FOREST AREAS IN PRAIRIE PROVINCES

Misapprehension Exists as to the Timber Supply—Manitoba 70 Per Cent. Forest Covered.

To many Canadians as well as others the name Prairie Provinces, by which Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta are known, implies that they are devoid of forests or tree growth of any kind, says the Natural Resources Intelligence Service of the Department of the Interior. Such, however, is not the case with any of these provinces. There are large areas of forested lands in each, while in Manitoba fully 70 per cent. of the total area is under forest cover.

Recent estimates of the commercial timber stands of the three provinces range from eight to eleven million acres, and the commercial saw-timber from 33 to 42 thousand million board feet. These estimates do not include much of the northern area, where the growth is more or less of a scrubby nature. This latter, however, contains a large potential supply of pulpwood.

The Forest Branch of the Department of the Interior has segregated considerable areas in each of the provinces as forest reserves. Of a total reserved area of 31,926 square miles, 18,894 square miles is in Alberta, 9,303 square miles in Saskatchewan, and 3,729 square miles in Manitoba. Most of this forest reserve is composed of land unfit for agriculture, and the object of the Interior Department in establishing the reserves has been not with the idea of keeping the timber and other resources contained within them out of use, but to supply, in perpetuity, the largest quantity of the best timber that can be produced. A certain amount of fuel and building logs are given near-by settlers, and permits are given, for a nominal fee, to cut timber for domestic, community and various other purposes.

The forest products of the three prairie provinces in the aggregate for 1922, reached a large figure. The lumber cut amounted to 90,157,000 board feet, 24,737,000 lath were cut, also 487,685 cross ties, 37,403 poles, 5,529,657 fence posts, 496,380 rails and a large quantity of other forms of forest product. The total value of the output for 1922 was $8,443,231. There was cut for fuel purposes 1,213,936 cords of firewood. Wood is not so generally used for fuel in the settled portions of the Prairie Provinces, as in eastern Canada, owing to the many areas in which a local supply of coal is available. Natural gas also provides a fuel supply in a number of districts, particularly in Alberta.

The protection of the timbered areas from forest fires is one of the chief cares of the Forest Service, and for this purpose fire patrols are maintained both on the reserves and on the adjoining timbered areas. Aeroplanes are engaged during the fire danger season in patrolling, and good results have been secured in fire prevention.

Through the efforts of the Tree Planting Division of the Interior Department the reputation of the Prairie Provinces as being composed of bald prairie land promises to become obsolete. Millions of young trees are being planted annually about the farm homes, and in many districts the outlook is broken by wooded areas, which add much to make homelike conditions for the new comer to his prairie home.

Naval Definitions.

Fatham—A measure of six feet.

Turret—A tower for the protection of the gunners.

Crow's nest—A perch for the lookout at the masthead.

Armament—A term expressing collectively all the guns of a ship.

Jacob's ladder—A short ladder with wood rungs and rope sides.

Capstan—A machine used on board ship for lifting heavy weights.

Bow chaser—A gun mounted in the bow to fire on retreating vessels.

Bulkhead—A partition separating compartments on the same deck.

Cable—A long, heavy chain used to retain a ship in place at anchor.

Binnacle—The compass box of a ship, with a light to show it at night.

Gangway—The aperture in a ship's side where persons enter and depart.

Displacement—The weight in tons of the volume of water displaced by a ship's hull.

Barbette—A fixed circular belt of armor for protecting the guns in a revolving turret.

Knot—A nautical mile of 2025 yards, equal to about one and one-eighth statute miles.

Monitor—A low, nearly flat-bottomed armored vessel, with one or two turrets, each carrying two guns.

Bridge—A platform above the rail extending across the deck for the convenience of the ship's officers.

Conning tower—An armored tower where the wheel, engine, telegraphs, etc., are located, and from which the captain is supposed to dircet his men during a battle.

Bullets That Fall Like Rain.

Looking across the Thames to the Surrey side at Waterloo Bridge in London, there may be seen to the right a huge round tower rising out of a jumbled collection of wharfs, sheds, and chimney stacks to a height of about 200 feet. This is the shot tower of Walkers, Parker, and Co., Ltd., the Lambeth Lead and Shot Works.

The general public knows little of the purpose of this structure, and as a rule regards it as a kind of complicated factory chimney. But it holds the secret of shot-making for sporting cartridges and other purposes in England.

Briefly described, the process is to drop from different heights hot lead run through a device somewhat like a colander. The falling shot in the course of this process drops into vats of water at the bottom of the tower, and when it is removed it has taken on its spherical form.

The discovery of this method of producing shot in large quantities at high speed has been attributed to a man named Watts, about the year 1787, at Bristol. At all events, it was in the end purchased by Walkers, Parker for $50,000.

The records are to the effect that Watts ascended the tower of St. Mary's Church, Bristol, on a hot day. Overcome by the heat, or some refreshment somewhat more potent, he fell asleep, and in a dream saw himself dropping melted lead to the ground, where it took the form of pellets. Much impressed, he made experiments at home, and the shot tower is the indirect result.

A new type of storage tank for gasoline is spherical in shape, as pressure is more equally distributed over the entire sphere.

Did you ever realize that by yielding instead of resisting, by giving in instead of being stubborn, of being a stickler for an apology, you disarm the resentment and awaken the better nature of the one who has injured you? Many people have thus gained the good will of one whom they had regarded as an enemy.—O. S. Marden.

Seals and Camels Have Real Trap-Door Noses.

Most of us when we go in for diving have very unpleasant experiense of getting our nostrils full of water. Nature did not design man to be a diving animal, otherwise she would have been as clever with his nose as she has been with the seal's.

The seal is, without doubt, the cleveret diver in the animal world, and his nose is a very ingenious contrivance indeed. Each nostril is provided with muscles which close it hermetically at the owner's will. And the shape of the nose is such that when the nostrils are closed not a drop of water can enter.

With seals the closing of the nostrils at the moment of diving has become an automatic process.

This is wonderful enough, but we can see a still more remarkable application of the same principle in an animal as far removed from the seal as chalk is from cheese.

The seal is a water animal. The other owner of trap-door nostrils is the camel, an inhabitant of the driest parts of the world, the waterless, sandy deserts.

Now why should the camel require such an apparatus? He is not troubled with water, but he is troubled with dust; not the dust that we see in this country, but the fierce, blinding dust storms of the desert.

These are so violent that tiny particles are driven into the works of even the mostly finely made watch, which becomes at once clogged and useless. If the camel had not nostrils which were perfectly dust-tight, he could never endure the dreadful sand and dust storms.

The Day of Rest.

"Why does he sit so far back in the shadows in church on Sunday?"

"To rest his eyes from sitting so far front in the stage lights in the theatre all week."

A Gift That Backfired.

Brother Allen had in his store an old-fashioned, ornate silver table caster that no one would buy, though he had marked it down to "only $4." When the sisters of the church asked for contributions to the good pastor's donation party he put in the silver monstrocity, taking care to insert the digit one before the four in order to make the gift seem valuable.

The party was held with its shower of good things. Little Mrs. Elliott, the pastor's wife, gazed ccuriously at the caster and its plethoric tag. "It's too rich for us!" she said. "Especially when the children need clothes and we all need food. I'll go and ask Brother Allen to take it back and let us have the fourteen dollars' worth of other things that we need so badly."

Hank Evans, the village gossip, was in the store when she came in with the high-priced donation. So, rather than betray himself to Hank's biting tongue, Brother Allen sent fourteen dollars' worth of goods up to the parson's house—almost a dray load of the cheaper but more comforting things that the little woman had selected.

Moral: A clean gift, like a clean engine, will not backfire.

The fear of what people will think of us is a very common cause of slavery. And the nervous anxiety as to whether we do not please is a strain which wastes the energy of the greater part of mankind.

—AND THE WORST IS YET TO COME

The Little People.

The Lord of the Little People,
Gentle and very wise,
Walking His woods in the twilight,
Harks to His children's cries
And His tender mouth is wry with pain
And terrible are His eyes.

The snare that has throttled the rabbit
Jerks to his dying strain;
Trapped by his rush-thatched dwelling,
The muskrat whimpers his pain;
And here the bird with the shot-mashed wing
Hidden three days has lain.

The Lord of the Little People
Wistfully goes His way,
Seeking in vain His children;
Few and afraid are they
Of the mighty beast who has ravished the world
With his hunger to slay, slay, slay.

Lonely the fields at twilight;
Empty the darkling wood,
There, in the woodchuck's burrow,
Dead lies an orphaned brood.
Here, where the bob-whites cowered,
Are feathers and gouts of blood.

The Lord of the Little People,
Who may divine what stirs
His heart, as He seeks in the twilight
The songs of His worshippers,
And hear but whimpers and squeals of pain
From creatures in plumes and furs?

The partridge rots in the woodland;
The wild duck drowns in the sea;
Beasts on the wide-flung trap lines
Perish in agony
That the monkey thing with the weasel's lust
May wallow in mastery.

The Lord of the Little People,
Who can His thoughts surmise?
Cattle and small gray donkeys
Heard His first baby cries.
He knows, He knows when a sparrow falls
And terrible are His eyes.

By teaching we learn. Not to communicate one's thoughts to others—to keep one's thoughts to oneself, as people say—is either cowardice or pride. It is a form of sin.—H. G. Wells.

Did you ever notice that the chap who is always carving his initials upon the fence, trees, and his desk at school, seldom, if ever, writes his name upon the age in which he lives? He commences carving too early, and gets tired.

Wanted: A Hymn Censor.

Very strong representations have been made by an influential Buddhist committee in Ceylon against the continued singing, in its present form, "From Greenland's Icy Mountains."

The hymn, as everybody knows, regrets that "Ceylon's Isle" is a spot where "every prospect pleases," and "only man is vile." The Cingalese strongly object to being called "vile," and there is much to be said for their point of view.

It appears, indeed, that in the first draft of the hymn, which was written in tweny minutes, Java was the island chosen for special "vileness," but Ceylon was substituted as being more tuneful in sound.

During the course of a children's service at St. Paul's, Covent Garden, Canon Adderley was leading the children in the singing of that favorite hymn, "All Things Bright and Beautiful," but, coming to the third verse, he said: "Children, don't sing that verse, because it is a lie!" This is the verse which he objected to:

"The rich man in his castle,
The poor man at his gate—
God made them high or lowly,
And ordered their estate."

A returned missionary from Jamaica and Old Calabar says that Dr. Doddridge's description of heaven in his well-known hymn:

"No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred, high, eternal noon."

will make anyone shudder who knows what it is to be exposed to the sun of the torrid zone. He says: "The man who wrote these lines must have lived far north, where a glimpse of the sun was a rare favor.

"I once met a black boy," he continues, "sitting under the shade of a palm, taking shelter from the sun's glare and the dazzle of the sandy, seaside road. I said: 'Did you ever hear of heaven, my boy?'

" 'Yah, boss!'

"What sort of a place do you think it'll be?'

" 'Guess it'll be a mighty cool kin' o' show, boss!' said the little chap; and he knew more about it than some hymn writers."

An avalanche that swept across a road near Rochetaillee, France, not long ago, dropped a huge block of ice that contained the carcass of a wild boar. Just how the boar became imbedded in the ice is not clear, but probably it was caught in the slide, and the mass of snow closing round it, solidified and thus converted it into cold storage pork.

The remarkable achievement of Miss Mabel Green, blind typist of London, lies behind the publication of a book recently, the entire manuscript of which extending to 40,000 words, she took down in Braille shorthand and faultlessly transcribed.

WHAT FOREIGNERS CALL INSULTS

We have all heard of the adage that "one man's meat is another's poison," but it is not so well known that manners differ almost as much as food. In grelilous observances, for instance, see how the Christian takes off his hat when entering a church, while the Mohammedan keeps on his hat and takes off his shoes.

The Foreign Office in England one time received a complaint through the Chinese Legation in London that the minister representing Her Majesty in China had insulted the Chinese Cabinet. There was great excitement for awhile but investigation revealed that the only conduct of which he had been guilty was thumping the table at which he was sitting, to emphasize a remark. In China it is a grievous offense to thump the table, and because the British Government refused to discipline their representative, the Chinese diplomats were exceedingly angry.

In this country if a friend is visiting another and stays to dinner, he may ask for the loan of a hair brush without giving offense, but in Hungary he may not.

To attempt to borrow that useful article is one of the greatest insults which can be offered to a Hungarian, and one which will in most cases cause a duel.

In France there are several insults which the unwary foreigner may offer without knowing it. For example, he may be visiting a friend, and may put his hat upon the bed. This is a grievous form of insult, but why is not known; it is a very ancient one, and so, probably, results from an old superstition.

Again, there are two ways of pouring out wine in France, as everywhere else. One of these is to hold the bottle so that while pouring the thumb is facing the tablecloth. The second way is to hold the hand reversed—and this is a great insult to the assembled guests and the host—a far greater insult than drinking a health in water, and that is pretty serious in France.

Germany has some curious forms of insult. To begin with, to offer a rose, or any other flower, without any green or leaves with it, to a lady is to deeply insult her, though why this should be so is not known precisely.

The German students are formed into corps, some of which are fighting corps, and others not. Each corps has its distinctive cap, and when a member of one meets another in the street it is etiquette for each to doff his cap. Should the other not respond a complaint is made to his corps, and a duel is fought—a real duel, with sabres or pistols, not the fencing duel which is pastime in Germany, for the insult is nearly the worst that can be offered.

There is one worse, and that is spilling or flicking beer over another student purposely. No apology will wipe out this offense; nothing will except a duel to the death, or a duel which is continued until one of the combatants is too badly wounded to continue the fight. A minor insult is to refuse to drink with a student if invited, or to refuse to respond with "Prosit" when he raises his glass and says "Ich Komme vor"; but this is more a breach of good manners than an actual insult.

We might finish with two Spanish examples of curious insults in South America. The first of these is to refuse to smoke a cigarette which another man offers you after he has had it in his mouth; and the second is to refuse drink out of the same glass that a man has just drunk from, or, worse still, to wipe it before drinking.

There are doubtless many other unknown insults which Canadians may commit without knowing it, and that is why they should be very careful to learn in advance something about the manners and customs of the people among whom they intend to travel.

A Poem You Ought to Know.

Ode to Autumn.

John Keats enriched our literature with five of its greatest Odes. The "Ode to a Nightingale" is perhaps the best known, but the following, though the shortest, has the perfection of a flawless gem:

Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness,
Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun;
Conspiring with him how to load and bless
With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eaves run;
To bend with apples the mossed cottage trees,
And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core;
To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel shells
With a sweet kernel; to set budding more,
And still more, later flowers for the bees,
Until they think warm days will never cease,
For Summer has o'erbrimmed their clammy cells.
Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy store
Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find
Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,
Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind;
Or on a half-reaped furrow sound asleep,
Drowsed with the fume of poppies, while thy hook
Spares the next swath and all its twined flowers;
And sometimes like a gleaner thou dost keep
Steady thy laden head across a brook;
Or by a cider-press, with patient look,
Thou watchest the last oozings, hours by hours.
Where are the songs of Spring? Ay, where are they?
Think not of them, thou hast thy music too,—
While barred clouds bloom the soft-dying day,
And touch the stubble-plains with rosy hue;
Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn
Among the river sallows, borne aloft
Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies;
And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly bourn;
Hedge-crickets sing; and now with treble soft
The redbreast whistles from the garden croft,
And gathering swallows twitter in the skies.

Flood Lights to Repel Bandits.

Floodlighting projectors for use on railroad cars carrying Chinese soldiers sent out to repel bandits have just been provided. The floodlighting projectors were equipped with 250-watt lamps, and a considerable number of these projectors were mounted on several railroad cars used to transport detachments of soldiers. Good work was done by this means in reducing the number of bandit attacks upon railroad trains on the Tientsin-Pukow railway.

Undiscovered.

"My friend, are you travelling the strait and narrow path?"

In silence the man handed over his card, which read:

"Signor Ballancio, Tightrope Walker."

Living on Seeds.

You sit down to your breakfast and begin with porridge; the oatmeal is crushed oat seed. You go on with toast, which is made from the seed of wheat, and with these foods you drink coffee, which is a decoction of the crushed and roasted seed of the coffee shrub.

Has it ever occurred to you to consider the extent to which seeds enter into the diet of the whole human race? All our bread is made of seeds, either of wheat, barley, rye, or corn. Eastern races, who do not eat bread as much as we do, live largely upon the seed of the rice plant, boiled instead of baked. We ourselves eat enormous quantities of rice, both as a vegetable and as a pudding.

In Central America, the whole population from Mexico down to Southern Brazil lives mainly upon corn, either cracked and cooked as hominy or ground into flour and made into bread and cakes.

Among our most prized vegetables are green peas and broad beans, both the green seeds of cultivated plants, while dried peas and lentils are used for soup and as winter vegetables.

Cocoa is also made from a seed. And our condiments, with the exception of salt, nearly all come from seeds. Mustard, pepper, and nutmeg are well-known examples.

Nuts form a considerable proportion of the food of the human race. We eat walnuts, chestnuts, Brazil nuts, and hazel nuts, which are all seeds of different trees.

But by far the most important of nuts is that of the coco-palm, from which is made margarine and oil, and hundreds of tons of which are used in the manufacture of cakes and confectionery. Almonds are also essential to the makers of cakes and sweets.

Hard Luck.

Bug—"Great Scott, old man—"

Worm—"Isn't it terrible, I swallowed a hairpin on a bet!"

A Canadian Wembley.

Even when the British Empire Exhibition is over, its memory will still be preserved in Canada, where the latest railway-station, fifteen miles south-west of Grand Prairie, Alberta, has been given the name of Wembley.

This is not the first time that places in Canada have been named after well-known persons and places in the Old Country. There is a Beaconsfield and a Gladstone in Manitoba, an Asquith post-office in Saskatchewan, and a Bonar Law station in Ontario. Revelstoke, British Columbia, is another case in point. It was named after the first Lord Revelstoke, of Baring Brothers, who took over the first bond issue (fifteen million dollars) of the Canadian Pacific Railway.

In addition to these there are the classical examples of Hudson Bay, named after the explorer; and Windsor, Woodstock, Chatham, and London-on-Thames in Ontario. The last-named, suitably enough, is in Middlesex County, which provides another example. Ontario also boasts a Glasgow and a Glencoe.