THE PRIZE WINNING ESSAY

The Winner and Her Sisters

Dear Sir:—

I did not dream when I sent in my effort for the Canada Essay Contest that I would be lucky enough to win a prize, such a splendid one at that, and I can hardly realize my good fortune even yet, but I have the evidence of my own eyes and must believe it.

This is the first time I have tried in an Essay competition, though the second public prize I have won, for last year I secured third prize in the Home Garden Competition in connection with the Public Schools of the County.

I. on Oct. 14th, 1913, was born on my father's farm in Burford Township, and attended Public School at Fairfield Plains School, Section No. 15, Burford, and passed into High School in Burford village last September. There, although perhaps not my best subjects, composition and English literature are easily my favorites and the more I study them the better I like them. In the last Easter examinations my average was 82 and I ranked fifth out of thirty-five students in my form. I like sports and games and especially gymnastics but I am not strong enough yet to excell in any great degree.

I attend regularly the local United Church for service and Sunday School and I find my lessons in English literature are a great help to me in understanding what I hear there.

I have a strong desire to become a Public School teacher though I have my doubts sometimes as to whether I am clever enough but I am doing my best.

I am sorry I have no photograph of myself alone and only the enclosed snapshot taken with my two sisters last summer. I am standing on the left, my elder sister in the middle and the younger on the right. I wish it were better but this is the best I can do and I hope this will prove satisfactory. I have no brothers.

Again thanking you for considering my Essay worthy of your splendid prize.

I am,
Yours faithfully,
Margaret Hobson.

"THE JOHN CANUCK DEPARTMENTAL STORE"

Margaret Hobson, of Burford, in Original and Delightful Style, Tells of Our Country.

Years ago in Old London it was the custom of apprentices, among their other duties, to stand outside their master's place of business and cry his wares to the passers by. They usually began by crying "What d'yer lack?" "What d'yer lack?"

I appear before you to-day in much the same capacity but the firm I represent is, I will not say the richest, but I believe in the extent of its resources, the largest in the world, I speak of our newly organized Departmental Store of Canada. In our early days we started as a small outpost of the British Empire Ltd. Sixty years ago we became one of the chain and recently we have developed into a fully established store under our own management entirely, but still and always affiliated to our great Central Office.

Now what does our store contain? I honestly believe everything that is necessary to man, woman or child. For you, Madam Fashion, we have the choicest of furs, and the finest of jewellery, the latter from our own mines and both manufactured in our own store. We also grow the finest of wool for your garments which are made up by the most talented of dressmakers.

Mrs. Housewife, you are indeed fortunate for owing to the peculiar position of our establishment you have a larger range of products probably than any other country in the world. Open to your choice, are not only fruits and vegetables equal to the best grown in the temperate climate, but from the Niagara Peninsula and British Columbia are obtained many of those usually associated with the Tropical zone.

Mr. Business man, you are not forgotten for what ever your business, if it requires power, we can supply you cheaply and plentifully from our comparatively unused water-power while your raw material if not grown, as it likely is inside our limits, can be cheaply brought to you over our great inland waterways. Then your pleasures are also well attended to, for if you are a smoker you will find we grow the finest of tobacco while for your hours of relaxation in our vast unexplored open spaces you will find a veritable sportman's paradise. For where else in the world can you combine big game hunting and fishing of such quality?

If you are undecided where to go this, and Mrs. Tourist, just look over our store, for whether you desire to travel by train, boat, auto, "Shanks ponies" or a combination of all four, we can provide you with anything you desire. A train journey across our possessions from the Atlantic to the Pacific with its generous conditions as to "stop over" privileges at places of interest, will give you a general bird's eye view of what we have to offer. If you wish a closer inspection an auto trip, over our network of good roads, with well equipped rest camps in which you will have your comfort so well looked after, that you are free to enjoy all the beauties of the road, is an experience you will always look back on with pleasure. The diversity of headquarters you have to choose from is only equalled by their difference in type of interest. The Niagara Peninsula when the fruit trees are in bloom you will consider a close approach to fairy land, while you must not miss visiting the Falls, especially if they are illuminated. You will not soon forget the sight. A voyage through the Thousand Islands, a visit to Quebec with its historical interests and "Evangeline land" would be well worth while. For the "hickers" are the Rocky Mountains with their sublime views and British Columbia offers scenes entirely different from the rest.

For Mr. Farmer there is some of the finest land that lies out of doors and he can find anything he requires from an ideal site for a chicken farm to a thousand acre ranch. We grow the finest wheat in the world and are rapidly building up a reputation for the choicest bacon and butter while our fruit and especially apples would be hard to excel. Our British Columbia apple is good, and I have heard it stated that it was probaby its brightest color that tempted the mother of the world, but I believe that it took the flavor and aroma of the Ontario grown article to bring about the downfall of Adam. If so, if he could speak, he would probably say it compensated even for Paradise. A great and expanding market for all the farmer grows, lies at our doors, while his interests are looked after by a paternal government, with agricultural colleges and experimental stations at different points.

To sum up, good people, it does not matter who you are or what degree you occupy in the world, whether you are a young person with nothing but your hands to help you, or of mature age with wealth to invest, you cannot do better than come to this young growing store. We can give a welcome to you all. To the children, a good education, the only qualification for which is brains and "grit" for, unlike most of the older countries it can be truly said of our store that every "toddler" just starting school carries the Premiere's position in his book satchel. The man with ideas is always welcome and here he will have a chance to exploit them, while the professional man has every opportunity to rise to higher positions. The religious life is well attended to by men, many of whom are leaders in their respective branches of thought and all we ask of you in return is that you help to make our great company a power to be reckoned with, not only commercially, but in the finer things of life as well.

WHAT TO WRITE FOR THE BOYS?

Juvenile readers have grown up in the reading sense, and one writer, whose evidently unfortunate business is to write for boys, invokes the spirits of Henty and Ballantyne and Manville Fenn of the past to find out what he shall do for the boy of to-day. The writer remains anonymous, as he well might, since he describes his audience as made up of such categories as these—"the van-boy type, the juvenile monster who devours 'thick-ear' stuff, and the egotistical monstrosity whose brain is big enough to get him a motor-cycle driving license as soon as his parents buy it for him." Thus the writer reveals himself as English, but his further account of his quandary, which appears in the London Daily Express, is probably of wider application, at least among English-speaking boys. His appeal is to the "giant" writers of the past whose path was encumbered with none of the distractions from bookish pursuits that prevail to-day:

"Giants that you are, I am craving your pity. You lived in an age, and wrote for a generation, with few distractions. You had to face none of the comptition of cinema and motor-bicycle—ephemeralities in an ephemeral age. Thus were you allowed to grow to your present stature, and to-day we envy you the opportunities you had.

"The boy reader of to-day has seen the dreams of Jules Verne come true. He has lived through the worst blood-and-thunder in history—the Great War; and a printed blood-and-thunder is tame stuff by comparison.

"He is hard to please. His imagination is bunted by reality and is difficult to shock. A printed thrill is nothing compared with a motor-cycling thrill. You can not convince him that the future holds any adventure of which he does not know. Modern education has made him the spoiled child of Progress, which—as Disraeli said—is not so much progress as 'the tendency of things.'

"As for the sort of reverent romance you so easily served up to him in your days, he sees it trampled on by his grown-up sister, and he has learned to regard the Victorian age as a freak.

"And he goes to the pictures. He feeds on the living image of 'he-man' stars who, to him, are real. He has lost patience with the boy hero of fourteen years who quells revolutions in a South American republic, or beats Napoleon at his own game. He can no longer endure the boy hero who, sub rosa, was really the fellow who won the Duke of Wellington his renown.

"He is past such nonsense, and he knows it—and he is such an intolerant little monster that the only way to foist your giantly books upon him is to give them as school prizes or Christmas presents.

"So I should like you to tell us what we can do with him as we sit down to write his stories to-day. I wager it will be a problem beyond your power to solve, for nowadays even a Shakespeare could be boosted into the background by an American film king from Hollywood. You had no Hollywood when they gave you your laurel crowns. Monopolies and monopolists may be useful in trade—but they are bad for the art of the boy's story.

"We describe the knight who takes his sword to conquer in a world where the worthy win and the spoils go to the brave and true. We offer the serial rights of the honest old story, with the eternal moral discreetly glossed—and we are lucky to get it accepted, provided we sign away the cheap book rights as well. Our monetary reward is an insult to our errant knight, but we have to live, and so we must sell."

Barrister—"He is a man who has overpaid money by mistake." Judge—"Have you a glass case or a museum to put him in?"

Be of good cheer about death, and know this of a truth, that no evil can happen to a good man, either in life or after death.—Socrates.

TABLE LINEN HINTS

Brightly colored table linens are just the thing now. Good taste, which formerly dictated only white table-coverings and napkins, has changed. Now we can use color not only in flowers and favors, but in the table linen as well. The linen departments in our big stores are no longer staid and dignified. The shelves and tables are overflowing with bright reds, pretty blues and other colors.

Our love of color must not lead us astray. If we use painted furniture in the dining-room and set the table with decorated china, beware of colored table linens. Cream colored linens harmonize with any colored furnishings. The colored glassware which has become so popular can be used with gay linens if the other furnishings are neutral in tone. Too much color will tire us, and we want our homes to be restful.

A EUROPEAN STYLE.

Europe is sending us cream colored linen trimmed in color. Czecho- Slovakia has been prolific in its production of linens woven of coarser threads in interesting patterns. The linen is made of cream colored flat thread, with Turkey red stripes to mark off squares and to make the border. Dark blue is combined with the cream background, too, and sometimes more delicate colors, such as lavender, light blue or yellow, are used.

Linen made of strong, smooth, round threads is found in solid colors and also in the cream colored cloths with borders of colored stripes. An unusual combination which is very new is the tablecloth of solid color, with white hem. Napkins are made to match. This color combination is also reversed, with the centre left white or cream colored and the hem a solid color. These sets may be daring, but they are attractive. The colors can be chosen with reference to the color plan for the dining-room or the china.

ATTRACTIVE DECORATION.

When meals are served on the verandah or on the lawn, a cloth made of Japanese toweling is suitable. Small napkins to match save the better ones of linen. Japanese toweling is made of cotton, therefore is inexpensive—a table-cloth can be purchased for $1, or less. Its blue designs are not likely to fade if washed carefully.

Handsome table-damask of fine quality, having a beautiful satin gloss, is made by using fine colored-linen threads in the pastel shades combined with fine white linen threads. The effect is charming, and the damask is rich-looking.

PALE GREENS AND YELLOW.

What could be so cool-looking on a hot summer day for a company luncheon as a cloth of pale green damask? Plain white dishes, faintly tinted green glassware and brightly polished silver complete the illusion of cool breezes.

A spring luncheon would be pretty with yellow damask cloth and napkins. Some of these damask sets are expensive. The napkins are in the 24-inch size. Since all good damask is high-priced, it is a question if one should buy it colored. The same amount of money invested in plain white damask will be a better investment for the average housewife.

VARIETY OF CHOICE.

Printed linens have appeared recently. We see them with a riot of colors spread over the entire tablecloth in interesting designs, or we see plain centres and the many-colored border. These table-covers are best suited to meals served on the verandah. Because they are new, the prices are high for the printed linens. The designs are often Persian in their feeling, although some are more vivid.

The colored embroidery used on handkerchiefs is now shown on table linen. Threads are pulled out and colored threads run in to replace the pulled ones. Flowers of French knots, and pretty baskets, are used for decorations. Much of this work is done in Porto Rico. One who enjoys doing handwork can duplicate these sets for half the cost of the ready made ones; or she may, for the same price, make a set for herself and one set to use as a gift.

The Spanish and Italian embroidered linens are pleasing. The flax for these linens may be grown in Ireland and woven in Scotland or Belgium, but Italian linen means Italian handwork and perhaps Italian weaving. The Spanish linen may be woven in Spain and certainly will be embroidered in that country. Both Spain and Italy are noted for their fine handwork and their reputation does not suffer from these recent importations of lovely embroidered linens.

ITALIAN AND SPANISH LINENS.

In the Italian linens we find the square and straight-line designs with the fine Italian hemstitching. Many clever needlewomen are making these at home. The round-thread linen, 40 inches wide, can be bought in stores and the Italian hemstitching is not difficult to do. Cream and oyster white are the usual colors chosen. The Spanish linens are distinguished from the others by their scallops and their designs in scrolls.

Madeira embroidery still pleases. The little eyelets and dainty scallops on the pure white linen will always be standard and conservative. Any bride-to-be or a well-established housekeeper will welcome the gift of a box of Madeira napkins. Six or a dozen come in a box.

A cup of tea or a glass of fruit juice served to the afternoon caller is more attractive when accompanied by a pretty napkin. Groups of four or six who gather for committees or for a sociable time appreciate the simple refreshments served in the living-room. Tiny napkins are appropriate to use at such times.

Double damask linen is so fine that the pattern is the same on both sides. When enough threads are crowded into one square inch, it is almost impossible to tell right side from wrong. Pattern cloths have been woven so that the entire pattern is complete in the two or three-yard lngth. Sets of six or a dozen napkins come in the same design and are sold with the cloth. In the good qualities these sets are high in price, but thy outwear the newer varieties of linens. Cotton is being made into a fabric which closely resembles linen damask but does not launder so well.

Honor graduates from Japan's substitute for Kingston Royal Military College. The five "perfect" cadets of the Military Cadet school, Tokio, at the graduation ceremonies, were presented with prize watches by the Emperor of Japan.

STRAWBERRIES!

A New Bulletin Available.

Strawberries can be successfully grown on many kinds of soils from a very light sand to a heavy clay, but it flourishes best on a moderately light friable soil. It is important to choose a soil that does not pack or bake in order that the young runner-plants get rooted as early as possible. To avoid damage from white grubs, land that has been in sod for some years should not be used for strawberries until a few hoed crops have been grown upon it. Land infested with couch grass or other persistent weeds should also be avoided. They may be planted either in spring or fall, but it is recommended that spring planting should be adopted. The planting should be done as early as possible in order to get the benefit of the cool weather and the moisture.

Before planting, the land should be thoroughly plowed, disked and harrowed, and it should be rolled in order to facilitate planting.

A new bulletin of the Dominion Experimental Farms, on the Strawberry and Its Cultivation in Canada, is available on application to the Publications Branch, Dept. of Agriculture, Ottawa, and covers every phase of strawberry growing.

PUREBRED RAMS CLASSIFIED.

The grading of purebred rams was commenced in the Province of Ontario last autumn, when it was confined to the eastern counties. The classification was limited to breeders of Shropshire, Oxford, Leicester and Cotswold breeds, who made application for it. The grading was done by Mr. A. E. MacLaurin under the direction of the Live Stock Commissioner of the Dept. of Agriculture, Ottawa, in co-operation with the Ontario Dept. of Agriculture, through the Agricultural Representatives in the different counties. In all some twenty flocks were gone over, in which about 200 rams for sale were graded as suitable for use on either purebred or grade flocks. For the better class of rams, good enough to head average purebred flocks, the grade of XXX was given, and for sheep of slightly lower grade but still of good quality and fit to head grade flocks was given the grade of XX. Of the former 130 rams were classified and of the latter 70.

At the conclusion of grading, lists showing the owners, the breed they keep, the identity, grading and price of each animal, were distributed to those interested in the purchase or distribution of purebread rams.

The work was highly appreciated by the producers of market lambs as well as by the breeders of purebred sheep, who, through this service, found a ready market for the stock they had to sell.

Smoke Bares Leaks.

One of the most perplexing noises in an automobile is the escape of gas under pressure, either through a leaking gasket or a small hole in the exhaust pipe system. Because the gases are passing at such terrific pressure, the smaller the leak the sharper the noise and the more serious the sound appears. Exhaust and gasket leaks usually can be discovered by blowing tobacco smoke around the part suspected.

SPORTSMANSHIP

L. S. ARCHER.

Five box rabbit traps and a two-by-four briar patch played a very important part in the lives of two small boys of my acquaintance. They lived in the country on a small farm, all of which was under cultivation except the pasture field at the back of the place. In this pasture was a wonderful briar patch, a stone pile and some ground-hog holes. Bordering this was a piece of woodland and an uncultivated swamp.

The briar patch had long been the home and refuge of all the Peter Rabbits and Molly Cottontails of the surrounding country. The pasture was the playground of the two small boys. For hours they and their dog romped unmolested, waded in the brook, built dams at the spring, climbed trees, threw stones and occasionally joined the dog in a chase for an unwary rabbit. This field belonged to them—with all its delightful nooks and crannies, all its birds, all its rabbits—it all belonged to them. The old rabbit with a knowing wink would sometimes jump out ahead of the dog, circle the field and come back to disappear in a ground-hog hole. Small wonder the boys loved this place and claimed every rabbit in it.

There is one month in the year when men are allowed to gun for the rabbit, which is considered a real delicacy in this section, and boys may set traps. Each of these small boys had one box trap which he carefully baited and hid in the briar patch and one which he placed just beyond the fence in the swamp. A neighbor's boy—a playmate and chum—brought three traps and set them in the beloved briar patch, and each morning for six successive days caught one of Peter's family while the other two boys got none. Hot resentment filled their breasts. Friendship was forgotten. "It is our briar patch," they said. "They are our rabbits. Red has no right to put his traps in our field."

My sympathy was with the two small boys, but no matter how we "lean" the principles of good sportsmanship remain the same.

The father of these two embryonic citizens used this incident for a lesson. If they felt free to set a trap on the other side of their fence in the swamp, then, by the same code, Red had a right to put his traps in the briar patch. He showed them that a rabbit was a small thing in the world of men; that just such trifles as rabbits, line fences and trespassing clamis could make bitter enemies; that they needed to get the right perspective of their relationship to life's events.

This was training in fair play and good citizenship. The lesson was not taught nor learned in a single day, but, before the month was up the boys could hail their comrade with a cheerful grin and, "What luck this morning, Red? Gee, he's a big one!"

If children can be taught to get the right slant on childish difficulties then men will have a broader outlook and a clearer sense of justice when it comes to dealing with the larger problems that confront them, for, "Men are but children of a larger growth."

GEAR SHIFT GOING

New Invention Does Away With Grind and Wear of Clashing Gears.

At a recent meeting of the Royal Society of Arts, in London, Mr. Geo. Constantinesco delivered, by invitation of the Society, a lecture describing recent developments of his remarkable device called the "torque converter," replacing the usual gear-shift systems of automobiles and similar machines. Says Dr. E. E. Free, in his Week's Science (New York):

This device is described by some engineers as being the most remarkable innovation in the science of mechanics since the invention of the steam engine. One of the problems encountered in many applications of power is the problem of varying the speed of a moving machine without changing the speed of the engine which drives it. In gasoline automobiles for example, it is necessary to provide some gear-shift arrangement, by which the driver can operate his car rapidly or slowly, the speed of the engine changing much less than does the speed of the rear wheels. The Constantinesco device does away with this necessity. Small automobiles equipped with it are now being built in England and have no gears at all. The driver needs to pay no attention only to the throttle and to the steering-wheel. The principle of the device is one essentially new in mechanics. Mr. Contantinesco declares that he worked it out mathematically and philosophically before any model of it was built. The trick is in the use of an oscillating weight, which vibrates back and forth like the pendulum of a clock. The mechanical principles involved are far more complicated, however, than are those of a simple pendulum.

The teacher was testing her scholars' knowledge of the Ten Commandments. Coming to the last one, "Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's house; thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife," the teacher asked: "Can anyone tell me why Moses wrote down 'house' before 'wife'?" "Because a house is harder to get!" replied a small boy.