more than thirty, and neither pleading nor warning serves to induce them to be more definite. So the census man makes a guess, for the law demands the exact information. It will be seen that one feminine trait has not altered a whit despite the advancement of women into the voting class.—Chicago Evening Post.

A Difference

Rupert Hughes, the novelist, in denouncing mediums and their followers, said he would rather dig graves and steal the gold teeth from a body than impose on a people or grieve humanity as these hum-bugs do with fake messages from their dear ones. Which stand indicates that the author is more man of letters than of business. To rob graves is to invite a jail sentence. To practise charlatany in the condemned way is fairly profitable and has little or no risk of punishment attached to it.—Saskatoon Star.

Great Britain's Solidity

The war has increased the number of British holders of national securities from 350,000 in 1914 to 20,000,000 in 1919. The people evidently have plenty of faith in Britain's recuperative powers. There is an average of \$250 in government securities held by each family in the United Kingdom. This in itself seems a pretty good insurance against the adoption of any of the wild theories so common in most European countries as a consequence of the war.—Calgary Albertan.

European Postage Stamps Galore

The total number of new European stamps issued is about 2,000, of which 1,500 are the first stamps of the European states. Poland, formerly represented by a single stamp, has since the armistice produced 400 separate and distinct postage stamps. Ukraine ranks second, with 175 varieties. Jugo-Slavia and Czecho-Slovakia contribute about 130 specimens each and Fiume 73. The average remaining for the other states to divide up is between 30 and 50 stamps. The Trans-Caucasian Republic of Georgia brings up the rear with a modest 4. Unified postage will in future cover the Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats and Slovenes, instead of the existing separate issues.—London Morning Post.

From the Lithe, Little Bicycle Tire to the Giant, Gripping Truck Tire

GOODYEAR

MADE IN CANADA

ALL-WEATHER TREAD

THROUGHOUT the world, wherever a conveyance is cushioned on pneumatic tires, there you will find the imprint of the All-Weather Tread. It may be the narrow path of the bicycle, the broader trail of the motorcycle—the automobile—or the unmistakable track of a giant truck. But always the story it tells is the same—more motorists ride on Goodyear Tires than on any other brand.

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ous articles described are such as can easily be made by the beginner as well as by the more experienced knitter. No previous knowledge is necessary, for by following directions, and using the exact yarns mentioned, you can make any of the garments shown. Books are on sale now at 25c. Secure one from your dealer, or if he is not able to supply you, from us direct.

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A Filet Crochet Collar

A pretty collar is always a most pleasing addition to almost any waist, and when it is made entirely of filet crochet in a fine thread, it is truly a thing of beauty and worth one's time to make. This design is in itself attractive, and the Venise edge gives a lovely and unusual finish. While this is a filet crochet collar, yet the mesh is larger than that ordinarily used, as explained in directions below, and forms a large part of the attraction of the work. The large mesh gives a more lacy and open effect than would be obtained with the smaller, but in order to be the sheer affair of the illustration it must be done with very fine thread and hook.

Crochet Stitches

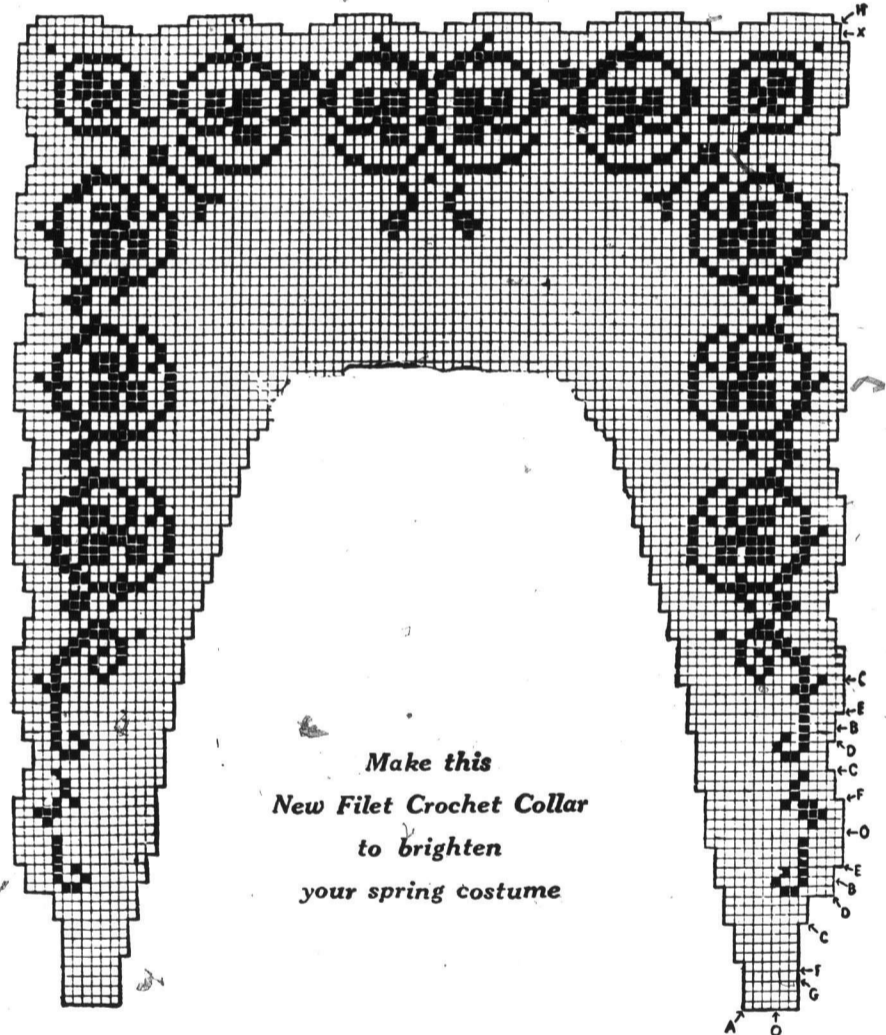
Chain (ch). Make a slip knot on hook, draw thread through loop, continue drawing through loops as made.

Slip Stitch (sl st). Hook through at st indicated; draw thread through work and loop on hook at same time.

Double (d). Hook through work, thread over, draw through, making two loops on hook, over and draw through both.

which works 8 meshes to the inch, to make collar about the size of the model.

Begin at the back with the row marked X, ch 51, * dt in 11th st from hook for 1st space, (ch 3, skip 3, dt in next) 10 times, making 11 spaces, turn, ch 3, sl st in next dt, ch 7, dt in next dt, (ch 3, dt in next dt) 5 times, ch 7, sl st in next dt; this finishes the 7 spaces on outer row of scallops; (ch 3, sl st in next dt) twice, (ch 3, sl st in 4th ch st) twice; this brings work back to first row of foundation; do not break thread. The succeeding scallops across the back are built up on a foundation ch in the same way, differing only in the number of ch in foundation to make the necessary number of spaces as shown in block pattern. 2d scallop—ch 70, repeat from * in 1st scallop. 3d scallop—ch 65. 4th scallop—Like 3d. 5th scallop—Like 2d. 6th scallop—ch 62. After completing 6th scallop, ch 7, turn, and work 1st row entirely across the collar into foundation row of scallops, turn, ch 11, dt in 1st dt for an added space; follow pattern across row, then, to add the extra space at end of row, ch 3, lt (thread over 5 times) in base of last dt. Continue from block pattern, decreasing at end of rows as in scallops.



Make this
New Filet Crochet Collar
to brighten
your spring costume

Treble (t). Thread over, hook through work, over and draw through, giving 3 sts on hook, (over and draw through two) twice.

Double Treble (dt). Thread over twice, hook through work, over and draw through (4 sts on hook), * over and draw through 2 sts, repeat from * twice.

Long Treble (l t). Over as many times as directed, hook through work, thread over and draw through, over and work off by twos.

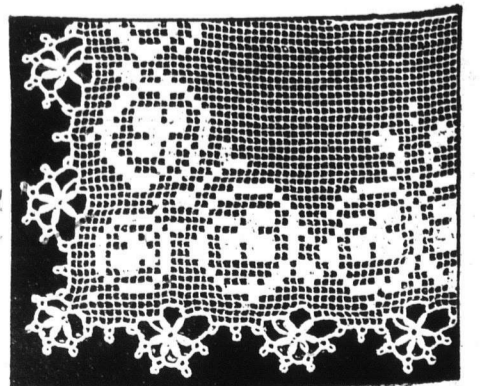
Filet Collar

About 3 balls No. 150 crochet cotton and the finest hook possible are used in this collar, making the spaces with double treble (dt) separated by 3 ch, and 3 dt in each space to form a block when it comes over a space. Chain 7 when turning at end of each row, to form straight edge, or ch 11 for an added space as explained in directions. Great care must be taken to get the spaces exactly square by working firmly and evenly so that the dt will be just the right length to square up with the 3 ch. Cotton No. 100 may be used, but will make the collar slightly larger. The model measures about 12 inches across the back and nearly 15 inches from back to front, not counting the Venise edge. The design may be made with the ordinary filet space if preferred, in any size cotton

Venise Edge

Beginning at A, work 4 d into each of 4 spaces, ch 6, fasten into 4th d back, (the term "fasten into" means to take out hook and draw the loop through the stitch named), 5 d over ch, ch 6, fasten into next d back, 10 d over this 6 ch, 4 more d over the first 6 ch, continue with d along edge to B. Into mesh B work 3 d, then ch 17, fasten back into 10th st to form a ring, fill ring with 12 d and without turning work, sl st into the first d on ring and work a petal thus: ch 7, lt (thread over 3 times) into same d on ring, lt in next d, keeping the last loop of each lt on hook

Continued on page 41



Unexpected Guests

By Sara Galbraith Mosher

THE clock struck five just as Irene Fraser was screwing the top on the last jar of jam. "Oh, dear," she exclaimed in dismay, "I had no idea it was so late. Bob will be home in an hour, and I'm sure I don't know what I can give him for supper. Well, the preserving is finished, at any rate."

Irene carried the jars carefully down cellar, and ranged them on the shelves beside the others which had preceded them earlier in the season. She was proud of the showing they made. Raspberry, strawberry, cherry and plum jam; peach marmalade and apple-butter; crab-apple and blackberry jelly; grape and tomato catsup, and spiced pears. The long shelves were crowded with good things.

Irene was tired after her long day over the stove, but a warm bath refreshed her. Slipping on a fresh muslin dress, she hurried down to get supper. "It will have to be chipped beef on toast again to-night," she thought. "That makes the third time this week. It is a good thing Bob is not finicky about his meals. This bread is so dry that it would have to be toasted anyway."

Just then the doorbell rang. Thinking it was the postman, Irene hurried to the door. But it was not the postman who confronted her, when the door was opened. It was, instead, her neighbor, Mrs. Laval, and a tall young man whom she introduced as her son, Donald. Mrs. Laval was a widow, and a newcomer in the suburb, and supposed to be very rich. She dressed well and lived in quiet elegance in a large old house. Bob Fraser, boyishly hospitable and unconventional, had repeatedly urged his sister to "go see them and invite them in," but Irene had always made some excuse. She had deferred calling because she felt that their small house and unpretentious way of living put them on a different plane from that where the rich Mrs. Laval moved. Now, as she greeted her callers, she was painfully conscious that her dress, though neat, was old-fashioned and faded.

"I hope we are not late?" Mrs. Laval asked, as Irene ushered her into the sitting-room.

"Not at all," was the polite answer. Irene knew that the lady had lived all her previous life in large cities, and she supposed that calling hours were different in such places.

She had not had much time that day to set the house in order, and she could only hope that her callers would not notice the dust on the furniture and the faded flowers in the vases. She and Mrs. Laval kept up a desultory conversation about the weather; the young man looked out of the window and said little. Irene thought he looked bored.

"So you and your brother keep house all by yourselves?" Mrs. Laval remarked. "That must be delightful. But what do you do with your leisure time?"

"I have had no leisure time lately," Irene replied truthfully. "You see, we keep no maid, and I do all my own sewing, as well as the washing and ironing. This past week I have been busy putting up preserves."

There was a certain proud independence about Irene; she was determined that these rich strangers should understand from the first that she did not belong to their world.

"I have never put up preserves," Mrs. Laval confessed. "People in cities seem to have forgotten all the old housekeeping arts. It must be very interesting."

"It is very tiring," Irene answered rather shortly. Then remembering the courtesy due to a guest, she expressed a conventional hope that Mrs. Laval liked her new home. Soon the conversation languished again, and Irene began to wonder when the callers would go. She stole a glance at the clock; it was nearly six.

"What do you do when your brother is out of town?" Mrs. Laval inquired. "Oh, Bob very seldom leaves town," was the answer. When he does, my cousin stays with me."

She thought that Mrs. Laval looked surprised, but at that moment they heard Bob's latchkey in the door. "Here is my brother," Irene said, as Bob appeared.

It was the first time the two young men had met, but they seemed to take to each other at first sight. They were soon deep in a discussion of Bob's favorite pastime, photography, of which it appeared that Donald Laval was also a devotee.

Suddenly, with a glance at the clock, Bob exclaimed, "Have you forgotten the time, Irene? Our friends must be hungry; I know I am starving myself."

Irene crimsoned with mortification. Evidently Bob supposed that she had invited the Lavals to supper, while they could only take his remark as a broad hint that it was time for them to go. But Mrs. Laval only murmured something about not being at all hungry.

"Nonsense, you must be," the unconscious Bob continued. "We usually have supper long before this. I say, would you care to come up to my den, while Irene is setting the table, and look over some snapshots I took last summer?"

"Yes, I should like to see them; shouldn't you, mother?"

"Very much, especially if you have any pictures of the sea," was the reply. "You cannot understand how fascinating the sea is to anyone like myself who has always lived inland."

"This way, then," said Bob. "Hurry, won't you, Sis?"

Irene hastened to the kitchen; it was evident that the Lavals meant to stay. She hastily took stock of her resources. There was plenty of chipped beef, but very little bread; just enough, in fact to make the toast. However, there was fruitcake, and a wide choice of preserves. She decided to make hot muffins. When everything was ready, and the table in the little dining-room set with the best linen and the finest china, she called the others down.

Continued on page 42

Work for Busy Fingers

Continued from page 40

and taking off all at once, fasten into corner st at D, ch 7, sl st into same d on ring. Slip stitch into next d to begin next

petal, work same as first petal, but fasten at C; work four more petals, these being left loose; fill remainder of 17 ch with 18 d for a stem; work to point E, turn, (ch 9, d in point of next petal) 4 times, ch 9, d into F, turn. Over 9 ch work 4 d, ch 4, fasten back at G, 9 d over the 4 ch, 12 more d over the 9 ch, 4 d over next 9 ch, ch 4, fasten into 7th d back, 5 d over 4 ch, ch 6, fasten in next d back, 10 d over 6 ch, 4 more d over 4 ch, 12 more d over 9 ch. Work over the following 9-ch loops in the same manner, back to E over which corner mesh work 4 more d, ch 4, catch into 7th d back, 9 d over the 4 ch; continue with d on edge to O and repeat directions, following pattern. At back corners work into meshes marked H daisies having no stems and four loose petals. To finish neck edge work 3 or more d into each space, shaping it as desired.



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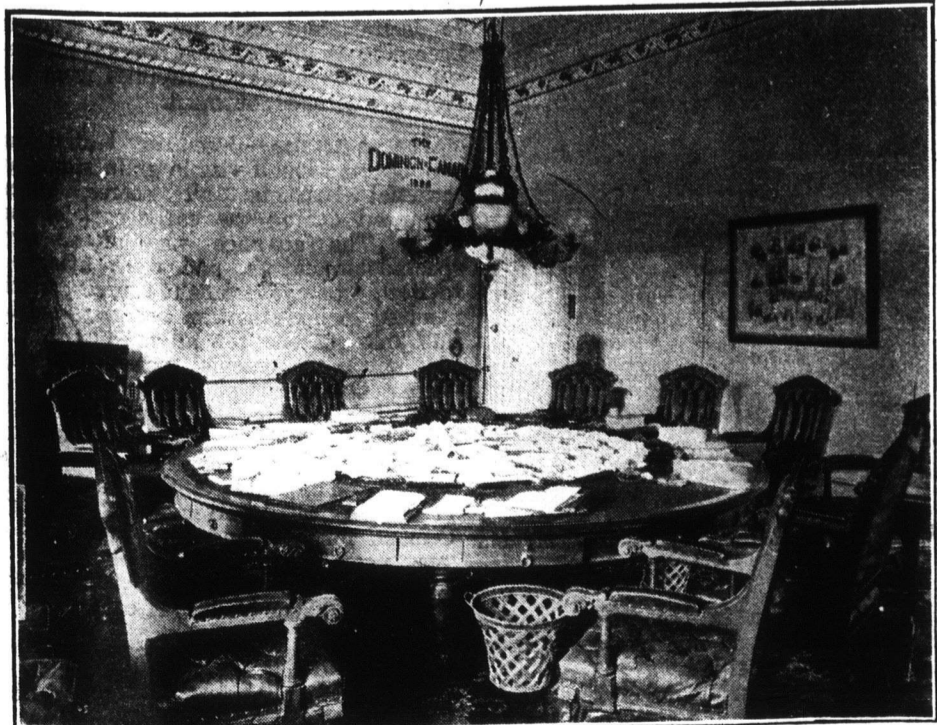
Filet Sweaters and Scarf Shawls in Silk and Wool

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CANADA'S NEW PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS OPENED FOR FIRST TIME

Photo shows the Chamber of the Privy Council in the new Parliament buildings at Ottawa used by the Houses at the opening session, February 26. The old Parliament buildings, noted for their beauty and architecture, were destroyed by fire some time ago.

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Spring Rats No. 1, large 4.50 Spring Rats No. 2, and Winter, large 3.50
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Frozen Beef Hides 22c to 19c | Kips 28c to 23c
Veal Calf 38c to 30c | Horse Hides \$10 to \$5
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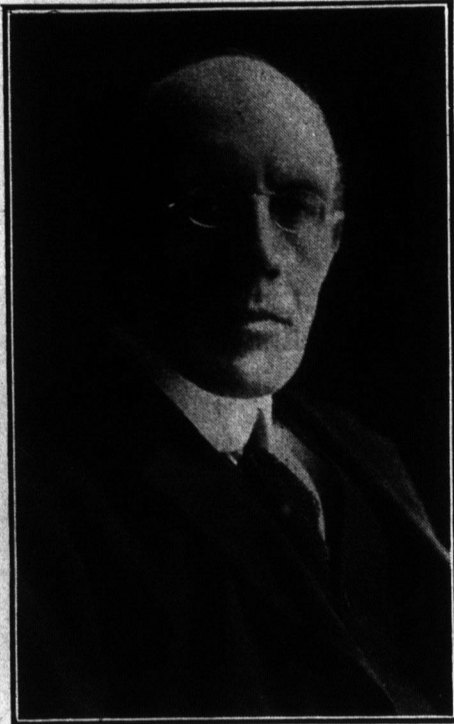
Unexpected Guests

Continued from page 41

Although the meal was a very simple one, Irene was calm and self-possessed. She remembered a saying of her grandmother's; "Give guests the best you've got, and never make apologies for what you haven't got." But, indeed, apologies seemed needless. Mrs. Laval, in accepting a second helping of the plum preserves, asked for the recipe, and Donald added that she had better get the recipe for the muffins, too, since he never got anything like them at home. Irene flushed at the compliment.

"I suppose your conservatory is on the south side of the house?" Mrs. Laval ventured toward the close of the meal.

Irene glanced helplessly at Bob; but he, intent on helping Donald to still



New and unpublished photograph of Sir Auckland Geddes, the new British Ambassador to the United States. His selection for Washington deprives Canada of a great Educator and Administrator, for over a year ago Sir Auckland accepted the Principalship of McGill University, Montreal

another muffin, had apparently not heard the remark.

"I have always longed to have a garden or at least a conservatory of my own," Mrs. Laval continued. "I am so looking forward to seeing your wonderful chrysanthemums."

Irene stared blankly at her guest; but Donald, in his turn, was staring at Bob, whose fork remained suspended in midair.

"And is it long since you returned from Japan?" Mrs. Laval asked, turning to Bob.

"Japan!" he gasped helplessly. "Look here," Donald Laval broke in, bluntly, "aren't you noted for your pink chrysanthemums—the ones you imported from Japan, you know?"

"Never was in Japan in my life," Bob exclaimed, "and I wouldn't know a chrysanthemum if I met one on the street."

"Oh, I am afraid we have made some dreadful mistake," Mrs. Laval cried, as a dull red swept over her sallow cheeks. "But you are Miss Iris Fraser, aren't you?"

"No, my name is Irene," the girl answered. "Iris Fraser is a sort of third cousin of ours; she lives with her father and brother in a big house on the other side of the village."

"Oh, how stupid of me," Mrs. Laval cried in distress. "I received a note asking me to an informal dinner to-night; it was signed Iris Fraser, and I rashly jumped to the conclusion that it was from you. You will remember that you recently gave me a receipt for my subscription to the library fund, and I noticed that it was signed I. Fraser, so I—"

"Oh, the note must have been from Iris," Irene said. "Her brother came back from Japan some months ago, and they have a big conservatory, too."

"Yes, the writer mentioned that she had heard that I was interested in gardening, so she thought I might like to see some pink chrysanthemums her brother had imported from Japan. But what

can you have thought of us coming in to supper like this, uninvited, and what will Miss Iris think?"

Irene had regained her self-possession. "We are delighted to have you," she said cordially. "It has not been a bit of trouble, since you have only shared what we would have had ourselves. And Iris will not mind when you explain the mistake. But they have an English butler and a French cook, so I am afraid this meal has been a poor substitute for the dinner to which you were invited."

"I'll be surprised if the French cook can make muffins like these," Donald said, while his mother answered,

"Oh, we both dislike ceremonious dinners. Indeed, I had difficulty in getting Donald to come with me to-night."

"But I didn't know about the plum jam, or the muffins, not to mention other things," the young man said, with a glance at Irene.

"Although we have no conservatory," Bob observed, as they adjourned to the sitting-room, "Irene may give us a few songs, if you care for music. 'Do you sing?' he asked Donald.

"Oh, a bit. Do you know any Scotch ballads, Miss Irene?"

"Why, that is just her specialty," Bob replied, and soon the three young people were singing "Robin Adair," and other old favorites, while Mrs. Laval, in a comfortable easy chair, looked on in silent content. At last she declared they must go.

"You must come again soon," Irene suggested.

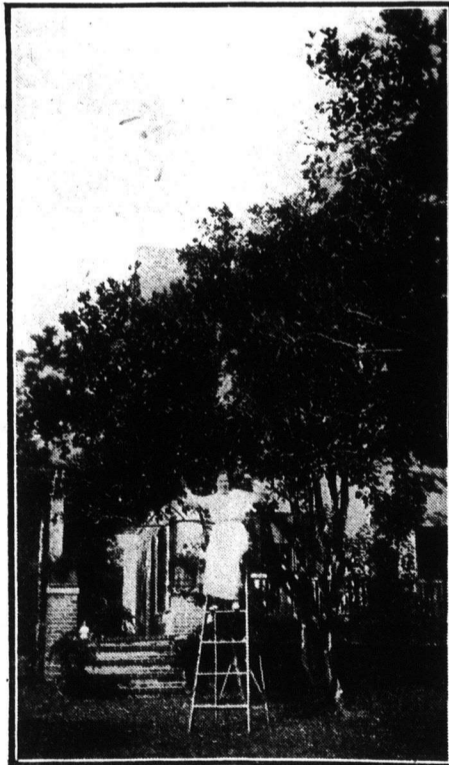
"Indeed we will," Donald responded, before his mother could answer.

"And you must come to see us," Mrs. Laval invited. "Could you come to dinner some evening next week? I want your advice about some late pears we have in the garden, and Donald will show you his western photos."

Finally an evening was decided on, and the guests took their leave.

"Aren't they charming?" Irene asked, as the door closed behind them. "I was awfully embarrassed at first, but I made up my mind to make the best of it."

"What was there to be embarrassed about?" her brother asked. "There was enough of everything, and your muffins were very good, though hardly so remarkable as you would think from the fuss Donald Laval made over them," he added, with a brother's lack of appreciation. "I expect to see a good deal of



Early March in Florida, and a well-known Winnipeg lady surrounded by blossoms and roses.

that young man in the future, and I I don't think it is my photographs he is interested in, either."

"Don't be absurd, Bob," Irene said, but she flushed a little. After all, Donald's leave-taking had been a little warmer than a first call demanded. "I am glad the muffins were good," she thought.

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Market Letter

Wheat—Reports that negotiations were progressing for a loan to Germany, coupled with unfavorable reports on American winter wheat, were the bullish wheat factors during the early part of the week. Later these factors were offset by political disturbances in Germany and a more favorable wheat condition report that was issued from Washington. Milling demand was reported as poor, on account of the continued policy of flour purchasers to buy from hand to mouth. While wheat conditions are reported as being unfavorable attention is called to the fact that good rains in April can overcome many of the present wheat ills. Argentine continues to be a bear factor, and wheat shipments from there this week were six million bushels. Ocean freights continue to decline, and each day more space is becoming available, thus making foreigners less dependent on supplies from the North American continent.

Coarse grains—Based on lack of car supplies and small visible grain stocks at terminal markets, all coarse grains advanced during the early part of the week. The advance was of a very spectacular nature, and drew attention to itself from government sources, which resulted in investigation being started to find out reasons for advance with the idea of taking remedial measures to stop them. One of the plans put forward and that is receiving Congressional consideration is to restrict credits on commodities that are being held in storage. The result of this was a sharp break in all coarse grains. Foreign demand for oats and corn was reported very poor. Shipments during the week from Argentine were 2,000,000 bushels corn and 600,000 bushels of oats.

Flax—A drop of thirty-two cents per bushel tells the story of the action of flax market during the week. The decline was influenced by improved conditions in Argentine and reports that Canadian crushers have sufficient seed in view to make them independent of high priced North American supplies.

At The Other End

Written for The Western Home Monthly by H. Mortimer Batten

MCNAB, of the Cross Creeks Mission School, threw out his hands in a gesture of helplessness. He knew what it meant to these men to be told there was no grub to be had. They had just pulled in, their packs hung lightly on their shoulders, and they were gaunt and bearded as January caribou. "Starvation all up and down the river," said McNab. "Ask me for what you like, but not for grub. The Indians are dying off like flies, and we have our own children to feed—fifty of them!"

The taller of the two men answered "Hell!" His name was Potts. He flung his packsack on the floor, and squatted on a molasses hogshead covered with a wolf robe. "Hell!" he repeated. "We've been relying on picking up grub here, now we're dead up against it. Two thousand miles to go and no intermediate station! We've been in the bush four months, and are about all in."

Again McNab threw out his hands. "God help you, and all of us!" he said. "Our relief sled has not come through. It may be here any day, but more probably it won't come at all. The caribou have passed to the east of the range, and the Indians have brought in nothing since the freeze up. Already our children are starving."

Bill, the second man, looked appealingly at Potts. It was on these occasions Potts shone. He was a man of ready promises, which he never considered himself under the least obligation to carry out.

Potts rose like a panther. "We got to register our claim!" he said solemnly. "D'you hear me, I say we got to!" New light came into his eyes, and he struck the bench with his closed fist. "Say," he added, more soberly, "this ain't no ordinary come and go as you please prospectors' yarn, such as you're always running up against these parts, but a sound, workable proposition."

He paused for his words to take effect, and McNab nodded. "How many leads?" he asked by way of saying something.

"Leads!" echoed Potts; he looked at Bill, and they laughed.

"It ain't a matter of leads," he went on. "There's a great outcrop of it, the size of a cathedral, clambering up the face of the hill like a Japanese dragon on a screen. See here, McNab—!" He clawed something from his necker with trembling fingers. It was a chunk of sad yellow material, that weighed like lead. "Just a surface sample chipped off anyhow," he boasted with a professional air. "You could fill your hat with bits like that in two minutes."

McNab gave a low whistle. "Some showing!" said he. He handed the nugget back, but Potts waved it airily aside. "Yes," he agreed. "But it ain't no use to us if we can't get back, and we can't get back without grub."

McNab's gray eyes hardened a little. "If I could help you I would, but I tell you right here and now that there isn't an ounce of grub going to leave these premises."

Potts met his partner's gaze. "Two men don't require much," he said. "A fortnight's supply might see us through, and —" his eyes fell meaningly on the nugget.

McNab softened a little. He realized how much these men had at stake. He realized, moreover, that Potts was not normal. "There are times when food isn't to be bought," he said—"when even gold can't buy it. My work's here. I'm responsible for these children, and the women. The station exists for them, and it is not a trading post. By relying on us you took your chances. Well, you've failed, and do you realize what my position would be in selling mission food to you at such a time as this?"

"O Lord!" muttered Potts. He thrust his big hands into his parki pockets and began to pace the room. "Every man for himself in this all-fired country, and the devil take the hindmost!" he cried. "Look here, McNab, this is a big thing.

You don't tell me you like living up here with the snows and the blackflies! It ain't a white man's life, and it ain't a white man's country. Well, now's your chance for pulling out. Me and Bill are prepared to foot the bill, and you can have it down in writing."

At that moment the door opened, and a nun entered. She stood at the threshold looking from one to the other. Bill, jammed behind the door, was bowing with old world decorum, but she took not the least notice of him. She had eyes only for Potts, for she recognized in him the master mind.

Potts knew her—it was Sister Mary. She was not young, but the going of her youth had not taken with it her womanly grace and charm, for she was one of the few good women, God knows, born to shed her effulgence on the winters of the north.

Potts shrank from her, for he was afraid of women, save the mining camp variety, with which he was tolerably familiar. He was aware that McNab was speaking—

"These two men are out of food, and want our help, Sister Mary," he was saying. "I have told them it is impossible."

"Quite impossible," she agreed in a low voice, her eyes still upon Potts. "They would be better off on the trail. There is no game here—on the creeks they might be fortunate."

Potts turned on her with bitter venom in his voice. "With us it is a matter of life or dash," he said. "Do you think nothing of sending men of your own country out to die?"

The woman shuddered a little. "If you are men of my own country," she said, "I cannot conceive that you plead for the food of starving children with a full realization of what you are doing. Look!" she pointed to her own cheek bones, high and hollow with hunger. "You can but take your chance like the rest of us. We—" she added in a low voice—"we give our lives—all our lives!—for these people—" she flung out her hands in a wild gesture, and again Potts shrank away, while Bill, who loved all women, gave her another elaborate bow.

In the adjoining room, which they were told they could occupy for the night, Potts threw himself face downwards on the bunk. "The fools!" he

cried. "The poor, purblind, fanatical fools!"

Once, during the night, Bill thought he heard Potts moving about, but he was too overcome with the joy of dry blankets to take much notice. They were up bright and early before the station was astir, and as the dawn broke Potts seemed in a brighter mood than for weeks past. It infected Bill, who began to whistle, till Potts ad-

vised him to "come off the roof" and "keep his nose right down to the trail." "You'll want your breath before we're through with this," he said.

Bill was a very ordinary human. There was nothing startling about Bill, save for his honesty. Perhaps it was on account of this very faculty that many of the sons of the north alluded to him as "half baked."

Continued on page 44

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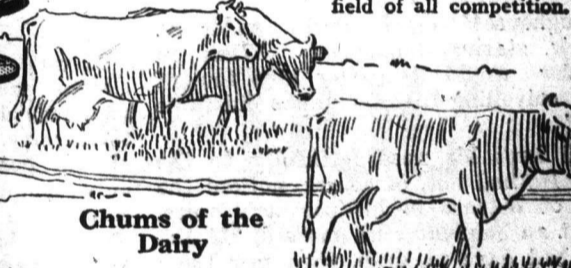
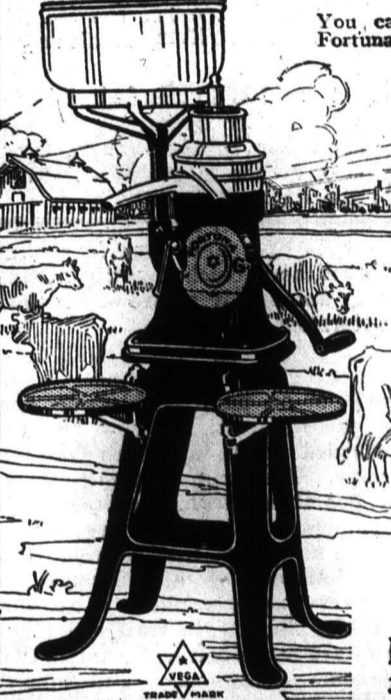
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At The Other End

Continued from page 43

"Potts," inquired Bill, "what are you going to build when this proposition of ours is perfectly working?"

Potts glanced behind them, where a white streak of smoke could still be seen rising straight heavenwards above the eternal jagged fringe. "Not a ding-dong mission school, anyway!" he growled.

They trudged doggedly on. "Bill," said Potts at length, "ain't it old Harry—this eternal muskeg forest? I'll be glad when we strike the lakes and get into pine country again."

After a time Bill answered, "To think McNab and them spend their lives up here! Say, Potts, do nuns marry?"

Potts ignored the frivolous question as beneath him, and there was a long silence.

"Bughouse!" cried Potts suddenly. "Stark, staring, bughouse! What in thunder would it matter if a few of them snivelling little whippets did fizzle out?"

Bill kept his nose faithfully to the trail. He had not, of course, noticed the tone of defence in his partner's voice. About an hour later he pursued, "If McNab had gave us grub, then saw them women and kids starving for the want of it, it would kind of hit him where he lived, wouldn't it?"

Potts simply did not understand. "Ain't two white men with a gold mine behind them worth more'n a whole ship-load of them little whelps?" he demanded fiercely.

"Sure," agreed Bill, "but that ain't his show. We're in at our own funeral, ain't we? He never invited us to come butting around this all-fired muskeg hell of his! We got to take our chance, same as any other son of a Siawash what goes prospecting."

"O for —'s sake!" gasped Potts, with a profanity unspeakable and vile. We offered to set him up. We offered to buy what we—didn't get—!"

"To buy his honour!" quoth Bill. "Strike me, Potts, you don't understand. You ain't no morals, and you never had any. McNab did the square thing, and there ain't no getting around that. What you shinning into that slough for?" he added suddenly.

"It ain't a slough. It's a creek. I saw it marked on the mission school map. It leads to the height of land, then there's another creek down to the river."

"Nearer?" queried Bill, pausing at the fork.

"Nope."

"Looking for game then?"

"Nope."

Bill drew a long breath. "What in Jupiter are you after then?" he demanded.

Potts trudged steadily up the creek. "Come right along, my son," he said. "Place your feet where the ice is wind swept, so we can't be followed. I'll show you later."

About an hour later they made their midday camp. Bill lit a fire, while Potts rigged up a blanket shelter. It looked like piling up for another blizzard.

When all was ready, Potts opened his pack and drew something out. He met his companion's gaze with shining eyes. "Ain't I a jewel!" he cried triumphantly.

Bill's wondrous gaze shifted. It was the gaze of a very simple man. "Where did you get it from?" he inquired calmly.

"Swiped it!" replied Potts. "What the French call 'system day.' Raided the cache last night when the old fool Preacher was asleep. Rump steak or porterhouse, Bill?"

"Shucks!" said Bill. He hailed in the long ago from Cow Country. "Shucks!" he repeated, for between them lay a huge slab of frozen moose meat. "Won it from the cache, did you?"

But, as Bill spoke, the vision rose before his eyes of a nun's sweet face, albeit drawn and pinched with hunger, and Potts was subtly aware of his partner's uttermost contempt.

II.

It was not an unmixed blessing, that slab of moose meat, for now the two men subsided again into their habitual taciturnity. The long, long silence had already got them down, the breach was only temporary, like a lifting of the clouds, and now there rose between them the consciousness of a difference. In the ordinary way it would have amounted to nothing, but on the trail such slight variances are magnified and pondered till they become obsessions. Bill himself would not have stolen the meat, and that was what irritated Potts. It was the probing, persistent thought that Bill was so blame superior! "He always was a high-faluvian son of a gun, Bill was," thought Potts, and with nothing to do but think it over he could, by nightfall, cheerfully have landed Bill with the axe.

They ate and smoked in silence. "You ain't opposed to eating the grub, anyway!" growled Potts at length, over the fire. They had not spoken since midday.

Bill spat voluminously into the flames. For another twenty minutes they sat, face to face, for all the world like two ill-humoured grizzlies.

"Who in blazes said I was?" demanded Bill at last.

Potts glared at him. "Goin' nutty on nuns!" he rumbled. "If this yer claim of ours ever gets working, it will be me, jus' me!"

Bill rose with an invitation to Potts to shut his ugly face. No one had asked him to talk, and it was really pleasanter when he didn't.

It began to snow again that night. The shelter blew down, and another difference arose. They worked in blasphemous disunity till order was restored, and next day they endured the maddening inaction of being storm bound.

Night did not break the silence that had fallen upon them, though they turned in side by side to share each other's warmth, as they had shared all things, so it seemed, since time began. At midnight Potts awoke with a frightened cry, striking out wildly about his face. He had dreamt something—he did not say what. He did not mention the hungry faces, children's faces, the faces of Indian children, which had peered

down at him in his sleep, wan and cold and death-like, till one had touched him and he awoke in horror at the touch, to find the icy rim of his parki hood pressed against his face. He lay down again with his partner's futile profanity ringing in his ears. "God save us!" he muttered, and when daylight came Bill saw that Potts looked "kind of wild and 'way off." "He's a sick man," Bill told himself, for he saw trouble in store. "And it's up to me to look after him."

Birds of a feather may be true as regards the sons of the south, but in the north partners are invariably opposites. Bill was prone to many of the weaknesses of human flesh, but, above all things, he had lived straight and clean, probably because he was sufficiently lacking in originality to live otherwise. Potts had an active brain, and he, too, was prone to all human weaknesses. He was savagely ambitious and ambitiously alive to all life's opportunities. Potts was an out and outer of the first water. "Drinking as he has done," thought Bill, "he ain't likely to hold out infinite, and I'll have to watch him."

Bill started off with a kindly warning to Potts about his frost-bitten hands, and was promptly advised to "look after his own ugly hoofs." Bill might have retorted something caustic about hands and their management, but he contrived to swallow it. He was a hero, was Bill, and he knew it.

They were storm tied again. No mortal man could have faced that flying fury of ice particles. At midnight Bill was again awakened by a cry from Potts.

"Look! Look!" cried Potts. "There's a skunk or something purloining our cache!"

Bill advised him not to look at it, and it would soon go away. Potts picked up a faggot from the fire, and cast it into the white maelstrom, and by its flashing light Bill saw a dark squat form and two bright eyes—heard a snarl of devilish ferocity—not ten feet away!

Bill got up with an oath. The pack had been dragged from under Potts' head while he slept, and now lay out in the snow, rapidly drifting over. Near by were the deep, strong imprints of the dreaded wolverine.

Bill went over and retrieved the pack. It felt ominously light.

"Potts," he said solemnly, the caribou meat is gone, and all the rest stinks of musk fit to blind you."

He tossed the pack into a corner as though it were unclean. Potts sat up, embracing his knees, staring into the fire. His eyes were unnaturally bright, and now he laughed. There was little enough to laugh about, and it was not a pleasant laugh. "Bill," he said, "what are you going to build when we get our proposition fixed?"

But Bill sought his bed with a string of incoherent prophecies.

III.

They hit out two days later. Potts was still kind of queer. It got on Bill's nerves till he felt he could run and yell. Potts kept listening and looking behind him. Once he unhitched his rifle, and Bill prepared to duck. "Curse you!" muttered Potts. "It was you set me on this tack—thinking of them little swipes!"

Bill did not understand, so did not try to argue. He knew the long, long silence had got Potts down. A spell of hunger might sober him up a bit.

It did. Potts was quieter next day, but he played up soon. They set several rabbit snares in the snow, and at daybreak went the round. They were hungry now—really hungry. Potts began to understand what McNab had meant when he said, in effect, "There are times when food can't be bought—not even with gold!"

In one of the snares Potts found a snowshoe dangling helplessly in mid-air. It was still alive, and as he dashed up to clutch it with desperate, crooked hands it struck him in the chest with its strong hind legs, and the strand of rawhide parted. The rabbit fell to earth, half strangled, and began to dodge in and out among the bush. Potts dashed after it, clawing, stumbling, falling, but

finally it got away. Potts sat down and wept, and Bill, coming up, was horrified to find his partner too exhausted to stand.

Later in the day they heard wolves far ahead. Surely that meant game of some sort? They struggled on with renewed hopes, and towards dusk they came upon a great sled, drawn up at the river margin. A camp fire, shone at the bush edge, and many dogs ran out barking to meet them—big, strong, well-fed malamutes. By the fire a half-breed sat, and as he too came forward they saw that he wore about his neck a mission medal.

"Any grub?" was their first question. "Plenty grub," came the quiet answer.

They sat down to a substantial meal of caribou steak, and while they wolfed it the Indian explained the situation. These were the stores for the mission school, but he doubted he couldn't make it unaided with his heavy load and his big team. "Old man winter sit right on the trail," said the half breed. "Wolves blame hungry."

"It ain't you they're after—it's the load of meat," Bill pointed out.

The half breed shrugged his shoulders to signify that it made no difference. The Indian who had accompanied him, it seemed, had jumped his job somewhere down the trail—wind up about the wolves!

"They sure get me if you hadn't come along," the breed added, indicating, chiefly by waves of the hand, how the wolves had ranged alongside the sled every time he broke camp, till the dogs became unmanageable and he was compelled to make camp again. It never seemed to have occurred to this simple son of the woods that he too might jump his job, and leave the mission school to fend for itself.

"What you want," said Bill, "is someone to range alongside with a rifle. They would show themselves then. Why not cache the grub right here in the trees, go to the mission school, and come back with someone to lend you a hand?"

The half breed shook his head. "Too many wolverines," he explained, and "there," Bill owned, "you've got me."

Bill's mind was active. He sat for a time in silence, and perhaps the face of a nun floated before his mental vision. At length he addressed his partner. "Potts," he said, "if I see the breed back with this outfit, I reckon we'll have earned grub to see you to Fort Elwin?"

Potts regarded him closely. As he did so his eyes narrowed.

"You mean—me go on to register our claim, and you go back to the mission school with the breed?"

"Yep, unless we both go back."

"No," said Potts. He said it meaningfully. He said, "I'll see you in hell first!" Later he added, "I'm with you, Bill. It's a square deal this time."

They parted at dawn next day. Potts, his pack now heavily loaded, turned and waved as the heavy outfit swung into movement.

"We'll meet at the other end, Bill," he called.

"Yes," Bill answered, "we'll meet at the other end."

But in the honest mind of Bill there was no shadow of suspicion that, when they met, indeed, it might be as deadly foes not as partners—that the claim which, by all the laws of heaven and earth was theirs dividedly might then be legally held by one man only.

Potts had obtained the upper hand. Every man for himself, and the devil take the hindmost. If Bill was such an unsuspecting fool that was his show. Potts had no idea of doing him out of even a share, no more than he had any idea of granting him a half share. When the claim was registered, it would be registered in the name of one man only, and that man would be the all-important Potts Sowry. It was a plain business deal. After that they could talk. A fifth share would be liberal, and if Bill cut up rough he would be lucky to get that. Thus, with his villainous plan in mind, Potts waved a jovial farewell, and smiled to himself over his conscious

Continued on page 46



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(Signed) PROF. NICHOLAS TURNER

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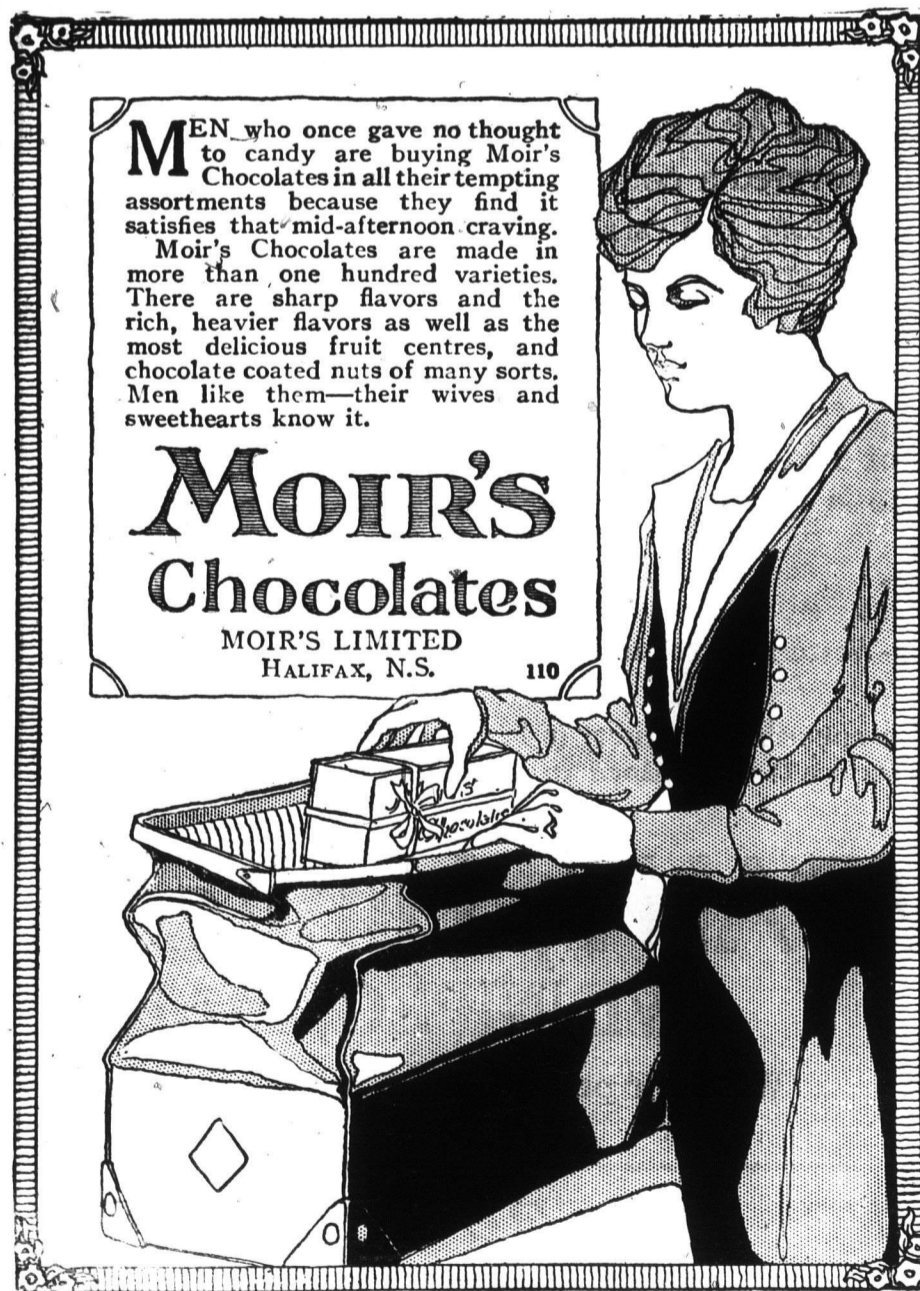
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At The Other End

Continued from page 45

humor about their next meeting, while Bill was happy in the sense of their having bought themselves cheaply out of an awkward predicament.

Well fed at last, Potts made good time that day, but as the light faded in a sullen and indescribable glory of crimson and gold over the rampikes of the dead tamaracks, he became subtly conscious that he was being followed. It got on his nerves, till presently he backtracked suddenly, then went to the edge of the timber. There, in the shadows he saw wolf tracks, fresh wolf tracks, and many of them.

Potts made camp early, seeking the timber belt to avoid the wind, his nerves all on edge. He lay close to the fire, and at his right hand was a plenteous supply of wood.

He was wakened harshly by the sudden thud of a falling mass of snow. In an instant he was in pitch darkness. A few embers of red marked the spot of his dying fire, and an angry hiss came from it. The rising heat of the flames had thawed the burden of snow from an overhanging branch, till it fell in a sudden avalanche to extinguish the flames.

Potts leapt up with a consciousness of his peril. He thought he heard a movement in the bush at every side like the rushing of a breeze in the branches. "A match, my God! A match!" he muttered, but as he struck a light something lurched past him, dashing the match from his hand, while perilously near his face was the slash of steel jaws. He flung himself down, groping for his rifle, his axe, for anything, but could find nothing. He felt, rather than saw, that silent shapes were moving all round him in the blackness, and his outstretched hand touched fur—the cold fur of a wolf's body! There was a snarl, and Potts staggered back, to fall full length over a windfall. As he struggled up he heard movements quite near to him—knew that it was wolves, many wolves—that could see him though he could not see them—dragging away his pack. He rose, and dashed into the timber. Sheer panic was upon him. He tried to find the open creek, but failed. Here, however, was a comparatively open cutting; he followed it. He wished only to get away from that horrible place. Exhausted at length, he again took out his matches and lit a fire. He had no blankets, so hollowed out a sleeping hole in the snow. When dawn came he went back to find his camp.

Potts struck the river, so he thought, but it was of an unending chaos of sloughs in which, one's sense of travel once lost, there was no hope of recovery. Potts was lost—alone in the great wolf invested wild without grub or blankets.

Superstitious men as most men are who live lonely lives, Potts knew now that the mission school meat was cursed to him. Fate had dogged his steps since first he laid his hands upon it.

One of the most striking things of life upon the winter trail is the suddenness with which calamity falls—brooding and immense ere the mind can grasp its falling. Of the two, Bill was the woodsman, though Potts may have been the master mind. City bred, he lacked a woodsman's instincts, and where many might yet have survived, he was doomed to perish. He saw no more of the wolves, but things quickly changed with him from bad to worse.

No object in describing the many days that followed. It has been described a thousand times before, and in a thousand different details. The main impressions remain the same—the gnawing, bitter loneliness, the growing of hunger, the eternal whiteness, the long, long silence that stalks like a death hound ever on the trail—these are the all-inspiring, everlasting factors.

So the days came when Potts did not know whether he was waking or sleeping. At times he found himself lying in the snow, at times groping feebly on, whither and why he knew not. He thought that he had suffered everything within the endurance of human strength,

and now he was filled with wonder at his own glorious vitality—obsessed with admiration at the marvellous body God had given him.

Potts had ceased to suffer. He no longer regarded himself as a living man. His life belonged to somewhere in the dim past, and if this was death, then it was a thousand times more merciful! The spring was dawning, and with it came the dawning of a new era in the soul of Potts. He thought of all that the world had once held for him, and now he shrank with loathing from it. He thought of all that the world had held for him hitherto—fortunes easily made and squandered in a single night, of heavy nights in the dancing halls and gambling hells, of cold, white, sunless dawns when the world, clean and new, broke upon a stained and tarnished life which held no brighter promise for the dreary vistas ahead. He thanked God that he no longer lived.

There remained to him only the present—the great and wonderful dawning of the spring, gilding all things with the purity of its light. Still he saw the faces of children, no longer wan and wasted, peering into his own with wistful inquiry, but the faces of bright, happy children, whose voices rang down the sunshine, calling to him, calling! He saw, too the face of a nun, but when he asked her to pray for him the face turned into Bill's face, radiantly sober, and Bill said, "No. I don't know 'ow, Potts," said Bill. Then Potts knew that he had learnt something greater than prayers, greater than poor, "high-faluvian" Bill had ever known, greater than is within the utterance of feeble human words. He was treading virgin soil, was Potts, that never yet prospector's pick had scratched.

Potts lay in the snow, his face between his mittened hands. He had long since lost all count of time, only he was endlessly glorious! A sound on the quietude stirred him, and he sat up slowly, wondering at the darkness, for he was snowblind. Yet he knew that the sun was shining; he could feel its warmth in all his weary limbs, could hear a thousand little rivulets trickling through the snow, and down the sunshine rang—the voices of happy children!

Slowly, staggering, Potts rose at last, his hands upraised towards that sound, groping feebly, groping through the darkness, his arms outstretched before him to the light of heaven. His face was aglow with the glory of it all. He fell and rose and fell again. He cried out that he was coming, but no sound left his lips. This was the end of the trail—he had reached his goal at last, and before him the gates were wide open!

Strong hands clutched the woodsman's arms and held him up. They carried him into the mission school, and there, kindly, unsparingly, they did all that human hands could do, which was exactly nothing.

Time drifted by again, endless, fathomless time. The wild geese were honking their way north across the heavens. Potts knew that Bill was at his side, that Bill was holding his hand. They had told him Bill was sure to come, and now he had heard Bill's voice at his very side, a voice from that other world to which Potts once belonged.

"Bill," said Potts.
"Potts," said Bill. The grip on his hand tightened.

For a long time that was all they had to say to one another. "I've waited a long time for you, Bill," said Potts at length. "Where have you been?"

"I've been there and back, Potts," said Bill. "I've registered the claim. It's ours now, all ship-shape and in order."
"Ours!" echoed Potts. He smiled faintly. "Ours, Bill," he said; "but I'm handing in my check, ain't I?"
Bill was silent. It was not within the constitution of the man to lie. "Yes, old chap," he said finally.

Again Potts smiled. "We'll meet at the other end, Bill?" he said, and his partner answered, "Yes, Potts, at the other end."

And outside the voices of many children rang down the sunshine.

Bullets and Skinning Knives

Continued from Page 31

CHAPTER III

For four weeks Jabez Manders had lived in alternate states of hope and despair. He realized that he had committed a terrible financial blunder by selling his mining shares for a month's grace on his mortgage. Now he sat again in the offices of Hare and Hound Company, waiting for an opportunity to talk to the manager. A newsboy dropped a paper on the floor in passing. The old man, too stingy to buy one for himself, picked it up. Instinctively he turned to the page of finance, though he had lost interest in it after selling out his shares in the Silver Springs Mining Company. However, he would look at the quotations. The first glance brought him to his feet with a howl of anger.

The newsboy looked back, touched his head sympathetically and walked on, leaving the old man alone with the paper and his thoughts. An office boy interrupted him.

"You wish to see the manager, sir?"

"Yes."

"This way, please," Jabez was shown into the private office. The manager was sitting with his back to the door. His roller top desk and swivel chair all indicated a business capacity equal to the best in the land. When Jabez entered, the manager swung round in his chair, and Jabez sank in dismay into a proffered seat.

"Fred Seymour!" exclaimed the old man. "You, working here with these sharks. Well I am both sorry and glad. Maybe you have some influence with the manager. Perhaps you can get this mortgage renewed."

The old man talked on almost childishly in his anxiety, perplexity and surprise.

"You had influence yourself once with the manager, Mr. Manders," interrupted Fred coldly, "but you did not use it to advantage."

"Me! influence with the manager! Why, I ain't seen him yet. Where is he?"

"Don't you remember that Sunday you opposed your bullets and skinning knives to the Golden Rule? I have taken you at your word. I have done a little financial killing and now the skinning knife must come into play. You have just come in time to witness the dressing of our first victim."

"What? You the manager?"

"I am," continued Fred. "You very foolishly allowed my clerk to induce you to part with some perfectly good shares in the Silver Springs Mining Company, in order to postpone disaster as you called it, until you could see the manager."

Jabez had never heard Fred talk like this before, and the quiet voice frightened him.

"And," continued Fred, "I am now going to reverse the Golden Rule. I am going to do unto others as they would do unto me, if they got the chance. By the agreement you made with my clerk your mortgage falls due two weeks from to-day. It must either be redeemed or foreclosed. The alternative rests with you. The Silver Springs Mining stock is quoted this morning at fifty per cent. A full hundred per cent. thrown away because you were afraid that the Golden Rule was out of date."

"But, Fred, for Heaven's sake! Can't you see what you are doing? You are sending Mother, Grace and me out of our home at the mercy of charity."

"Not necessarily Grace, Mr. Manders," said Fred. "I have kept my part of the bargain you suggested. Now you must yours. I have used the bullets and skinning knives effectively. You will do your part now by consenting to our marriage. I hope I have shown you that I can provide for her."

"You win," muttered the old man and staggered agedly from the office.

The following Saturday Jabez had a birthday. In the evening the mail arrived containing a large parcel from the Hare and Hound Company. As Jabez opened it "Many Happy Returns" greeted his eyes. The parcel contained the print of the coureur de bois skinning his game, but within a large envelope was the renewal of the mortgage on the farm and his certificate of shares in the Silver Spring Mining Company.

On Sunday in the little Presbyterian Sunday School Fred Seymour again addressed his class on "Practical Idealism," but this time the old man's beard stayed straight.

Music Brings Success

Music, above and beyond all other things, links up with the larger life which the psychologists are dimly discovering in these modern days. It is highly probable that the music of the great composers flowed into their souls and so into the world, at some uplifted moment, that put them in tune with the Infinite. Now, if we can so tranquilize and untense our little selves, it is probable that we, too, can get so into harmony with the maker of the music and its Great Source, that our tremors—our cowardly apprehensions—our warping self-consciousness—our disturbing thirst for the approbation of the hearers—will drop from us like a hampering cloak, and we will carry through our active work with tranquil assurance, to a victory which else we had not achieved.

The Advice of a Violinist

Mischa Elman, the great violinist, said: "The violinist and the violin student should beware of intoxicating liquors of all kinds, and tobacco. I neither drink nor smoke, and abstain from nerve stimulants of all kinds. Letting liquor and tobacco alone is good advice for a human being of any profession, but especially for a violinist, for the injury which these things do to the nervous system shows quicker in the work of the violinist than anything else that I know of. Above all things a clear brain and steady muscles are necessary for good violin-playing. Many violinists find their ruin in intoxicants and tobacco, which prevent their clear thinking and a steady hand."

Origin of Hymn Tunes

The actual origin of the hymn tune is lost in the mists of antiquity. No doubt the earliest were improvisations, and only gradually crystallized into set "tunes." Specimens of old pagan tunes have, indeed, survived, but they do not concern us here. Obviously only those which were written down could be preserved: and only those, again which have been deciphered and transcribed into modern notation are available for present use. The overture to Costa's oratorio "Eli," is a contrapuntal development of an old Jewish tune said to have been sung in the service of the Temple at Jerusalem, and the same melody, altered somewhat to conform to modern tonality (also to reduce its compass) appears in various hymnals under the name "Leoni."



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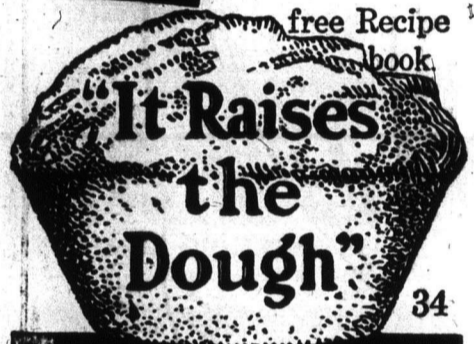
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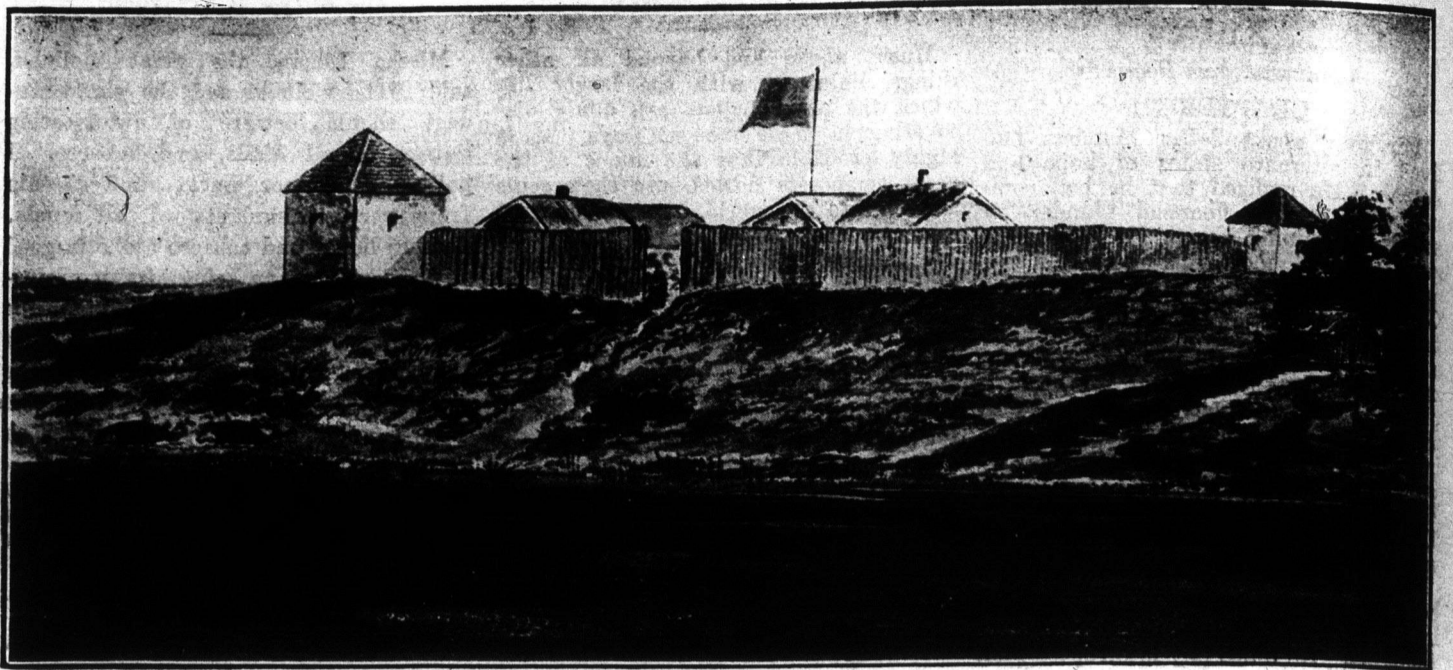
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Old Fort Douglas, Red River. From a sketch by the Earl of Selkirk, 1817.

An Old Company

Continued from Page 4

that empty into the Pacific farther south. These things are mentioned to show that it was to the efforts of our fur companies, British power extends from ocean to ocean, and from the Arctic down to the boundary line.

Whatever else the Hudson's Bay Co. has done, it has preserved for Britain this great land, and it has kept the Indian tribes loyal to the British throne. For in all its dealings with the red men, the officials of the company have commended themselves by their fair dealing, and their respect for justice.

So, in this year, 1920, it is in order to congratulate the company on having attained its majority.

The Bible

By Rev. E. F. Adams

O, friends, if there is one great thing in this world it is the Bible of God; great in origin, great in thought, great in promise, great in beauty, great in purpose, great in power, great in its results! It hangs as by a golden cord from the throne of the Highest, and all heaven's light, life, love, and sweetness come down into it for us. It hangs there like a celestial harp; the daughters of sorrow tune it, and awake a strain of consolation. The hand of joy strikes it, and feels a diviner note of gladness. The sinner comes to it, and it discourses to him of repentance and salvation. The saint bends an ear to it, and talks to him of an intercessor and immortal kingdom. The dying man lays his trembling hand on it, and there steals thence into his

soul the promise, "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world." "When thou passest through the waters they shall not overflow thee, and through the fires thou shalt not be burned." "Be of good cheer, I have overcome the world!" "The last enemy that shall be destroyed is death." "This mortal shall put on immortality, and this corruptible shall put on incorruption, and death shall be swallowed up in victory."

Where is promise, where is philosophy, where is song like this; Magnify the word of God!

The Morning Ray is Near

It struggles through the orient and hangs dimly in the chambers of the East. Its faint yellow gleams begin to tip the distant mountain-tops. The highest peaks are the first to tell of the coming day. First the rugged peaks of the Himalayas; then Mont Blanc with its sisters in the Alpine groups; then some tall cathedral spire, or topmast of a ship on the sea; then o'er the broad Atlantic, Aurora, with her "rosy-tipped fingers," covers the waves with a golden light; then the shores, with all the land, begin to shine with the first bright beams, and all Nature, and animals, and men begin to rejoice in the new-born day. Such, dear fellow-Christian, is the figure which is the faint type of your own experience while here in the flesh. You have seen and felt the first bright gleams of the rising Sun of Righteousness in your darkened heart. There is, perhaps, no perceptible warmth in the first struggling light that breaks upon you. But still it is light. Your eyes begin to see. You are at once transported, as it were into a new world. The "windows of the soul" are now for the

first time opened to the light of heaven. Your whole being begins to move with a new life. New powers are developed within you. The life-blood begins to circulate. Warmth, energy, zeal, heretofore unknown, begin to inspire you. New purposes, new plans, new hopes, are born within you. You are a new-born child of heaven.

But oh! The ministry of trial! It is like the twofold heated furnace to try the temper of your Christian manhood. Otherwise, the rough and brittle metal of your character would bend and break beneath the burden of labor and sorrow. The newly-fledged wings cannot yet mount to the upper air. Short and broken flights, bruised and bleeding pinions, must develop the strength of the young songster before he can mount to the topmost tree to greet the earliest rays of the morning. Christian character is so imperfectly developed, and crude in its experiences at first, that the heats of summer or blasts of winter must temper and try it before it arrives at its full fruitage.

But analogies from inanimate Nature are faint illustrations of the training and trial of the human soul. Christ, the Divine Master, lays His own hands upon His chosen children. He touches them in their weakest part, that they may be healed of their weakness. If it is love of the world or pride of life. He takes away earthly treasures, or blasts their brightest earthly pride, that affections may not be set too much on these things, which must soon perish and fade. If passion or lust have the ascendancy, the iron law of Nature brings its speedy and humiliating punishment.



Buffalo hunt in the Fort Garry district fifty years ago.

The Young Woman and Her Problem

By Pearl Richmond Hamilton

The Girl of the New Day

Every young woman who reads this page belongs to a new age of opportunity. The vision of usefulness beckons everyone of our girls in Canada who is immune to the plague of artificiality. Modern life may appear full of complexities but the girl with a call to true citizenship is able to cope with these problems.

Into the Supreme Canvas of a nation's supremacy must come young women of courage, physical and moral cleanliness, and ambition. Miss E. M. Knox, Principal of Haverger College, Toronto, has recently written a book which every girl in Canada should own—"The Girl of the New Day." In her preface she states that some years past a man on a far away ranch in Western Canada asked her to give him the name of a book which would give his girl a wider outlook, which would open her eyes to the chances of life.

This request inspired Miss Knox to write the book for the girl in Canada—it will help every girl. Miss Knox makes the chapters intensely vital. The Lure of Height, A Sound Mind, A Sound Body, The Joy of Teaching, The Joy of Nursing, The Joy of Farming, The Library, Household Arts, Salesmanship, The Call to Missions, The Joy of Music, The Three Fates, A School Girl, The Call of the West and Queen of Them All—are chapters full of suggestion, instruction and inspiration. Following are some quotations from these chapters:

"Every pulse is stirring and every heart leaping since Peace came with radiant feet, And blew her trumpet in the street, And bade each choose his rainbow stair."

The day is at hand when you must 'play up, play up and play the game, of a wider life. But what if a rainbow stairway already casts its clear light ahead of you? What if duty calls and a home task is allotted to you. That duty will undoubtedly prove itself a stairway of light, provided you choose to do it well." In the chapter, "A Day Dream of Canada" she refers to Canada's call in these words: "She is wanting to know how far your trail will be her trail, how far your life her life. She tells you it is easy enough to sing 'The Maple Leaf' and feel a glow of pride in Canada, but it is more to the purpose to take up the burden of the women who went before you, who toiled, hemmed in by everlasting trees, who wearied in the loneliness by day and shuddered at the howling of the wolves by night. If you are out west you think you have a hard time of it, but is it equal to that of the women of old? How did the women of the old days stand it? At times they despaired, at others they worked bravely on, inspired by the belief that Canada was a giant in its cradle. How far do you share their opinion?"

Have you gloried in the marvel of our coast line? If you had a giant's spool of thread you might spin a long line up the western coast one summer and down the eastern coast another, and find at the end that you had a thread long enough to wind half way round the circumference of the world.

Do you really glory in the gigantic space around you? Do you realize that Germany, Austria, Hungary might be dumped in Alberta, Saskatchewan and Manitoba? What would have been the issue of a battle such as Ypres but for our hardy Northerners bred in a clear cut frosty clime, men determined that the quarrel for the Right was their quarrel, the God of Right their God?

How can we keep our country strong and pure?

We can build houses outside of the city limit. We can encourage farmer's wives by labor-saving devices, telephones and libraries; we can turn saloons into tea houses, build recreation halls of the right type with movies and music.

We can deepen the spiritual life of our churches and realize that the varying churches are but fingers of the one pointing to Christ.

Place yourself at the strategical point where you can serve your country best. The happier you are the better you can serve Canada.

Every tap of a soldier's crutch on the pavement is the record of a choice, a challenge to know how far you in your turn are living, giving, sacrificing for Canada.

Opportunity spells responsibility. In speaking of Nerve Bankruptcy, Miss Knox urges regularity in habits. She says "You cannot put a clock back, you cannot stop the rush but you can learn to meet that rush.

If you burn your candle at both ends, if you take your fling, your future will take its fling out of you just as certainly as you take your fling out of it. Think high and see straight.

"Two men looked through the prison bars, The one saw mud, the other stars."

Miss Knox emphasizes the great need of good teachers. She says: "You know very well that the devil has been let loose over the world for a season, and that the tragedy is in vain if no new and mighty spiritual ideal arises. That spiritual ideal will find its way most surely and swiftly through the school. That is why you will not, you dare not, if you have the slightest genius for teaching, turn aside whilst our boy still whistles on this earth. You will open windows that that boy may see, that that boy may learn growth of wisdom from the mire of war."

If our Master grieved over a twisted limb, a deformed child, He grieves to-day over a child mentally or spiritually twisted. If he cared so intensely as to the wheat and tares, He cares intensely whether a boy's mind is sown with good seed or thistles. When Christ had only three years in which to set in motion the movements which would change the atmosphere of the whole world, He followed the three professions of Preaching, Healing and Teaching. Teaching is one of the three chosen professions. The golden cups of temptation totter and break only as they are cast down by the power of Christ and His followers. Your boys and girls drift away to break those cups of temptation or to drink out of them. So year by year you open your school door and your boys and girls go forth, and you pray your Master that they may help to kindle a God-given flame of purity and righteousness."

In the chapter on the Joy of Nursing, Miss Knox urges the importance of the profession. If service is the stuff of which your visions are made, pray that God will give you hills to climb and strength for climbing. You multiply your power by placing yourself under Divine guidance.

It is well Miss Knox made a place for the chapter "The Joy of Farming" in which she asks: "What is the greatest need of to-day?"

Now Canada's greatest need, like that of every other nation, is a royal generation, sturdy girls and boys. For rearing such a generation there must be the right food. She gives definite illustrations of successful farmers. "The settler who makes good in farming whether east, west or north, renders a national service. If you make a success of your farm you tempt others to follow you." In referring to women farmers she says: "The more refined the woman, the quicker her adaptability to her surroundings." In the country, in the solitude of training, the sparks are struck which set the world agaze.

The author in her chapter on Household Arts, urges young women to train in all that would make a successful home-maker. We need more hospitality. She tells us in the chapter, The Business World, that salary is not all. There will be plenty of room at the top, but there is no elevator to swing you swiftly aloft; your only access is up steep and stony stairs.

"Indifference is fatal to success." Miss Knox forcibly convinces the reader that only the spiritual element will make any work successful.

Continued on Page 50

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NORTHLAND KNITTING CO. Ltd., Winnipeg, Man.

Manufacturers of the famous Northland Brand
Moccasins, Mitts, "Casey Jones" and "Knock-Out" Gloves

The Young Woman and Her Problem

Continued from Page 49

The Queen of Them All, is a chapter on woman's most important calling—Motherhood. She says no matter how exalted other professions may be, a mother's far outreaches them, for she creates new lives who may hold vast destinies in their hands.

If a nurse dare not twist and spoil a surgeon's instruments, a mother dare not twist and spoil her children's dispositions, who are God's future instruments for carrying out His will in the world. Sir Wilfred Laurier said: "More public opinion was formed around the dinner table than anywhere else in the world." These are only a few quotations from "The Girl of the New Day" by Miss Ellen M. Knox. I feel sure every girl who reads this department will want to own a copy of the book. I would add a quotation from Kipling which Miss Knox quotes. I wish our girls would read more of Kipling:

Teach us to rule ourselves alway,
Controlled and cleanly night and day;
That we bring, if need arise,
No maimed or worthless sacrifice.
What matters where the great God flings
Down on the earth thy thinking clay?
Take soul and body, keep them sane,
And treading firm the green earth's sod
Look upward from that place to God?

A Canadian Library

Our Canadian men and women are fast coming into the author's circle. This year many new books are published from the pens of Canadians. They should be encouraged. We need to foster a literature of our own. An important corner of every library should be set aside for Canadian books. I wonder how many know that Mr. Ingersoll of Winnipeg was honored on the other side of the line in the list of best story writers for the year. We shall look for some good work from Mr. Ingersoll. This particular story was "The Centenarian." He has entered into the life of people old in years as we think but whose hearts are still young in romance. After all, most old people are younger than we realize. At any rate Mr. Ingersoll understands them.

"The Makers of Canada" is a set of several volumes that should be a valued addition to a library.

J. F. B. Livesay's book on "Canada's Hundred Days" is a recent addition to history—genuinely vital. I understand Mr. Livesay's book will be placed in all Canadian public libraries.

Then there are our poets. Not a library should neglect these splendid early singers of Canada whose work is now so much appreciated. William Henry Drummond, the poet of the habitant whose French-Canadian verse is so harmoniously charming, Wilfred Campbell, Bliss Carman, Charles G. D. Roberts, E. Pauline Johnson with her songs of forest, sky and stream and her fine British spirit—all poets we appreciate.

Then there are our new poets—Florence Randall Livesay and a score of others. Do you know I love Jean Blewett's wholesome verse?

Our novelists—Sir Gilbert Parker, Ralph Connor, Nellie L. McClung, Mrs. Isabel Egglestone MacKay and other new ones are writing Canada in the hearts of her people. I might add that Prof. Durkin's new book, "The Heart of Cherry McBean" is a wholesome story genuinely Canadian—but how could it be Canadian without being wholesome? Every minute of the story is spent in Canada's big out-of-doors. It is unfortunate for us that Arthur Stringer and Basil King did not remain with us. It might be of interest to note that Dr. John D. Logan has started in the University at Wolfville, Nova Scotia the first series of lectures in Canada on Canadian literature. We have a classic background and Dr. Logan is an outstanding figure in present day Canadian letters—he is a scholar who will bring the very best interpretation out of Canadian literature. He is a poet, a soldier, a scholar—and with a life so rich and experienced he will do a great work for Canada as First University Lecturer on Canadian Literature.

The Society that Earns its Name

Most people in the province of Manitoba and the other provinces have heard of "The Children's Aid." But perhaps only a few know of the wonderful work this organization accomplishes for good citizenship. Composed as it is of sincere men and women representing all denominations, it is the broadest organization in the province, I believe. And what is more it has been carrying on an increasing progressive work for more than twenty years. It is a provincial organization and is a blessing that reaches into every corner of the province where needed.

I have before me the report of their work in January. What an astonishing record of work for one month! Forty-six separate cases have come to them for assistance—everyone of which is a tragedy. There are innocent babies to shelter; little children to mother and father; deserted wives to assist; soldiers' families to unite after deplorable misunderstandings; foreign homes to influence with personal supervision; wronged and wayward girls to direct and help morally and materially; in every case innocent little children are involved. Every phase of the work requires practical help and advice tempered with justice and mercy.



Miss Helen E. Davidson, Winnipeg, in charge of Canadian girls in training, Manitoba and Saskatchewan.

Every case is carefully considered by men and women who feel the smart of a sorrow not their own.

Rev. Canon Heeney of the Anglican Church is President of the Children's Aid. His life is crowded with important activities, but he was persuaded to accept the position because of his keen sense of responsibility for the welfare of little children—our future Canadian citizens.

All over the province are women's institutes and many other women's organizations that have done splendid work during the war. If they would help the Children's Aid by sending in donations of clothing or money they would encourage an organization that is bending every possible effort towards the welfare of little children. All communications should be addressed to the Secretary of the Children's Aid, Mr. W. E. Weston, 16 Bible House, Winnipeg. This most worthy organization deserves the support of every patriotic citizen.

The Canadian Girl in Training

There is a vital constructive organization for young girls that will soon permeate every progressive community in Western Canada. It is known as "Canadian Girls in Training." Miss Helen E. Davidson of Winnipeg has charge of the work in Manitoba and Saskatchewan and she has accomplished splendid results. Miss Davidson has the qualities that entitle her to the position of leadership among girls. She loves girls, she under-

Continued on Page 64

He Knew

Recently a representative of the Anti-Saloon League was speaking to the juvenile Sabbath School. "I will now," he remarked, "place the letters of the alphabet upon the black-board. As I write each letter I wish you to tell me the name of a bad drink that begins with the letter I put on the board." He then chalked the letter A, and one of the children called, "Ale!" Next B,

and a youth volunteered, "Beer."

A silence when he wrote the letter C caused the lecturer to ask, "Is there nobody here who can name a bad drink beginning with C?" He pointed his finger at a small boy in the front row, and said, encouragingly, "There is a little man who I think can tell me the name of a bad drink that begins with C."

To which the youth replied: "Sure I can. Castor oil!"—Ex.

A MIXED MARRIAGE

A Vain Quest

I long to meet a farmer man whose given name is "Josh." And hear him say "Wa-al, naow, I vum!" "I swanny!" and "B'gosh!" I want to get acquainted so I may have a chance To see his bed-tick galluses upholding his jean pants.

And I am sure I couldn't keep my risibles in check At sight of brindle whiskers all a-growing on his neck. But oh, alas, I'm always balked; I'm disappointment's prey. I never find that funny rube, though hunting night and day. He may have happened years ago, but hasn't for an age. He's plumb extinct and can't be found except upon the stage.



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THE habit of daintiness may be cultivated early in any child. While it should never be allowed to develop into an unwholesome vanity and love of dress, it is an asset that makes for success and happiness in later life.

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The Home Doctor

How Your Eyes Are Constructed
By Dr. Leonard Keene Hirschberg, A.B., M.A., M.D. (Johns Hopkins University).

Man relies mostly upon his eyes. He believes what he sees more often than what he hears. The eyes are sentinels of judgments. What they see perfectly, imperfectly, or what they neglect to see makes you just and broad, or unjust and narrow.

The eyes help to make a judgment certain, but they are rash sometimes and tell wonders that do not exist outside of some sore or irritation in their faulty anatomy.

Many persons who are willing to swear upon the witness stand of this or that event, action, behaviour or what not as positively and sincerely seen, really bear false testimony in an honest, sincere way. Their eyes are imperfect, as all human eyes must necessarily be.

Twenty learned, dignified clinical professors, surgeons, leading reformers and social workers, clergymen and pedagogues were recently put to these tests by a student of Professor G. Stanley Hall, the noted psychologist, and they all gave false statements under oath. Yet these are among the groups and professions who sometimes think their "professional standing" and "elevated social position" makes them sponsors for other people's morals. When taken to task in the counts by some "plain person," they are amazed that judges and juries should often rule against them. So much for poor eyes of "perfect people."

Sight is secondary to the muscle sense. Indeed, it is the six horse-rein muscles of the eyeball and the muscles of the eye-lens, iris and even the eye lids, which make mere vision, the power for perception, reason, judgment and thought what they are.

Contrary to the beautiful analogies with which some oculists and opticians try to stir your mechanical interest, the eye is not "a piece of complicated machinery." You may be able to tabulate and put together the various parts and materials of a camera, a kodak or a telescope, and so learn from their material arrangement the heart of the mystery.

But not so the vital structures of living anatomy. Who is man, medical or scientific, that he may know the intricate web and woof of life-stuff? The Creator has not yet seen fit to vouchsafe even unto the Jacques Loebes the occult works of protoplasm living fabric!

True enough the outer shell of the eyeball, called by the eternal medical pundit "the sclerotic," is seemingly similar to the corrugated, black box of the camera, while the front of the box is the cornea or the portion, which short-story writers say gives you "the icy look" or the glassy stare.

The peep-hole, or pin-sized crevice, which contracts almost to obliteration under sharp light and when nearby objects are viewed, which dilates and grows "blackish and wide" in dim light, and when distance lends enchantment to the view, is the iris or shutter.

The iris is of variegated hues but in more persons it is dark or bluish, brown or gray. If the color particles are absent—the usual thing in white rats, white rabbits and albino men and women—it seems pinkish because the blood shows through the transparent curtains. The iris or curtain has drawing strings made of muscle fibre, so has the transparent, spindle-shaped lens, which is situated just behind the iris.

Unlike the lenses of a camera or telescope, there is present the non-materialistic spark of Prometheus in the living eye-lens. That is to say, the eye can itself change focus by "balling itself up" or flattening.

Indeed, the vital magic is present in all parts of the active eye. The sclera or box, its internal lining, the retina, the sparkling front cornea, the "humors" or jellies in front of the lens and behind it in the main "dark room" of the eye, as well as the peephole of the iris, are all adaptable, elastic and quick to work in harmony with each other or by a magic change of focus.

In fine, this marvelous structure which is one of the scores—not five or

six as some will tell you—of human senses, aids the inner man to link himself with the world of light and darkness, color and form. It catches the pictures and scenes of reality, inverts them, re-erects them via the way-station of the optic nerve and brain, and translates them into life and memory as a delible or indelible impression upon your palate, your flesh, your behaviour, your adaptability and your future actions.

Colic

The word colic is often used to describe any severe pain in the abdomen, but it is, of course, true that pain in that region has many causes; it may come from a green apple unwisely eaten, and it may indicate a serious peritonitis.

Simple colic is the proper name for the cramp-like contractions that are brought by local irritation or by poisoning. The irritation may be caused by some substance that will not yield to the digestive processes, and that remains in the digestive tract until the system rebels and ejects it by force. The same symptoms occur when something actually poisonous is eaten. That is why the greatest care should be taken that all food should be perfectly fresh and wholesome—especially all fish, and shellfish most of all; for the ptomaines of shellfish are exceedingly virulent.

The pain that simple colic causes may be very severe, and it may be attended by vomiting, profuse sweating, and the partial collapse of the sufferer. If the pain does not quickly abate, call a doctor, for the condition may in that case be serious.

Colic of this sort will usually yield to home treatment, and is quickly relieved by the removal of the cause of offense. There are one or two signs that will help the family to determine whether or not they ought to call a physician. In simple colic, the patient usually moves about restlessly, and tries first one position and then another in order to gain relief. If, on the other hand, the pain is caused by some grave organic trouble, or if there is real intestinal obstruction or peritonitis, the patient can hardly keep still enough. The expression of the face is also a guide to the diagnosis. The expression in simple colic may be agonized, but it is a very different thing from the pinched and anxious pallor that accompanies serious abdominal trouble.

Drowsiness

Drowsiness may be normal or abnormal. Many good sleepers do not know what drowsiness is—they pass almost instantly from wakefulness into sleep; others always become drowsy at bedtime; they begin to yawn, and find it growing hard to fix their attention on anything. When the condition is natural, it is of no consequence. When Nature calls for sleep, she should be obeyed. Do not combat such drowsiness, for that causes you to fatigue yourself unnecessarily, and it may in time turn you from a good sleeper into a poor one.

But drowsiness is sometimes a sign of disease. It is often a symptom of a poisoned system. When, therefore, a person begins to show unusual and inexplicable drowsiness, he ought to find out what the cause is. It may be that malaria, or indigestion, or some form of kidney disease is poisoning the blood. A diminished blood stream can also produce somnolence, as in the case of the aged, who often fall into a succession of little naps all day long, because the amount of blood that circulates through the brain is so small that there is constant condition of cerebral anemia.

Abnormal drowsiness also results from tumors of the brain or injuries to the skull. Then it is usually caused by the pressure that interferes with the circulation of the blood. In diabetes, drowsiness occasionally comes on with great suddenness; it is then generally the precursor of the unconsciousness or coma that accompanies the late stages of that disease.

The treatment of drowsiness must be determined by the cause. Old people should be permitted to drowse freely. Young people who are anemic should try to improve their blood by tonics and diet, and cultivate a habit of living and sleeping in the fresh air.

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A Home Cure Given by One Who Had It

In the spring of 1893 I was attacked by Muscular and Inflammatory Rheumatism. I suffered as only those who have it know, for over three years. I tried remedy after remedy, and doctor after doctor, but such relief as I received was only temporary. Finally, I found a remedy that cured me completely, and it has never returned. I have given it to a number who were terribly afflicted and even bedridden with Rheumatism, and it effected a cure in every case.

I want every sufferer from any form of rheumatic trouble to try this marvelous healing power. Don't send a cent; simply mail your name and address and I will send it free to try. After you have used it and it has proven itself to be that long-looked-for means of curing your Rheumatism, you may send the price of it, one dollar, but, understand, I do not want your money unless you are perfectly satisfied to send it. Isn't that fair? Why suffer any longer when positive relief is thus offered you free? Don't delay. Write today.

Mark H. Jackson, No. 316F Gurney Bldg., Syracuse, N. Y.
 Mr. Jackson is responsible. Above statement true

The Kitchen

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Gertrude Dutton, Domestic Science
Manitoba Agricultural College

Macaroni

Macaroni is a cereal food, which is not as popular as it deserves to be. It is high in food value, cheap, easily prepared, and easily kept in the home. It is made of hard, glutinous flour, a little salt and moistened with water, or water and milk, with occasionally a little egg. After the paste is thoroughly mixed and kneaded, it is placed in a press, and forced through holes in a metal plate at the bottom of the press. The variations in these holes gives us the different sizes of macaroni. Vermicelli, spaghetti and noodles, are other forms of Italian pastes.

How to Know Good Macaroni

1. It is yellowish in color.
2. It is rough in texture.
3. It breaks cleanly without splintering.
4. It swells in boiling, to double its size.
5. It does not become pasty.
6. It does not lose its tubular shape.

To be ensured of the utmost in quality, and of cleanliness in handling, etc., it is wise to buy macaroni in packages, in pieces or bought in elbow or ready-cut shape, then thrown into a large quantity of rapidly boiling salted water, and cooked till tender, which usually takes about twenty minutes. The bubbling of the water, and the large amount of it, prevents the macaroni sticking to the bottom of the kettle and scorching. It is then drained in a colander, with cold water poured through to prevent pastiness and sticking together of the pieces. It may then be prepared in any way desired.

Macaroni Soup

Broken pieces of macaroni are added to any boiling soup stock, and cooked till soft.

Baked Macaroni With Peanut Butter

Put 2 cups boiled macaroni in a greased baking dish. Heat 2 cups milk in a double boiler. Add gradually to 3½ tablespoons peanut butter and 1 teaspoon salt. Pour over the macaroni, cover. Cook in a slow oven 45 minutes. Sprinkle with ¼ cup buttered crumbs. Brown. Serve hot.

Macaroni With Oysters

Add 1 cup oysters, highly seasoned with salt and pepper to 1 pint boiled macaroni. Moisten with one cup thin white sauce. Cover with buttered crumbs, and bake till hot and brown.

Macaroni Creole

2 c. cooked macaroni 1 lb. beef (put through
1 pt. canned tomatoes chopper)
½ c. chopped onion ¼ c. fat (butter, cleo,
etc.)
½ tsp. salt, pepper ¼ c. grated cheese

Slightly brown onion in fat, add to hot strained tomato and salt and pepper. Stir beef in frying pan until partly cooked. Put macaroni, meat and tomato in layers in bake dish with buttered crumbs on top. Brown in oven.

Spaghetti with Bacon

Two cups cooked spaghetti, six slices bacon, fried till crisp with a grating of onion, and cut up fine. Put in alternate layers in baking dish. Moisten with a tomato puree, made by straining the tomato and heating with salt and pepper. Heat mixture in oven before serving.

Macaroni With Cheese

No. 1

1 pt. boiled macaroni 1 c. thin white sauce
Salt, pepper 1 c. grated cheese

Put macaroni and cheese in layers in bake dish, moisten with white sauce. Cover with buttered crumbs. Bake till hot and brown.

Macaroni and Cheese

No. 2

Melt the cheese in the white sauce. Mix with the macaroni. Brown in oven.

Macaroni, Italian Style

No. 1

2 c. boiled macaroni ½ c. scalded milk
2 tbsps. butter 2-3 c. cheese (grated)
2 tbsps. flour Salt and Pepper
¼ c. finely chopped ham

Make a sauce of flour, butter, milk cheese, salt and pepper. Reheat macaroni in it. Turn on a serving dish, sprinkle with the ham. Garnish with parsley, if desired.

Macaroni, Italian Style

No. 2

1 c. macaroni 1½ c. tomato sauce
½ onion ½ c. grated cheese
2 cloves ½ tsp. butter

Cook macaroni in boiling salted water with butter and onion stuck with cloves. Drain. Remove onion. Reheat in tomato sauce, add cheese. Cook till cheese melts.

Macaroni, Italian Style

No. 3

Cook macaroni as in Italian style No. 2, add a little cooked beef tongue cut in pieces.

Macaroni, Italian Style

No. 4

Boil macaroni. Make a good beef stew of 2 lbs. of a tougher cut of beef, with brown gravy, seasoned with salt, pepper, half an onion. Pile macaroni on one end of platter, pieces of meat on the other. Pour gravy over the macaroni.

Spaghetti With Hamburg Steak

Boil half a package of spaghetti without breaking, in boiling salted water. Coil around sides and bottom of a baking dish. Stir ½ lb. Hamburg steak, seasoned with 1 teaspoon salt, a little pepper and half a chopped onion, in frying pan till slightly cooked. Pack in centre of mould of spaghetti. Pour 1 cup tomato sauce over all. Bake till hot and browned.

Macaroni Cheese Custard

½ package macaroni, ½ teaspoon salt and
boiled pepper
6 tbsps. grated cheese 4 tablespoons butter
1 pint milk 2 eggs

Put macaroni in baking dish. Grate cheese over it. Mix beaten eggs, salt, pepper and hot milk. Pour over macaroni. Bake one half hour.

Scalloped Macaroni With Ripe Tomatoes

Put alternate layers of boiled macaroni and sliced ripe tomatoes, salt and pepper and dots of butter or oleo, in a bake dish. Put a layer of buttered crumbs on top. Bake in a slow oven for an hour.

Macaroni With Minced Meat

Mix boiled macaroni with any left over minced meat. Moisten with gravy. Heat thoroughly. Sprinkle with chopped parsley.

Scalloped Corn and Spaghetti

Put in a bake dish, alternate layers of canned corn, boiled spaghetti, salt, pepper and dots of butter or oleo. Pour over a custard made of 1 beaten egg and 1½ cups of hot milk. Put buttered crumbs on top. Bake till firm, in a moderate oven.

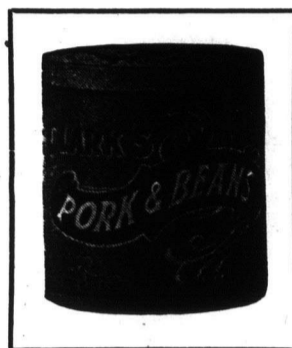
The Pleasures of Sin

There is a curious tree known as the Judas tree. Long before the leaves appear upon the branches, the gorgeous blossoms ornament them, and they look like scarlet sun-gleams caught amongst the boughs, and held prisoners by their interlacings. The brilliant beauty of the crimson flowers attracts thousands of tiny insects, and the wild bees seek to draw honey from their exquisitely-shaped cups. But every insect, bee, or butterfly that ventures to rest upon the edge of its blossom is overcome by a fatal, curious sort of opiate, or sleeping draught, which the flower-juice contains, and drops dead upon the ground beneath! If you were to walk round the tree with me, you would see the soft grass strewn with dead and dying bright-winged insects! The Judas tree reminds you and me of sin. Sin may look bright, pleasant, and attractive to our eyes; we may think it "no harm" to indulge in it. But lurking behind "the pleasures of sin" is a fatal poison. Even a child may be led to taste the deadliness of sin, and its beautiful, pure soul be slain by it! All round the Judas tree of sin we see the dead and dying souls of men.

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Fashions and Patterns



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It's good taste and good sense to **INSIST ON DENT'S**

Among the newest models are over-dresses and overskirts, of various lengths and outlines. One also sees waists with outstanding lower edges. The length and width of skirts is regulated by the taste of the wearer. The new styles conform to the natural lines of the figure.

Choice of materials, beautiful embroideries and trimmings afford variety. In tricolette and heavy silks there will be new crepe weaves for summer wear. Hand loom embroideries in white crepe de chine and lingerie fabrics will be popular for spring and summer gowns.

Blouses and smocks of wool jersey are embroidered in wool, silk and chenille. One pretty blouse in grey crepe de chine has chenille embroidery in taupe.

White silks and black and white will be popular.

Navy blue, tan, taupe and grey serge suits for spring wear are shown, with plain skirts and coats a little shorter than those worn during the fall.

All-over embroidery on Georgette and meteor blouses is attractive in Oriental effects.

Some of the new skirts show triple effects. Evening dresses of tulle, lace or plaited chiffon or Georgette and afternoon dresses of silk, satin and cloth show this style feature.

The new one-piece over-dress is much in vogue. It is made with its lower edge longer on one side than on the other.

Some of the new street dresses are made with one-piece unbelted fronts and two-piece backs, giving a sort of Princess effect.

Waistlines are both normal and lengthened this season.

A very interesting feature of this season's style is the sleeve line of gowns and waists. One sees the drop shoulder and some waists cut with back and sleeve in one. There is also the regulation armseye and the large armseye. Some sleeves are short, others in wrist and others in three-quarter length.

Widened silhouettes are obtained on coats by adding godets, bands or borders.

With a bodice very much bloused one requires no waistband.

Girdles of cord or beads are tied loosely in front or at the side of a one-piece blouse or overblouse. Sometimes these overblouses have narrow belts over the sides and front and back unbelted.

Bronze colored tulle and brown satin will make a smart dinner gown.

A brick colored wrap of velvet has a deep border and collar of sable fur.

Black satin and lace will be very effective for an evening costume.

Blue satin and matched Georgette crepe will be nice for an afternoon dress.

A one-piece dress, made with tie on fronts in surplice style is of dark brown suede cloth: a ripple peplum is added over the hips and back to give the outstanding effect to the dress.

Silk voile and charmeuse combine to make a pretty gown.

Putty color wool velours was used for a chemise dress braided in dark brown and piped with brown satin.

Bright blue cloth and midnight blue tricolette combined to make a smart calling gown. Wool embroidery in bright colors is used to decorate small motifs on vest and sleeve.

Wisteria colored chiffon and crepe in a matched shade makes a smart frock. The chiffon could be embroidered with beads. A brown cloth dress is unique with a vest of plaited taffeta.

Navy tricolette was combined with black satin for a street dress. A dress of dark blue serge has bands of embroidery for trimming on skirt and waist.

A neat serge dress in brown is trimmed with rows of black silk braid and finished with a smart red belt and tie.

A three-piece suit for a girl of fourteen is made with a plain skirt and a box coat. A soft shade of tan or brown and green mixture, also blue serge, is good for this. A frock of blue serge may have, for trimming, bands em-

broided in brick red wool.

Blue silk for the waist and blue velvet for the skirt portion with embroidery in bright colored wool makes a charming frock for a girl of eight.

On a dark blue serge dress for a girl of twelve try a trimming of light tan cloth, stitched with blue wool.

White Georgette frills are effective on girls' dresses of dark brown or blue.

A dress of white Georgette or flesh colored crepe de chine, trimmed with lace, is nice for a girl's party dress.

A girl of fourteen may have a dress of black velvet with a guimpe of crepe de chine.

Navy soutache braid is nice for trimming on a dark blue dress.

Catalogue Notice—Send 15c. in silver or stamps for our up-to-date Spring and Summer 1920 Catalogue, containing 550 designs of Ladies', Misses' and Children's patterns, a concise and comprehensive article on dressmaking; also some points for the needle (illustrating 30 of the various, simple stitches), all valuable hints to the home dressmaker.

A Practical and Becoming Dress—Pattern 3186 supplies this style. It is cut in 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. A 12-year size will require 3 1/4 yards of 44-inch material. The model is here portrayed in blue linen with braid trimming. Taffeta, with embroidery or velvet ribbon, would be new and attractive. In shantung or linen crash one could have the free edges finished in blanket stitch with worsted or floss. The sleeve may be short or in three-quarter length. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15c. in silver or stamps.

A Stylish Costume—Illustrating Blouse Pattern 3177, cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure and Skirt Pattern 3164, cut in 7 sizes: 24, 26, 28, 30, 32, 34 and 36 inches waist measure. To make the costume for a medium size will require 7 1/4 yards of 38-inch material. Taffeta with chenille embroidery, silk voile with bands of embroidery or linen with padded embroidery would be attractive for this style. The width of the skirt at its lower edge is 1 1/4 yard. This illustration calls for two separate patterns, which will be mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents for each pattern in silver or stamps.

A Becoming Dress for Home or Business—Pattern 3160 is here illustrated. It is cut in 7 sizes: 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48 inches bust measure. The width of the skirt at the lower edge is about 2 yards. For a medium size, 6 yards will be required of 36-inch material. Gingham, chambray, lawn, percale, poplin, serge and taffeta would be suitable for this style. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15c. in silver or stamps.

A Very Becoming Business Costume—Combining Waist Pattern 3162, 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 1 1/4 yard. It will require 3 1/2 yards of 40-inch material. The waist will require 3 yards of 36-inch material. Serge plaid suiting, velours, linen, taffeta, gingham and garbardine may be used for the skirt. Madras, linen, crepe washable satin shantung and batiste are good for the waist. This illustration calls for two separate patterns, which will be mailed to any address on receipt of 15c. for each pattern in silver or stamps.

A Pretty Gown—Pattern 3163 is here illustrated. It is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 38 will require 7 1/2 yards of 38-inch material. The width at lower edge of skirt is 1 1/4 yard. Navy blue taffeta was used for this model. The vest is of ecru batiste tucking and lace insertion. Silk or crepe of a contrasting color would be equally effective. A

Continued on Page 55

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Let Danderine put more life, color, vigor and brightness in your hair. This stimulating tonic will freshen your scalp, check dandruff and falling hair, and help your hair to grow long, thick, strong and beautiful.

Fashions and Patterns

Continued from page 54

pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15c. in silver or stamps.

A Blouse Dress With New Style Features—Pattern 3170 was employed for this attractive style. It is cut in 3 sizes: 12, 14, and 16 years. Size 16 will require 4 1/4 yards of 36-inch material. Striped galatea or checked gingham may be combined for this model, with pique, drill or chambray. It is good also for percale, sport silks and other sport fabrics, also for serge and woolen. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15c. in silver or stamps.

A Practical Garment—2806—A comfortable apron of this character will be a blessing to industrious home workers. It is practically a dress apron style; neat and serviceable. The model is suitable for gingham, percale, seersucker, lawn, drill and linen. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: Small, 32-34; medium, 36-38; large, 40-42; and extra large, 44-46 inches bust measure. Size medium requires 4 1/4 yards of 36-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15c. in silver or stamps.

A Pretty Frock for the Little Miss—Pattern 3184, cut in 4 sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years, is here depicted. A 6-year size will require 3 yards of 36-inch material. This model will be nice in pink and white challie, with pipings of satin, or in linen, crepe, wash silk, chambray, voile or batiste. The plastron may be omitted. Flouncing and bordered materials are appropriate also. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15c. in silver or stamps.

A Practical Suit for the Small Boy—2976—The blouse may be of cambric, In-

dian head, drill, linen, percale or madras, and the trousers of khaki, serge, flannel, corduroy or chevot; or the entire suit may be of one kind of material. The trousers are finished with an inside waistband, which is buttoned to the band of the blouse; additional closing is effected by buttons sewed to the shaped part of the trousers, as illustrated. This pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 3, 4, 5 and 6 years. Size 4 requires 2 1/4 yards of 44-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15c. in silver or 1c. and 2c. stamps.

A Dainty "Lingerie" Garment—Pattern 3183 is here illustrated. It is cut in 4 sizes: Small, 32-34; medium, 36-38; large, 40-42 and extra large, 44-46 inches bust measure. Batiste or crepe, with featherstitching or embroidery, wash silk or crepe de chine with edging or lace insertion, or nainsook, cambric, muslin and lawn are nice for this style. A medium size will require 5 1/4 yards of 36-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15c. in silver or stamps.

A Pretty Frock for Summer—2488—In organdie, batiste, dotted swiss, foulard or linen, this model will be very attractive. It is nice also for crepe, gaberdine, serge and other wool fabrics. The bolero could be of contrasting material. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 18 requires 5 yards of 36-inch material. The skirt measures about 1 1/2 yard at the foot. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15c. in silver or stamps.

A Becoming Play Garment—Pattern 3171 is here shown. It is cut in 5 sizes: 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5 years. A 4-year size will require 2 3/8 yards of 36-inch material. Tan chambray embroidered in blue and red; striped seersucker or

Continued on Page 56



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Fashions and Patterns

Continued from Page 55



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I wish to thank you for the benefit our baby girl got from Virol. We say Virol saved her life. A fine child at birth, but began wasting at 7 weeks. At 2 months the doctor advised us to try Virol. We had lost all hope of the child living, she was so thin. From 2 to 3 months she lived entirely on Virol, being too weak to take milk; but when she improved we gave her Virol and milk, which she has had ever since, and is a lovely baby now. She sleeps well, and is cutting her teeth fine. This photo was taken when she was twelve months old. She is so bonny and has nine teeth.

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checked gingham combined with white pique or cambric, would be attractive for this model. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15c. in silver or stamps.

A Comfortable Garment—Pattern 3165 is shown in this model. It is cut in 5 sizes: 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5 years. A 4-year size will require 3 3/4 yards of 27-inch material. Flannel, outing or domet flannelette, cambric, crepe, muslin or nainsook, are materials that are suitable for this style. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15c. in silver or stamps.

A Pretty Spring Dress—Comprising Waist Pattern 3175, cut in 6 sizes: 34,

36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure and Skirt Pattern 3174, cut in 7 sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure. Challie and crepe meteor are here combined. Printed voile or figured foulard could be used with organdie, or satin of a contrasting or matched shade. The width of the skirt at lower edges is 1 3/4 yard. For the entire dress in a medium size 6 1/4 yards of 36-inch material will be required. This illustration calls for two separate patterns, which will be mailed to any address on receipt of 15c. for each pattern in silver or stamps.

A Pretty Dress for the Growing Girl—2795—Here is a splendid model for lawn, organdie, dimity, nainsook, taffeta, or satin. The tucks on the sleeve may be omitted, and the skirt may be finished without the tunic. The pattern

is cut in 3 sizes: 12, 14 and 16 years. Size 14 will require 4 1/2 yards of 36-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15c. in silver or stamps.

A Pretty Frock for the Growing Girl—Pattern 3172 is shown in this illustration. It is cut in 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. A 12-year size will require 4 1/2 yards of 36-inch material. Voile, batiste, lawn or organdie with lace edging and insertion would be good for this style. It is also attractive in taffeta, challie, crepe, and charmeuse. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15c. in silver or stamps.

A Handy Apron—Pattern 3161 was used to make this practical model. It is cut in 4 sizes: Small, 32-34; medium, 36-38; large, 40-42; extra large, 44-46 inches bust measure. For a medium size 4 1/4 yards of 36-inch material will be required. It is nice in checked gingham, or striped seersucker, also in lawn, percale, sateen and alpaca or drill. The fullness of the back is held by belt sections. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15c. in silver or stamps.

A Comfortable Breakfast Costume—2800—This style will be pretty and attractive in lawn, percale, dimity, dotted Swiss, nainsook, voile, or gingham. The skirt is a two-piece model. The pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 38 requires 4 3/4 yards of 38-inch material. Width of skirt at lower edge is about 2 yards. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15c. in silver or stamps.

A Dainty Dress for the Little Miss—Pattern 3185 was used for this style. It is cut in 4 sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. Challie and silk, serge and plaid-suiting, or gingham and pique, chambrey and organdie may be combined for this model. The design is also attractive in shantung, taffeta, voile, repp and poplin. For a 6 year size 2 3/4 yards of 42-inch material will be required. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15c. in silver or stamps.

Doing The Thing Right

An army officer's wife, says the American Journal of Medicine, wrote to an army medical officer saying that her child was suffering with tonsillitis. She addressed her letter, "Dr. Burke." The officer, who was a stickler for the deference due to his rank, returned it with the remark that he should be addressed, "Brigade Surgeon Lieutenant-Colonel Burke."

Whereupon the lady wrote back: Dear Brigade Surgeon Lieutenant-Colonel Burke. I am sorry about my mistake.

Yours, May Jones
P.S. Please bring your sword with you to take out baby's tonsils.



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About the Farm

Conducted by Allan Campbell

THE STRAWBERRY WINS FAVOR

The cultivation of the strawberry has a strong appeal to both the professional and amateur horticulturist. The popularity of the fruit is beyond question, and since the hardiness of some varieties has been proven by repeated tests in this country a few remarks in a general way may be acceptable to many growers who have not as yet passed out of the experimental stage of the work and to whom a little extra data may be useful in case of emergency.

It is an authoritative statement on the subject that the demand for information on the growing of strawberries is greater than for any other fruit. One of the first essentials to the successful growing of strawberries is thorough drainage, for if water lies on or near the surface, the plants will suffer. On the other hand, a lack of moisture will produce poor results. However, a soil that will retain moisture but not remain saturated with it is the preferable type. They need plenty of plant food to develop to the best advantage. Where possible, the location for the strawberry beds should be chosen where there was a crop of roots having been well matured. The roots the previous year, the land for the soil should be plowed deeply, preferably in the fall, and before planting the surface should be evened off as carefully as possible to obtain a uniform adjustment of depth in planting. A light rolling will give an evenness and firmness that will be advantageous.

While spring and autumn planting are both practicable, it is more satisfactory as a rule to plant in the spring. The method considered to be best on the average is to grow strawberries in what is known as the matted row, the plants being set about eighteen inches apart in rows from three to four feet apart.

Planting may be done with the trowel, and the plants should be carefully set at the proper depth, that is, they should not be planted too high or the roots and crown will dry out, and if set too low they will be smothered. The crowns of the plants should be just at the surface of the ground after they have been pressed in when planted. See that the roots are spread against the side of the hole. During the operation of planting, carry the plants in wet sacking, as the roots must not be allowed to dry out, or, in fact, to become dry. Leave a loose surface soil after planting to prevent too rapid evaporation.

Cultivation should be started as soon as possible after planting, and by all means keep the grass and weeds out of the way if the best results are expected. As the roots of the strawberry plant are shallow, they suffer considerably in a dry time. The roots of the plant go straight down, hence cultivation can be carried on close to them without causing damage, and will enable one to destroy most of the weeds with comparative ease. If the soil is not already loose, the first few cultivations should be deep to provide a bed for the runners which will strike and root later on. All blooms appearing during the first season should be picked off so as to conserve the strength of the plants and thus aid them in producing runners.

With regard to the management of the runners, it is as well to place them as they form, as the sooner they take root

the stronger the plant will be by fall. A good method to employ is to place the runners so that they will be uniformly distributed and then hold them in place by means of stones, or small crotch sticks.

If frost has come to stay and the ground is frozen, the plants should be protected by a light covering of straw. This covering will protect the strawberry plants from the variations of spring temperature and will also give protection if there is not much snow in the winter. Though some strawberry plants will often come through the winter without protection, it is best not to risk such a method of wintering.

It is recommended that only one full crop be obtained from a plantation. By such a system better fruit is obtained and there is greater freedom from weeds. Thus when the plants fruit in the second year, a new location should be found. Another point in favor of renewing the plantation is that where the white grub is troublesome there will be much less chance of it ruining the plants. It is possible to obtain two good crops from one plantation, but the crop will diminish as a rule each succeeding year of the plantation.

Among the best varieties for the prairie provinces are, Senator Dunlap, Beder Wood, Pocomoke and Americus (everbearing). The everbearing strawberry has come well to the fore during the past few years. The reason why the term "everbearing" is employed is that the varieties coming under that heading continue to bloom and bear fruit in the summer and autumn long after other kinds have stopped bearing. These latter kinds make few runners.

THE HORSE AND HIS SPRING TASKS

With the continuous call for production from a war-shattered world, the farmer faces a spring that will be epoch-making, and it is the farmer chiefly who is asked to step into the breach. It is confidently expected that the farmer will play his part as usual despite the holiday spirit that seems to have got a strangle hold on the world in general. Under the guiding hand of the farmer, it is to the faithful pulling power of the farm horse we still look for the cultivation of the fields that will produce the necessities of life.

Now is the time to see whether the horse collars are likely to help or hinder the efficiency of the horses; also, whether the teeth of the horses are in shape to masticate the more substantial feeds of the working months. One of the dangers at this time is that the feed may be crowded too much, and such a procedure, considering the cost of feed is a double extravagance. Grooming should receive special consideration at this period as a clean coat goes a considerable way to keep the horse in a thrifty condition. In the spring their hoofs need to be kept clear of any caked mud, for neglect in this regard will prove in most cases an added discomfort at a time when the horse needs all the rest he can get.

In regard to watering, it is noticeable that some horses are rather fastidious in their way of taking a drink. For in-

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Hill pasture near Wainwright, Alta.

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SET No. S.28—2 Dahlias and 12 Gladiolus.

SET No. S.29—Box of 50 Potato Eyes for Seed, best varieties.

SET No. N.31—15 Assorted Hardy Herbaceous and Biennial Plants, 1 year old.

SET No. N.34—12 Rhubarb Plants, 1 year old.

SET No. N.35—12 Everbearing Strawberry Plants.

SET No. N.37—6 Native Plum Seedlings, 1-2 feet.

SET No. N.40—100 Caragana Seedlings, 6 ins.

SET No. N.41—100 Cottonwood, 6-9 inch Seedlings.

SET No. N.42—100 Maples, 6-9 inch Seedlings.

SET No. N.46—100 Russian Poplar Cuttings.

SET No. N.47—100 Russian Willow Cuttings.

(The above will be sent as early as moderate weather will permit).

NEW EVERBEARING STRAWBERRY
The Greatest Acquisition Yet Introduced into the West to Provide Fresh Fruit Constantly. Order some this Year. See Catalogue for full description and price.

Potatoes, Grasses, Clovers, Corn, Trees, Shrubs, Plants

THE PATMORE NURSERY COMPANY
Established 1883

BRANDON MAN.



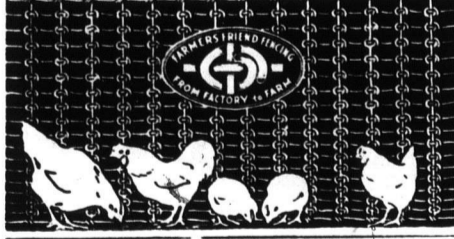
SARNIA POULTRY FENCE

The Canadian farmers and ourselves have been friends for more than eight years. Our business relations have been very intimate and profitable both ways—to the farmer and to us. We have given full measure of service—real fence value. That means repeat orders. Once a Sarnia fence customer, always a Sarnia fence customer. That is especially true of Sarnia poultry fence. You get real fence value, durable and strong, with all extra profits eliminated, when you deal direct with us on our Factory to Farm one profit plan.

We Save You Money

Buy no Poultry fence any part of which is made of light wire. The life of the fence will only be the life of the lightest wire. A chain is no stronger than its weakest link. The Sarnia knot—in fact all parts of our fence are made of the same size wire. We guarantee the Sarnia fence to be made from Government gauge, high grade wire that stands the acid test, and to be the most perfectly woven Poultry fence on the market. Western Canada supplied from Winnipeg. Get our low price list and descriptive literature before you buy Poultry Fence. Address nearest office.

THE SARNIA FENCE CO., Limited
Winnipeg, Manitoba Sarnia, Ontario



ASTHMA COLDS

WHOOPING COUGH SPASMIC CROUP
INFLUENZA BRONCHITIS CATARRH

Vapo-Cresolene
Est. 1879

A simple, safe and effective treatment avoiding drugs. Used with success for 40 years. The air carrying the antiseptic vapor, inhaled with every breath, makes breathing easy, soothes the sore throat, and stops the cough, assuring restful nights.

Cresolene is invaluable to mothers with young children and a boon to sufferers from Asthma. Send us postal for descriptive booklet.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS
VAPOR-CRESOLENE CO.
Leeming Mites Bldg. Montr'



About the Farm

Continued from Page 57

stance, a horse may come in from the field and drink a moderate quantity of water and if tried again at about eight o'clock in the evening may readily take two more pailfuls. It certainly pays to attend to this part of the stable management. A horse that is not watered sufficiently will soon show a failing appearance and surely water is cheap enough when compared to feed.

The holiday spirit is just as well developed in a horse as it is in a man, therefore, if it is at all possible, there should be some corral where they can get fresh air and freedom on Sundays when they can indulge in a roll and free run for a few hours.

A teaspoonful of saltpetre per week and the nightly pinch of salt should now be the rule, while the shoulders should be carefully watched for any signs of soreness. The teamster who takes time to keep the hairs of the mane from getting under the collar, and, during periodical rests in the field, lifts the collar well forward on the horses' necks in order to cool off the shoulders, is doing his work conscientiously. It is not the wisest policy to attempt to rush into spring work without due consideration for occasional periods of rest, for there is a limit to the willingness of some of the best of horses, and this willingness should never be abused.

It is obvious that a good teamster should be a man of even temper, and it is far better to have the team recognize a quiet tone of voice than to get into the habit of shouting, for if it does get to be a habit, the team will soon turn a "deaf ear" to a normal tone of voice and the shouting that will become necessary in consequence will leave the teamster more exhausted and less even tempered at the end of the day. Young horses especially, can easily be spoiled by rough handling with the result that they become unreliable and nervous.

In the stable a medicine chest is a good thing to have and may prove a boon in cases of emergency but it should not become an excuse for starting a drug habit among the horses for with observance of the few simple stable rules that are necessary to keep the horses in good health the medicine chest will need but little use. The mangers should be kept free from old hay for the evil odors arising from it are not a good appetizer for the horses. Foul bedding also has a habit of getting under the manger. This too should be ejected before it becomes a menace. A good scheme is to place a little clean straw at the bottom of the mangers and feed the hay on top of it, for the straw being of coarser texture will not solidify the same as some hay and will be less wasteful when it comes to the cleaning out of the mangers.

In these days of high priced feed it is very necessary to see that the horses clean up all that is given them for a good many of the ills arise from over-feeding more especially in the direction of grain rations. Oat chop is finding considerable favor at the present time, therefore, if it is practicable, it is as

well to use such a ration in preference to whole oats. Some horses do not get the full value of the grain rations on account of the ravenous way they have of eating them and in such cases the full value of an oat ration is lost, and, in fact, indigestion and consequently malnutrition then becomes an obstacle to the horse's well being.

Plans in Regard to the Pigs

The labor shortage meets us at every turn hence the keeping of a large number of pigs is best conducted by the use of self-feeders and drinking fountains located in a pig pasture. The self-feeder for hogs has come into favor and in conjunction with the drinking fountain, the need of attention is reduced to a minimum. A pasture situated where there are shade trees and well fenced will need but a few visits per week when some sacks of feed and a few barrels of water in a wagon can be hauled to them. The filling of the drinking fountains and the replenishing of the self-feeders will be the sum total of the pig chores for the time being, and there will be a considerable interval before another visit is necessary. Rape has been found to be a good pasture. A few portable cabins placed in the pasture will complete the equipment. Such a scheme will eliminate the daily chores of carrying feed and slops to the piggery, cleaning out pens, etc., and leave greater scope for other work.

Setting Hens

Setting hens should have quarters to themselves and other hens should find it impossible to interfere with the setters. The eggs should be tested on the seventh or eighth day and all infertile eggs removed.

The poultry outlook at the present time is extra good and as many chicks should be raised that care and attention can accomplish.

Onions, A Valuable Crop

The soil considered best for onions is a rich sandy loam, though clay loams may bring fair success. In order to provide the necessary plant food it is important to give the land an application of barnyard manure. If the manure cannot be applied in the fall, well rotted manure may be worked into the surface soil in the early spring. This manure

Continued on Page 59

Cause of Asthma.—No one can say with certainty exactly what causes the establishing of asthmatic conditions. Dust from the street, from flowers, from grain and various other irritants may set up a trouble impossible to eradicate except through a sure preparation such as Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Asthma Remedy. Uncertainty may exist as to cause, but there can be no uncertainty regarding a remedy which has freed a generation of asthmatic victims from this scourge of the bronchial tubes. It is sold everywhere.



Anticipating the luncheon hour

THE BEST LINIMENT

OR PAIN KILLER FOR THE HUMAN BODY

Gombault's Caustic Balsam
IT HAS NO EQUAL

For — It is penetrating, soothing and healing, and for all Old Sores, Bruises, or Wounds, Felons, Exterior Cancers, Boils, Corns and Bunions. **HUMAN CAUSTIC BALSAM** has no equal as a Liniment.

Perfectly Safe and Reliable Remedy for

**Sore Throat
Chest Cold
Backache
Neuralgia
Sprains
Strains
Lumbago
Diphtheria
Sore Lungs
Rheumatism
and
all Stiff Joints**

We would say to all who buy it that it does not contain a particle of poisonous substance and therefore no harm can result from its external use. Persistent, thorough use will cure many old or chronic ailments and it can be used on any case that requires an outward application with perfect safety.

REMOVES THE SORENESS—STRENGTHENS MUSCLES
Cornhill, Tex.—"One bottle Gombault's Balsam did my rheumatism more good than \$120.00 paid in doctor's bills."
OTTO A. BEYER.
Price \$1.75 per bottle. Sold by druggists, or sent by us express prepaid. Write for Booklet R.
The LAWRENCE-WILLIAMS COMPANY, Toronto, Can.

\$19.95 ON UPWARD TRIAL
American
FULLY GUARANTEED
CREAM SEPARATOR

A SOLID PROPOSITION to send new, well made, easy running, perfect skimming separator for only \$19.95. Closely skims warm or cold milk. Makes heavy or light cream. Bowl a sanitary marvel, easily cleaned. Different from picture, which illustrates larger capacity machines. See our easy Monthly Payment Plan. Shipments made promptly from Winnipeg, Man., Toronto, Ont., and St. John, N. B. Whether dairy is large or small, write for handsome free catalog and easy payment plan.
AMERICAN SEPARATOR CO.
Box 3196 Bainbridge, N. Y.

Can't Burn Up Meat! Can't Burn Down Buildings!

Don't take chances — wood smoke houses are liable to burn up and destroy your meat—and burn down your buildings any minute. They frizzle the savory juices out of meat; Get a Kirstin all-steel, fire-proof smoke house and be safe! Have sweeter, milder smoked hams, bacon, sausage.

SMOKE MEAT FREE!

Kirstin ALL-STEEL FARM Smoke House

Smoke positively permeates to bone without frizzling out savory juices—because smoke is air cooled. After smoking use for meat store house! Lasts longer and is better than wood. Costs much less! Use in basement, kitchen or porch. If satisfied after 30 days' trial, keep it. If not, return at our expense. You don't risk a cent! Four easy ways to pay. Write for free book and Special Agents' Offer.

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ABSORBINE

TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Will reduce Inflamed, Strained, Swollen Tendons, Ligaments, or Muscles. Stops the lameness and pain from a Splint, Side Bone or Bone Spavin. No blister, no hair gone and horse can be used. \$2.50 a bottle at druggists or delivered. Describe your case for special instructions and interesting horse Book 2 R Free. **ABSORBINE, JR.**, the antiseptic liniment for mankind, reduces Strained, Torn Ligaments, Swollen Glands, Veins or Muscles; Heals Cuts, Sores, Ulcers, Allays pain. Price \$1.25 a bottle at dealers or delivered. Book "Evidence" free. **W. F. YOUNG, Inc., 138 Lyman Bldg., Montreal, Can.**

Absorbine and Absorbine, Jr., are made in Canada.

About the Farm

Continued from Page 58

should be thoroughly mixed with the soil or the soil may dry out. The surface of the soil should be made as level as possible. The seed should be sown about half an inch deep in rows about 12 inches apart, the seed required per acre is from four to six pounds. As soon as the plants appear sufficiently to show the rows, cultivation should begin and the surface soil kept loose. When the plants are from 3 to 4 inches high, they should be thinned from 1 to 2 inches apart. Onions are ripe enough to pull when the tops have dried down about one half. As soon as the onions are ripe they should be pulled, several rows being thrown together and occasionally turned until they are dry and firm.

Lawns for Farm Homes

A good lawn is a great embellishment to the farm home and there appears to be a more general desire to include them in the farm home environment. The work of lawn making should receive great care and attention in the first steps for it is just as well to have a handsome lawn if there is to be a lawn at all. A ragged looking lawn is an eyesore rather than an ornamentation. When preparing for the lawn the soil should be finely pulverized to give the small grass seeds the best chance of success. It should be as level as possible. The seeding should be done in the early part of the summer. Scatter the seed broadcast on the surface and then carefully rake in with a fine rake and then use a garden roller to firm the soil around the seed.

Kentucky Blue grass and Canadian Blue grass are good lawn grasses. To make the lawn a little more matted, a small percentage of white clover may be added.

For winter it is a good plan to give the lawn a covering of straw manure, both for holding snow and adding fertility to the soil.

Revenge

The druggist danced and chortled till the bottles danced on the shelves. "What's up?" asked the soda clerk. "Have you been taking something?" "No. But do you remember when our water pipes were frozen last Christmas?" "Yes, but what—" "Well, the plumber who fixed them has just come to have a prescription filled."

Guilty

Have some aigs dis mornin', jedge?" asked the waiter. "Not this morning, Sam," replied the man of the bench, adjusting his spectacles preparatory to distinguishing the name of some dish on the menu from the fly specs. "Ever try our fresh boiled aigs, jedge?" "Yes, indeed, Sam; and found 'em guilty."

The Most Famous Opal

The most famous gem of its kind is the Hope opal, formerly the property of Henry Philip Hope, a Dutch banker, who owned the finest collection of precious stones. He liquidated the national debt of Brazil, and took his pay in diamonds, which originally inspired him with his hobby. Among his treasures were the celebrated Hope diamond and the largest existing pearl, drop-shaped and weighing three ounces. The Hope opal, (now owned by an American millionaire) is believed to have come originally from Mexico, but in the seventeenth century it adorned a Persian shrine. It represents the sun—an object of worship in Persia—with full face carved on its surface and rays supplied by an antique gold setting. Oval in shape, it is an inch in longest diameter.

These Pills Cure Rheumatism.—To the many who suffer from rheumatism a trial of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills is recommended. They have pronounced action upon the liver and kidneys and by regulating the action of these organs act as an alternative in preventing the admixture of uric acid and blood that causes this painful disorder. They must be taken according to directions and used steadily and they will speedily give evidence of their beneficial effects.

SHER-WILL-LAC



For Staining and Varnishing in One Operation

SHER-WILL-LAC is a Sherwin-Williams product, a transparent Stain and Varnish, one coat of which will restore the original finish on doors, floors, furniture and interior woodwork of every description.

Sher-Will-Lac reproduces on inexpensive woods a real representation of any finished hard wood.

Anybody can apply Sher-Will-Lac. No special skill is needed. It dries hard overnight and gives a tough waterproof and heat-proof surface that will not crack, scale or wash away. Made in the following attractive shades:

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|----------------|------------|
| CHERRY | GREEN |
| ROSEWOOD | WALNUT |
| LIGHT OAK | GROUND |
| DARK OAK | EBONY |
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| LIGHT MAHOGANY | NATURAL |
| DARK MAHOGANY | |

and put up in quarter pints, half pints, pints, quarts, half gallons and gallons—all full imperial measure.

Your Sherwin-Williams dealer will aid you in your color selection.

"Save the surface and you save all" *Paint & Varnish*

THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS Co.
of Canada, Limited.

PAINT, VARNISH & COLOR MAKERS
LINSEED OIL CRUSHERS

STORIES: MONTREAL, TORONTO, WINNIPEG, LONDON, ENG.



All Free! BOYS—GIRLS—you can get this fine Complete School Outfit without spending one cent—over seventy-five pieces—just what you need!




JUST THINK! Everything you see here will be yours without spending a single cent. You'll be the pride of the school, the envy of all your friends. Count the outfit over—over 75 useful pieces, including 6 fine pencils a dandy imported fountain pen, a safety pocket clip for pen or pencil, 2 big 50-page memo pads, a metal pencil protector with rubber, a fine pencil box with lock and key, a dandy printing outfit with 25 calling cards on and of which to print your name and address, a fine set of paints, a box of fine crayons, 1 dozen useful elastic bands, ink tablets that will make five bottles of ink, a 12-inch ruler, a fine artist's rubber, 8 pen nibs, a bottle of invisible ink, a fine imported steel knife and the newest, most up-to-date book strap ever invented. Boys and girls everywhere think it away ahead of any school bag.

SEND NO MONEY. Just send your name and address to-day and we'll send you, post paid, a full-size package of "FAIRY BERRIES," the newest and most delightful confection, and with it just 37 handsome packages to introduce among your friends at only 10¢ a package. Open your sample package and ask all your friends to try a "FAIRY BERRY." They'll like them so much that everybody will buy a package or two at once. Just one or two little "FAIRY BERRIES" will sweeten the mouth, perfume the breath, and ease the throat. They are so delicious they just sell like hotcakes. Return our money, only \$3.70, when they are all sold, and we will immediately send you the grand complete school outfit just as you see it above (over 75 pieces). We pay all delivery charges right to your door. You take no risk as you may return any you cannot sell and receive grand prizes or cash commission for what you do sell.

The FAIRY BERRY Co., Dept. N 39 Toronto, Ont.

Young People



Do YOU live in Gopherville?

Yes, if your farm is infested with gophers—you live in Gopherville! But *why* do you do it? Cut out the gophers! Kill 'em! They destroy farm values and your annual yield.

Gophers prevent you from getting from 2 to 10 bushels per acre you might get as easily as not. This, in dollars at today's prices for grain, means \$400, perhaps \$1,000 or \$1,500 for each 100 acres.

Kill-Em-Quick

at a cost of \$1.20 for 100 acres, will stop all of this loss! Kick out the gophers and you and your family won't live in Gopherville. You can all go on a visiting trip this coming fall. If the gophers eat up your trip—you, wife and kids will *sure* stay at home!

It pays us of course to sell Kill-Em-Quick at this absurdly low price—or we would not do it; but it pays you a thousand times more! You get the big profit on the \$1.20—we get the *smell*. But that's as it should be. It's business. We want you however to see that it's vital for you to kill gophers with Kill-Em-Quick. You will hardly believe your eyes when you see the number of dead gophers! Be quick. Kill 'em early and late! Or, if you have mortgaged your farm, they may kill you!

We are offering cash prizes of \$250 to Boys and Girls of Alberta, Saskatchewan and Manitoba under 21 years living on farms, who will take the best photographs of dead gophers killed by our Kill-Em-Quick.

Go to your Druggist or Dealer in town and get one of the Contest Blanks for your son or daughter. If you can't get a blank, or can't get Kill-Em-Quick, write us and we'll send you some blanks and mail you direct and *postpaid* a package of Kill-Em-Quick on receipt of the price quoted!

100-acre size \$1.20
40-acre size 60c

Kill-Em-Quick Co. (Canada) Ltd., Regina, Sask.

GIRLS ARE GOOD FOR SOMETHING AFTER ALL

"Who wants to have a girl, along, anyhow?"

So spoke Bob Bender to his chum, Fred Reyant, not long before the day that they were to make their annual trip into the dense woods that were on the outskirts of the little town in which they lived.

Both boys were now seventeen years of age and for the last five years they had each year regularly made a journey into that part of the woods that was famed for being the home of the finest wild turkeys in the state.

The girl, Marie Reyant, Fred's sister, was just past sixteen, and as lovely and pretty as a picture. She longed to tramp through the woods, and had always wanted to accompany the boys on their hunt for turkeys. This year Fred had promised her that if his chum were willing, she could take part in the hunt.

"Can you imagine her tramping through the woods all day and then walking home again at night? She'll be a bag of trouble all day long. Who wants a girl along, they're good for nothing, anyway," continued Bob.

Fred felt a little that way himself, but Marie was hardy and a good shot, and he did not forget his promise to her, made in gratitude for numberless favors, and that promise he meant to keep. He did not fancy her going on this trip, but it would make her so happy, and go she would.

After some persuasion he induced Bob to consent to having Marie along.

The day arrived. It was a beautiful, fresh October morning, and Marie, Fred and Bob were in the best of spirits, although Bob still felt that the day would be spoiled somehow by having a girl along.

Marie carried the food supplies for the day, Fred packed three rifles and Bob, of his own accord, had selected the small axe. The axe was used to mark on the trees the path they had taken, so that when they were returning, they would have no trouble in finding the way home.

After a four hours' hike, Marie spied two of the large birds not two hundred feet from where they were. Marie no more than began to tell Fred and Bob that she had seen the turkeys, when the birds scampered out of sight, and the boys chided Marie, and told her "She was seeing things." However, they took Marie's word that she had seen the birds, and decided that they would stay where they were.

They then gathered under a large tree and Marie placed the basket of food on the ground, Fred threw his rifles down, and Bob laid his axe against a flat rock under the tree. The three then sat on the ground and ate a good part of the lunch they had brought, using the flat rock for a table. After they had satisfied their appetites, Fred and Marie each picked a rifle from the ground and then separated to hunt for the turkeys. Bob

was still tired from his all-morning tramp, and remained lying on the ground. In about half an hour Fred returned saying he had seen nary a bird. Bob replied, "If it hadn't been for a girl, we wouldn't have stopped here, and I didn't want a girl along, anyhow," whereupon he began scaling the tree, under which they had ate, and called to Fred, "If I can't see any of the birds from this tree, then we had better move on."

By this time Marie had shot two fine specimens of the birds they came for, and started to return to the trees where Fred and she had left Bob. As she neared the place, she was startled by a terrified cry of "Marie" from Fred, who was standing in mute amazement, staring at the form of Bob, lying, apparently lifeless, on the ground in a pool of blood.

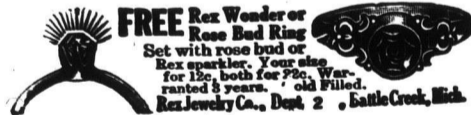
Marie, after she had reached where Bob was lying, and saw the situation, was equal to the emergency and dashed for the stream of water nearby, took her felt hat and returned with the hat filled with cold, sparkling water. She immediately dashed some of the water on Bob's face and with the balance she again rubbed his head and wrists. The pool of blood came from an ugly gash in Bob's arm and which was still bleeding profusely. Marie ripped off the hem of her petticoat, picked a stout twig from the ground, bandaged Bob's arm, and with the twig tightened the bandage, thereby staunching the flow of blood. By this time Bob had regained consciousness and was intently watching how deftly Marie had bandaged his arm.

Fred had also by this time come to his senses and told Marie that Bob had climbed the tree to look for turkeys, when the branch on which he was standing gave way. When he fell, Bob's head struck the flat rock at the bottom of the tree and his arm received its wound from the sharp axe he had placed against the rock some hours before.

After the accident that had marred the pleasures of the day, they each gave a silent prayer of thanks that what had happened was not more serious than it was, and then proceeded on their way home.

Bob was still weak from loss of blood and from the shock of his fall, but due to Marie's presence of mind and her quick action, he was able to walk all the way home.

He was profuse in his thanks to Marie for what she had done for him, and said to Fred, "If Marie had not been along, I probably would never again have gone on another turkey hunt, and Marie got both turkeys, anyhow. Girls are good for something after all." And Fred agreed.



Born With Club Feet

"He gets about as well as any of the boys," says father in letter below.

John Bauguss was 11 years old when brought to the McLain Sanitarium. Although deformity was extreme, result shown by photos was accomplished in 8 months. No Plaster Paris casts were used. Father writes:

My son John was born with club feet. I tried other doctors but without success. Being advised to take him to the L. C. McLain Orthopedic Sanitarium, which I did. After being treated a few months his feet are perfectly straight. He gets about as well as any of the other boys.

G. M. Bauguss, Morningsport, La.

For further details write Mr. Bauguss or the Sanitarium.

FOR CRIPPLED CHILDREN

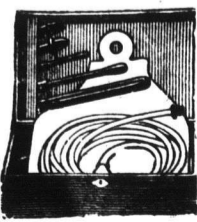
The McLain Sanitarium is a thoroughly equipped private institution devoted exclusively to the treatment of Club Feet, Infantile Paralysis, Spinal Disease and Deformities, Wry Neck, Hip Disease, Diseases of the Joints, especially as found in children and young adults. Our book, "Deformities and Paralysis," also "Book of References," sent free.

THE L. C. McLAIN ORTHOPEDIC SANITARIUM, 870 Aubert Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

SINCE 1870

SHILOH

30 DROPS STOPS COUGHS



IF IT'S MADE OF RUBBER We Have It

Camera Supply Co.
P.O. Box 2704, Montreal



The orderly entry of British troops into the ancient City of Jerusalem

Pirate and Other Hoards

By N. Tournneur

Incalculable treasure lies hidden where in the past centuries men have buried it. History teems with accounts of wonderful accumulations got together and then lost, of caches of valuables hidden from invaders, and of treasure ships that sunk in shallow soundings, and similar vessels. Much of it seems infinitely easier to locate than the Spanish galleon in Tobermory Bay, Scotland; the finding of which among the rocks, seaweeds and sand, has richly rewarded the searchers. Much seems to be recoverable by the merest fluke.

No spot in either the old or New World contains so much treasure, and has had so much searching for it, as Cocos Island, off the coast of Costa Rica. It is real Treasure Island; and is firmly fixed in the minds and enterprise of treasure seekers, that hardly was the Great War at an end than a small party of Americans and British left Callao for the Cocos on a treasure hunt.

Here the pirate Bonita cached over \$10,000,000 worth in gold, silver, jewels and plate, plundered from the Spaniards and others. Shortly after, in the bloody fray in which he came to his end his two confidants were killed, and so all knowledge of the cache was lost. Other freebooters of the sea made use of the Cocos to bury their hoards. Then in 1835 was hidden away the treasure, that main magnet which has attracted so many expeditions, but still remains, like the other hoards, somewhere on the island.

It consists of the national treasure of the Peruvians, which, that year, when fighting was afoot in Peru, against Chile was put by the Peruvian government for safety on board the British bark, Mary Deer, then lying in Callas roadstead. Her crew mutinied, cut down the Peruvian guards, threw their officers into the sea, and in the night made off to sea. A Peruvian warship captured the bark at the Cocos, but by then the treasure, estimated at lowest to be some \$50,000,000, at highest some \$75,000,000, had been landed and concealed. All the mutineers were strung up at the yard-arm save the cabin boy, Thompson; but in the end it was found that his knowledge of the whereabouts of the cache was too vague to bring about its recovery.

Again, in 1848, a small party of Mexican insurgents, who had fled to save their lives, put more than \$35,000,000 in bullion and coinage under a certain stone arch standing on the Cocos, thinking to recover the revolutionary funds when times were brighter. The Mexican dictator, Santa Anna, laid them by the heels, and tortured them to death, but did not wrest from any the secret of the cache. To-day, there is no stone arch on the Cocos. It is surmised the word "arco" in their records refers to an arch scratched by the insurgents on a big rock or outcrop of stone. The weather, earthquake shocks, and other works of Dame Nature appear to have obliterated all signs of the Mexican's cache, even as with the crude landmarks elsewhere.

The Cocos treasures are often confused with that still buried or hidden away on the sinister volcanic Island of Trinidad, out in the South Atlantic off the southeast coast of Brazil. It also is connected with Peru, that El Dorado of the past centuries.

Here during the first decade of last century was concealed the greater part of the entire treasures of the Catholic Church in Peru, that at the time was being heavily mulct by the Peruvian revolutionaries. Somewhere in the caverns of this island are many millions' worth of sacred gold services and sets of solid gold altar rails and other costly appurtenances that were taken out of the churches, monasteries and convents, etc., and shipped to Spain. The Santa Maria on rounding the Horn put into Buenos Aires for water, and there it was learned that the leaders or Junta of the South American Revolt against Spain were fitting out a vessel to capture her. The Santa Maria duly proceeded on her way, but made for the Island of Trinidad, and anchored there. Her captain and some officers of the guard went ashore, then returned; and at night the cases of treasure, some ten long-boat loads piled high, were taken ashore, and

then hidden away by the captain, the officers of the guards and two priests. Some ten days later the Santa Maria was sunk off the coast of Brazil by the Junta's warship and of her crew only ten ignorant seamen were saved.

In the West Indies almost every island, great and small, has its tradition or traditions of pirates' hidden hoards, that, as the writer knows, have brought about certain great and high adventures. Here are two instances.

On the south-east end of Anegada Island, the Virgin Group, there remains at this day a great haul of gold and silver, jewels and plate captured by the terrible and cruel Lolonnois in his last forays on the Spanish Main and in the Caribbean Sea. Shortly after leaving Anegada, he met his well-deserved fate, and his secret went with him. The dream of an Anegadan to-day is to find the Lolonnois treasure. Even as on Fortune Island, just west of Crooked Island in the Bahamas or Lucayas, it is the dream of the half-caste and the negro there to hit upon the gold of the Santa Marta. Her men, after she left the River Plate, in 1748, mutinied, killed off their officers save the sailing-master. He brought the galleon to Fortune Island, where her seamen cached the treasure, for they could not have entered any important port without arousing suspicions. Three weeks later, the Santa Marta was found burning to the waterline off Cape Maysi, and his Britannic Majesty's frigate that found her discovered evidence enough that there had been an explosion in her magazine and the mutineers had met their fate.

Now Fortune Island is a small place of some 700 acres only. There is but one spot where the galleon could have anchored to put ashore the treasure, and that is a small bay on the south side. There ought to be but little trouble in locating the treasure, so the Bahaman thinks, and, so have thought others! Their trouble, and all the dangers faced were in vain.

One of the greatest hoards in the world—a hoard comparable with either of the far-famed Asiatic caches, over which Central Asia has dreamed dreams for six and seven hundred years—is to be found in South America. The forming of it by patient, devoted natives dashed the highest hopes of the greedy Conquistadores. It is the treasure of the Incas, buried in their long lost city of Choquequiran, that until 1914 no white man had ever seen. Here the rulers of the Incan Empire stored the bulk of their treasure when they fled from the Spaniards and Cortez. By the size of the newly-emptied treasure-chambers in Cusco, and indications left there, the invaders computed the worth of the treasure removed to have been from \$75,000,000 to \$98,000,000.

Doctor Bingham, the Andean explorer, who had systematically collected and collated the Indians' present traditions of the site of the lost city, took a month's very hard travelling to reach Choquequiran. Day and night he was hanging on to the sides of mountains and canyons. He had to descend a sterile valley 8,000 feet deep, cross an otherwise impassable river by a light suspension bridge made of four wires shot across it by means of a light line fired from a bow, then wade through a jungle for thirty miles, every foot of which had to be cut by the machete, and then climb 8,000 feet of precipices. On three sides of the ancient capital are unscalable cliffs, too bare even for birds to frequent. Somewhere within the deserted city, that is in a state of fine preservation, lies the colossal treasure hoard.

Hither, so many centuries ago, it was brought on the backs of the Indians from faroff Cusco. Very many of them must have been employed to carry the treasure. Yet all were faithful, even unto death, for the Spaniards in their mad rage and insensate greed of gold sought to obtain information by torturing innumerable Indians—but in vain.

In Choquequiran, the first capital of the Incas, their treasure of yore still remains.

Hard and soft corns both yield to Holloway's Corn Cure, which is entirely safe to use, and certain and satisfactory in its action.



Watch Your Child's Tongue!

Constipated Children Gladly Take

"California Syrup of Figs"

For the Liver and Bowels

Tell your druggist you want genuine "California Syrup of Figs." Full directions and dose for babies and children of all ages who are constipated, bilious, feverish, tongue-coated, or full of cold, are plainly printed on the bottle. Look for the name "California" and accept no other "Fig Syrup."—Beware!

A BIG SPECIAL

The Western Home Monthly
FOR ONE YEAR

The Weekly Free Press Prairie Farmer
FOR ONE YEAR, AND

The Parisienne Embroidery Outfit

ALL FOR \$1.25

This is the Big Offer of the Year:

Two dollars' worth of good reading material and the most up-to-date Embroidery Outfit ever issued

Use This Coupon

DATE.....

THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY, Winnipeg

I enclose \$1.25, for which please send me The Free Press Prairie Farmer for one year, The Western Home Monthly for one year, and The Parisienne Embroidery Outfit.

NAME.....

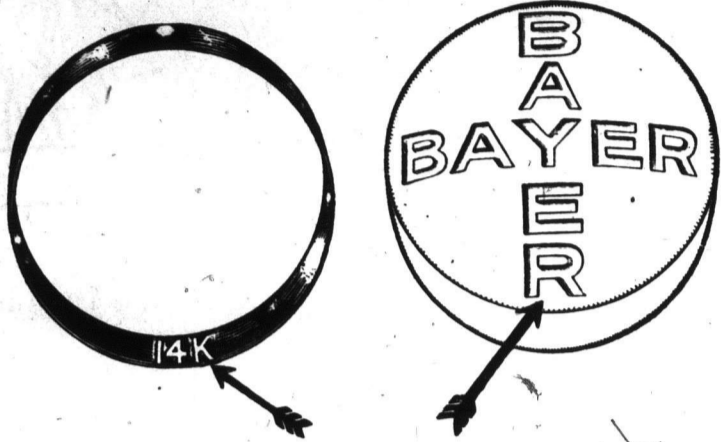
ADDRESS.....

THE FACT THAT AN ARTICLE IS ADVERTISED IN THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY MEANS THAT IT IS EXACTLY WHAT IT IS REPRESENTED TO BE.

Correspondence

ONLY TABLETS MARKED "BAYER" ARE ASPIRIN

Not Aspirin at All without the "Bayer Cross"



The name "Bayer" on Aspirin is like 14 Karat on gold. It positively identifies the only genuine Aspirin—the Aspirin prescribed by physicians for over nineteen years and now made in Canada. Always buy an unbroken package of Bayer Tablets of Aspirin which contains proper directions for Colds, Headache, Toothache, Earache, Neuralgia, Lumbago, Rheumatism, Neuritis, Joint Pains, and Pain generally. Tin boxes of 12 tablets cost but a few cents. Larger "Bayer" packages. There is only one Aspirin—"Bayer"—You must say "Bayer"

Aspirin is the trade mark (registered in Canada) of Bayer Manufacture of Mono-aceticacidester of Salicylicacid. While it is well known that Aspirin means Bayer manufacture, to assist the public against imitations, the Tablets of Bayer Company will be stamped with their general trade mark, the "Bayer Cross."



Free! Lovely Baking Set with Real Groceries and This Beautiful Walking Doll

GIRLS—Just think—here is a baking set with real groceries—so cute and useful that every girl who sees it is wild about it. And not only can you get it complete, without spending a cent of money, but you can also receive this magnificent WALKING DOLL—the wonder of toyland—a beautiful big doll such as the stores are selling at \$5.00 to \$10.00 each. She can walk across the floor just as if she were alive.

The baking set contains lovely toy utensils—a bake-board, rolling pin, mixing bowl, baking pans, scoop, tea spoon, recipe books and the cutest outfit of groceries ever seen. There's a bag of flour, a yeast cake, can of baking powder, box of baking soda, box of salt—in fact, everything complete, so you can bake just like Mother, and serve five o'clock tea to your friends. And as for Dolly, she will amaze you and your friends because she is so big and beautiful and can walk so well.

GIRLS—If you want these beautiful rewards just send us your name and address to-day and we will send you, all postage paid, just 35 big handsome packages of

"DEWKIST BOUQUET," our exquisite new perfume, which we want you to introduce among your friends and neighbors, at only 10c each. This perfume is so delightfully sweet and lasting that it just sells like hot cakes. Everybody wants "DEWKIST BOUQUET," because one 10c package will perfume more articles than a dollar bottle of ordinary perfume. It's no trouble at all to sell it. Return our money, only \$3.50, when the perfume is sold and we will at once send you the lovely Baking Set just as shown, and the beautiful Walking Doll you can also receive, without selling any more goods, for showing your lovely reward among your friends and getting only six of them to sell our goods and earn our fine premiums as you did.

REMEMBER—You take no risk. We pay all delivery charges on your rewards and will take back any unsold perfume and give you fine prizes or cash commission for whatever you do sell. Write to-day, girls—a postcard will do, and in a few days you will be the proud owner of these beautiful rewards. 27D

Address: REGAL MANUFACTURING CO., Dept. B '39, TORONTO, ONT.

Regarding the Teacherage

May I join your fireside circle for a few minutes? I have quite frequently read the correspondence section of The Western Home Monthly and often find it very interesting.

Haven't we had a notorious winter so far? Really, we are paying for the nice winter we had last year. There are snow banks and drifts here twenty feet high. I suppose it is the same all over Western Canada.

One of our members was asking why the teacher did not write to the page. I will break the ice for the rest of them. I am a teacher and rather like the work. I have had two schools and both were heavy. The first one was sixty per cent foreign with the heavy enrollment of 64. The one I have now has 42 on the roll with an attendance of about 25 on an average. It is not as heavy as my last one as I had 40 regular attendants there. I think such schools as these are too heavy for the country school with eight grades. I have a strong constitution but my first school nearly played me out. Also it spoiled my love for the work as I was so pressed for time. I could not follow the work to the extent I would have liked to. While on the subject of teachers and schools, let me speak on the subject of a "teacherage" near the school, as mentioned in "A Reformer." Although I agree with him in almost all his other remarks I do not agree with him on that subject. Many teachers find it agreeable but it would mean a gradual lessening of the number of girl teachers in our provinces. I think "A Reformer" will see the reason if he will put himself in the position of a girl teacher of say, 20 to 25 years of age. Her mother has her own home to keep. She may have a younger sister or a friend to stay with her, but she is of the age when she wants all the enjoyment there is in life. She wants to go to parties and dances, etc. She wants to be in young company. Listen, friend Reformer, could a young girl attend such things if she were living with only a younger sister for company? Would her conscience let her drag a young child out with her and keep her from her bed? Or worse still, could she leave her alone? Certainly not. Again, it would mean that she could not have young company in her own home unless she ran the risk of some country gossip (you'll always find them), with nothing better to do, spoiling her reputation. If "A Reformer" has a daughter or a sister let me ask him one plain question. Would he want his daughter or sister to live for eleven months out of the year with no better protection than a child? Would he himself, if he were a young girl, have the nerve to stay there? As a teacher, I think that a "Teacherage," unless it were properly supplied with a matronly housekeeper, is adding insult to injury in the life of Canada's education. I wish others would write and express their views on this subject.

I notice in January number a letter written by "Ex-Sergeant." Do not think I am of a quarrelsome nature, but I sincerely would like to differ with him on one statement he made, namely, "The Canadian girls are too independent and

are not as lovable as the English girls." Well, I have spoken to a good number of educated highly respected boys who have returned from England and they seem to differ greatly with you in their opinion. If you so admire the style of those "lovable" English girls. I wonder you didn't bring one out with you. Perhaps you thought we Canadians would not immediately fall in love with her and treat her like a princess. Many of the English and Scotch brides do not wish the friendship of the Canadians. I'm not saying they are all that style, remember; some of the brides are real nice, respectable girls, but I don't think they were the "lovable" kind.

Now, my letter is rather lengthy so I will close, thanking you for your space and leaving my address with the editor, if any care to write.

Spit-fire.

A Busy Bach

Dear Editor:—I have been a subscriber to the Western Home Monthly for a long time and can truly say I have enjoyed all its reading and got much help out of it. I wonder if I might be successful enough to join the Correspondence Page. Some one said that only good letters were printed, but I will try my luck. I will introduce myself as one of the "Jolly Bachelors" on a Western farm, enjoying the good things in life, washing dishes, scrubbing floors, and blacking the stove whether it needs it or not. There is nothing slow about us bachelors. I say, "Would be Farmerette", half of my farm is for sale. If you buy from me you will have to keep your chickens out of my garden. If a lady that works in the farm is a Farmerette, what is a man who does his own house-keeping? Talk about prohibition. I think prohibition should be prohibition, not just taking the liquor trade from one and putting it in the hands of another. Well, I do not wish to take up too much space, but before closing must ask if some of the girls would mind dropping me a line giving me some hints on house-keeping, such as to make dish-washing easy, etc. Wishing everyone lots of success.

From the Western Wilds

Dear Editor:—Hip, Hurray! What a merry circle I see. Is there any room for a native of the Western Wilds? I boarded the first whirlwind that happened to come along and came so fast that I almost lost my breath. Cow Puncher, you are very quiet. Have you not got anything to say? "Not a Crank" I think you had better put on your hat and say farewell before I speak my mind to you. "Yankee Canuck", next time you come bring some of your cornbread. I think it will be a delicious treat. What do you say? "Ever a Jolly Kid" I wish I could come over and go for a spin over the Prairies on a broncho with you. I like nothing better than to go speeding before the wind. "Light of the

Continued on Page 63

DEPARTMENT OF THE NAVAL SERVICE

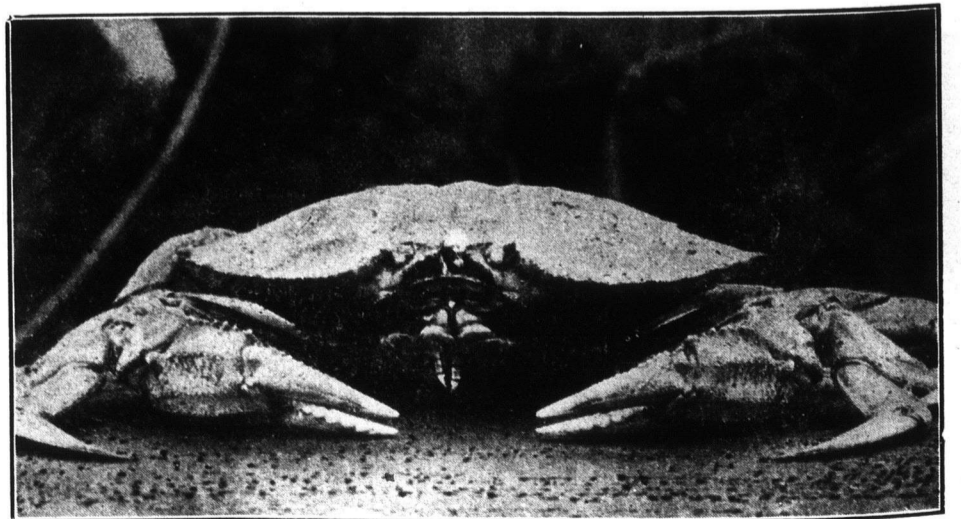
Royal Naval College of Canada



The Royal Naval College is established for the purpose of imparting a complete education in Naval Science. Graduates are qualified to enter the Imperial or Canadian Services as midshipmen. A Naval career is not compulsory however. For those who do not wish to enter the Navy the course provides a thorough grounding in Applied Science and is accepted as qualifying for entry as second year students in Canadian Universities. The scheme of education aims at developing discipline with ability to obey and take charge, a high sense of honour, both physical and mental, a good grounding in Science, Engineering, Mathematics, Navigation, History and Modern Languages, as a basis for general development of further specialization. Particulars of entry may be obtained on application to the Department of the Naval Service Ottawa. Pending erection of buildings to replace those destroyed at the time of the Halifax disaster the Royal Naval College is located at Esquimalt near Victoria, B.C.

G. J. DESBARATS, Deputy Minister of the Naval Service.

Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for. Ottawa, February 3, 1920.



A strong specimen of Nova Scotia crab

Correspondence

Continued from Page 62

Morning" you were wishing some of the old time bachelors would write. Don't you think they are all married by now? I see "Fly-by-night" has rooted up another suggestion, but I don't think I will discuss it. I am a lover of music and could not live without it. I am also a reader and my favorite author is Ralph Connor. Well, I hear the call of the Whip-poor-will so I must go. I had a chat with nearly everyone and enjoyed myself indeed, so good-bye. November.

GIRLS UNDER TWENTY FIND CHAMPION

Dear Editor:—May I join your merry circle? A friend of mine gives me The W. H. M. and I certainly enjoy the stories and the Correspondence Page.

What prompted me to write was a letter in the August issue, written by "Not a Crank." I wish to defend the girls under twenty years old. Now, "Not a Crank," I think you should have left the "Not" off your pen name. Don't you think it would be rather mean to "Cut us out," as you term it. Remember you were under twenty once upon a time, but perhaps your sex knows their own mind when they are under that age. If you are not married, engaged or about to be, it would be what you deserve if you would fall in love with a girl who is under twenty years of age. Take my word for it, it is not the age, but the girl that counts. You also mentioned the young girls writing to the young bachelors. I would certainly like to know what harm is going to come of a girl corresponding with a man who is miles and miles away.

I am a Manitoban and we have had a very severe winter. I wish some of the readers would send in a poem to the Correspondence Page now and again.

If this letter appears in print I will write again.

Aloha Oe.

Will Aloha Oe kindly send her name and address to the editor.

CITY VERSUS COUNTRY SUGGESTS DISCUSSION

Dear Editor:—I have been a reader of The Western Home Monthly for quite a time and enjoy reading it very much, especially the Correspondence Page. The letters are very interesting and helpful.

I am living on a farm north of Winnipeg and enjoy it very much, especially in the summer time, as everything is at its best then. I think people living in the city are deprived of the beauty of nature. I imagine I hear the city people say, "Oh! the country is so dead." I know it has its disadvantages in lots of ways, but still I think the city has too. For instance, so much money is spent and time wasted on amusements which are not helpful to one, especially cheap picture shows and dance halls, etc. Of course one needs a certain amount of pleasure to make them happy, nevertheless some go to extremes. I think people would be more intelligent and nobler in this world by reading good literature written by famous authors, also studying nature and such like. Such people would be a help to others, at the same time making their own lives useful.

I think it would be very interesting if some of the correspondents would discuss the advantages and disadvantages of the city and country life.

Hoping to see my first letter in print and wishing The W. H. M. and its readers every success.

Sunshine.

Miller's Worm Powders act so thoroughly that stomachic and intestinal worms are literally ground up and pass from the child without being noticed and without inconvenience to the sufferer. They are painless and perfect in action, and at all times will be found a healthy medicine, strengthening the infantile stomach and maintaining it in vigorous operation, so that, besides being an effective vermifuge, they are tonical and health-giving in their effects.



The Proper Food for Baby

Unwholesome and unsuitable food causes most of the diseases of infancy.

The bottle fed baby should receive the best substitute for human milk,—cows' milk, properly modified and diluted with barley water made from ROBINSON'S "PATENT" BARLEY.

Robinson's "Patent" Barley

is the best for making barley water.

For older children use ROBINSON'S "PATENT" GROATS which is also excellent for invalids and nursing mothers.

Sold by all druggists and grocers.

Write for our booklet "Advice To Mothers" containing information about feeding and care of children. No mother should be without it. Free on request.

MAGOR, SON & CO., LIMITED

Canadian Agents. Montreal Toronto. 52



DR. MILES' NERVINE

NURSES TIRED NERVES

DR. MILES NERVINE is so effective and positive in the treatment of all diseases of the Nervous System, that it has caused hundreds of people to write to us recommending its use by other people who may be sufferers from similar ailments.

You can have every confidence in Dr. Miles Nervine. It has been developed by a specialist in the treatment of the Brain and Nervous System. It contains no habit-forming drugs nor alcohol. It is a remedy of the highest quality prepared for those who are particular about their health.

Go to your Druggist and ask for Dr. Miles Nervine. Take it as directed. If you are not benefited return the empty bottle and your money will be refunded cheerfully. We do not guarantee to cure you but we do guarantee to refund your money if you are not benefited.

Prepared in the Laboratory of the

Dr. Miles Medical Company

TORONTO,

CANADA

TREAT THESE AILMENTS WITH DR. MILES NERVINE:

Headache, Epilepsy, Sleeplessness, Nervousness, Neuralgia, Fits, Spasms, Blues, Despondency, Palpitation of Heart, Nervous Dyspepsia, Backache, Hysteria, St. Vitus' Dance, Tobacco and Alcoholic Excess, Opium Habit and NERVOUS PROSTRATION.

The Young Woman and Her Problem

Continued from page 54

stands them, she is genuinely sincere. Her own personality is charmingly attractive—the type that inspires girls to form an idea of true, wholesome, dignified womanhood.

The idea of "Canadian Girls in Training" was born from the united thinking mind of men and women in charge of Sunday school work in Anglican, Baptist, Methodist and Presbyterian churches, in fact all provincial Sunday school Associations connected with the Canadian Council, which proves that our Sunday schools are keenly alive to the value of work among girls. In the booklet on "Canadian Girls in Training" I find this important truth: "No apology is needed for attempting to help those who are working among our girls, for girl-life is of such infinite value to Canada to-day that no foresighted thinker dare ignore it. In the latent powers of teen age girls lie those faculties and characteristics which will make the foundations, good or bad, of the homes on which the Dominion is built."

Four-fold development is the foundation of this organization—starting from the ideal found in Jesus, who "increased in wisdom and stature and in favor with God and man." The only woman who is finding her true self, as God intends she should, is one who seeks to keep her body in health, as a "Temple of God", whose mind is growing in its love of truth, whose will is trained to right choices, whose heart is set to love God and her neighbor.

The four-fold standard in "Canadian Girls in Training" is outlined as follows:

- I. Physical.
 1. Health Education.
 2. First Aid in Home Nursing.
 3. Physical Culture.
 4. Sports: Team and Group Games and Individual Sports.
 5. Outdoor Life.
- II. Intellectual.
 1. School and Vocational Training.
 2. Home Craft.
 3. Home Reading.
 4. Knowledge of Current Events.
 5. Public Speaking.
 6. Nature Study.
 7. Music.
 8. Art.
 9. Educational Trips and Lectures.
 10. Hobbies.
- III. Religious.
 1. Daily Prayer and Bible Reading.
 2. Public Worship.
 3. Group Bible Study.
 4. Personal Dedication.
 5. Systematic Giving.
 6. Self-Discipline.
 7. Mission Study and Reading.
 8. Recognition of God in Nature.
 9. Music, Art and Poetry.
- IV. Service.
 1. Personal Relationships.
 2. In the Home.
 3. In the Church.
 4. Through Organizations:
 - (a.) Membership.
 - (b.) Contributions to Programme.
 - (c.) Leadership.
 5. In the Community.
 6. Choosing a Life Work.

The outline is so complete in suggestions for activity in girls' life that any community encouraging an organization of "Canadian Girls in Training" would be blessed with finer feminine influence—for the four-fold girl is the vivacious, useful, strong Canadian girl of To-day and To-morrow.

Anyone requiring further information regarding this important movement among young girls might write to the Secretary of the National Advisory Committee, 604 Jarvis St., Toronto.

Worms sap the strength and undermine the vitality of children. Strengthen them by using Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator to drive out the parasites.

Found Wanting

Continued from Page 10

within fifteen minutes the one-time image peddler passed out of the swinging doors, poorer by his half-dollar's wage, but insured against all accidents to life and limb.

On his way home he gave to the children all the figures in his basket. "Now Giuseppe need never know," he thought, as he wearily climbed the long flight of stairs. "Never, never know."

He was very silent that night. Gemma noticed his depression, but why should he not be depressed when he had stumbled and broken all the images. It was enough to make them all disheartened.

Giuseppe took the hard, gnarled hand in his long soft one. "Do not fret, amico mio," he said soothingly. "I understand, though just now we can ill spare the money. In the future be more careful and remember that the work of an artist is not like the great nets for fish. One may break what may never be mended. Did any speak of the work to-day?"

Invention did not come easily to Pasquale. But he loved to see Giuseppe's face brighten, and to-night he passed from words of praise to extravagant forecasts of the future.

All that night he heard the dry, hard cough of Gemma and the low words of Giuseppe, "Thou art better, dear one. Did not the doctor say, 'When the warm weather comes she will be well'? These were his words and it is not long to the spring. Courage, my Gemma. Ah, soon we shall be famous. Did you hear what the stranger said to Pasquale? Yes, Gemma, we shall be rich, with more riches than you ever dreamed of, and then we shall go home."

Pasquale could not hear Gemma's low whisper, but soon Giuseppe spoke again.

"Yes, there will be a procession to meet us. All the village will be there and the mayor, too, and thou shalt ride in the carriage, thou and Pasquale. It will not be long now, little Gemma. Soon thou shalt go home."

"Soon thou shalt go home. Soon thou shalt go home." Only Pasquale knew how soon.

It was later than usual next morning before Pasquale was ready for his day's round. He carried in a supply of coal for Gemma, then he cleaned the dishes. Twice he started, and finally returned from the street to tell Giuseppe that he felt sure the rent would be forthcoming.

"Not if you are so late in starting," retorted Giuseppe. "Is it not enough that yesterday you fell with the basket, but to-day you must fail with the sales?"

They did not see him again. At noon Gemma thought she caught sight of him standing near the corner and staring at their window. But she could not be sure.

The news did not reach them till late on the following night. Accidents were frequent in these slippery streets, and the hospital had all it could do without

sending word to friends of pauper patients. Besides, the man was done for. Even the policeman who helped lift the unconscious Pasquale from under the electric car recognized that, and the newsboys who crowded around the ambulance knew it too. "God, what a man," said the surgeon, bending over the prostrate body. "Look at that muscle! He was good for fifty years yet."

Suddenly the brown eyes of the patient opened. "Have they got my legs?" he whispered. The quiet nurse understood Italian; she understood too, what legs meant to a day laborer. "No, no," she said soothingly, slipping the merciful needle into the man's arm. "Your legs are right here, and you'll be out in a few days."

The man turned his shaggy head on the pillow. "I couldn't even fall straight," he muttered. "Couldn't even—fall straight."

Two weeks later, when the Romantic sailed for Italy, the first names on its second-class passenger list were: Mr. Giuseppe Antilli, artist. Mrs. Gemma Antilli.

Lift the Voice in Song

By Fred. Scott Shepard.

Sing a song of hope,
When the sky seems drear,
For behind the clouds
Is the sunshine clear,
And before the light,
Gloom will disappear.

Sing a song of cheer,
When the heart is sad;
For God overrules
Both the good and bad,
And the Father's care
Will the soul make glad.

Sing a song of praise,
When the heart o'erflows
With the joys of life
Or its weight of woes,
For God's grace and love,
Freely He bestows.

So what'er the day,
Lift the voice in song,
For the cheery heart
Helps the work along;
God is God of all—
Be then brave and strong.

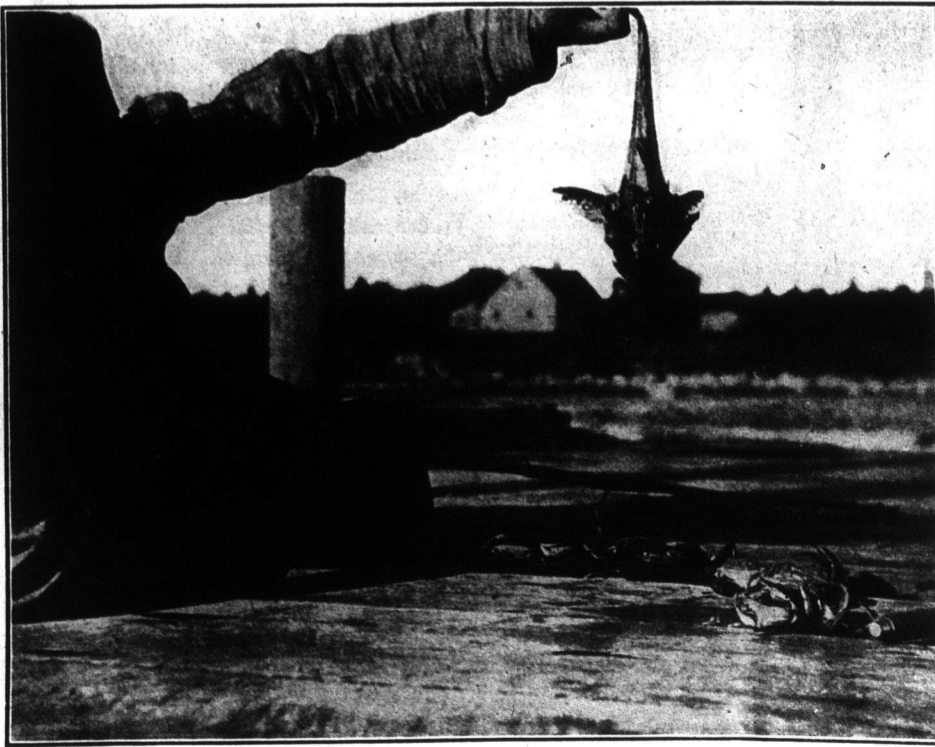
MY DAFFODILS

By Margaret E. LaMont.

Within my wondering hand I hold,
Four daffodils of fairest gold
From Southland sent, so I am told,
From southern hills.

I quite forget the day is cold,
My daffodils.

Your lips breathe forth the breath of spring,
You make me hear the robins sing
And see the flash of bluebird's wing,
And all my ills
Beneath your magic lose their sting,
Sweet daffodils.



The vicious dogfish so familiar to Nova Scotia fishermen

"ODE TO A CANADIAN BOY WHO WAS KILLED AT THE FRONT"

He is dead, the beautiful youth,
The soul of honor, the tongue of truth,
He the light and life of us all,
Whose voice was as blithe as a bugle call;
Whom all eyes followed with one content,
The cheer of whose laugh and ready call
Chilled each murmur of discontent.

It was only last night as we rode along
Down the dark of the mountain gap,
To visit, the picket guard at the ford,
Little dreaming of any mishap.
He was humming the words of that old,
old song:

"Two white roses he had in his cap and
one he held on the point of his sword";
When sudden and sharp a whistling ball
Came out of the woods and that voice
was still;
And something I heard in the darkness
fall,
And in a moment my blood ran chill,
And I called in a voice as one might
speak

In a room where someone was lying dead
But there came no answer to what I
said;
So we lifted him back to his saddle
again,
And all through the mire, the mist and
the rain,
We took him back to his bed in the
camp,
Where I saw my the light of the
surgeon's lamp,
Two white roses upon his cheeks
And one over his heart blood red.

I saw in a vision how fast and far
That fatal bullet went speeding forth,
Till it reached a town in the far off
North,
Till it reached a home in a distant street,
Till it reached a heart that ceased to
beat,
And the neighbors wondered that she
should die.

THE MYSTIC NORTH

By U. K. N.

I love the call of the mystic North
Where the air is pure and strong;
The far-flung space of the great North-
land

Where summer days are long;
It calls my soul from evil ways
When I look to the Polar star,
I feel the lure of the hidden North
That beckons from afar.

I love the whisper of the North,
The land of the brave and strong;
I feel the beckon of the wild
That calls me all day long.
I often watch the wild geese fly,
Sailing along to the North afar;
And wish that I, like them could go,
Flying swiftly to the Polar star.

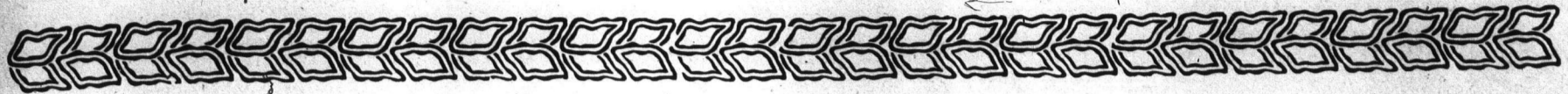
I love to see the mystic fires
That play neath the Polar star,
With a soft enchanting quivering light
That calls to me from afar.
I feel the call of the wilderness,
When I look to the clear North sky,
Where the Great Bear hangs in mighty
space,
And the glittering snowflakes fly.

Yet to me the North must ever remain
A land of promise and mystery;
Where great rivers flow, to Arctic shore,
And the sun shines down in vain.
For this I know, the great Northland,
With its spirit brave and free,
Must ever remain to me a dream,
Until touched by a Master hand.

The Past

By Lilian Hall Crowley
"When I grow up to be a man
And forget how bad I be,
I'll tell every one I can,
'That good little boy was me.'"

A Power of Its Own.—Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil has a subtle power of its own that other oils cannot pretend to, though there are many pretenders. All who have used it know this and keep it by them as the most valuable liniment available. Its uses are innumerable and for many years it has been prized as the leading liniment for man and beast.



QUICK ACCELERATION

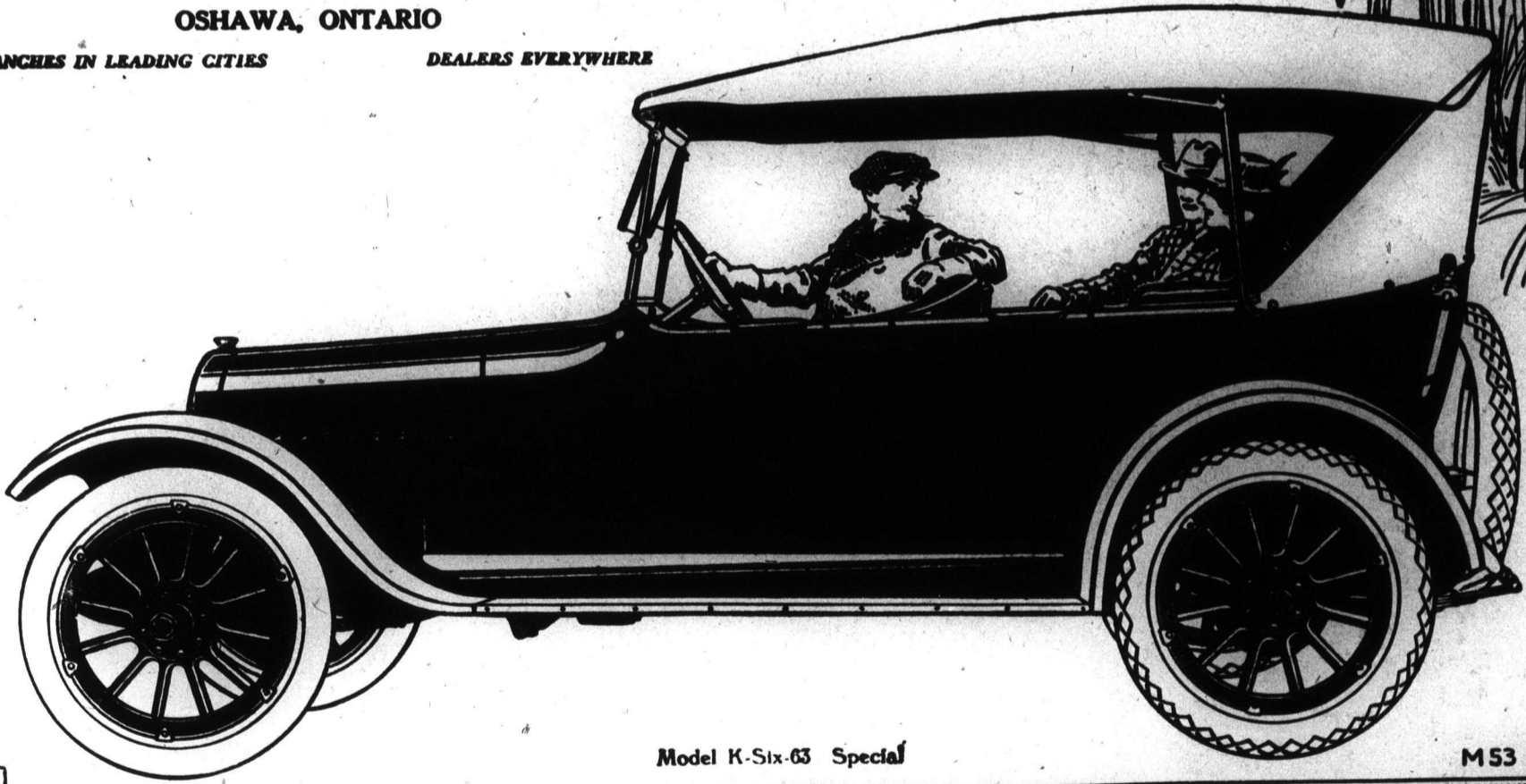
THE New McLaughlin Light Six is alert to every whim of the driver. It responds instantaneously. For speed, power on hills, quick acceleration and ease of control, the New Light Six is unrivalled.

The New McLaughlin Light Six is powered with the famous 44-horse power McLaughlin Light Six overhead valve motor. Owners report from 20 to 30 miles per gallon and from 8 to 12 thousand miles on tires.

McLAUGHLIN MOTOR CAR CO. Limited
OSHAWA, ONTARIO

BRANCHES IN LEADING CITIES

DEALERS EVERYWHERE



Model K-Six-63 Special

M53

The **McLAUGHLIN LIGHT SIX**



BOY WHO
FRONT"

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PURITY FLOUR

"More Bread and Better Bread"

