



ONWARD

• A PAPER FOR YOUNG CANADIANS •

Vol. L

TORONTO, JUNE 9, 1940

No. 23



The Days of '85

By BESSIE M. BARKER

CHAPTER X



IN an instant after the announcement of the messenger the whole camp was in an uproar. Trapped between the troops of General Strange and the soldiers at Battleford! The dance was broken up. Tepees were struck in a mad hurry, the one which covered the two white men crashing down on them, one of the poles inflicting a long gash across Bob Hamilton's neck and shoulder, tearing through coat and shirt. Within an hour the whole band had moved from their camping place, and were frantically digging rifle pits and embankments where they might make a stand against the white soldiers. The prisoners were bound and kept in close concealment, listening with a sense of maddening impotence to the gun-fire and shouts that went on near and far, betokening that fighting between the white and the native forces had already begun. Defeat turned to apparent victory when the white forces retreated, but the terror that had gripped the rebellious Indians when they learned of the capture of their leader at Batoche could not be shaken off, and waiting no further attack, the whole band took to flight toward the northwest, their one way of escape from the retribution which seemed hard on their heels. Whipping muscles already jaded by the hours of dancing, to yet greater efforts, they raced through bush and scrub, on horseback, afoot, with

creaking "Red River" carts, and with the older travois.

"Why couldn't they have left us behind?" David groaned as they stopped for a breathing space after the first fear-stricken dash.

"I suppose we know too much of their plans to be safe at large," Bob answered. "We'll have to look sharp, though—maybe a chance will come to make our getaway. I dare say they'd be glad enough to be rid of us."

"I hope they don't want happiness badly enough to take matters into their own hands."

The first headlong rush slackened, but little time was allowed for food and rest. Every step was taking them farther away from the river. Every mile found the way growing more difficult to travel, as the party entered the edge of the northern lake and muskeg country. They plunged in water and mud, often to their knees, and lay down to snatch a few hours of sleep in clothing soaking wet. Though the May nights were still cool, the first mosquitoes were rising in hordes, and no "smudge" fires could be lighted to drive them away, lest a hint be given to the pursuers. The white men could only huddle close together for warmth and, as the grey daylight appeared in the eastern sky, rise up to trudge on again, on the road that held no hope save what might come through the preservation of their lives. The injury

that Bob Hamilton had received was paining him severely, though there seemed to be no bones broken, and David tore his shirt into strips and bandaged it closely to ease the pain of the loosely swinging arm.

The band separated into smaller groups and still smaller, and the white men were relieved to find themselves falling to the care of members of the Wood Cree tribe. One of them, a tall, splendidly-built young man, David looked at frequently, tracing in his strongly-marked features some haunting sense of familiarity which his utmost efforts could not bring into recognition.

It was this Indian who had shown the prisoners several kindnesses, and at last, noting Bob's sufferings, he found a place for him to ride in one of their rough, high-wheeled carts, proffering the suggestion in hesitating English, with the formality of address of the typical Indian.

"We thank you," David replied. "It will save him much pain."

Again, as the party moved on after their brief noonday halt, David expressed his thanks.

"It is not'ing. You my friend, David Lyons."

"But why? Why do you say I am your friend?"

"I Gray Cloud. You help my sister, Bright Morning."

"Bright Morning! I remember you now, Gray Cloud. You came

for her to our home when she was hurt. Where is she now—is my wife with her?"

"Not talk so much." The Indian frowned warningly. "Don't show them we friends. I not know what they do."

David regained control of himself, but later, as they plodded on, Bob Hamilton bumping over the ground in his springless vehicle, he asked under his breath:

"Gray Cloud, do you know where your sister is, and my wife?"

But the discouraging answer came back:

"I not know—I not see her or hear not'ing since the fighting start. Her husband, Tall Tree, he with Poundmaker—he want to fight," and again they plodded on through the rain which was beginning to fall.

Would the northwest trail never end? Every day was now a long, numbed endurance. Bob Hamilton felt better from his enforced rest and urged David to take his place in the cart, but Gray Cloud, who now marched close beside them as their keeper, demurred:

"You stay in cart."

"But Dave is tired."

"You stay in cart. You stay sick."

He spoke emphatically, and the white men grasped that something lay behind his command. They were in rougher land now. Several times the big wooden wheels of the cart jolted over stones, and at

length Gray Cloud pulled to one side of the line of march.

"I fix my wagon," he grunted to David, and let the others pass on. Bending to his task he seized a large stone and pounded vigorously on one of the rickety spokes, David watching him and waiting with rapidly-beating heart. The spoke was well splintered, and then the Indian urged his scrawny horse to greater speed till he overtook the party. For another mile they kept pace and then, within hearing of a number of his companions, Gray Cloud uttered an impatient exclamation, and once more drew aside.

With a quick, sly wrench of his sinewy hands he tore loose the end of the splintered spoke, and turned to hack several slender willow withes to repair the damage. At a warning glance from his dark eyes, David dropped on his knees in the mud beside him. Several made derisive comments as they passed, but Gray Cloud answered merely:

"You go on—we catch up."

When the cortège had passed from sight beyond a fringe of scrub, a quarter of a mile in advance of them, Gray Cloud ceased his task.

"You run now, David Lyons. Hurry, go back to your people."

In an instant Bob Hamilton was out of the cart.

"You go now. Take this." Quickly he gave each a handful of dried meat from the sack he car-

ried, and handed David his hunting knife. "You find stream and follow it down to Saskatchewan River. Then go down by it. You find Fort Pitt, mebbe — mebbe Battleford. Mebbe you meet soldiers. Be careful you not meet Indians—Metis. Some alright—some not alright."

David looked him straight in the face.

"Gray Cloud, what is this going to mean to you? What will your tribe do when they find out you let us go?"

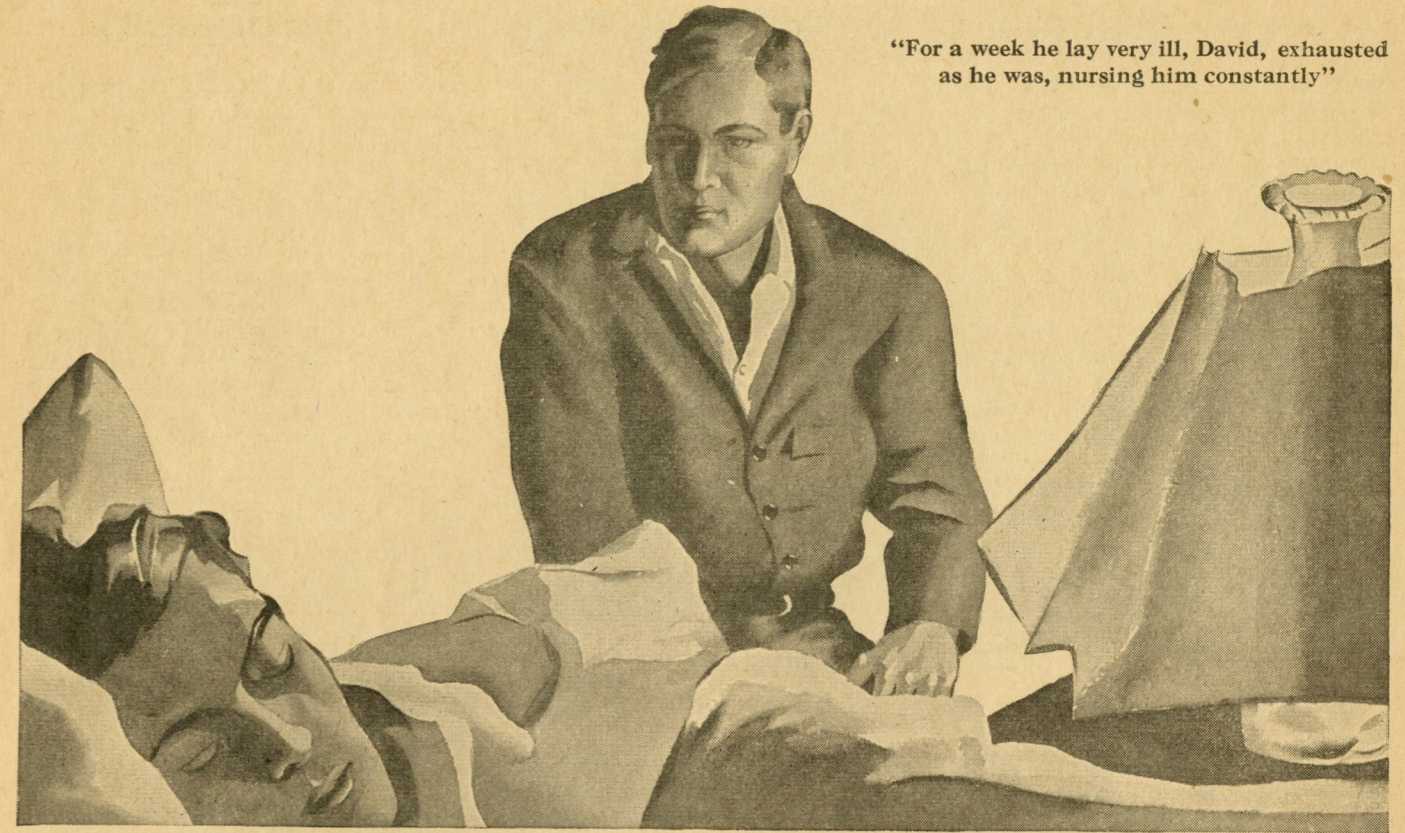
The Indian shrugged. "They not care much. They 'fraid to have you with them now, if soldiers find them. You hurry."

Whether the man was dissembling or not, David hesitated no longer. In turn clasping the hand of their rescuer, the white men plunged into the brush and out of sight.

It was a nightmare road they followed back to civilization. At first they tried to keep a record of the days travelled, but soon they blended into a deadening monotony of endurance, with forcing exhausted bodies to plod on and on through the scrub and marshy land. For several days they could not see the sun through the heavy grey-ness of overcast skies, and lost all sense of direction. For a time they forced themselves to wait for clearing weather, lest they should travel in the wrong way. They had no matches to kindle a fire, and could only huddle together for warmth at night. Then with fair weather came the hordes of insect pests to make night and day a torture. Their tiny supply of dried meat was soon exhausted, and it was still too early in the season for them to find wild fruits or birds' nests. Robert Hamilton's arm swelled and festered, and his blood ran hot with fever. The marshy country, with its sluggish ponds, seemed endless, but at last they found running water, a stream with a steady current, and knew it would be their guide to safety.

Safety — but how could they reach it? Bob stared with dulled eyes at the brown water, and David watched him anxiously. Neither could tell how many miles still intervened between them and the Saskatchewan, and Bob's strength was well-nigh spent.

There was a rustle behind him, and David turned to see a mink glide from the water with the silvery scales of its prey shining wetly in its jaws. He was tempted to rush,



"For a week he lay very ill, David, exhausted as he was, nursing him constantly"

but restrained himself. Slowly he picked up a large stone and drew his hand back. "Oh, God, keep my hand steady," rose to his lips as he launched it.

With a furious screech of fright and pain the mink doubled into a bundle of threshing brown fur, and his captive slid floundering to the sand, where David fell upon it. Its former owner, recovering from the blow of the stone, screamed defiance and anger at being robbed.

They ate the fish raw, and fresh energy returned with it, giving them strength to follow the stream. Another fish, caught in the shallows by the receding flood water, provided a further meal, and at last they saw before them the broad waters of the North Saskatchewan River.

Again David's prayers for assistance were answered, when they stumbled upon a family of friendly half-breeds, who took them in a ramshackle canoe to Fort Pitt, where the police had again established a base. Bob Hamilton was delirious when they lifted him from the canoe. For a week he lay very ill, David, exhausted as he was, nursing him constantly, and at last having the satisfaction of seeing him return to consciousness, and the danger of losing his arm reced-

ing. As he realized their situation he spoke feebly:

"Dave, you'd better go on to Battleford, if you have the chance, to find your wife. You should have gone before."

"I wasn't leaving you, Bob."

"I'd have been all right."

"We've been through too much together for me to walk out on you like that. I know word has gone on about us, Bob. Eleanor may know already that we are safe, and word may come about her any time. Everything is pretty well in the control of the police now, and they'll be looking for her. We'll go down together in a few days."

Bob dozed off again, and David wandered out into the sunshine. Again he went to the police officer, but received the same news, "No word yet," and he went on a little way beyond the outpost. He was very tired, and throwing himself down on the warm earth under a clump of trees, he rested in the June sunlight till the afternoon shadows were growing long.

There was some one coming out to meet him—did Bob need him? But this was a stranger—a slender boy. No—he sprang up and began to run, all weariness forgotten.

"Eleanor!"

"David—they told me down at

Battleford that you were here and safe! David—oh, David!"

(To be concluded)

Limitations

TOLSTOI on his farm, Milton without his sight, Bunyan in his prison, Pasteur in his laboratory, all did great things for the world. All these had their burdens and their limitations—and who has not? Yet they were wrought mightily for the good of mankind. They did not say, "Because I am on a farm, or blind, or in prison, or confined within a workshop, I cannot do anything worth while." Rather did they say: "This is my lot, but I shall not despair. I will make the most of my opportunities, and do my best while I have life." This is the spirit of all those who do great things.

The true reformer is much more concerned to lift up those who are beneath him than to pull down those who are above him.

The surgeon's touch must be as delicate as it is strong; so also should be the hand of him who attempts to deal with the souls of men.

I Am Your Newspaper

A Message To Young People

For me men faced the dangers of the deep forests and of the rushing rivers of springtime.

Others toiled patiently to perfect the precision of machines, to blend the colours of ink, to mould the grace and vigour of type.

In the far places of the earth and near at hand they have gone on the endless and risky search for news and knowledge and entertainment.

Thus, in a magical panorama, I daily distil the world and bring it in small and varied compass to your hand.

I must be all things to all men—and so I bring you an infinite variety—crime, world news, humour, comics, sports, books, the sins and the glory of mankind.

I do not select the evil from the good, the trivial from the sublime.

That selection I must leave to you.

And as you choose—you reveal, and at the same time continue to create, your inner self of mind and heart and will.

I am Your Newspaper.

New Zealand Celebrates a Century of Settlement

ONE hundred years ago this winter three sailing vessels left London, England. Three months later, early in 1840, the weary passengers on those small ships sighted the tree-clad hills surrounding a fine harbour. Dressed in their best clothes, they made ready for a landing, not at a big city, but on the shores of the hill-surrounded harbour. They climbed into rowboats which landed them on the sandy shore. In their finery they walked up the shore to the tree-clad hills. As their luggage and belongings were unloaded they planned where their homes would stand. For that landing one hundred years ago was the first planned settlement of New Zealand, near where now is the city of Wellington, capital of this distant Dominion of the British Empire.

This winter—summer in New Zealand—the country celebrated for six months the centenary of its settlement. True, there had been a previous settlement of adventurers at the tip of New Zealand, and there had been missionaries established for several decades, but this was the first recognized settlement. From it dates the history of the Dominion of New Zealand, now one of the leading agricultural countries of the world, one of the important units of the British Empire, one of the most advanced countries

By JAMES MONTAGNES

in living conditions for the workingman.

New Zealand was known to geographers after the Dutch explorer Tasman discovered the country in 1642. But very little was known about it till Captain Cook published his report on the rediscovery of the long narrow series of islands in 1769, when he claimed it for Great Britain. Very little was done with the country till 1839 when the first settlers set sail for its distant shores, but fishermen and adventurers went there following Captain Cook's published report on the country, its bountiful fisheries, and its intelligent, artistic and warlike natives.

Today those natives form an important factor in the development of the country. For more than fifty years there have been no tribal wars in New Zealand. In fact, there were only a few sporadic outbreaks since 1840, for Great Britain signed a treaty with the native Maori chiefs in 1839 in which their rights and standing were outlined and guaranteed protection. Today the Maoris are among the outstanding artists of New Zealand, take part in the business, cultural and governmental life of the Dominion, live anywhere they please in the country, attend its schools and universities, have

equal rights with the European-descended whites, intermarry, have been knighted by the king, hold high posts in the life of the Dominion. There is no racial problem in New Zealand.

The Maoris, before the coming of white men, had frequent tribal wars. Legend has it their ancestors first discovered New Zealand in 950, came back two hundred years later in their ocean-going dug-out canoes, and in 1350, in seven huge, elaborately-carved dug-out canoes, came to settle the islands which now are New Zealand. They are Polynesians, hailing, perhaps, from Hawaii or some of the Pacific islands to the south.

Those Maori tribes who signed the treaty of Waitangi with the British in 1839 took immediate part in the development of the country, helping to bring it to its present place as one of the leading countries for meat, wool and dairy exports. Predominantly British in stock, the New Zealanders supply Great Britain with the bulk of beef, mutton, butter, wool. Millions of sheep and cattle range New Zealand's fertile, rolling, pasturage hills, where the scent of the sea is never distant, for at its widest New Zealand is only one hundred miles across. New Zealand grows enough food of all kinds for its population of about 1,600,000, of whom 82,000 are Maoris. It imports principally manufactured goods and machinery. It has, in recent years, started manufacturing a variety of articles of merchandise, makes today many articles from the wool grown on its sheep and from the hides of its many cattle. Ships from all parts of the world sail with produce of the country from twenty-one ports on North and South Islands, and the smaller islands forming this Dominion, which is slightly larger in area than Great Britain.

New Zealand's governments, in which the Maoris have four elected representatives and their own cabinet minister, have practically all enacted legislation to make life more pleasant for the city and farm worker. New Zealand is considered a model for social legislation in many parts of the world. There are minimum wage and hour laws covering practically every New Zealander over twenty-one years of age. There are pension funds to

which each citizen over sixteen pays. The present government has gone in for large scale and better housing construction. The cost of living is low. There are no very wealthy and no extremely poor.

The reversal of seasons from those in the northern part of the world, the climate like that of Italy, the scenic beauties of the country, its fine sport, fishing for swordfish and other big fish, and the low cost of living, have made New Zealand a tourist centre for retired Englishmen. Scientists are attracted since they have discovered there many animals and plant species not found elsewhere in the world because of the country's ocean-isolated position. If it was ever a part of the Asiatic mainland it was so long ago that there are still animals living in New Zealand dating back to the reptilian age.

New Zealand's rapid growth as a leading trading nation, principally with Great Britain, United States, Australia and Canada, has been due in a large part to the development of rapid ocean transportation and modern refrigeration. Without refrigerator ships New Zealand could not export its vast quantities of meat and dairy produce. As New Zealand starts on its second century, that rapid transport and communication is to be further speeded up with the early inauguration of air services direct to Great Britain, the United States and Canada, countries which today by the fastest express steamers are still from two and a half to five weeks distant, but will be within a week's call by ocean-going flying boats.

An Industry That Followed a Famine

By C. MACGILLIVRAY CAMPBELL

IN the great famine in India in 1897, some seventeen hundred and fifty children were left orphans. Of these fifty boys from seven to eleven years of age were apportioned to the care of the missionary at Mhow, the rest being distributed among other mission stations. At the other stations printing, carpentry and farming were taught to the poor waifs when they had been fed back to strength. For his station at Mhow, Dr. J. Fraser Smith hoped to find somebody to teach his boys weaving, rug-making, gardening, and shoe-making, but because



Maori Mother and Girls at One of the Native Villages of New Zealand

of caste no native teacher would undertake the work.

Having prayed over the matter, Dr. Smith was still puzzling over the problem one morning when driving to the orphanage, not so absorbedly but that he noticed a man prostrate on his face in the ditch. Acting the good Samaritan, Dr. Smith had the poor fugitive from famine taken in, and after some days of unconsciousness the stranger was able to tell his story. His relatives were all dead from starvation; his companions who had set out with him had all died on the way.

Now it was that the man mentioned that he was a weaver. He would be delighted to set up looms, to teach the boys to weave. It would be very simple, and fourteen looms were set up with very little trouble or expense. Because of great orders coming in from neighbouring stations, the boys were soon contributing to their own support, besides turning out yards of the cloth that without cutting or sewing, supplies the Hindoo boy with his simple garments.

A native shoemaker was also found to teach the eight boys who wished to learn the trade, and that industry, too, was soon under way, the natives showing astonishing ability to copy European boots. In fact their ability in this matter of close imitation could be overdone, as when Dr. Smith had a frock coat nibbled by rats and had his Indian

tailor put a neat patch on the back. Later, when a new coat was required, the tailor turned out a perfect copy of the old one, patch and all!

This one disaster, though, was small compared to the amount of the benefit when Indian carpenters proved their ready ability to copy the parts of a pattern loom Dr. Smith had shipped in that his boys might learn rug-weaving. Thus another really important industry was begun, for the rugs were made of materials in fast dyes, and Dr. Smith mentions in his recent book, "Life's Waking Part," that he kept the first one made, and it has retained its beautiful colourings. The work thus begun has grown to an important industry, but much more important is the fact that these orphans, separated from their parents by so bitter circumstances, were brought into the direct influence of Christian teachers, and have long since grown up to found Christian homes of their own.

A Load of Hay

BELIEVED to be the biggest load of hay ever moved by one conveyance in this country, a truck owned by Mr. T. B. Wright, of Rimbey, Alberta, recently hauled one hundred and eighty-five bales of pressed hay which weighed nine tons. The load was supported on two axles of four wheels each.



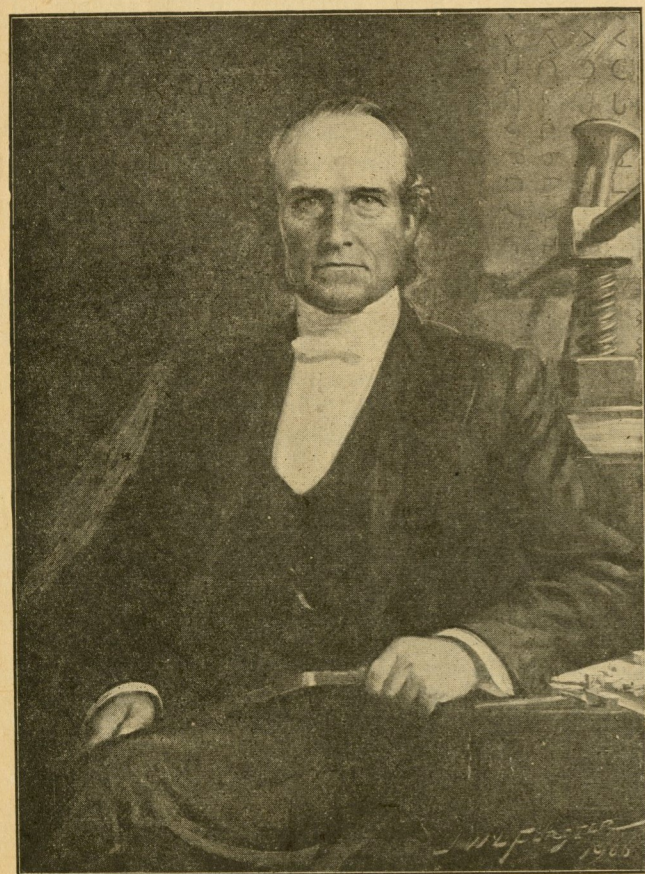
Auckland, New Zealand's Largest City, Has a Population of 214,200

AMONG the hosts of ordinary men there appear from time

An Inventor in the Wilderness

By JESSE ARNUP

to time a few creative souls by whose vision and achievements the rest are inspired and led forward along the path of human progress. Such a man was James Evans, whose centenary is being widely and rightly celebrated in this year of grace 1940. His exploits as a pioneer and wilderness traveller were recounted around the camp fire long years after he had left the region where they were performed. As a missionary he had few equals. His achievements as a linguist brought him enduring fame; for his genius and persistence in that direction resulted in his invention of the Cree Syllabic system of writing, which conferred the boon of a written language on the whole Indian people throughout Canada's illimitable north and west. From Hudson Bay to the Rocky Mountains, and from the international border to the long reaches of the Mackenzie River, that system is still in use today. It was Lord Dufferin, then Governor-General of Canada, who, on hearing of James Evans'



Rev. James Evans

contribution to human welfare, exclaimed, "We have given many a man a title and a pension and then a resting place and a monument in Westminster Abbey who never did half as much for his fellow creatures."

One hundred years ago the territory known as Canada ended somewhere in the neighbourhood of Sault Ste. Marie. North and west of that point stretched the Great Lone Land. Winnipeg, Regina, and Calgary were unheard of. Edmonton was known only as an outpost of the Hudson's Bay Company. One of the principal posts of the Company and the northern metropolis for its fur trade was Norway House, situated near the spot where the Nelson River flows out of Lake Winnipeg on its long run to Hudson Bay.

Prior to 1840 James Evans had been rendering effective service as an Indian missionary of the Canada Conference of the Methodist Church. While stationed at St. Clair, where he went in 1834, he made a phonetic study of the language of the Ojibways and discovered that the whole of their speech could be expressed by eight consonants and four vowels. Basing his effort on this fact, he produced a simplified system of writing which was offered to the Bible Society for their use in translation. The offer was, however, rejected, and the experiment stopped for a time.

The Canada Conference at that time was part of the Wesleyan Methodist Church in England. From their headquarters in London the officers of the Hudson's Bay Company asked the leaders of the

Wesleyan Church to send missionaries to the Indians of the Great

Lone Land, and offered generous assistance. The Church responded by appointing three men, one of whom was Robert Terrill Rundle, the centenary of whose arrival in Edmonton is also being celebrated this year. James Evans, as the foremost Indian missionary of Canada, was asked to lead the party and to serve as superintendent of the whole work. The offer was accepted, and in April, 1840, Evans left Canada to begin his work in the far North.

Very unusual was the order of his going. First of all, his household goods were sent to Montreal for shipment to London. Thence they would be carried out to York Factory in the Hudson's Bay Company's schooner on her initial trip during the following year. There they would be transferred to York boats for the five-hundred-mile journey by inland waterways to Norway House. James Evans and his wife and daughter also went to Montreal, intending to catch the Company's spring canoe fleet for Norway House. They arrived one day late; the fleet had left! Nothing daunted, they took ship to Fort William, and there Evans purchased canoes and hired Indians to travel under his own direction. Thus they made their way through the Woods country, down the turbulent Winnipeg River to Lake Winnipeg and along its three-hundred-mile stretch to their destination. They reached Norway House in September, to find that Mr. Rundle, who caught the Company fleet, had arrived two months earlier and was awaiting their coming before leaving for his station at Edmonton.

Their goods not having arrived, the family spent the first winter as guests of the Hudson's Bay Company. How Mr. Evans employed his time can best be told in his own words, quoted from a letter written at Fort Garry in June, 1841. The original is in Victoria College Library, along with samples of the type referred to and some of the earliest books in Cree. These have been certified by the Canadian Historical Society as samples of the earliest printing done in what is now the Province of Manitoba.

"Your very welcome and agreeably long letter came to hand yesterday, dated Alderville (Upper



Three Original Birch Bark Books, Now in the Library of Victoria University, Toronto

Canada) November 7th, 1840. So that you will readily perceive that neither Canada's steamers nor the mile-per-minute cars bore it to its long-sought destination. Accept my sincere thanks, and reward my gratitude with a long epistle, monthly at least. . . .

"I have great cause of unspeakable gratitude to Almighty God for his continued mercy to my dear family and myself, and for the favourable reception I have met with in every place. Nor can I feel otherwise than deeply humble under a sense of my unworthiness, when informing you that God has deigned to crown my feeble effort to benefit the Indians with gratifying success. We have now on the Baptismal Register, connected with Norway House station, one hundred and seventy-three souls. Our classes at Norway House are lively and devoted, without fanaticism or undue excitement. God has done his own work; to him be the glory.

"I have made a font of Indian type—press and everything necessary and—besides making a nearly four months' journey—have printed about five thousand pages, in the Mushkego language. Among other things a small volume of hymns, etc., which is bound—one hundred copies, of sixteen pages each. For this purpose I prepared a syllabic alphabet such as I presented to the Bible Society in Toronto in '36, and of which they disapproved. It is composed of nine letters, varied to represent every sound in the language, adapted to the Ojibway, and all the kindred dialects, to the Assiniboines, the Crees, Mushkegoes,

the Blackfeet near the mountains, and indeed with some slight alterations, not at all affecting the primitive sound, adequate to writing every language from the Atlantic to the Rocky Mountains. The men, women and children at Norway House write and read it with ease and fluency, as do some Europeans who speak the languages of the Indians in different parts. (This is all my sheet will allow on this subject.)

"I have been at all the posts within three or four hundred miles of my station, and expect D.V. to visit York Factory on Hudson Bay, immediately on my return to

ᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲ ᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲ
ᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲ ᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲ
ᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲ
ᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲ
ᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲ
ᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲ
ᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲ
ᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲ
ᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲ
ᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲ
ᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲ
ᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲ
ᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲ
ᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲ
ᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲ
ᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲ
ᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲᑲ

The Lord's Prayer in Cree

Norway House, and on my return from that post, to leave in September for Cumberland, Carlton, Fort Pitt, Edmonton, Jaspar's House, and Fort Assiniboine, by water and thence proceed by snow to Rocky Mountain House, Fort Dunveguin, Fort Vermilion to Slave Lake, Athabasca, Fort Chippewyan, Isle à Croix, and back to Norway House in July, 1842, if God preserves my life—a short tour of about six thousand miles. I bless God for good health and a good constitution, and trust in him as the God of Providence as well as Grace."

Of the infinite labour and pains necessary to produce his syllabic system and the materials for printing books the letter says nothing. From other sources we learn that type was first carved out of blocks of wood and later made out of lead obtained by melting down the lead foil used in lining tea chests. Printers' ink was made by mixing chimney soot and fish oil. A fur press was drawn into service for the printing. All these obstacles were easily forgotten in seeing the ease with which Indians, hitherto illiterate, now learned to read and write. The Bible Society was finally convinced and Indians over a huge territory received the scriptures in their own tongue.

Owing to differences with the Company, James Evans was recalled from Norway House after a residence of six years, but his work left an imperishable memory and a foundation upon which others have continued to build down to our own day. Confirmation of this fact

(Continued on page 366)

The Business of Living

A Question and Answer Department for
Your Personal Problem

PERCY R. HAYWARD

GRACE SLOAN OVERTON

Director of Young People's Work for International
Council of Religious Education

Young People's Leader and Director of
Religious Education

Overcoming Evil

Question: How can we overcome selfish and unholy desires? What must we do to create within our hearts a desire to live for God? How can we learn to love God more? In some ways I want to live for God, but in other ways I want to satisfy my own selfish desires. What is the best way out?

Answer: The answer to your question is found in an ancient record. A man was writing to some friends of his who were young in the Christian life, just as you are. They were having trouble with evil passions and sins. He said, "Be not overcome of evil—;" they did not want to. That would have been useless advice if the writer, Paul, had stopped there. He went on—"but overcome evil with—" what? Vague wishes? Incantations addressed to your subconscious self? Hiding away in caves? Refusing to go out with young friends as you are doing? No, none of these weak hand-wavings at a strong and subtle enemy. "Overcome evil," he says, "with good." That is Paul's answer to your question.

Another great Christian, Horace Bushnell, a generation ago referred to—and get this, please, even though the words are not all easy ones of one syllable—"the expulsive power of a new affection." This takes Paul's idea and applies it to our affections, the things we love, and says that they have the power of expelling evil, or overcoming it. That is Bushnell's answer to your question.

If you keep your mind on your evil desires you are likely to yield to them sooner or later just as your bicycle will hit the boulder in the road if you keep your eye on it because of fear of hitting it. "I suppose you know where all the rocks in this river are," said a man to a river pilot.

"No, sir," said the veteran, "I don't. But I know where all the deep water is." I remember a temptation of my younger days that bothered me one year and that I suddenly realized a year later I had forgotten all about, because of

other and better interests. A love for football has conquered many a young man's taste for cigarettes. Tennyson's poetry has spoiled the flavour of cheap literature for many people. Great paintings have ruined the flavour of the "comics" for many of us. Devotion to the work of the church has expelled many desires for "fast" society. Seeking to carry out the will of God in the world has left no room for self-seeking.

So, then, immerse yourself in those interests and activities, books, friends, hobbies, social groups, the work of the church, that will fill your life with what is good and thus crowd out the evil. For this is God's way. He conquers disease by health, cold with heat, night by the coming of light, the moral depravity of England by John Wesley, the evil of your heart through the good that he has placed within your reach and the Christ he offers to us all.—P. R. H.

Question: What must a young person do to become a Christian?

Answer: This question, in somewhat different words, but partly in the same words, was once brought to Jesus.

"And, behold, one came and said unto him, Good Master, what good thing shall I do, that I may have eternal life?"

"And he said unto him, Why callest thou me good? there is none good but one, that is, God: but if thou wilt enter into life, keep the commandments.

"He saith unto him, Which? Jesus said, Thou shalt do no murder, Thou shalt not commit adultery, Thou shalt not steal, Thou shalt not bear false witness,

"Honour thy father and thy mother: and, Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself.

"The young man saith unto him, All these things have I kept from my youth up: what lack I yet?"

"Jesus said unto him, If thou wilt be perfect, go and sell that thou hast, and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven: and come and follow me.

"But when the young man heard that saying, he went away sorrowful: for he had great possessions.

In this passage Jesus really puts two tests before this young man.

The first is, keep the commandments of the moral life; in other words, live straight and clean. The Christian life rests upon moral character. In other words, as an old minister of my boyhood used to say, "Be good."

This, of course, is not an easy test, and the point at which many young Christians find it hard to think it through comes up when they have done something that they believe to be wrong; they have not lived the perfectly good life. There are not many young people who could say with this young man that they have kept all these commandments. At one point or another, in so-called "big" or "little" sins, most of us fail. Yet Jesus was not looking for perfect men in his discipleship; if he had been, he would have had no place for Peter or Judas. He was looking for men whose hearts yearned toward goodness and the conduct of whose lives was gradually but inevitably following after the yearnings of their hearts. These men he called unto himself and took them into the inner circle of his fellowship.

But that was not all he asked. Even a perfect moral life was not enough. You have perhaps seen people of high and moral character who could not very well lay claim to being Christians. This young man said that he had lived a perfectly moral life from his youth up. Very few could say that, in Jesus' day or in ours. But Jesus did not at once take this youth to himself and say that he had been looking for just such a model of moral perfection and put him in Judas' place among the twelve disciples. Not that. He put another test—and again I will word it as the old preacher did—*Do good*.

There was still something lacking in this young man—he had not lost his own self-interest in devotion to some causes of human good greater than himself. He was still living entirely for himself. Even though a good young man, he was good for nothing beyond his own self.

There is another New Testament text that speaks of those who "visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself un-

(Continued on page 366)

June 9, 1940

ONWARD

A WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED PAPER
FOR YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULTS

PUBLISHED BY
THE UNITED CHURCH OF CANADA

C. H. DICKINSON, BOOK STEWARD
GEO. A. LITTLE, EDITOR OF S.S. PUBLICATIONS
ARCHER WALLACE, EDITOR OF ONWARD

All correspondence and manuscript for publication should be sent to ARCHER WALLACE.

Single subscriptions per year, \$1.00. Five or more copies addressed to one person, 75 cents per year each, 20 cents per quarter.

Send subscriptions to Periodical Department
UNITED CHURCH PUBLISHING HOUSE
299 Queen St. W., Toronto 2, Ont.

TORONTO, JUNE 9, 1940

Editorial Briefs

To the brave man defeat reveals the pathway to future victory.

Circumstances do not make men; they simply reveal them.

No Church can hope to succeed if it ignores, or is ignorant of, human nature.

The Church can get along without the most famous preacher, but without the Christ it dies.

The cities are the storm centres of civilization. Here revolutions breed and strange faiths are born.

There are more people by a good deal serving the Lord than there are who delight in that service.

One revolution may make all men poor, but ten revolutions will not suffice to make all men rich.

Those Unsightly Beginnings

MOST living creatures are somewhat unsightly at birth, and often give little promise of future beauty and stateliness. So it is with innovations in human society. The changes which radicals propose seem at times most undesirable and even repulsive, but the future development may mean something of which humanity may rightly be proud. It is no real condemnation of a new project that it is unfinished and unattractive. The full-grown scheme may differ radically from

June 9, 1940

the beginning. The foundation gives little promise of what the superstructure may be. It is one of the easiest things in the world to point out faults, but to suggest improvements is very much better. The man who points out the faults is seldom the one who is prepared to suggest any improvements. It is well to remember that the full-grown chicken will differ vastly from the unhatched egg, and even from the newly-hatched bird.

A Two-Sided Religion

IT is very evident to the Bible student that religion has two sides—an inside, and an outside; a spiritual, and a practical. Some over-emphasize the inside and give themselves over to quiet contemplation and prayer, or monastic seclusion. Some think only of the outside and lose themselves in large practical endeavours. A periodical, advocating a certain method of Bible teaching, says that it changes the Christian religion "from the mystic, mysterious and colourless, to something of virility and splendid endeavour, full of dynamic force."

If it were possible for any system of Bible teaching to do this, it would be most unfortunate. In every vital Christian experience there is something of the mystic, the direct communication of the soul with God; something supernatural and therefore mysterious; something colourless in its very simplicity, just as air and water are colourless. On the other hand, if religion has no outside it is a disembodied ghost. There must be earnest and manly endeavour to glorify God and to help humanity; there must be the linking of the spiritual dynamic with all the activities and machinery of Christian service.

Our Worst Foe

PLUTARCH said once that "it is not God who injures thee, but thyself." This seems to be a truth which needs repetition in every age. The foes which most injure men lie

within them, not without. Our worst enemy is ourselves. The practice of blaming our troubles on others is a most common one, but it is not true to facts. The tempter has his share of blame, but the man who listened to the tempter cannot escape his share. The devil outside us is not nearly so dangerous as the one inside. Instead of complaining of our hostile surroundings, which we probably cannot change, it is better to direct attention to our own reaction to those surroundings, which we can change and which, when changed, may make a world of difference to our lives in both comfort and progress.

No Time To Think

A RAILWAY president was visited by an old engineer who had some scheme for the betterment of railway service. The latter stated his case, and he saw plainly that the president was so preoccupied that he was not listening. He turned on his heel, and said to the president, who was an old friend, "Bill, don't ever get so busy that you have no time to think." The president was startled. He called the engineer back, and gave him close attention. He had been in danger, he realized, of being so busy that he would fail to see things which were of greatest value to the railway. He was in great danger of getting too busy to do his best work. This disease is a common one. It hits farmers and spoils their work; it hits preachers and they decay. It hits students and they ossify intellectually. Life should never become so crowded that we cannot find time to think.

NEXT SUNDAY'S LESSON
(Uniform Course)

11. Lesson for June 16. Haggai Urges the Building of God's House. Haggai 1: 2-12.

GOLDEN TEXT: And let us consider one another to provoke unto love and good works; not forsaking the assembling of ourselves together, as the manner of some is. Hebrews: 10: 24, 25.

HOME READINGS

M. Haggai 1: 2-12. Call to Build God's House.
T. Haggai 2: 1-9. The Builders Encouraged.
W. Exodus 25: 1-9. Offerings for the Tabernacle.
T. 1 Kings 8: 22-28. Dedication of the Temple.
F. 2 Chron. 34: 8-13. Keeping God's House in Repair.
S. Psalm 84: 1-4. Longing for Public Worship.
S. Psalm 122: 1-9. Let Us Go to Church.

A Watcher Under the Sea

By MARY DALE MUIR

MOST of us have at times funny ideas as to what we would like to do, but few of us have ever thought of sitting on a rock, walking around or just standing about under water to observe the life of the sea. However, that is just what William Beebe both thinks of doing and does whenever he has the opportunity. To do this he has, of course, to be properly dressed, and the correct costume in this case consists of bathing suit and diving helmet. When he has made up his mind to go on an undersea saunter, he gets into his flat-bottomed boat with his companions and proceeds to the spot where he intends to dive.

Arrived at the chosen spot, the Jacob's ladder that is fastened to the stern of the boat is let down and the cone-shaped copper helmet which rests on his shoulders is slipped over Beebe's head. To the right side of the helmet is attached the hose, the other end of which is fastened to a double-action pump which is worked from the boat. Slantwise windows in front of the helmet allow the diver to see a good deal of what is going on around him. From the collar or flange that rests on his shoulders, four flattened pieces of lead are suspended, each weighing about ten pounds. The whole helmet weighs about sixty pounds. Set into the bottom of the boat is an eighteen-inch square of glass through which those who remain in the boat can look every now and then and see if all goes well with the diver. Sixty pounds is a heavy weight for the shoulders above water, so William Beebe slips down Jacob's ladder as quickly as possible. Once under water the weight disappears from off his shoulders.

A good deal of Beebe's diving has been done in the Pacific Ocean, and naturally he has had what would be to most people hair-raising experiences. That is not surprising when you consider that sharks and whales and other large fish that people generally gladly exclude from their bowing acquaintance, exist in these waters. And although he never got very far away from the bottom of the swaying metal ladder, or from the watchful eyes of his friends peering through the glass in the bottom of the boat, it was not always possible for him to retreat quickly.

Once, diving in the Galapagos (islands off the coast of Ecuador in South America) just off Nuez Island, he had dropped from the lowest rung of the ladder when he was near the coral floor and landed on a table of lava. No sooner had he landed than he saw about six feet of white-finned shark coming out of the distance. One shark followed another until there were sixteen white-finned sharks between him and the surface of the water. He had no idea of their intentions so he crouched in a cavity between two great coral growths. Then he saw a pigfish and an angelfish swimming about and came to the conclusion that there could be no great danger or they would have fled for refuge, so he came out of his hiding-place and seeing a beautiful purple sea-fan, hurried to it. He was holding on to the fan and swaying back and forth contentedly with its motion when he suddenly saw a tiger shark weaving slowly toward him. No wonder if at that moment his heart almost ceased to beat! He thought the length of the shark must be about thirty feet, then decided it could only be about eighteen feet; but all this time the shark was moving directly towards him as if it saw nothing else. When it was almost upon him, it turned and passed him by.

Another time under the waters of Darwin Bay he was standing a few feet away from a boulder when he noticed what looked like a flight of huge steps going down, down, down. They were quite like the steps up which he had once climbed the pyramid of Cheops in Egypt. Studying them more closely he noticed that they began at what looked like a doorless entrance to a curious undersea cottage, then circled round it and went down. As he watched, an octopus floated down the steps. Beebe was eager to see round the steps and was about to let go the ladder to which he was clinging, when there was a movement in the water and he saw a nine-foot shark where he himself would have been a moment later.

Curiously, it was not the sharks, but the groupers, that bothered Beebe under water. They were a "mean-looking" lot and kept continually nipping at his legs if given a chance. Yet, among these uninteresting, mottled olive-green fish

there would suddenly appear one of pure gold from head to tail—a lovely thing swimming along among its plainer fellows. Beebe and his associates could find no reason for this seeming freak of nature. In every way, but in colour, the golden groupers seemed to be exactly the same as the others.

Although, as you can imagine, all his experiences under water were of great interest, not all of them were so fearfully exciting. Once he watched a garfish chase a flying fish. When the flying fish realized that it was being pursued, it took two or three sudden leaps forward and disappeared into the air. The garfish was so surprised at the loss of its victim that it dashed wildly about hither and yon and did not notice when the flying fish dropped into the water about twenty feet away. Soon it had disappeared altogether in the blue distance of the ocean, and the garfish, disappointed, turned back the way it had come.

Sitting on the banks of a river, or in canoes on the lakes, a great many of us have watched ducks and other birds diving for fish. Beebe has had the unusual good fortune to see this from an undersea position. One day, sauntering about on the floor of the ocean near Cocos Island, he looked up in time to see two flightless cormorants dive into the water above him after a scarlet sea bass. The fish saw them coming and fled in a series of zigzags. The cormorants then altered their tactics. One dived deeply, the other kept on pursuing the fish. At this the bass was so confused that it dived at right angles and in no time the second cormorant had caught it. The cormorants then dangled their wings idly and had allowed themselves to be drawn to the surface, when a second chase took place. The fishless bird took after the bird with the fish in its beak. So fast did they go that neither of them seemed to touch water. All at once the leading cormorant gave the fish a quick toss upward so that it fell into his mouth head first, whereupon he swallowed it with a gulp.

Once in the Galapagos the waters above him were suddenly darkened. Looking up he discovered the sea cloud to be about twenty thousand slender little Galapagos snappers, not one of them more than two or three inches in length, but in such numbers quite capable of darkening the entire bottom.

As we landlubbers would say, "Beebe must have nerve" to go wandering about in the haunts of sharks and other supposedly dangerous fish, but he assures us that curiosity is far stronger than fear. He claims, too, that he has never known a shark to attack a man or any living creature, but just as soon as a fish, it may be another shark, is disabled,

they come, as if by magic, from everywhere to share in the meal thus made easy for them. Be that as it may, while most of us will continue to read with interest of Beebe's undersea adventures, not many of us, I'm afraid, would have courage enough to don his helmet and hose and descend to the haunts of shark and grouper and octopus.

Foggy Morning

By SIDNEY BUSHELL

I AWOKE early. The small round alarm clock, ticking away on the tall dresser, said 4.55. I knew the clock was at least twenty minutes fast.

During the summer gardening season the condition of the weather is always my first concern upon awakening, and by a glance through the fly-screen beyond the raised window, I was able to see from my pillow that there was a dense, woolly fog outside.

It was a summer, or land fog, as we call it, which under certain atmospheric conditions rises from the surrounding lakes, and if seen by moonlight effects strange transformations in the familiar landscape. The lakes appear to have risen and overflowed their shores to an incredible depth. Strange islands in unfamiliar stretches of water appear. At times it seems as if there had been a sudden invasion by the sea, making new bays and inlets and such changes as might result from the erosion of a million years.

There was really no need for me to be awake at this hour, for I did not have to start my duties at the office—a three-minute walk from the house—until eight o'clock.

My wife was sleeping soundly, and in their various bedrooms the children still slumbered. The house was very quiet.

I began to think about a job I had reluctantly left unfinished because of darkness the previous evening: the transplanting of about one hundred small lettuces. I had left the ground prepared, with the holes already dibbled along each side of the rope marker.

I crept stealthily out of bed, down the back stairs to the kitchen, and as quietly as possible laid and lit the fire to boil water for my customary early morning cup of tea. This did not take very long, and shortly after, I let myself out by

the back screen-door that leads to the garden, easing the spring catch behind me to prevent the sharp slap it always gives on closing.

How still it was! The heavy, white mist seemed to blanket every sound. The wooden gate, with its primitive arrangement of cord, stone and pulley, closed softly behind me as I entered the garden and walked along the main path.

There was scarcely any visibility beyond the surrounding high-board fence, and the tool-shed loomed ghostly in its corner. This morning it was in very truth "a garden enclosed," and the hush of cathedrals was upon it; nor from the dew-drenched flowers was there lacking any of the odour of sanctity. And somehow, at this early hour, there was a greater sense of the living Presence of God in the inaudible, yet sensible pulsation of growing things—an inarticulate "Te Deum Laudamus" from the aisles of standing plants.

I glanced back toward the house, its outline just visible through the silvery murk, and where it lightened a little above, I could see the smoke from the kitchen chimney going straight upward:

"Smoke ascending like a prayer."

How tranquil it looked—and how safe! I had a momentary vision of those who were so serenely sleeping there. The soft, sweet sleep of childhood. . . .

"Bless this house . . ."

There was a strange, unusual beauty upon everything. At my feet, every point of the serrated petals of the strawberry-bed bore a glistening dewdrop, and here and there, within its trifoliate chalice, there reposed a jewel of shimmering crystal.

Between two of the line of poles spanning the scarlet runners I saw a large and perfect spider's web,

a miracle of skill and symmetry. This morning, every separate stringer, stay and cross-strand was hung with tiny pearls. Nor was there any sign of the worker of this magic. It seemed as if it had been spun and left there just to add one more perfection to the charm of this enchanted garden. Solomon says:

"The spider taketh hold with her hands, and is in kings' palaces."

I don't know when she departed.

I came upon the green pea vines, the leaves a phantasy of enormous green butterflies, their feelers twining and curling in a hundred graceful curves and patterns.

At length I got to my transplanting, and as I worked quietly in the soft, cool earth the silence was almost unbroken. The occasional subdued sound of a heavy dewdrop falling from one leaf to another brought to mind Jean Ingelow's:

"And leisurely the ring-dove on her nest

Waits till her tender chick shall break the shell,

And leisurely down falls from ferny crest

The dewdrop on the well."

So much hustle and hurry elsewhere! Soon I would be leaving this to take my place in a busy cable office through which the doings of the world would flash:

"Warning, sorrow and gain, salutation and mirth."

Wars and rumours of wars; frantic buying and selling on the stock markets; and where

"Words, and the words of men, flicker and flutter and beat."

Here, all was peace and tranquillity.

A sudden flutter of wings, a scrabble of tiny claws, followed by a startled chirrup and a heavy-winged, purposeful flurry! I looked up just in time to see a big robin, astonished by his discovery of me crouched behind the garden fence as he alighted with a beak full of squirming early worms, hurtle away upon the business of feeding his voracious nestlings.

I was nearing the end of the row. The sun broke through, and as the horizon widened, the eerie otherworldliness of the garden vanished with the mist. There were sounds of everyday life within the house.

It was just an ordinary, fine summer morning, and I was being called to breakfast.

Nature, Science and Invention

An Irish Heirloom

THIS lovely old Irish lady is wearing her highly-valued hooded cloak, which is a feature of the dress of the women in her part of the Emerald Isle. Handwoven from wool, dyed black and gracefully fashioned and embroidered, the flowing garment is regarded as a family heirloom, being passed down from mother to daughter for many generations. Its intrinsic value may not be great, but one may take it for granted that the owner would not part with it for any price that is likely to be offered because of its antiquity. The Irish are not money-grabbers, and few peoples in this materialistic age set a higher value on sentiment and tradition.

In spite of its rugged strength and the lines drawn by age and care,

there is in this face a suggestion of "other-worldliness," that elusive characteristic which seems to belong to nearly all the Irish, especially in the rural areas. This worthy woman might be insulted if one called her superstitious, but it is safe to say that she knows many a tale of elves and goblins, and that she would find strange the attitude of "hard-headed" folk towards things that their earth-bound eyes and minds cannot see or comprehend. There is poetry and kindly humour, as well as deep faith, in the Irish soul. Doubtless the fact that the Irish were a subject race longer than any other in the Christian era can be traced in part to their preoccupation with "lost causes" and the affairs of the spirit rather than those practical considerations that bring national "prosperity" as the world understands the term.

In any event the hard life of the Irish countryside has very obviously failed to extinguish the Irish twinkle in these deep-set eyes.

The Saxon Ship Burial

A MOST interesting discovery has been made in Suffolk, England, where, in a burial ground near the sea, the spade unearthed a ship eighty feet long, which had been used as a burial ship after the manner of the ancient Vikings. Evidently the burial was that of a king or prince, and the treasures found point to the date of A.D. 600, or thereabouts. The body lay in state with a long iron sword beside it,

the handle and pommel being of gold inlaid with garnet. There was also an iron axe of great size, and some spears. There were two massive gold armlets, and a purse with gold coins. There were two enormous dishes of silver, one of them three feet in diameter. The strangest thing is that this unique find should have lain undiscovered in a populous district for some thirteen hundred years.

Use for Citrus Pulp

DRIED citrus pulp which utilizes the refuse from oranges, grapefruit and tangerines has been found to be a suitable food for dairy cattle. A number of large firms and a few smaller ones are now producing this food, and it has cut into the importation of dried beet pulp from Europe and Japan.

Exploring Sea Bottom Mud

DR. CHARLES PIGGOT has been exploring the ocean bed between Newfoundland and Ireland, and has taken eleven cores of the mud with his boring machine. These samples show that four glacial periods have left their impress on the bottom of the sea, and in these "bores" have been found minute fossils by the million. Chemists report that they have found manganese in considerable quantities and it seems that the ocean bed has a much larger radioactive salt content than land areas. Dr. Piggot is planning to test the ocean mud at greater depths, and he will aim to secure a larger core with his boring machine. He thinks, or hopes, that he will be able to secure samples at depths of even five miles.

Needed Soil Surveys

ALREADY more than 100,000,000 acres of land in the prairie provinces has been covered by the soil survey of the Prairie Farm Rehabilitation Act, and it is hoped



Male Members of the Staff of a Typical British Business House Carrying On as Usual

that the future will see more successful farming than has been witnessed in the past. The total farm area in the three provinces amounts to 452,158,720 acres, and of this the parts recently affected by disastrous drought total 103,300,000 acres. Some of this area may be suitable for farming, if supplied with adequate water, but other areas should be devoted to pasturage, and that scientifically. One interesting feature in connection with this has been the fact that there are now forty-one community pastures established with a total area of 820,000 acres. This should be a great benefit. And each pasture is a game sanctuary.

Business as Usual

WHEN some untoward accident, such as a disastrous fire, a burst radiator, or a smashed window makes havoc of a usually orderly store, causing the front to be boarded over, or otherwise sheltered until repairs can be made; then we often see boldly printed signs stuck up in conspicuous places

and frequently repeated, assuring the passers-by that they may count upon "business as usual."

In a larger and very courageous sense that slogan might be adopted by the people of the Old Land, during these recent months. We have heard of ornaments and art treasures that have been stored away for safety, of buildings camouflaged and sandbagged, of little children and sick folk being sent to parts unknown where they will be more secure but through it all the motto of that enterprising kingdom continues to be "Business as usual." Not always is it to be found operating from the same locality, or amid the same conveniences, but it continues cheerfully and with an unruffled serenity that has made more than one newcomer amazed. Here we see members of the staff of the big oil firm of Messrs. C. C. Wakefield, not in their usual premises, for those have been vacated "for the duration," but somewhere in Buckinghamshire in the heart of England's green country. They have removed themselves and their equipment to remote temporary quarters so self-contained that they live on the premises, too, and have meals

there, and amuse themselves after hours by playing darts. Certainly, judging by the picture, they seem very undisturbed by the change, and having apparently eaten a very filling lunch are just relaxing for a few minutes before carrying on with the job again. We hear quite frequently now, and hear it with quite a glow of pride, that the cheerful serenity of the people of our Motherland, whether on Active Service or "back home" is something to marvel at. They are certainly making the best of things, and when we hear of them organizing international football behind the lines, and inventing luminous boutonnaires as aids in avoiding collisions during "blackouts," we can only admire their resourcefulness and courage still more. This group of office workers are apparently carrying on despite cramped quarters and other handicaps, and it is these, and thousands more like them, who elevate the phrase "Business as usual," from a mere catchy slogan to a clarion call of integrity and courage, which commands that duty must be done and law and order maintained, no matter how difficult the circumstances.



Photo by courtesy of Associated British and Irish Railways

An Old Irish Lady Wearing Her Highly-Valued Hooded Cloak

Last year the Philippines added to the world's gold production \$35,000,000. The Islands have now forty-seven gold-producing mines.

The number of British firms engaged in the manufacture of munitions increased during the last three years from twelve to two thousand.

The British and Foreign Bible Society has already issued more than 400,000 Bibles or parts of the Bible for the use of the soldiers and sailors who are now in active service.

Last year Florida marketed 220,975 carloads of fruit and vegetables, worth about \$102,000,000. This included 30,000,000 boxes of oranges and 23,000,000 boxes of grapefruit.

Geography is being taught in one school on this continent by means of a concrete world map laid out in the schoolyard. So far, the surface of the map is flat, but it is hoped to use concrete to show the different elevations, some day.

It is interesting to learn that Canada's Renown and Thatcher wheats are now growing in the United Church Mission at Angola in Africa. And Canadian cattle and chickens are prospering in West China.

Canada's sugar consumption for the year ending August 31, 1939, reached an all-time record of 914,955 long tons. Our previous highest record was in 1936-37, when we consumed just 510,000 tons. 13.3 per cent. of this total was beet sugar.

Admiral Byrd has had many applications for permission to join his Antarctic adventure. One wrote, "I am just turned eighteen, and have a natural dislike for work. Would rather sit by a fire with a good book." It is safe to say he will not go to the Antarctic.

A citizen of the United States registered in a Mexican hotel as an "American," and he was bluntly told by the hotel keeper, "That does not mean anything." Mexi-

cans, and all South Americans, might register in the same way. But what is to be done about it?

The complaint has been made to the Monopoly Committee at Washington that the copper manufacturers have failed to pass on to the consumer the benefits of improvements in production. When copper was sold for four cents a pound the price of copper screening remained the same as when copper sold for sixteen cents.

Saskatchewan claims the first co-operative oil-producing organization in the world. Last year it did a business of about \$1,000,000, and reported a profit for the year of about \$152,000. At its last annual meeting it decided to ask the Government to permit the establishment of a cooperative banking organization in the province.

The United States gold reserve is piling up. During 1938 the gold imports reached an average of \$40,000,000 a week; in 1939 the stream averaged \$60,000,000 a week and it is still flowing freely towards Uncle Sam's strong box. About \$5,500,000,000 is buried in Kentucky; the rest lies in the mints at New York, Philadelphia and San Francisco.

An Inventor in the Wilderness

(Continued from page 359)

comes from an unexpected source in the writings of the famous naturalist and author, Mr. Ernest Thompson Seton. In one of his books, "The Arctic Prairies," he describes a trip which he made "down North" in Alberta in 1907. At a distant Hudson Bay post he fell in with a party of Chippewyans, the semi-blond type who form a sort of missing link between the Plains Indians and the Eskimos. He was much interested to find that most of them could read, and recognized that they were using the Cree Syllabics. A priest was with the party, and Thompson Seton, who already knew the story, asked him how these primitive people had de-

veloped a written language. "Oh!" was the reply, "It was invented by one of the early missionaries." A series of questions followed, which gradually elicited a reluctant admission that this gift of a language to half a continent had been conferred by a Christian missionary one thousand miles away at Norway House.

The Business of Living

(Continued from page 360)

spotted from the world." This is the same idea put into other words.

The Christian may be said to be the one who, under the inspiration and leadership of Christ, accepts for himself the progressive achievement of moral character and of human service. He loves and practises goodness and at the same time is dedicated to the cause of human good.—G. S. O.

UNDERSTANDING MYSELF

Poor Methods of Making a Decision

Perhaps the priceless human ability is that of making a decision. Suppose that you had no such power—that you acted as mechanically as a watch. Then whatever you did would have no meaning in terms of character. It would simply be a mechanical act reflecting no credit or dishonour on you but only on the mechanic who made you. Such an existence might have its appeal to some, but not to anyone who values the possibilities of that self-direction which is symbolized by the captain standing on the bridge of his ship rejoicing in the privilege of guiding its course.

There are, as we have seen, some who timorously evade the responsibilities of this privilege by turning for direction to astrology, or spiritualism, or tea leaves, or cards, or some other method of receiving guidance from a supposed super-human insight into the future. They abandon their ship to the decision of some one else. In a sense they resign as captain, and no longer remain on the bridge.

Others retain their commission, so to speak, but do not properly discharge their duties. The clinging vine, for example, approaches any situation requiring a conscious decision of importance by anxiously asking others for advice; if and when he acts, it is on the opinion of some one on whom he specially depends for guidance. Or, he may shrink from the exercise of his duties by not seeing or not under-

standing the necessity for a decision at all.

In contrast with these reactions growing out of a sense of helplessness, we note the Nero neglecting his responsibilities but enjoying his power as long as possible. He acts arbitrarily without careful consideration of circumstances or the interests of others. His decisions are made hastily and recklessly as if he were a capricious god, privileged to steer his life and that of others with supreme authority and with no need to account to anyone for his deeds. Often he prides himself on "dispatching business" quickly and efficiently.

Reactions such as these are ego-centric and need to be understood for what they are—an unchristian evasion of one's responsibilities. The timid soul cannot justify its weakness as "natural." The Neroistic person cannot rightly take pride in his ill-considered decisions as evidence of superior abilities. For both, a new satisfaction is possible in learning the difficult art of making objective decisions. The principles of that art we are to consider next.—R. E. D.

TOPICS FOR NEXT WEEK

Becoming a good conversationalist.

Short or long engagements.

Expect Experience

By RUBY CHOWN

THE best way as we go through life is to expect experience both pleasant and otherwise. Whether it proves sweet or bitter, it is ours to accept and learn the lesson contained therein. It is futile to rail against whatever form it takes, or, if it fails to please you, lament that you are the victim of bad luck. Experience teaches lessons not to be learned in any other way.

In everyday living one passes from one experience to another. "Only so much do I know as I have lived," was the conclusion of Ralph Waldo Emerson. That other great man who left us those undying words, "Give me liberty or give me death," also said, "I have but one lamp by which my feet are guided, and that is the lamp of experience."

In addition to success, experience includes failure; for, as has been aptly said, "Every failure teaches a man something, if he will learn." We advance by our mistakes if we

That Gift of Humour

"And Sarah said, God hath made me to laugh, so that all that hear will laugh with me."
—Genesis 21: 6.

AMONG all the blessings that a kindly Creator has granted to the children of men that gift of humour is surely to be given a very important place. Wise men in recent years have been trying to explain it to us, and to tell us why it is that we laugh, but they do not seem to have made it very clear or plain. But if the inner quality and meaning of humour hasn't yet been explained, the need of it for our humanity, if we are to spend our brief span of life in a wholesome and reasonably happy way, is very evident, and needs no stressing or argument. To lack a sense of humour, that is, a sense of the congruous and incongruous, of the fitting and the absurd, is to be counted among the greatest defects and inconveniences from which any man or woman may suffer.

And how do men and women come to have such a lack? It is claimed sometimes that some are born with it, and that a sense of humour has been denied to some. But we would not like to charge Providence with being so cruel to any one. There may be various reasons why some people lose or fail to develop the gift of humour, but it is hard to think that it is in the divine purpose that they should not have it. Some people tend to lose it with the com-

ing on of the years. Others get the strange and perverted notion that it is inconsistent with a life of earnest purpose and high endeavour. In the first case it seems a sad pity, for nothing helps more to ease the strain and burden of life than a fine sense of humour may do, and in the second case it is one of the greatest of absurdities to think that there is any relation between sanctimoniousness and solemnity and the seriousness that makes life worth while.

We remember the claim being made by a noted writer, whose name we now forget, that there is abundant evidence in the New Testament that Jesus possessed a very finely-developed sense of humour. There is little difficulty in accepting that idea, not only because we see indications of it frequently in the New Testament story, but because his poise and elevation of mood seem to indicate that there were in him some inner springs of wholesomeness that others did not possess to the same degree. For it mustn't be forgotten that half the absurdities and bickerings and shams and cruelties that find a place in our lives and in society would not find a place if we had a finer and better sense of humour. A wholesome exercise of that gift of humour would make it impossible for us to quarrel with our neighbour, to cherish prejudice as bitterness, or to do any one of a dozen other things that help to spoil life so tragically.

use them as stepping-stones. We may learn to accept our troubles as gracefully as we do the happiness that comes our way.

"Oh, yes, it was a jolly hard life," acknowledged a young Englishman thousands of miles from home, "but I wouldn't have missed a minute of it. 'Twas a great experience."

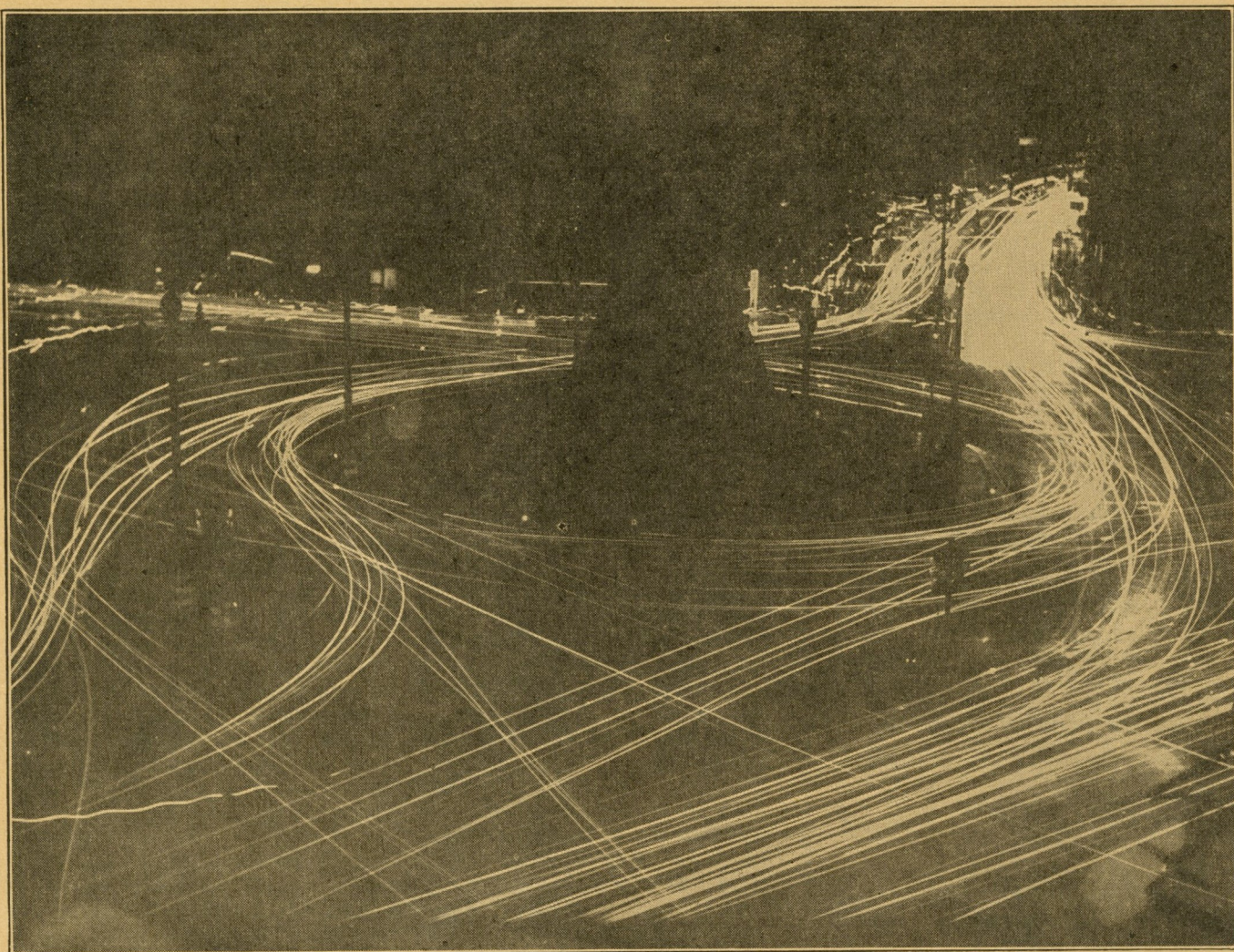
"If only I could save her!" is the cry of many an older person, seeing a younger one about to make a grave mistake; but human nature is so constituted that it generally insists on going its own way. A young girl whose parents urged her

to go to college, refused their advice and went into business. Coming to realize her lack of education by degrees, she was brave enough to acknowledge her mistake, and some years later begin the course she earlier spurned.

Attractive personality, about which we hear so much these days, is not an accident. It is an achievement, made possible largely through varied experiences and the way we accept and use them.

Expect experience. Don't be surprised or disappointed when it comes. Make the best of it.

Around the World with a Camera



IN spite of the blackout and the reduced number of automobiles in use in England due to petrol rationing, the photographer has been able to secure an effective night exposure at Piccadilly Circus. Even subdued headlights make an impression upon the sensitive film, and this curious criss-cross of white lines was built up during a five-minute exposure from a vantage point on the busy London centre of Piccadilly Circus. Normally a very important traffic hub, Piccadilly apparently is by no means deserted at night, even under war conditions.

In the centre may be distinguished the dark outline of Gilbert's Shaftesbury memorial fountain, which is surmounted by a lightly-poised figure of Eros. This fine landmark is now protected by sandbags from the dangers of air attack. It is a worthy memorial to the great philanthropist who died in 1885, "an example to his order, a blessing to his people, and a name to be by them ever gratefully remembered," as the inscription, written by Gladstone, records. Piccadilly Circus station, and some well-known theatres and hotels are among the buildings which adjoin the "Circus."

The concentration of bright lines at the upper right of the picture lead to, and from, Shaftesbury Avenue. This busy thoroughfare leads to Broad and

High Streets, and thence into New Oxford Street and Holborn. In High Street near Shaftesbury is the interesting church of St. Giles-in-the-Fields, originally built by Matilda, Queen of Henry the First. As in the case of the famed St. Martin's, the fields are now far to seek. The parish of St. Giles has many historic associations, and it was here that the Great Plague started in 1665.

In the top left of the picture the traffic has been proceeding along Regent Street, that magnificent artery which owes its existence to the fondness of the Prince Regent, afterwards King George IV, for costly building projects. Many are the fine and historic buildings which line Regent Street and its tributary thoroughfares. In the foreground may be seen the approaches to Lower Regent Street and Piccadilly. The latter street, with the Circus, is said to derive its curious name from the pickadils, or ruffs, worn in the early Stuart period. Commencing here, it extends westward for nearly a mile to Hyde Park Corner, and is continued thence as Knightsbridge, Kensington High Street and Kensington Road to Hammersmith. Then it runs into the Great Bath Road to the west of England. The east portion of Piccadilly has many fashionable shops, but the western end still boasts a number of fine mansions as well as clubs.

THE CHALLENGE



Volume XVI

TORONTO, CANADA, JANUARY 19, 1947

Number 3



Text and illustrations by courtesy of "Despatch", the Canadian Red Cross

St. Dunstan's Training Centre in England for the war-blinded has been described as "A guild for men who share a considerable handicap, but who share also the courage and discipline that they once offered to their country that enables them to face the struggle of life with unabated cheerfulness and confidence."

They "Learn" to be Blind

By Margaret Donnelly

IN ENGLAND today men and women who have been blinded or are partially blind through war service are being taught the art of "learning to be blind." Included are fifty-seven boys from all parts of Canada who have been trained or are now receiving training. This work is being undertaken at St. Dunstan's Training Centre, Ovingdean, near Brighton, famous school for war-blinded men, and is based on the idea of educating the blind toward the belief that while they may not regain sight, they can in large measure recover from their handicap.

Sharing in this great work are members of the Canadian Red Cross Corps, who teach Braille and handicrafts and do everything they can to help the men and women in this "recovery from blindness." These Corps girls were given special training in Toronto before going overseas to prepare them for their work with the world-famous St. Dunstan's.

The Corps' members with St. Dunstan's at time of writing perform many duties. Miss Ann German, of Cobourg, Ontario, is one of the teachers of Braille and can be found every day with her pupils. When asked how

St. Dunstan's determines just what career a pupil should follow, Miss German said that in the Braille room the aptitudes of the pupils to this new method of life are disclosed — i.e. whether they show more promise toward a profession or an industrial occupation.

Miss Helene Campbell, of 24 Dearbourne Ave., Toronto, is in charge of the leather shop at the training centre. Each day the blinded men and women come to this shop and busily engage themselves in making leather handbags, wallets and belts.

The Red Cross teachers find out what their pupils wish to make, let them select their own colours, trimmings and linings. When they start to assemble the pieces they are carefully watched by Miss Campbell. Nothing is allowed to slip by without being absolutely perfect. If a hole is missed, they must correct the mistake. A minimum of help on the part of the teachers is necessary. The pupils, while they may not think so at first, can and like to "do it themselves."

Another popular hobby is rug making and the classes are well filled. The pupils start out with small rugs of one colour; before long they are busy with

larger, patterned rugs of hooked or frame type.

How do the blinded men and women, who no longer have the power to use their hands or have two artificial hands, read when they cannot learn Braille? St. Dunstan's has the answer to this in the talking library.

Miss German, in addition to her Braille classes, operates this talking library. Books of every type are recorded on discs and played on a machine similar to a gramophone. There are special machines for the handless men. For these men Miss German sets up the machine and changes the records. Other boys, while they haven't great use of their hands, can learn to change the needles and turn the records themselves. This talking library is very popular and the men spend some time here reading their favourite books, perhaps the latest novels or some Dickens, Shakespeare or even brushing up on a history lesson.

The Canadian Red Cross Corps members at St. Dunstan's are unanimous in their praise of the Centre and of the pupils. They will tell you the blind men and women are very quick to learn, and develop remarkable memories. The newly blind seem to acquire an undefinable "something" which carries them through this most harrowing period of their life.

There is a large industrial centre

where classes are always under way in engineering and mechanical work of all types. Blind men who lost a hand in addition to their sight found they, too, could operate the power machines. St. Dunstan's provides special equipment designed to supplement one or both hands. They have also proven that blind men and women make excellent switchboard operators, including men who have lost one or both hands. The technical classes for the blind interested in massage and medical electrotherapy are very popular with St. Dunstaners.

One could believe that the typewriter was invented for the blind. St. Dunstan's has machines especially equipped so that boys who have lost two hands can type quickly and successfully.

It is a common but mistaken idea that blind men and women must be pathetic people, who cautiously feel their way with tapping sticks and shuffling feet. It is not like this—true, they are sad at times—but the blind at St. Dunstan's are the most cheerful, refreshing and ambitious groups one could find. They take pride in walking erect and with confidence. They gradually learn to overcome the fear of physical darkness which may lead to darkness of the mind, the economic fear of loneliness

—Continued on page 5

GID'S big idea was whipping into shape. At the meeting of the 4-H Club it had been on the tip of his tongue to announce it as his project for the year, but prudence held him back. He wanted to play safe. He didn't intend to let even Mom in on the secret until he felt sure that he could swing it. He'd feel pretty silly to barge ahead and then flunk out, giving the jokers at the store a chance to call him a kid that was too big for his breeches.

But each evening as he came out on the porch for a last look at the farm before turning in, his eyes would rest long and thoughtfully on Jockey Hill. Those deep-rooted maples on the upper slopes were a gold mine. Nothing would ever convince him to the contrary. Moreover, he knew that he would never rest easy until he had a good try at coining their sap into golden money. The sugar orchard of Ledge Farm had not been tapped since Pop's death, eight years before. One difficulty after another had intimidated the family. But now Gid was in charge of the farm. He was nearly seventeen and was rarin' to take a chance.

In his bones the boy felt that this was going to be a bumper year. Four hundred trees belonged to Ledge Farm. Higher on the hill were the three hundred trees of Gran Bixby, the neighbour across the road, which had not been touched since her nephew's accident. All seven hundred trees were well rested, about forty years old, and in their prime. The sap would be abundant and loaded with sweetness.

Prices would be high, too, with white sugar rationed and hard to get. Around the stove at the post office, farmers were predicting that first-run syrup would top three dollars a gallon.

Gid realized that a lot of obstacles would need to be overcome. To do the job properly would require two able-bodied men, working full time, for six or seven weeks. Twenty-five cords of wood must be cut and stacked. Counting two sap pails to an ordinary tree, and three to old whoppers would add up to over fifteen hundred buckets and spouts. His arms ached just to imagine collecting that many tons of sap. The long-abandoned sugar shanty must be put in commission, the boiling pans scoured and set on new foundations of stone. But he did not think it would mean the outlay of much cash money, not more than the forty dollars he had in the savings bank. And he had faith in the weather, in the trees, and in himself.

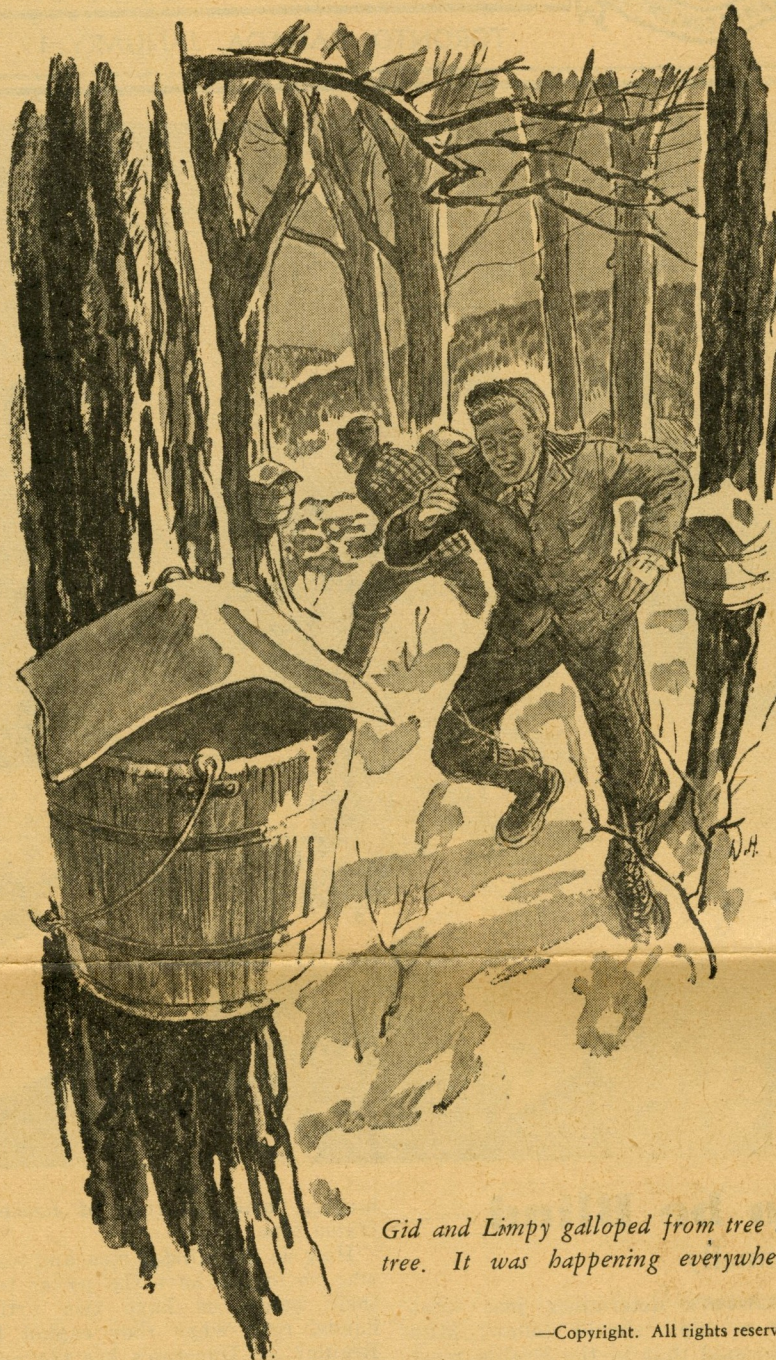
To find a second man was the sticker. Active, able-bodied men were just not findable in Gilead, even at sky-high wages. This had been one of the excuses which had deterred the family in previous years.

But Gid had been thinking a lot about Limpy Kenn, a big-muscled, stubby dwarf, who lived alone on the back side of Moose Mountain. Half hunter, half lumberman, half farmer, Limpy had little to do with the village people, but his near-the-ground build and his thick shoulders would make him ideal for cutting wood with a cross-cut saw and for carrying sap buckets.

The hitch about the dwarf was that he would only work at what amused him, for as long as it amused him. No employer had ever succeeded in holding him to a steady job. He was a child of nature, as irresponsible as the fish and animals among whom he lived. Let the berries and the wild fruit begin to

AMBER MONEY

By Robert Davis



Gid and Limpy galloped from tree to tree. It was happening everywhere

—Copyright. All rights reserved

show colour and he began to fidget. The first sultry afternoon would find him missing. When the big trout, lying under the shadow of the bank began to snap at flies, he would feel an urge toward the footloose and barefoot freedom that he made no effort to resist.

On the other hand, Gid had reason to hope that Limpy might be persuaded to stick as his partner during a sugaring season. He enjoyed Mom's cooking. His pleasure in sleeping between clean sheets and in listening to Cissie's schoolgirl chatter was undeniable. Working alongside Gid would be child's play for muscles such as his. What was more, the sugar making would take no more than six or seven weeks, during which his hills would be blanketed under snow. Yes, there were solid grounds for believing that the little man might become the second member of the team.

The orchards of Ledge Farm and Gran Bixby supplemented one another like fingers upon the same hand. With Gran's trees at the top and the Granger trees lower on the slope, a sled-tank, filled at the summit would slip down

to the boiling shanty of its own weight. The same force of gravity would empty the sap from the sled into the reservoir, and thereafter into the evaporation pans. If only Limpy could be persuaded to join up with him, Gid felt that his big idea would run like a roller skate. Encouraged by these evening reflections, the boy would climb into bed.

But it was already the fourth week of February. If ever his idea was to become a reality it was time to take steps. The hour for action had come. First, he must make a survey of the orchards and find the condition of the material. Second, he must get Mom's approval and backing. Third, he must make a trade with old lady Bixby for the use of her trees. Fourth, Mom and Cissie must jolly Limpy into accepting the job. All four of the steps were essential, but he would tackle them in that order.

The Bixby cabin was a ruin, but, as he did not intend to use the building, all that interested him was the sap gathering and cooking gear. In a keg he found eight hundred spouts, not so

rusty but that emery paper and elbow grease would make them usable. There were the same number of buckets, of the old-style, split-oak model. The galvanized trays had been standing on edge and would need nothing more than a scrubbing with sand and hot water. What especially pleased the explorer was a ten-barrel tank mounted upon wide runners and fitted with shafts and whiffletree for a single horse. Under boards at the rear was hidden treasure—nothing less than twenty fifty-quart firkins for storing soft sugar.

Gid's own shanty was wide enough to allow him to install Gran's boiling pans beside his own. The foundation of flat slate must be solid, but the double row of pans would make double the capacity and burn less wood than two fires.

So far he had seen nothing that would cost much money. A hundred extra spouts must be bought, and ten pounds of wire nails to support the lower edge of the buckets. A new auger for boring holes to receive the spouts. A hundred gallon cans, that Link Wait would let him have for twelve dollars. It would all be well inside his deposit in Mr. Petty's bank.

Mom was disappointingly unsurprised by this news. "I surmised something was churning around in your head," she remarked calmly. "I judged it would be feeder calves or sugar, and sugar is more in our line." She had never seen Gid more deeply in earnest. "Of course I'll help you all I can," she agreed. "You know that, Sonny. When the sap gets to running strong, Cissie and I will spell you on the night shift. I'll ask Mr. Butterfield if she can't skip school for a week.

"But when you talk to Gran about her trees," Mom continued judiciously, "don't rush her. Let her do the talking. Those are not just rough-bark old trees to her. Her husband planted some of them. They were saplings when he married her. Her father whittled out those oak buckets with a draw knife. You'd better see her right away, so you won't be broken up if she says no."

Having wormed the object of his visit out of Gid, Gran sat deep in thought. She was a sharp old lady who, despite rheumatism and her solitary way of existence, kept her house and her person spick and span. She was one of the unconquerable old souls who prefer lonely independence to greater comfort in the homes of married children.

No, she was not interested in a share of the sugar. No, she was not interested in a money rental. No, her sons-in-law were coming to plant her garden. Gid was stumped. His heart sank. He couldn't think of anything else that he could offer. There was a gloomy pause.

"But I might be interested in firewood." From the corner of Gran's eye flashed a twinkle. "Dry, you understand, in foot lengths, for a cook stove." Yes, he could have the use of her trees and her gear for five cords of wood to be piled in her woodshed before the September rains.

Gid groaned. If there was any work that he detested it was sawing wood. Despite himself, however, he seemed to be getting into the wood business with a vengeance. Wood for sugar, wood for Mom, and now wood for Gran! But he agreed. At the moment he would have agreed to any terms rather than see his big idea go to pot.

"There's another thing, Mrs. Bixby,"

—Continued on page 7



—Copyright. All rights reserved

"That's not so! That's just an excuse!" Reuben almost shouted. "Engines can't run in winter."

By

T. Morris Longstreth

NEVER TELL YOUR TROUBLES

CHAPTER 1

REUBEN DOWNS woke and stretched. He jerked his toes back as they touched the icy edge of his feather bed nest. He arched his back in lazy satisfaction, thinking this must be the way Kibby's cat felt when she stretched. Why didn't horses stretch like cats?

Reuben chuckled to picture his Dave Gallop stretching all over the stable, and then the memory of last night hit him like a blow in the stomach. He'd never see Dave Gallop again. Downs' Livery was closed. His father was imprisoned for debt! His kind generous—too generous—Pop was in filthy Cambridge jail!

Reuben groaned and pressed his face into the pillow, hard. Shame was a new sensation. How could he ever face people or his friends at school. Even his sister, who had been in bed and didn't know. She'd never understand. And his poor mother! Now he understood why she had been so silent lately.

"Reu—ben!" The call came from the kitchen below.

"Yes, Mom." His voice was pretty mature for fifteen. But then he'd been around stable-hands all his life and thought of himself as one of them, nearly grown.

"Are you up yet, Reuben?" His mother thought him a boy still, evidently. He slid his long legs into the freezing air and then called, "Yes, Mom!" for he had been brought up to be utterly truthful. Shedding his night-gown in one wriggle and burrowing into icy clothes, he ran down into the kitchen, boots in hand.

"Morning, Mom," he tried to say,

just as if he had no hundred-pound weight on his heart. He quickly poured himself a basin of hot water from the kettle.

Then he turned, for he was a man now and must face his duty. "Don't worry, Mom. We'll get Pop out in no time. I'll get work."

Mrs. Downs' mouth trembled a little—her only show of emotion.

"He has done nothing wrong, son. We must remember that and hold up our heads. I know you will help. But I don't want you to quit school. I am counting on Mr. Scollay to buy the livery and bail your father free."

"School's nothing, Mom," Reuben said. "I can read nights and learn as much as the long-spouted Mr. Mims can teach me. My horses won't care if I don't talk to 'em in Latin, Mom."

When Reuben grinned, he was irresistible—to anybody but his mother, who loved him too deeply to be turned from common sense by a smile.

"I hope you will do something better than talk to horses all your life, Reuben."

There it was again! Reuben poured water about his face and ears. His mother was so ambitious for him! As if running a stage coach, a line of stage coaches from Cambridge to the White Mountains, say, wasn't good enough!

A knock on the outer door interrupted Reuben's self-appraisal. A visitor at six of the morning! It must be another creditor. But it was Abner Trammel, a long-jawed man with frost on his whiskers. He set his lantern on the floor.

"Blow it out and have breakfast with us, Abner," Mrs. Downs suggested.

"That's not so. That's just an excuse!" Reuben almost shouted. "Engines can't even run in winter! Their wheels slip on icy rails. Mike Hadding told me so. He said they were just a fad like balloons. He said . . ."

"Son!" Mrs. Downs tried to calm Reuben who was a fanatic on this threat of the railroads to supplant coaching.

"I agree with you, Reuben," Mr. Trammel said. "Men have always wanted to fly, too, but I notice they're not doing it. Doctor Pilchard says that if you whisk people through the air at the rate of twenty miles an hour, you'll kill 'em. And the railroads aim to go thirty. It's nonsense, but Mr. Scollay is not a man who can be told anything." He turned to Mrs. Downs. "I'll drop in at the jail this afternoon, Caroline, and have a talk with Jacob."

"Thank you, Abner. Reuben is taking some things this morning and will tell him."

The door latched, and then another opened, and Kibby Downs rushed in. Chestnut hair fell in profusion on either side of her lovely face. But she ran to her mother and broke into sobs. "I heard . . . Mama, I heard! . . . Papa is in prison! . . . Oh, Mama! . . ."

Now, two hours later, Reuben was taking his first dreaded trip to Cambridge Jail. He carried a large parcel of food, for the tales of weevils baked into bread and soup of rotted turnips terrified his mother, who had imagination. He was angrier than ever, for no figuring his mother and he had done showed any hope of release for his father.

"Hey, Reub!"

Reuben was passing the gate of Harvard College and stopped until Gus Flint caught up. Gus was a lazy ox who kept the truant officer busy. "You deaf? I yelled to you twit. Why ain't you in school? Same reason as me?" And Gus jingled his skates.

"Sent me on an errand," Reuben said uneasily. Gus was like a masterless dog, difficult to be rid of.

"What's that?" Gus indicated the parcel.

"One of Mom's parcels," Reuben said, for to confess it was food would be fatal. He stared ostentatiously up the path.

"Let me heft it," Gus said.

"Why should you?" Reuben was getting tired of this pimplly ox.

"Don't get touchy. Give it here."

"Nay, I thank 'ee, Caroline. I just got in from Concord by the night stage and heard the news too late to come over. Is it true that Jacob is held for \$3,000?"

"Yes, Abner," said Mrs. Downs without flinching. "All things happened ill at once. The fire, the theft, the folly of signing Mr. Leftson's note, and all. But Mr. Scollay is hopeful of buying the livery."

"You mean that you are hopeful of Mr. Scollay," Abner Trammel grumbled. "I fear he was trying to save your feelings, Caroline. He tells me that he is through lending without security. The panic taught him that lesson."

"Did Mr. Scollay say he would not buy the livery?" Reuben asked. He could not bear indefiniteness.

"Yes. He looked it over. And he is fearful that the railroad is going to cut into the profits of coaching."

A Thing of Beauty

*A thing of beauty is a joy for ever:
Its loveliness increases; it will never
Pass into nothingness; but still will keep
A bower quiet for us, and a sleep
Full of sweet dreams, and health, and quiet breathing.*

—KEATS.



The trees look cold and bare today as the wind passes by and finds no playmates in their leaves. Yet on every branch the winter leaves hold, folded in darkness, motionless in their compact sheaths, the radiant life of the summer foliage. They do not rebel against their destiny, but in submission to law await the light. Within their chambers the force of growth is being laid up, the colour and play and light of a higher life is being wrought. Spring comes; Wind, the fairy whose breath is love and life, touches the folded gates, their leaves fly open at the gracious call, and in a thousand forests Wonder and Joy awake to sing the green creation of each year. That is the Christian view of life and its sorrow. It waits in patience for the certain Spring.

—Stopford A. Brooke

Gus reached for the parcel.

Reuben had been cautioned to hold it right side up and swayed aside. Gus grabbed at the parcel and got hold of the cord. "Let go!" Reuben shouted, and tried to push Gus away without hurt to the parcel.

"Stubborn, eh?" Gus laughed, for now he had a purpose in life. "Let go or I'll bust it open and you, too."

Reuben dared not let Gus have the parcel or he'd run off with it. So he held and Gus pulled. The cord gave way, and Mrs. Downs' lovingly assembled gifts fell, broke, rolled, and were trampled on.

Gus laughed uproariously and stooped to pick up a couple of circling cookies. Reuben was ready to bawl with rage. His fist caught Gus on the side of the head and knocked him sprawling.

"Why, you . . .!" Gus wheezed. "Wait till I . . ."

"Come on!" Reuben had picked up the skates. They were tied by a thong and, in determined hands, a dangerous weapon.

"Give me them!" Gus ordered without getting too near.

"Boys, boys!" A good-natured voice broke in. "What's going on here?"

Reuben did not take his eyes from Gus. He saw Gus's bluster fading. Gus wanted to clear out. Reuben threw the skates across the road. "I'll get you for that," Gus bellowed, for he had to have the last word. But he went after the skates and walked on.

"Thank you, sir," Reuben said to the young man, with the prominent nose and pleasant blue-grey eyes. "I'm more obliged than I can tell."

Unlike Gus, the young man asked no embarrassing questions, and helped Reuben tie up the food.

Reuben wondered why he hadn't thought of that. "You teach here, sir?" He nodded at the Harvard gate.

"No, but I have a school in Concord—with my brother. Ever come out our way?"

Reuben shook his head. He dare not even tell this friendly young man that his aunt, Abigail Kite, lived in Concord. Mr. Kite was very well-to-do and equally alarmed at Mr. Jacob Downs' easygoing poverty. The Downs did not visit the Kites.

"Well, if you ever do, I'd be pleased to see you again and show you the North Bridge. My name is John Thoreau."

"I've heard that name somewhere," Reuben said.

"Attached to my brother Henry, no doubt," John said. His gentle easy smile under the hawklike nose touched something in Reuben. (This was one person, Reuben felt, that he could confide his woes to. Yet his mother, he knew, was right, when she said you should not tell your troubles. It only enlarged them.) "Henry makes a name for himself wherever he goes," John was saying. "He's the family scholar. He studied here. There now," as they placed the last bit of food in the bag and drew the string. "I hope you don't run into any more desperadoes."

"Thank you, sir," Reuben said. For the first time he could remember, he felt lonely.

Reuben was back again in his dark mood when he reached Cambridge jail and set the entry bell to ringing.

Presently an eye gazed through the peep-hole, and he heard a surly, "What you want?"

"I've brought some provisions for my father, Jacob Downs," Reuben said.

"I'll take it." The door opened, letting out a sickening odour of staleness that set Reuben simmering with anger. It angered him to think that anybody must live in that smell.

"I have some messages for him," Reuben said, holding on to the bag. He guessed that little of his mother's cooking would reach his father if the jailer got it first.

"I'll have to see what's in it," the jailer said.

Persons imprisoned for debt were not so strictly confined as common malefactors, Reuben knew. As he followed the jailer, Mr. Bilkly, Reuben was conscious of the small cells to right and left of him and the sullen inmates.

Turning the corner of the long gauntlet, Reuben found himself almost treading on his father's hands! Jacob Downs was scrubbing the floor before his cell. Reuben had to swallow before he could speak.

"Why, sonny!" Jacob Downs said. "This is good of you."

Reuben's pity ached like a bruise. His father seemed not at all cast down. The place was cold, dark, cobwebby, and airless. It gave Reuben a feeling of hot hatred unknown to him.

"Come on, get it over with. I can't wait here all morning."

"Now, Mr. Bilkly, my son is in his rights. He is allowed a ten-minute visit, I believe."

"I know the rules."

Reuben blurted out the message about Mr. Trammel's visit, adding, "And mother sent food, father, and this clothesbag."

"I'll look at that first." The jailer reached for the parcel.

"My wife would conceal nothing, Mr. Bilkly," Mr. Downs said.

"I'm the judge of that." The jailer jerked the half-opened bag from Mr. Downs. He held to the bottom intentionally, Reuben thought. At any rate, the much-abused bundle spilled again. This time the food dropped on the wet floor and some into the pail of water.

Reuben could stand no more. "Now you've ruined everything!" he cried.

"Shut your mug or out you'll go this minute." The jailer, now angry because he was in the wrong, lifted his hand.

"Mr. Bilkly, the boy has taken great pains."

"Speak when you're addressed!" snapped the jailer.

It was then Reuben reached the limit of his youthful endurance. He happened to be holding the empty clothesbag. Without warning he clasped the open mouth of the bag over the jailer's head. He pulled it down with a rough jerk over Mr. Bilkly's features and grabbed the string, pulling it taut. The jailer kicked at him, but Reuben was already dancing behind him and crying, "Run, father! Run!" The key to the outer door fell to the stone floor.

"Sonny! Sonny! Sonny!" Mr. Downs, aghast, saw the consequences of his son's indiscretion.

"Run, Pop!" Reuben yelled. He held the string tight and the jailer was clawing at his throat as if he were being choked.

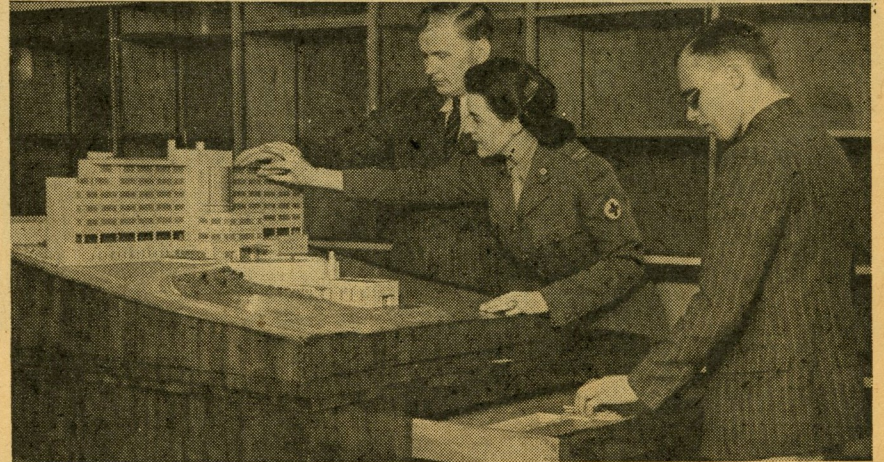
The prisoners from around the corner were setting up a cry as they guessed what was happening.

"Let us out, lad!" one yelled.

"Snatch his keys," shouted another. Then they all joined in.

"Will you run, Pop?" gasped Reuben. "Here's the key to the outer door. At least get it open for me!"

—Continued on page 6



TOP TO BOTTOM: Typing without hands? A war-blinded airman finds that the loss of both hands does not keep him from learning to use a typewriter. Two war-blinded veterans "inspect" the building and floor plans of St. Dunstan's under the guidance of Miss Helene Campbell, Red Cross Corps member of Toronto.

Blinded war veterans carried on the fight in the aircraft factories after training at St. Dunstan's.

Making leather handbags is a favourite hobby with the war-blinded veterans at St. Dunstan's. Red Cross Corps girl instructs.

BRITAIN'S OVERSEAS NAMESAKES

By JOHN E. MASON

IN NEARLY every unit of Britain's far-flung commonwealth of nations British cities and towns, familiar by name to most Canadians, have their namesakes in some community which acts as a constant reminder of a loyal tie to a great Empire. In many instances these namesakes are obscure settlements in comparison to their old world prototypes but there are cases where the overseas communities surpass in size and commercial importance the British cities, towns, or villages the names of which they bear.

In Canada the city of London, Ontario, while not ranking with the world's metropolis with its estimated ten million population, nevertheless has certain things in common with the Empire's capital, being situated on the river Thames in the county of Middlesex. The birthplace of the immortal William Shakespeare, Stratford-on-Avon, has its namesake in Stratford, Ontario. Like the famous Shakespearean shrine it too is located on the beautiful Avon river. Throughout the Dominion there are many other cities and towns bearing British names, Windsor, Chatham, Hamilton, Peterboro, Killarney, Newcastle, Dartmouth, Woodstock, Scarborough, Grimsby, Durham to mention but a few.

About twenty per cent of the inhabitants of New Zealand live in cities and towns named after English communities. England's two Wellingtons, in

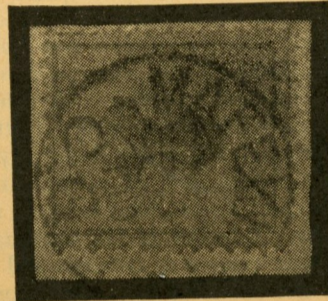
Somerset and Shropshire, are not nearly so well known as the city which is the capital of the southern Pacific Dominion. Canada has a Wellington, a pretty village in Prince Edward county, Ontario, named in honour of the Duke of Wellington, better known as the Iron Duke. Christchurch, New Zealand, was settled by the Church of England with all strata of English society of a century ago represented. Cambridge, Oxford, New Plymouth, Birmingham, are other tributes to the land that gave them birth.

Australia, the commonwealth's great island continent, has its Portland, Newcastle, Warwick and Ipswich, while Tasmania to the south has its share of English names. The name Salisbury brings visions of a vast plain in Wiltshire, England, containing prehistoric monumental remains of Stonehenge. South Africans recognize the name as the capital of Southern Rhodesia. There is a Dover in Cape Province, South Africa, a Port Dover on Lake Erie in Ontario. Falmouth, on the rugged Cornish coast has its namesake in Jamaica.

It is quite in order that in the United States, second greatest English speaking country of the world, English place-names are duplicated to a large extent. One often reads newspaper accounts of British mayors or "provosts" making good-will trips to America to fraternize with chief magistrates of cities and towns named after their own spheres of activity. There are enough English named cities and towns in the United States alone to provide entertainment for hundreds of English mayors should



14—The Chief Boy Scout's Stamp
IF YOU are a Boy Scout you know, of course, all about this grand world-wide organization, and its founder the late General Lord Baden-Powell. But (unless you happen also to be a Philatelist) you probably do not know that "B-P" was once honoured with a postage stamp bearing his likeness as he appeared at the time he won immortal fame as the Hero of Mafeking. This stamp was the handsomely-designed 3-pence dark blue of two issued for use of the British garrison and residents beleaguered in the town of Mafeking during that long



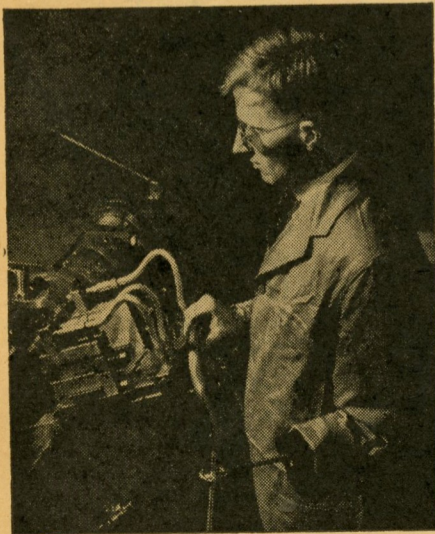
siege, in the Boer War. This is included in our Curio Collection, not because of queer design, or subject—but because the stamp itself, and circumstances surrounding its issue, were most interesting and unique. It was produced by photographic process, on 'blue-print' paper, under most difficult conditions; acids required for the processing had to be smuggled in through the Boer lines by native 'runners'—and several attempts had to be made before one finally got through. These stamps were used for postal services among the besieged inhabitants—but cannot be classed as 'Locals' in the ordinary sense, since they prepaid letters, etc., to all parts of what was a self-contained area. And certainly their historical interest alone makes them deserving of a prominent place in any such Collection as this 'Curio' one of ours. Of course, a 'B-P' Mafeking stamp isn't easy to get hold of today—but all collecting is chiefly most fascinating when not so easy. The 'quest' is the chief source of pleasure—and I wish you luck in getting one of these pretty blue stamps for your Collection!

They Learn to be Blind

—Continued from page 1

and of being different from the rest of mankind. At St. Dunstan's they learn Braille so that they can read, typing so that they can write and they are taught to master a profession, or handicraft, or industrial occupation. St. Dunstan's has proven that there is no limit to the fields the blind are able to conquer.

Thus, the Canadian Red Cross Society, through its Corps members, is taking a very important part in lightening the darkness of all who wear the St. Dunstan's badge—the flaming torch which lights the way for blinded men of the fighting services and men and women of the Home Defence.



War-blinded servicemen who have lost a hand find they can operate machines (above) in the industrial training centre at St. Dunstan's.



Braille teaching plays an important part at St. Dunstan's. A well-stocked Braille library, like the one above, offers a wide variety of reading, including Dickens, Shakespeare and history.

they care to make the trip. Probably the best known namesake American city is Boston, Massachusetts, considered by some people as the most English city of the New England states. Cambridge, a part of Greater Boston, is the home of Harvard Uni-

versity founded in 1639 by Rev. John Harvard, to train young men for the Puritan ministry. Cambridge in Dorchester county, Maryland, and Cambridge in Guernsey county, Ohio, round out the American namesakes of this

—Continued on page 6

Never Tell Your Troubles

—Continued from page 4

That moved Mr. Downs. He certainly had to get his son out of the place.

Reuben watched him go. The prisoners' concerted uproar was alarming. It would soon be heard by the guards outdoors. . . Reuben kept on dancing around his prisoner. Mr. Bilkly was growing dizzy.

Reuben longed to give him a farewell blow but forbore. He ran. The jailed men hurled indecent epithets at him now that they saw they were not to be liberated.

"Oh, Pop, please!" Reuben pulled at his father's arm. "Please, come! I can't bear it to have you in there."

"Thanks, sonny . . . but it wouldn't be wise."

"Pop, you could hide at Mike's."

"And bring danger on him? No, I've caused enough sadness. Now you run, sonny. Don't get caught. Stay away till you get word from Mr. Scollay. I'll talk to him."

Reuben heard a shout, heard steps. "Oh, Pop, I've hurt you worse . . ." His voice broke in contrition and anguish.

The jailer reached the doorway and yanked Mr. Downs backward, shouting to some guard behind his back. Reuben fled. He raced around the corner of the house next to the jail and down its side yard to a fence.

Mrs. Downs was ironing when Reuben slipped into the kitchen. Already he was taking on the furtive actions of a hunted creature. His mother slapped the iron down on the holder and looked at him in amazement. Reuben slumped into a chair, placed in a corner where he could not be seen, and gasped out his account.

"Mercy on us!" Mrs. Downs said from time to time. Her words were less an exclamation than a prayer. When Reuben spent a moment in telling how the jailer had danced around in his clothesbag like the bear on a chain, Mrs. Downs forgot that all this added worry had come to her.

Reuben rose, "I must make me a bundle of clothes and go," he said. "They'll be after me here in five minutes. I'll get a job, Mom. I'll send you word. And soon I'll be sending you money."

"No, that is risky," Mrs. Downs said. "Let Mr. Scollay have your address. And don't starve, son." Her voice trembled a little, for she was sending her first-born into the world. "I'll get along. I'll do what I did before during the panic—take lodgers. The college boys are nice—and always out."

Reuben threw his arms about his mother and hugged her. She was wonderful, not to scold.

"What's that?" Reuben started.

"A knocking, the front door. Go . . . but where? Have you thought?"

"Better for you not to know," Reuben said, reaching the door.

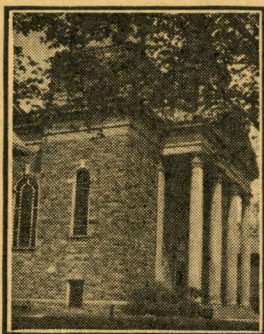
"Not Concord, precious. My sister must never know."

The knocking had become a tattoo.

"Wait! One instant! I have four dollars!" Mrs. Downs flew to the pantry shelf and was back.

At that moment there came a knock on the kitchen door.

(To be continued)



The Inner Room

"Lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven."—Matthew 6:20.

(Golden Text for January 26)

SOUND INVESTMENT

By REV. JOSEPH WASSON, D.D.

LESLIE WEATHERHEAD tells of a story which he once read. It was a simple story, "hardly worth recalling," he says, "save for one sentence." That sentence, he thinks lights up at least one message which the story of the Rich Man and Lazarus contains about the life beyond. It is the story of a rich man who died and went into the next world, and was shown round by some angelic guide. He contemplated the various houses and mansions of all shapes and sizes, and then the visitor came to rather a fine-looking palace. The guide said, "This is where your chauffeur will live when he dies and comes over here." The rich man thought, "If my chauffeur is going to live here, what a wonderful place will be mine!" But the guide showed him then a little hovel, and said, "This is your's, you didn't give us enough material to build anything better."

It is not the purpose of the parable to give information about the geography of the eternal world, the scenery of realms unseen. Nor can we build doctrine on its details. Our Lord, in His teaching, takes the thought and language of His own day without change or criticism and uses these dramatically for His own purpose. Yet, as one has said, "the conventional setting of the thought of the parable cannot hide its divine and most amazing originality."

Many lessons may be learned from the story; but there is one which seems to be clearly taught. It is, that what we do here has its effect in the life beyond: that all our earth life is a building for a life in the world to come. Each goes to "his own place."

One can hardly imagine stronger contrasts than those revealed in the story. First, in this world, you have the rich man clothed in purple and fine linen and faring sumptuously every day. And over against him is "a certain beggar named Lazarus which was laid at his gate full of sores." Nothing is said of any special wickedness on the part of the rich man, nor of special piety on the part of the beggar. There they are, painted over against each other, the social problem in a nutshell, types for all time.

In the world unseen you have the same two figures over against each other again. But, now, Lazarus is affluent and Dives is in wretched need: he craves one drop of water at Lazarus' hands. He sees the erstwhile beggar across the gulf which separates his anguish from heaven's radiance, and beseeches Abraham to send Lazarus to relieve his woe.

Who had dug the gulf between? It was of Dives own digging. Lazarus was his brother man, but he had denied their brotherhood. "He drove the wedge of selfishness between them. As selfishness hardened into habit, and habit hardened into fixed character, the wedge was driven ever deeper to form a "great gulf."

The sin of Dives, then, was not his wealth; it was his lovelessness. Perhaps, as love is the crown and completion of the Christian character, lovelessness is the one ultimate sin.

"He that shuts Love out in turn shall be
Shut out from Love, and on her threshold lie
Howling in outer darkness."

The lesson is the same as that in the parable of the Sheep and the Goats: "Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to Me. And these shall go away. . . ." Here we see one of them—gone away to "his own place."

In all this there is no contradiction of the Gospel of salvation by faith. Even faith must be tested, and the test of a true faith is that it works by love.

Self is the only prison that can ever bind the soul;
Love is the only angel who can bid the gates unroll;
And when he comes to call thee, arise and follow fast;
His way may lie through darkness, but it leads to life at last.

—HENRY VAN DYKE

A PRAYER

Be pleased, O Lord, to strengthen our confidence that in every hour of trial we may lean heavily on Thee. And may our temptations discipline our hearts to a sympathy and gentleness which shall make us real helpers of those who are beset with like temptations; and have need: through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.



Britain's Overseas Namesake

—Continued from page 5

famous English university city. Worcester, Portsmouth, Newport, Northampton, Chelsea, are but a few of the many English namesake towns in the New England states. By a strange coincidence there is a little-known hamlet not far from the old world London that glories in the name of New York. Whether the present United States metropolis of the same name is indebted to this tiny English cross-roads village for its designation history does not record.

The famous industrial centre of the English Midlands, Birmingham, has three namesakes in the United States. Birmingham, Alabama, noted for its great cotton and steel industries, ranks second to its English cousin in point of size while the other towns, one in Connecticut and the other a suburb of Pittsburg, Penn., bear the name of Birmingham. Reading, the county town of Berkshire, England, famous for its restored Grey Friars chapel, has its American namesake in Pennsylvania, a much larger city than its English cousin. Lincoln, of Lincolnshire, which dates from Roman occupation of Britain, has two United States namesakes, Illinois and Nebraska each having towns of that name. The two cities of Durham, one in England the other in North Carolina, might well be designated as the twin Durhams, having populations of 17,500 and 18,200 respectively.

Belfast, largest city in Northern Ireland, has three widely separated namesakes. The state of Maine, U.S.A., Australia, and British Columbia each have a town named in honour of the Irish city. Australia also has a Londonderry while Bangor, on the north channel of the Irish Sea has its namesake in Bangor, Maine, U.S.A.

Throughout the world there are many other namesakes of Britain's cities and towns as a perusal of a good world map will reveal. Liverpool, Edinburgh, Plymouth, Stockport, Newport, not only have one but many namesakes somewhere in the world. There is, however, one instance of what appears to be a reversal of the accepted order. Half a mile off the road from Salisbury to Southampton, England, is a tiny hamlet known as "Canada". Just as proud residents of Britain's capital rejoice in being known as Londoners, the people in this little wayside village insist on being referred to as "Canadians".



Founded by

NORMAN ALLAN MACEachern, M.A., D.D.

Editor 1932-1945

Published for

The Board of Sabbath Schools and

Young People's Societies

THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

IN CANADA

Editor: NEIL GREGOR SMITH, M.A.

Assistant Editor: H. BEATRICE LOGAN, B.A.

Single subscriptions per year \$1.25; five or more copies to one address, 24 cents per quarter.

Send subscriptions to:

PRESBYTERIAN PUBLICATIONS

165-7 Elizabeth Street

Toronto, Ontario

Authorized as second class mail,
Post Office Department, Ottawa.