HALF-APE PROVES EVOLUTION

Lemur Shows How Monkeys Developed from Other Mammals.

This strange-looking beast is the lemur. He is the connecting link between man's first cousins, the primates, and the other mammals.

Secrets of Science.

By David Dietz.

Let us return again to our survey of mammals and single out for consideration a special group which biologists have named the primates.

For whatever our prejudices may be, biologists unite in calling the primates the nearest relatives to our human race. The primates include monkeys, apes, baboons, gorillas, and so on.

In the early days of the Age of Mammals, there were the grazing mammals and the insect-eating mammals. We still have the insect-eating mammals with us in such types as the shrew and the mole.

Gradually two new branches evolved from the insect-eating mammals. One line became the flesh-eaters who hunt on the ground—the mammals of prey. The other branch took to living in trees and eating fruit. This branch became the primates.

Here again we find a half-way development which helps us to understand what has taken place.

The animal who helps us understand the situation is the lemur. Lemurs are found chiefly in Madagascar, although they are also found in the tropical forests of Africa and Asia.

The lemur is the most ancient type of primate in existence. He most nearly represents the ancestral primate from which in the course of the ages the others have grown.

He is sometimes called the half-ape because of his apparent mid-way position between the primates and the other mammals.

Te lemur has nails on all his digits except the second digit of the foot, which bears a claw.

The other primates have developed along two main tracks due to geological conditions during the ages.

The one branch became isolated in South America. Their descendants today are known as the new world apes, and include the marmosets, capuchins, howler monkeys, spider monkeys, and so on.

The other branch developed in the old world and its descendants are known to-day as the old world apes and monkeys.

These include the monkeys, baboons, macaques, and the man-like or anthropoid apes.

The monkeys and baboons are characterized by having 32 teeth as man does, and by having non-prehensive tails. That is, they have lost the power to grasp tree branches and the like by means of their tails.

The baboons have given up living in trees and live on the ground instead. However, they do not have an erect posture, as man does.

The macaque is a species of heavily-built monkey.

By far the most interesting, however, are the man-like or anthropoid apes.

Echoes.

Amid the turmoil of the city street,
After glad summer days beside the sea
I listen still to music low and sweet—
Echoes that tranquilize and set me free.

I hear the robins call at dawn of day,
The leagues of meadow grass that stir and sigh,
The bobolink's enraptured roundelay
The plash of oars as fishing craft draw nigh.

I hear the crickets chirping their content,
The rippling brook that flows beside the lane,
The droning bees on storing sweetness bent,
The plaint of poplar leaves beneath the rain.

I hear a whir of wings as sea gulls soar,
I hear the night wind wandering by the shore!

—Harriet Appleton Sprague.

Still, of Course.

Returned Native (visiting cemetery)—"I see al the old graves are still here."

Friend—"Of course, they're still. Did you expect them to emit a roar of welcome because you're back in

Not So Old.

Grandfather Totter (to aged wife—"I was a-tellin' the minister yisterday, wife, that you'll be 92 years old tomorrow."

Grandmother Totter (indignantly)—"Well, ye had no right to say no sech thing, John Totter; I'll only be 91. Ye ought to be more keerful when you talk about a lady's age."

Too many holes, due to overworking of the yeast, and lack of salt were two common faults in a recent bread-making competition held for ships in the Mediterranean Fleet.

Bruce Barton

American writer, and author of "The Man Nobody Knows"—a life of Christ—has attained fresh fame by writing an interview with Calvin Coolidge, in which he outlines the personality of the United States President.

Market Day.

Who'll walk the fields with us to town,
In an old coat and a faded gown?
We take our roots and country sweets,
Where high walls shade the steep old streets,
And golden bells and silver chimes
Ring up and down the sleepy times.
By slanting ways, in slanting sun,
Through startled lapwings now we run
Along the pale green hazel-path,
Through April's lingering aftermath
Of lady's smock and lady's slipper;
We stay to watch a nesting dipper.
The rabbits eye us while we pass,
Out of the sorrel-crimson grass;
The blackbird sings, without a fear,
Where honeysuckle horns blow clear—
Cool ivory stained with true vermillion,
And here, within a silk pavilion,
Small caterpillars lie at ease.
The endless shadows of the trees
Are painted purple and cobalt;
Grandiloquent, the rook-flies halt,
Each one aware of you and me,
And full of conscious dignity.
If all folk lived with labor sweet
Of their own busy hands and feet,
Such marketing, it seems to me,
Would make an end of poverty.

—Mary Webb.

Natural Resources Bulletin.

The value of agricultural research as carried out at agricultural colleges and experimental farms is seldom fully appreciated says the Natural Resources Intelligence Service of the Department of the Interior at Ottawa. The commercial value of Marquis wheat has been widely heralded and undoubtedly it has added millions of dollars annually to Canada's wealth and status as a wheat-producing country, but it is one of the few instances that have been sufficiently spectacular to catch the public eye.

Agricultural research by both federal and provincial governments along lines of plant culture and animal breeding, diseases and blights, feeding and so on have undoubtedly added stupendous sums to the farming income of this country, much of this work being done without recognition and without appreciation of its economic benefits.

An excellent example is furnished in a statement recently made by J. B. Reynolds, president of the Guelph Agricultural Society in particular reference to the work of the Field Husbandry department of that institution. The one department, according to Mr. Reynolds, has been successful in producing, by selection and breeding, improved strains of oats, wheat and barley. These improved strains have been broadcast over the province, and have enabled the farmers to increase the yield per acre in these grains during the last eighteen years by over $134,000,000. This extra wealth would have maintained over this period of eighteen years thirty colleges in the scale of the Ontario Agricultural College.

French "Cabby" Punches German in Memory of War Days.

Paris.—"You were the chief of the German prison camp back of St. Quentin during the war?" asked Jean Seveillier, a French chauffeur, when his fare descended in front of the Monte Carlo Casino.

"I was the commandant," replied the portly German who had journeyed from Nice to try his luck at roulette.

"Well, then, take that!" shouted the Frenchman, landing a punch on the other's nose, knocking him into the gutter.

At the police station Seveillier told the officials that he was willing to go to jail for a year if necessary, since he had kept his vow to repay some of the cruelties he said he had endured during his days as a prisoner of war. The German officer refused to make a complaint, and Seveillier was released after the desk officer advised him to read the speech of friendship delivered by Foreign Minister Briand at Geneva upon the occasion of Germany's entrance into the League.

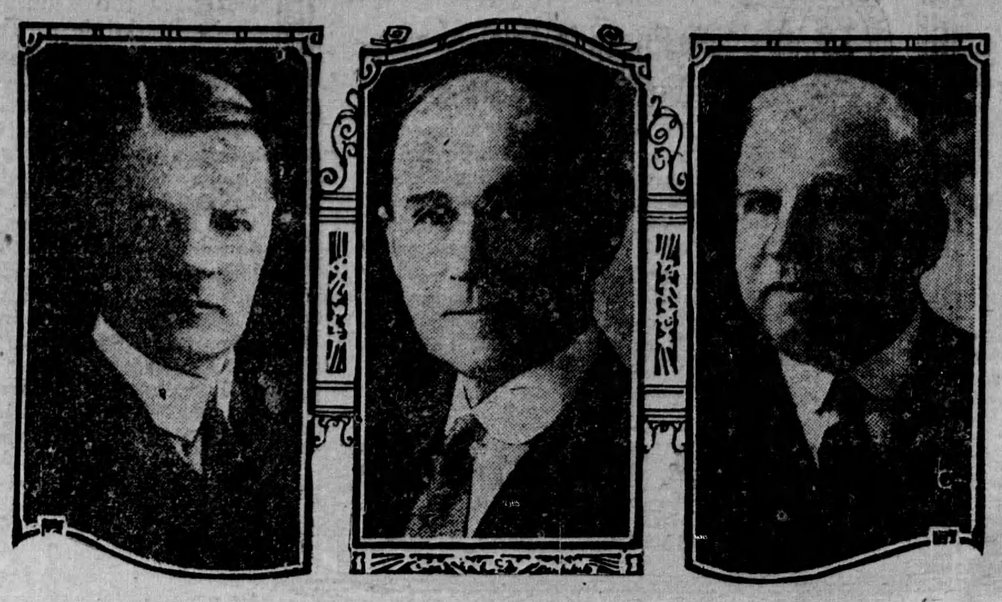
"I prefer Poincare's speech at Barle-Duc," said Seveillier, referring to the Premier's statement that Germany's war guilt could not be forgotten.

Woman and Child.

Deserted by its mother, a wretched, emaciated infant was left without a friend in the world and only through its weakness and misery could it make an appeal to the heart. The problem of what to do with it was generously solved by a sympathetic woman who just at the opportune moment made application for a bright, healthy child, and after a few minutes conversation she agreed to take this abandoned youngster. Her assiduous care and devotion soon made it fat, healthy and cooing. "You would make a fine matron for an Infants' Home," I remarked when she called some months later to show how her charge was getting along. "No, indeed," was her reply, "a woman can love one baby, but when it comes to a dozen crying youngsters she is most likely to hate them." And so God wisely sends the babies one at a time and in His wise providence provides that they may receive the undivided attention of one woman. He does not anywhere endorse or encourage the "institutional" plan of caring for a baby.—J. J. Kelso.

In Great Britain the largest station is Waterloo, where, in twenty-four hours, 1,400 trains are dealt with at twenty-three platforms. The busiest junction is Clapham Junction, through which upwards of 2,000 trains pass every twenty-four hours.

New Ministers in Ferguson Cabinet



APPOINTED TO ONTARIO CABINET

Above, left to right, are shown the new ministers in Premier Ferguson's provincial cabinet: Hon. William Finlayson, minister of lands and forests; Hon. Dr. J. D. Monteith, provincial treasurer, and Hon. Dr. David Jamieson, minister without portfolio.

A Better Country.

Very interesting is the comment upon the lives of those heroic men and women whose faith, variously manifest, makes up the honor roll of the eleventh chapter of the Epistle of the Hebrews, "They seek a better country." The adjective "heavenly" which follows in the next clause does not mean that they were thinking mainly of heaven; they were seeking conditions in a country on earth which they believed were like the personal and ethical conditions of heaven. That is to say, they were seeking a better social and political order.

A really good political government has been the dream and almost the despair of right-minded men since organized society began. Whether men ever yet have found it is a question which need not here be discussed. Certain it is that men are less confident than they once were that they know just how it is to be secured. But of Noah, Abraham, David, Samuel and all the rest of the ancient heroes it is said, "They seek a better country."

There were two ways in which they sought it. Some, like Abraham and Moses, went out from the country where they were, Abraham from Ur of the Chaldees and Moses from Egypt, and they sought to establish in new lands a purer government and worthier worship. Others, who were not emigrants, sought to make better the country where they were. History has shown both kinds of pioneers. The future must produce fewer of the men who go out and more in proportion of those who stay where they are and seek to make their own country better. The Mayflower and the covered wagon both belong to the past, but the spirit that in them moved westward with the sun still must find expression among people to whom new lands are no longer possible.

The hope of a better country and a better world is one that has inspired both men and women to deeds of valor, and the faith that this could be was a direct product of religious faith. God is the greatest of all adventurers; the first and most fearless of all pioneers. The urge and initiative toward better things, the faith, spite of all human failures, that men and nations can live worthily and happily on this planet, are part of that cosmic impulse which prophetic souls define as inspiration from God. This, if anything, will give us a better country and a better world. It is the hope that maketh not ashamed.

Big Apple Crop in B.C.

It is estimated by the Horticultural Department of the British Columbia Government that the apple crop of the Okanagan District in British Columbia will this year reach a total of 3,127,000 boxes, as compared with the total crop last year of 2,553,449 boxes. The estimate of the crab apple crop is for 117,850 boxes, as compared with 115,623 boxes last year; pears 100,900 boxes, compared with 16,484; plums and prunes, 215,350 boxes, as against 77,766 boxes last year.

Just as Western women use powder to whiten their faces, so do the women of one Fijian island employ black paint to increase their ebon charms.

Mountain Lakes.

Placid pools,
Above whose waters lean
The craggy bowldered shores;
Mirrors, each within a frame,
Of hemlock, jade and gold,
Where vivid maples flame
Upon the tree-rimmed hills,
And pine trees, staid and old,
Bend with the aspens,
Beyond the fortressed brink,
There to behold
Bright Autumn preen
Her plumage in the same
Blue glass,—
While from the fringe
Of tall shore grass,
There floats a peacock sheen
Of fleeting dragon wings:
Two yellow butterflies
Mount to some haunt unseen,
As from afar a blue jay cries
Defiance to the cold.
Rock walled,
The waters pale
Before the day is done,
Merging with dusk,
Into the starlit skies.

—Sarah Wilson Middleton.

Aloof.

And nothing will ever matter again.
I shall walk and talk with women and men.
Laugh their laughter and weep their tears,
And play the gay little game of years;
Sleep and waken, and dine and sup
On honey and cakes and a fragrant cup;
And nothing will matter, at all, to me,
But the bread and wine of memory.

I shall make a bright little song or two
(There must be something for one to do),
And nothing will ever matter to me
But a star in the night, and the wind in a tree,
Dew and mist and the rising tide,
And the hill where One was crucified.

—Barbara Young.

Suckers, of Course.

"He made his money out of fish."
"Suckers, I suppose?"

Unnecessary Sun.

"What time is it, dear?"
"The clock has stopped."
"Well, go out and look at the sundial."
"But it is dark out there in the garden."
"Well, can't you get a flashlight?"

Tablets Commemorate Important Events.

Among the important sites marked by the Department of the Interior on the recommendation of the Historic Sites and Monuments Board of Canada during the past season were two connected with the early history of the city of Ottawa, which last month celebrated the hundredth anniversary of its founding as Bytown in 1826. The one commemorates the death of an early Governor General and the other the turning of the first sod in the construction of the Rideau canal.

On August 17, a cairn, bearing a tablet in memory of the services, self-devotion and tragic death of Charles Lennox, Fourth Duke of Richmond, was unveiled on a spot near the village of Richmond, several miles from the city of Ottawa. The Duke of Richmond was appointed Governor-in-Chief of the Canadas, Lower and Upper, in 1818, and took up his residence in Lower Canada in July of that year. It was during the following year, 1819, while on an official tour of inspection of the Upper province and while visiting the newly surveyed lands allotted to soldier settlers, among which was the settlement of Richmond named in his honor, that his death took place under tragic circumstances. An infected wound of the hand caused by the bite of a pet fox and aggravated by the hot weather and rough journeying caused him so much suffering that his attendants inportuned him to rest at Richmond when that settlement had been reached. He made a determined effort to push forward, however, and after going a short distance was obliged to seek rest in the home of a settler where he died in great agony within a few hours.

The tablet commemorating the hundredth anniversary of the beginning of the Rideau canal, in September, 1826, under the direction of Col. John By, R.E., was unveiled on August 19, 1926. This memorial has been placed on the central pillar on the north side of the bridge spanning the canal in the heart of Ottawa. The construction of the Rideau canal was undertaken with a view to obtaining an interior water route between Montreal and lake Ontario, by way of the Ottawa river, and it has played a leading part in the upbuilding of the city of Ottawa, and in the development of southeastern Ontario.

Lomond's Bonnie Banks.

No Scottish song is heard more often than "The Bonnie Banks o' Loch Lomond." Everybody knows the chorus, which is its chief charm:—

Oh! you'll tak' the high road and I'll tak' the low,
And I'll be in Scotland afore ye,
But I and my true love, we'll never meet again
On the bonnie banks o' Loch Lomond.

There is a sad story attached to this refrain, and few who sing it so lustily know that they are singing a man's swan song. Certain questions arise. Why should the traveller by the low road be the first to arrive in Scotland? Why cannot the lovers ever meet again?

The hero of the song was a follower of the fortunes of Bonnie Prince Charlie, for whose sake so many Scotsmen were willing to die. He was from Loch Lomondside and was taken prisoner at Culloden. His sweetheart set out to overtake the army and actually did so at Carlisle. She managed to see her lover before he was shot.

The song is the Highlander's farewell to the girl, and a Gaelic legend is the very core and heart of the song. It was believed that anyone who suffered a violent and sudden death travelled instantly through the ground to his birthplace, and from there passed to Heaven. Thus the girl would take the high road back to the bonnie banks of Loch Lomond, but her lover, going by the low road of death, would be there first, and would be gone again before she arrived.

Women have invaded all but thirty-seven of the occupations of the world. There are as yet no women engine-drivers.

Nine veteran royal train drivers were presented to the king when their majesties arrived at Euston Station one morning lately. The men were lined up on the platform.