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JAPAN TEA

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Prof. Howe Tells 'Em

Toronto Forestry Expert Tells the United States a Few Plain Solid Truths

Hanover, N.H.—Criticism of the rapid depletion of United States forest reserves, as compared with Canada's careful husbandry of her timber, was made in a candid paper read by Dr. C. D. Howe, director of Forestry School of the University of Toronto, before the annual New England Forestry Conference here.

"Canadians, 'said Dr. Howe, "are a very conservative people. They cannot be stampeded into hasty action by economic pressure. They build slowly because they are more interested in the character of the foundation than in the size of the structure. They do not worship bigness simply because it is big. This leads to a misunderstanding of us in trade relations by the people of the United States, and the United States is open to the charge that, having depleted her own natural resources, nearly to the point of exhaustion, she believes she has the right to go to other countries and repeat the process.

"It is not my intention to criticize the United States tariff regulations as applied to Canada," said Dr. Howe. "Canada is the United States' best customer, but she is being alienated by what seems to be short-sighted tariff regulations. These restrictions will in the long run be of benefit to the Canadians because they are developing our home industries and leading to greater trade with other parts of the Empire."

Dr. Howe said that Canada had already been compelled to prevent the exportation of pulp wood, which had made it necessary for American capital to move into Canada, and that in a short time the New England hardwood manufacturers would also be compelled to move across the border.

"Canada has its virgin forests, and it intends to preserve them," he said. "It will use proper forestry methods. In Ontario alone we have set aside four townships for experimental purposes, we plant 16,000 acres of white pine annually, and we are greatly interested in the regeneration of spruce on our cut-over areas."

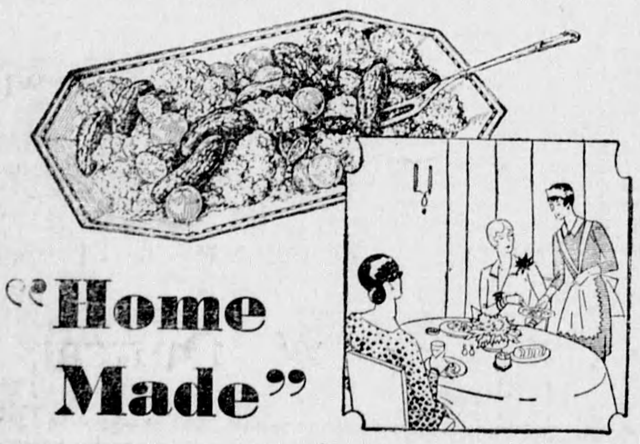
The forestry conference, which was largely attended by foresters and educators from the New England States [illegible] met to consider New Eng[illegible] timber supply, especially with relation to Canadian resources. Papers were read on state taxation, regional zoning, the problem of preserving the scenic beauty of highways, reforestation and allied topics.

USEFULNESS

We sometimes wonder of what use we are, and why we are put on earth. One day is added to another and we seem to be no farther advanced on the pathway or our lives. As Mark Twain would have put it, we do not appear to be gaining on the scenery. Yet there is room in the world, and need in the world, for each and every one of us, and therefore we must keep on going to the end. Emerson has a poem in which the squirrel takes to the mountain and says: "If I cannot carry forests on my back neither can you rack a nut." You can do something nobody else can do; namely, live your life. You have your chance, if you will only take it, and I have mine. If we can do nothing else we can at least be someone's friend, and there is nothing that the world more keenly wants and more sadly needs.

GOOD MEN

Nature seems to exist for the excellent. The world is upheld by the veracity of good men; they make the earth wholesome. They who lived with them found life glad and nutritious. Life is sweet and tolerable only in our belief in such society, and actually or ideally we manage to live with superiors. We call our children and our lands by their names. Their names are wrought into the verbs of language, their works and effigies are in our houses, and every circumstance of the day recalls an anecdote of them. R. W. Emerson.



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PICKLED BEANS

String a quarter of a peck of tender green beans, throw them into a kettle of boiling water, add 1 teaspoonful salt and boil 25 minutes. When done drain in a colander, let stand until cold, then put into jars. Sprinkle lightly with cayenne, add one tablespoonful of Keen's Mustard, 1 tablespoonful chopped horse - radish and cover the whole with strong cider vinegar.

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The Affair at Flower Acres

by CAROLYN WELLS

BEGIN HERE TODAY.

Douglas Raynor is found shot through the heart in the early evening on the floor of the sun room of Flower Acres, his Long Island home. Standing over the dead man, pistol in hand, is Malcolm Finley, former sweetheart of Raynor's wife, Nancy. Eva Turner, Raynor's nurse, stands by the light switch. Then Nancy; her brother, Orville Kent; Ezra Goddard, friend of Finley; Miss Mattie, Raynor's sister, and others, enter the room. Detective Dobbins is official investigator. Lionel Raynor son of Douglas Raynor by first marriage, comes to claim his father's estate. Nurse Turner, arrested in New York, confesses that she attempted to poison Douglas Raynor for revenge. But the shooting remains a mystery and Pennington Wise, a celebrated detective, is called to take charge of the case. With him is his girl assistant, Zizi.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

Eva Turner looked dumbfounded.

"You see," Wise went on, "Miss Turner noted the frightened face of Mrs. Raynor, although she swears that Mrs. Raynor was going out of the door—fleeing—I believe she said. A person doesn't flee backward. Now, Mr. Finley, for your account of this moment. You entered at the east door—after you heard the shot?"

"Yes," said Finley shortly. He was not gruff or annoyed, but he felt as if he were to be tripped up unless very careful, even though telling a straight story.

"You were inside the sun parlor before the light flashed up?"

"Yes."

"You had involuntarily picked up the revolver before the light appeared?"

"Yes."

"How could you see the weapon?"

"It was dusk—not entirely dark, and the metal shone clearly."

"Yes, it would. You could see Mr. Raynor—"

"As a huddled heap on the floor. Seeing the pistol, I knew what must have happened, and I picked it up—"

"Yes, I know; and then the light came and—here is the point, you glanced at once toward Mrs. Raynor?"

"No—or, I don't know." Finley spoke slowly. "I should say I looked first at Mr. Raynor—naturally he caught my attention."

"Of course—of course," Wise assented, "and then?"

"And then—oh, I don't know! I suppose my eyes glanced round—"

"Try to think—your eyes glanced round and you saw Mrs. Raynor—"

"Yes."

"Going out or coming in at the west door?"

Finley fidgeted. It was one thing to tell a glib tale to Dobbins and quite another to meet these clear blue eyes with an indefinite statement.

"I don't know," he said, at last, desperately; "I should say she was just standing there—neither going out nor coming in."

"Certainly not 'fleeing' then," and Wise nodded. "You saw her face, Mr. Finley?"

Again Finley paused.

"Mr. Wise," he said, "I cannot say. I was so startled by the occasion, and also so blinded by the sudden light, that I cannot say whether I could see Mrs. Raynor's face or not."

"That will do, Mr. Finley." Wise looked at him contemplatively. "You are uncertain because you want to be. You are uncertain of what to say—rather than as to what you saw. You are trying to think what will be best for Mrs. Raynor's interests."

"Are you a clairvoyant, Mr. Wise?" Finley asked.

"No, it is not necessary to be that to read your attitude."

"My attitude is more sincere than you think." Finley spoke angrily now. "I have no reason to speak other than the truth. But it is not surprising that I cannot remember clearly the details of the scene."

"That is perfectly true. Yet, the details you do remember are somewhat contradictory. The lights flashed on, you glanced first and naturally at the shocking sight of Mr. Raynor's body on the floor. With the light on you could see this plainly—could even see that he was evidently dead, or at least, seriously injured. Is this not so?"

"Yes."

"And you looked at the revolver in your hand?"

"I dare say—I suppose so—yes, I am sure I did."

"Then, your glance turned toward the door where Mrs. Raynor stood."

"Yes."

"Yet, after the notice you took of Mr. Raynor, after the look you gave the weapon you held in your hand, after these appraising glances—you state that your eyes were so blinded by the sudden light you could not see Mrs. Raynor clearly."

Malcolm Finley looked chagrined, and then, in manly fashion he accepted the situation.

"I fear I spoke hastily, Mr. Wise. Now, I can only say, that I agree that after the attention I paid to the sight of Mr. Raynor, and to the revolver, which I saw quite clearly, I could not have been dazzled by the light. But when I said that—I thought it was so. Now, I will correct it by saying that I must have been dazed rather than dazzled, and dazed—stunned, almost, by the shock of the evident tragedy, and because of my bewildered senses I did not see clearly—definitely, rather, the exact position or attitude of Mrs. Raynor as she stood in the doorway."

"Yet it seems probable that you should see the lady as well as that you should see the other scenes you speak of. You noticed Miss Turner?"

"Yes; she stood, her hand still on the light switch, her face horrified, and behind her came Miss Raynor, equally agitated."

"You seem to have noticed these two ladies much more definitely than you observed Mrs. Raynor. Why was that?"

"I cannot tell you," Malcolm Finley said, with dignity.

"Will you tell me," Wise said, turning to Nan, "whether you were leaving or entering the room when the lights appeared?"

"I don't know—"

SHE SPOKE LIKE ONE HYPNOTIZED. "I SAW—I WON'T TELL YOU WHAT I SAW!"

"Try to think—it may mean a great deal."

"I can't think—I can't remember."

"You were sitting on the terrace when you heard the shot?"

"Yes."

"You rose at once and walked toward the sun parlor?"

"Yes."

"Mrs. Raynor, then as you had been sitting in the dusk, your eyes were accustomed to it—not as if you had come from a lighted room—when you reached the west door of the sun parlor, was the door open?"

"Yes."

"What did you see?"

"Nothing alarming—at first."

"But you saw—"

Nancy looked at him, her eyes wide with horror, yet full of uncertainty.

"You saw," the inexorable blue eyes looked steadily at her.

"I saw—" she spoke like one hypnotized, then she seemed fairly to wrench her own gaze away from the detective's as she cried out, "I won't tell you what I saw!"

"Let her alone," said a soft little voice, and the girl, Zizi, glided to Nan's side, sank in a low seat beside her, and took her hand.

"As to incidental matters," the detective said, speaking on as if without interruption, "whose was the revolver?"

"It belonged to my brother," Miss Mattie said, eagerly, glad to take a part in this enthralling conversation.

Wise looked at her with interest.

"Where did he keep it?"

"Right in the table drawer in the sun parlor."

"Who knew the revolver was in that drawer?"

"Everybody in the house," Miss Raynor replied.

"Fingerprints?"

"None were found on it except mine," Malcolm Finley volunteered.

"I've been told you wiped it with your handkerchief, Mr. Finley, even while you were dazzled by the sudden light and dazed by the shock of the tragedy."

"Yes, I did it unthinkingly—"

"You did not do it unthinkingly," the detective said. "You did it purposely—to remove fingerprints—either your own or another's! Will you say which?"

"If I say which, I shall certainly say my own—for I have no reason to suspect any one else."

"Did you shoot Mr. Raynor?"

"I am not obliged to answer that question, as you will know, Mr. Wise."

"And you prefer not to do so?"

"Now, as to the mark of the overshoe on the floor." The detective seemed to jump from one subject to another easily. "Who saw it?"

"I did," Miss Raynor vouchsafed. "The other detective showed it to me. He said it was a clew."

"It is," Wise said gravely. "Was it a whole print of the sole?"

"Oh, no; just a partial print—of one side of the rubber."

"Which side?"

"Let me see, now." Miss Mattie was elated and a little flustered. "Why it was the right side of the right foot—yes, that was it. I looked at it most carefully. It was positively the print of a new overshoe; it was on the floor between the two rugs, and—why, I could draw you a picture of it! It was the clear, full print of the right side of the right foot."

"Are the rights and lefts of overshoes so clearly defined?" asked Goddard.

(To be continued.)

ISSUE No. 38—'29

Herd of Reindeer Makes Long Trek

Big Step Towards Raising Food Supply in Mackenzie Basin

Vancouver.—Canada's reindeer industry takes a big forward step this year with the trek of 3,000 northern animals from Alaska into the Dominion. In November this herd, secured by Canada from the United States herds in Alaska, will begin a trek which will take 18 months and will land the animals, in 1931, on the Arctic coast east of the Mackenzie River.

A. E. Porsild, botanist for the Northwest Territories Branch, Department of the Interior, at Ottawa, is on his way to Nome, whence he will go by ship or airplane to Kotzebue for the start of the movement. Porsild went from here to Seattle to meet Ralph Lomen, head of the Lomen Reindeer Corporation which has the contract of delivery to the Dominion.

The deer will be driven by easy stages to Kattigazuit, which is the destination, where corrals and buildings will be built. It is estimated the herd will double itself in three years.

The deer, it is hoped, will take the place of cattle in supplying Eskimos with food. A reindeer is worth about $25, and Canada's new herd is declared to be a profitable investment. Cost of the animals and their 18-month migration will be about $200,000.

From a herd of 1,280 Siberian reindeer, brought into Alaska at a cost of $300,000, the United States has developed a stock of a million animals. Canada, it is believed, can duplicate that.

Minard's Liniment—The King of Pain.

Fiscal Imperialism

Glasgow Herald (Cons.): A good deal of misunderstanding of the Dominion position in this matter is due to the fact that many people at home fail to take account of the rise of overseas manufacturing interests. They persist in viewing the "new" countries as almost exclusively ocupied in primary production. They fail to se Sydney for sheep stations, and Toronto for wheat fields and apple trees. They forget that manufacturers in Australia and Canada are faced with competition from manufacturers at home and are convinced that a measure of protection is essential to their salvation and survival. We may consider them wrong-headed or we may not, but we are compelled to take account of the attitude as a fact and not to advance ideal theories as if competition did not exist.

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A HIGH CALLING

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Kill that corn with Minard's Liniment

LIFE

And life is thorny, and youth is vain,
And to be wroth with one we love
Doth work like madness in the brain.
—S. T. Coleridge.

An IDEA

There is only one thing stronger than armies and that is an idea whose time has come.—Victor Hugo.

A little boy at his Scripture lesson said: "Please, teacher, was Pontius Pilate of an airship or a liner?"

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