CANADIAN DAIRYING MAKES NEW RECORD

Western Provinces Rapidly Increasing Their Production of Milk and Butter.

Canada's dairy products yielded approximately $250,000,000 in 1919. Of this amount, about $65,000,000 was received for exports. These figures easily constitute a record for the Canadian dairy industry. In 1910 the total value was estimated at $100,000,000 and the exports amounted to nearly $24,000,000. Although the production of most dairy products made a fairly constant increase during the period of the war, the phenomenal record of 1919 must be attributed in large measure to market conditions. In common with other food products, the prices of milk, butter and cheese rose rapidly owing to a world shortage. Then, too, the more rapid growth of urban centres as compared with the rural population has enlarged the home market, without a corresponding increase in production. Further, the shortage of labor on farms throughout the war restricted increased production materially, and the comparatively rapid expansion of the condensed and powdered milk trade affected the cheese industry adversely. Each of these factors tended to increase prices. Thus, in 1918, the average price paid for cheese by the Dairy Produce Commission was 23 cents, f.o.b. steamship, at Montreal. Although similar statistics are not available for 1919, it is probable that the price exceeded 27 cents. Butter prices also established new records, the average price for all grades of creamery, delivered at Montreal, was 53½ cents in 1919. While the production of cheese probably showed a slight decline, the past year can be credited with a record production of butter and condensed and powdered milk.

Western Canada, especially the Prairie Provinces, is rapidly increasing its production of milk and butter. At present, Ontario and Quebec easily lead the other provinces, but with a more general realization of the need for conserving soil fertility on the prairies dairying will progress prodigiously.

Modern, co-operative dairying is less than fifty years old. Already it has played an outstanding part in giving such countries as Denmark and New Zealand economic independence. It has been proved beyond peradventure that no other branch of farming surpasses it in maintaining and improving soil fertility. However it would be unreasonable to expect that prices can long continue at the present high levels. On the other hand, labor conditions should steadily improve and advances will be made in labor-saving devices. It seems reasonably certain that dairying is destined to be an increasingly large economic factor in the future of Canada. —A. DONNELL.

USE SOAP TO STOP GASOLINE PIPE LEAK

Comparatively few owners and drivers of motor cars are aware of the value of soap for sealing leaky joints in the gasoline system. Very frequently gasoline oozes out around the filler cap, especially when the tank is nearly full. Such a leak is objectionable because the gasoline spreads over the outside of the tank which nowadays is usually carried at the rear of the car, collects dust and impairs the finish. A coating of ordinary soap on the gasket and threads will prevent leakage, even when the tank is full. When joints in the fuel line and around the carburetor in particular develop small leaks, a coating of soap will usually prove efficacious.

Cecil B. de Mille is very reticent about his next picture. Rumor says that it will be a Christian Science story.

Conrad Nagle will be made a star by the Mayflower corporation in a film version of Robert W. Chambers' "Athalie."

PLANNING THE SUMMER FROCK EARLY

Summer frocks are interesting the women who plan well ahead that their clothes may be ready when warm days in all of their abruptness descend. This advanced spring model is in the ever-popular figured voile, the short waist and long lines to the over-skirt being the feature. That big leghorn hat with its streamers in dainty pink is cooling in wear as well as looks.

THE AFTERMATH OF A SHELL

By Beatrice Heron-Maxwell

(Author of "The Scarlet Terror," etc.)

(Concluded from Last Week.)

Her hands, pressed downwards, met something yielding—something, she realized with a quick flash of horror, that was not hard rock or ground, but human.

Frantically, kneeling in the snow, she swept it away on either side of her and disclosed a man, lying as if asleep, with his head pillowed on one arm, the sleeve protecting his face from the pressure of the snow, which had covered him like a mantle.

"Clive!" His name rang out through the stillness, a cry of agony wrung from her as she stooped and laid her face to his, the marble cold of it striking the chill of death to her inmost heart.

Purple shadows were round his hollow eyes and pallid lips, and the expression of his face was that of grief and fasting and illimitable sorrow.

She lifted his head from its resting-place of snow and, opening the flask, tried to pour some brandy through the stiff fixed mouth. But trickled away as from the lips of a dead man, and no flicker of life shewed in the eyelids nor in the immovable livid features.

Still she would not abandon hope, only she knew that if life was to be restored, it must be with every aid of skill and that she was powerless alone and on this frozen hill-top.

She took off her coat and wrapped it round his head and shoulders, then ran to the edge and scanned the descent to the valley, in the fugitive hope that some human being might be abroad and able to answer her signal for assistance.

Nothing but the unbroken whiteness met her gaze, except where blue smoke curled upwards from some chimney, or sheep and cattle in their pens, huddled together for warmth.

Then, with a leap of her pulses she descried a figure that moved along the road from the village to the Manor; and, waving to it frantically, she prayed, "Oh, God! make him see—make him look up. God help me now to save my Clive!"

The figure halted, moved on again, halted once more, and struck off the road to the hill-side, leaping upwards so quickly that she wondered at his agility. Once he stopped, looked to see if she was still there and, waving again, scrambled on, waist-deep sometimes in snow, but coming nearer with a rapidity that seemed amazing.

She went back to Clive and tried again to get some brandy between his lips, laying her own warm face to his and winding her arms round him in the vain endeavour to infuse some of her own vitality into his lifeless form.

Then back to the edge of the steep once more, and now the climber was near enough to be plainly discernible.

Her heart stood still for one awful instant, as she recognized the uniform and knew that this khaki-clad man was in the Midlanders—Clive's regiment.

What if the mistake about the D. S. O. had been discovered, and this orderly had been sent to Clive to tell him that he must give it back and acknowledge his cowardice to the world?

Did such things ever happen? she wondered, and had cruel destiny, untiring in its persecution of her, made her the instrument of delivering-up Clive—or at least Clive's memory—to the scorn of everyone?

She tried to call out to the soldier, to ask him who he was and why he had come to those parts, but her voice had gone, and no sound would come except in a husky whisper that he could not hear.

She went back to Clive and knelt beside him, too anguished even to pray, waiting for what might come, her mind confused and almost benumbed.

The next thing she was conscious of was the soldier's approach, and a cry of amazement that was both joyful and alarmed as he caught sight of the recumbent form, and the face resting in deadly stillness on Delvine's arm.

"Why! it's Lieutenant Ransome!" he said. "My God! what's come to him? Don't tell me he's dead, Miss—when I've come so far to seek him."

Delvine, with shaking hands, held out the flask of brandy, and signed to him to help her.

"Give him to me," said the man, throwing himself on his knees. "I saved a man who was drowned once—I know what to do."

He spread the cloak out on the hard snow and laid Clive gently down flat, then, extending himself at full length on the top of him, began the process of artificial respiration.

He was a strong young man, with a scar on his forehad and down one cheek, that told of a ghastly wound not very long healed. He worked untiringly as though the strength and will of ten were within him, and when at last a faint sobbing breath answered his own from the lips beneath him, his eyes flashed such a message of rapture that Delvine burst into silent tears and, turning away, did not look again for a moment or two.

When she did, she heard a long deep sigh tremble through Clive's parted lips, and saw his eyes slowly open and stare upwards.

"The flask, Miss—quick!" gasped the soldier. "Hold it to his mouth, but only let a drop come at a time—moisten his lips with it; that's best!"

Five minutes more and Clive stirred and, putting his hand to his head, raised himself on one arm, and looked at the Midlander, who lay, exhausted now, by his side.

"Why, Dorley," he said in a hoarse whisper.

"Yes, sir—Dorley as you saved out of that hell-fire at Wypers—come to thank you, sir, as soon as I got across this side."

Clive closed his eyes, the deadly look returning to his face. Delvine flung herself on her knees beside him, holding the flask to his lips.

"Clive," she said, "he has saved your life—Dorley has—oh, don't let it slip again—Dorley says you saved him."

Clive tried to turn from her. "I ran away," he muttered.

"Ran away!" said Dorley. "I should think you did! Ran away with me over your shoulder and the blood streaming down both our faces and the shots sputtering round us like hail. Ran till you dropped, which was just inside our own lines, and they dragged us into the trenches! Why! that's what they gave you the D.S.O. for, sir."

Clive lifted himself again, a great light of illumination struggling with disbelief in his face.

"It wasn't me, Dorley," he stammered: "there was a mistake, and I got another fellow's reward. I was a coward."

Dorley leapt to his feet. "If you say the word again, sir, I'll shoot myself. Do you think I could mistake the man who picked me up when I was down, and carried me right across that murderous blaze? I was coming to thank you, sir, never had the chance before—and if I'd found you dead and gone I'd have broken my heart over it. It's that damned shell that took you out of your right head, like many others."

The incredulity in Clive's face slowly dispersed and his eyes turned to Delvine.

"My little girl!" he said.

Then Dorley put his arms round him.

"I'll hoist you over my shoulder, same as you did to me, and carry you down!" he said.

But Clive protested. "Help me up!" he said, and strove to stand upon his feet, which, however, refused to support him.

"We must get him out of this and warmed and fed," said Dorley. "Here, Miss, help me along with him."

They managed together to get him slung over Dorley's shoulder, and began the toilsome descent. Half way down, two horsemen spied them and came to their assistance, and in another hour Clive was safely at the Manor, lying on a couch before the parlour fire, in warm clothing, with steaming soup and wine before him, while Delvine, utterly spent and in the grip of fever, was upstairs, fighting her own battle for life, and no longer cognisant of either joy or sorrow.

Dorley, a double-distilled hero, was in the kitchen surrounded by the maids, telling over again the heroism of his idol, Lieutenant Ransome, and revelling in the Christmas fare that was lavishly provided for the man who had "won through," and had come just in the nick of time to pay his debt of gratitude in full.

It was on New Year's Eve that Delvine came out of the valley of the shadow into light.

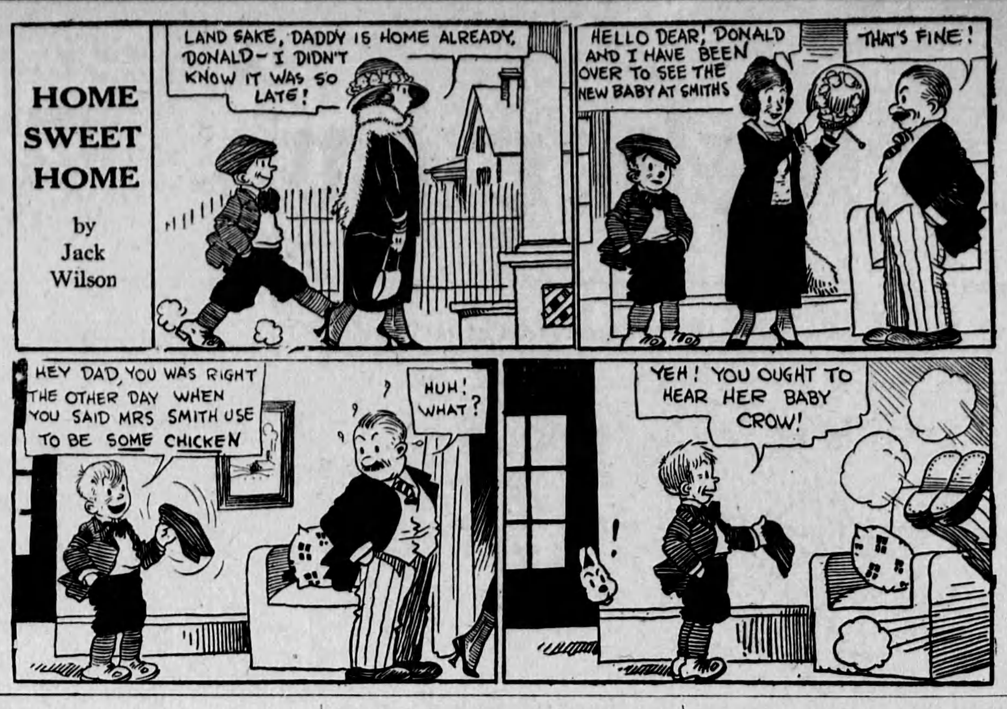
"When can I see Clive?" had been her constant question, after she had turned the corner of her illness, and the invariable answer had been, "When you are strong enough."

Now, at last, the reply was, "To-day if you like!" And Clive was sent for.

The adoring love in his face shewed her that he was here again in heart and soul, as on that summer day, and as she put her arms round his neck, he whispered, "My angel! can I ever repay you for what you did for me? Can I ever make up to you for all you have suffered?"

"It is all past and forgotten, beloved," she whispered back. "We shall be so happy, Clive—together!"

THE END.



ADVICE TO GIRLS

By Rosalind

Registered According to the Copyright Act

Dear Rosalind:

I am a bashful fellow, and I am in love with a girl, whom I wish to marry. But I am not sure of the proper way to propose to her. Will you please tell me what you think would be the proper way, and also the words I should say in telling her, and if she accepts same, what should she say? BASHFUL LOVER.

Dear Bashful Lover:

O, Bashful Lover, do you want me to do your proposing for you? If you don't watch out some braver man will carry the girl off, while you are trying to think what to say.

ROSALIND.

Dear Rosalind:

I was greatly interested in a letter in your column signed "An Unpopular Maiden." I think the parents of boys and girls are responsible to a great extent for the conditions which she mentions in her letter. I know there are some people who will consider my letter rather callous and disrespectful in regard to my parents. However, when I remember the way I was going because of their ignorance or indifference and general narrow-minded methods, I think I am justified in writing so plainly.

I had no home attractions or advice, but was fortunate in seeing some good photoplays and in reading some good books. Later I was lucky to meet a girl whose parents had evidently realized their responsibility, as she was very different in comparison to other girls of her age. Her parents no doubt took care that she should have the right ideals in regard to boys, girls and the world in general.

With better education, more thoughtful and broad-minded parents and fewer self-sufficient hypocrites I think there would be a better understanding between "Everyman's Sister" and every girl's brother, and a great deal less of the conditions of which "An Unpopular Maiden" wrote.

I hope you will publish this letter for the benefit of all concerned and the parents in particular.

EXPERIENCE.

Dear Experience:

I will gladly publish your letter in the hope that it may help somebody. Perhaps it will help the little girl whose letter follows:

ROSALIND.

Dear Rosalind:

I have read your good advice, and think that you are very clever, and if I am not taking up too much of your time, I would like you to answer this question.

I am a young girl, and write to a boy who is away now, but I expect he will be coming home soon. Now before he went away, he was very friendly with me, and seemed to be with me a lot, and of course he asked me to write to him, and I told him I would. Now Rosalind, I am only a young girl, and do not take him other than a friend, and although I think he thinks a lot of me, never puts any foolish things in his letters. One day when one came, mother told me that she didn't want me to be thinking anything of him, and I answered, "I don't, any more than a friend." Now, Rosalind, I am just sixteen and attend business, and there are quite a lot of other boys, any of whom would pay me attention, if I would let them, but I don't, for mother does not like me going out with any boys at all, and I know that when the one comes home she won't let me go with him, and the only friends I have is my sister, for all the girls I used to go to school with have boy and girl friends, which they can have to their homes. Of course, mother and father treat me very good outside of this one subject, but what girl wants to be in the house all the time, as I am when I don't go out with my sisters or mother. I wonder if you could just put in a line in your reply that mother will notice, as I know she always reads your column.

BLUEBELL.

Dear Bluebell:

So many girls have the same trouble as you have. And the only thing to do is to talk it out with mother. Let her know that she will meet every friend you have, whether girl or boy, and that you will never go any place or be with any one that she does not approve of. Let her understand that your boy friends are just the same to you as girls, jolly companions and good chums; and that when they come to the house to see you it is better to have a bunch of them to play games or sing songs or perhaps read together and plan concerts and debates than to have you meeting on the street or sneaking to a friend's house to do so. Good luck, Bluebell.

ROSALIND.

OIL IS INJURIOUS TO TIRES OF AUTO

To preserve solid truck tires do not apply the brakes suddenly and harshly, nor make sudden stops. Oil must never be allowed to get on the tires, as oil is the greatest enemy that rubber has. If the truck is to stand idle for a considerable period it should be raised off the floor on jacks.

Be considerate of pedestrians, especially about splattering mud.

See that there is oil in the engine and water in the radiator. Of course, this is more than a weekly rite. It is a first essential to caring for a car.

One point neglected on the steering assembly may mean a worn part and a wreck by the roadside as a result.

NEW BILL TO CONTROL HEADLIGHTS ON AUTOS.

The death knell of the glaring automobile headlight is sounded in legislation introduced in the legislature by Hon. F. C. Biggs, minister of public works and highways. The bill gives the department authority to approve certain kinds of headlights, and declares all others contrary to law.

Quinine in India.

One-sixth of the world's supply of quinine is consumed in India.

BOOK REVIEWS

BY ELINOR MURRAY.

The Black Drop, by Alice Brown. Published by the Macmillans in Canada.

It is as the novelist of New England that Alice Brown has won the hearts of thousands of readers. Few writers have been able to portray with such sympathy and understanding the sturdy pioneer folk of America. This story concerns the Tracy family. And the Tracy family, living delightfully at Grasslands, their inherited estate on the Massachusetts coast before the war, were not at all the same Tracys who were acted on by the catastrophe of 1914 and the ensuing years. Morris Tracy, the father of the family wrote intellectual novels much respected by brainy people; but he derived his ample income by compiling textbooks. At times he was bitterly disappointed that he had not made a more brilliant showing in the literary world, but with the advancing years the bitterness came less frequently. His best work, "The Politician," would never be read by the public, since it was the story of Charles, his son. "He had a black drop in his blood; God knows where he got it!" That is what Grandsir said about Charles. Grandsir was Norris' father, a keenly intelligent and lovable man, confined to one room, where he waited in proud immobility the coming of his enemy, death. The forerunner was already at his muscles, stiffering them with beastly pains.

In October, 1916, the family moved up to Boston, partly because they might do more effective war work there and party because Charles wished it. It was Charles' suggestion that they should do so, and Charles always got what he wanted. Norris often wondered if Charles were not of the type of obstinate bully who needed only opportunity to do strange deeds to the lives of men. Charles was always preparing the way to further his own ends, and he could talk. More than that, so clever was he that he could influence others to talk for him.

When he met the family after they were settled in the Boston house he had rented for them, he was evidently very prosperous financially and in the way of big things politically, but he was very ill at ease. The reason finally coming out: Helen had left him. The family were amazed, for they loved Helen dearly and knew her to be a really wonderful person. In fact, they often wondered how she came to fall in love with Charles. Charles thought his mother might make his wife return to him, but Emily Tracy was too typically of New England to ever obtrude her ideas upon another person. Besides she wasn't sure of Charles.

It was John, the younger son, who enlightened them about Charles.

John was a writer and he and his three talented friends, the Lame Ducks, are particularly worth knowing. These four young men, each incapacitated in some way for active service in France, did everything their fiery pens could do to wake the United States to a sense of her duty. It was these four who were able to prove that Charles was a traitor, an agent paid by Germany to keep his country out of the war while he worked destruction within her gates. That was why Helen left him and made her home with her splendid young sister, Jessie. The story is worked out with skill and power. The characters are finely drawn and their particular traits as well as their relations to each other are details to which Miss Brown devotes her keen insight, her ability to analyze mental states and present to her reader subtle complexities of thought and motive. Previous stories have shown Alice Brown to be a writer of charm and originality; The Black Drop proves that she can create and develop a story of absorbing interest and dramatic force.

BOOK NOTES.

Mrs. Honore Willsie, known for the past few years as editor of the Delineator and known also as author of four strong American novels, of which "The Forbidden Trail" is the most recent, has retired from active editorial work to devote herself entirely to her writing.

A new war book by Philip Gibbs will be published this month. In the series of books about the war which Mr. Gibbs has already published he has presented a history of those developments which he himself saw, but his forthcoming volume will be an attempt to bring out the permanent values, the matters of unforgettable significance, and show them in their relation to the bewildering world panorama of the last few years.

Syd. Chaplin's first comedy for Paramount is entitled "One Hundred Million." It isn't at all like Charlie's travesties, but is a five reel feature.

READ NEWSPAPERS, AND READ THEM CAREFULLY.

A knowledge of the history and the literature of the past is necessary. You ought to know Shakspeare and the great novelists.

But the history of the past is only valuable for its bearing on the present. And only the authors who wrote truths that still live are worth reading.

You live not in the past, but in the present. Unless you know what is going on in the world to-day you will be of little use.

The modern newspaper has the means of searching the world for its important happenings. It brings to you every day the story of history in the making.

It told you in detail of the great war, and is now telling you many things about that great struggle, its causes and consequences, which were not to be found out in the days when it was raging.

Read the newspapers carefully, page by page. They are written and edited for you. Every item is selected by a trained man because it has an interest for you.

It tells in daily chapters of human progress, of science, invention, statecraft, government.

The student of the newspapers is an educated man before he has studied them long, for they are a printed university, and have far broader and more comprehensive courses than any college can possibly have.

No man, however wealthy, could afford to secure for himself the information that the newspaper daily places before his eyes.

Business men depend on the newspapers. They are more of a business necessity than the telegraph or the telephone. They are also a necessity to you, whoever you may be. But unless you read them through, and know what is in them, you get only half the value out of them that you would otherwise gain.—London (Eng.) Express.

Rich man, poor man, beggar man, thief,
Which are you going to marry?
Doctor, lawyer, merchant, chief,
Or a man from Tipperary?

Find a rich man and a poor man. Left side down, on bottom of girl's dress; top side down, along boy's blouse.