### The Fisher Body Craftsman's Guild

Many Lone Scouts will no doubt be interested in knowing how the Coach Building Competition organized by the Guild is progressing, and we are glad to say that the first year's activities have been reported to us as being very satisfactory.

There are now 15,250 boys in Canada, enrolled as members, and many of these are in the final stages of building their coaches, and will have same ready by the end of this month for this year's judging.

The judging will take place in July in three centres in Canada—Regina for the Western Provinces, Toronto for Ontario, Montreal for Quebec and Eastern Canada.

Soon after the judging is over, 14 Canadian boys will be taking a trip, with all expenses paid, to the annual Guild Convention in Detroit, where their models will be rejudged in the international competition for the four four-year University Scholarships.

Many Scouts from the various Troops in the Dominion have enrolled in this Guild Competition, and the suggestion has been made that, should a Canadian Boy Scout win one of the major awards, his coach be purchased from him, if he is willing, and that he be given the honor of presenting it to the Chief Scout of Canada, His Excellency Lord Bessborough.

If there are any Lone Scouts engaged in building coaches for this competition, we hope they will have them ready for the judging in July, but "Lone E" understands that this competition may be extended for another year, so if you have not already enrolled you will have an opportunity to do so.

### Canadian Boys to Fly Model 'Planes in Hungary

The display features of next year's world gathering of Boy Scouts in Hungary will include an exhibition of model airplanes. Canadian Scouts are expected to show and fly models.

### Canadians For Air Glider Meet

Air gliding displays will provide a feature of next year's world gathering of Boy Scouts in Hungary. Canadian Scouts who have taken up this new air sport will be invited to participate.

### Governor-General Presents Silver Wolf Decoration

The Silver Wolf, Scouting's highest honorary decoration, was presented by His Excellency the Governor-General, as Chief Scout for Canada, to Mr. Gerald H. Brown, Honorary Dominion Secretary of the Boy Scouts Association, and Major A. A. Pinard, of the Dominion Medal Board, for long and valuable service to the movement.

### India's Troubles Don't Affect Scouts

Apparently the Boy Scout Code of friendliness is proof even against the political and religious dissensions of India. Latest Scout census reports indicate a continuance of the steady growth of recent years to a new high total membership of 173,444. The enrolment includes boys of all castes.

### King's Scouts

We congratulate Lone Scouts Kenneth Manns and Harvey Hudson, of Hensall, on having successfully passed all the tests to qualify them as King's Scouts, and we know that their brother Lonies throughout the Province will wish to congratulate them also.

### The Lone Scout Camp

The time is drawing close to our Summer Camp, which is to be held from July 4th to 16th inclusive, and we are anxious that as many Lone Scouts as possible shall be there.

Remember it does not matter if you have passed any tests or not, or if you possess a Scout Uniform or not. We shall welcome you just as you are, and help you to understand how to play the Game of Scouting better and assist you to learn the points necessary to qualify for promotion.

Therefore, if you have not yet sent in your reservation, do so at once, so as to avoid disappointment. Remember all applications for this camp must be at Lone Scout Headquarters not later than the 20th June.

The Camp will be held at Ebor Park, near Brantford, Ontario.

The Boy Scout Programme is open to all boys between the ages of 12 to 18 inclusive. If you live in the country or where you are unable to attend a Boy Scout Troop's meetings, you can still take part in the programme by becoming a Lone Scout. For full particulars write to The Lone Scout Dept., Boy Scouts Association, 330 Bay Street, Toronto 2. Information will be gladly sent to you.—"Lone E."

## England's Child Labor

By LADY ASTOR

### In a House of Commons Speech

Lord Astor, my husband, took the word of the Home Office and withdrew his bill (to restrict employment of persons under 18 to forty-eight hours a week), but nothing was done. That gallant man worked hard in the House of Lords to get his bill. In fact, he worked as hard as he did when he tried to win the Derby.

I am the mother of many children, and if anything would embitter me it is what has happened to a woman in humble circumstances who has a very brilliant child. He has had to be sent into a blind-alley occupation and will not be able to continue his education. The employer said, "You will have to be here at 7 in the morning and stay until 7 at night." What chance has that child got?

I do not want to give sob stuff, but I could give case after case of children going into these jobs. It may be said there are only 300,000 or 400,0000, but I try to legislate for other people's children as I would my own.

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Bus conductor (formerly house-agent's assistant: "Inside only." Fare: "But the outside of the bus is practically empty." "I've let the top floor to an engaged couple."

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Excited wife: "Oh, dear, the cook has fallen and broken her collar-bone." Absent-minded professor: "Give her notice at once. You told her what to expect if she broke anything else."

## Canned Shrimp Added To Canada's Products

Canada's long list of fisheries products has recently been made still longer by the addition of canned shrimp meat from British Columbia.

Hitherto the shrimps taken in British Columbia waters, the only waters of the Dominion where these shellfish occur, have all been marketed in the fresh form but now canning is being tried by some operators in the Fraser river district. Operations have so far been on a small scale only—the total catch of shrimps is not very large—but reports are to the effect that very satisfactory results have been achieved.

Shrimps caught in English bay are carried by truck to the cannery where they are cleaned and shelled. The meat is next hand-packed in quarter-pound tins which are then put through the cooking process. When cooking has been finished, the lids are clamped on the cans which are then tested, labelled, and packaged for marketing.

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### Misunderstood

A small boy entered a library with a book which his mother wanted exchanged.

Since she had neglected to send a list of books, the librarian was at a loss to know which volume to send. Finally he asked: "Has your mother read 'Freckles'?"

"No, sir," replied the boy, promptly; "they're brown!"

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Wife (arriving home late): "did you think I was lost, dear?" Husband: "No—I was never an optimist."

## Sunday School Lesson

**June 19. Lesson XII—Jacob the Aged Father—Genesis 46: 1-7, 28-30; 47: 7. Golden Text—Honor thy father and thy mother.—Exod. 20: 12.**

ANALYSIS.

I. JOURNEYING MERCIES, vs. 1-7.

II. RESTORED AT LAST! vs. 28-30.

III. KING AND COMMONER, 47: 7.

INTRODUCTION — "Behind the brilliant story of Joseph," says Professor McFadyen, "lies the background of a great sorrow—the sorrow of the aged father who believes that long ago his son had perished; and it is fitting that these two, who have loved and lost, should find each other before the end." Thus in the evening of his life, heavy with troubles and sorrows, the light falls once again on the figure of Jacob. His sons, carrying rich presents, had hastened up from Egypt to inform him that Joseph was still alive and was the governor of Egypt. At first the old man was stunned with the news. "Jacob's heart fainted, for he believed them not," 45: 26. But there before his tent stood "the ten asses laden with the good things of Egypt, and ten she-asses laden with corn and bread and meat"—sent in thoughtful kindness by Joseph. So the spirit of Jacob revived and his eye rekindled. He made haste to journey to Egypt and embrace once more the son of his love. All his life Jacob had been a wanderer; and now, old though he was, he prepared to wander again.

I. JOURNEYING MERCIES, vs. 1-7.

The decision to leave Canaan was a momentous one. Canaan was the land of promise. Jacob himself wished to go to Egypt; both Joseph and Pharaoh wished him to come. But was it God's will? There could be no sure peace of mind as long as that question was unsettled. So Jacob, setting out probably from Hebron (37: 14), made a first pilgrimage to Beersheba. This was a place hallowed by tender and holy associations, for there his father, Isaac, had built a sanctuary and lifted up his heart to God, chap. 26: 23-25. At Beersheba a solemn sacrifice was made. It was a turning point in Jacob's life, and indeed in the history of the people of Israel. Every great occasion such as this demanded a sacrifice; when offered in true faith and devotion, it brought God and man closer together. The night following was a restless one for Jacob, but God brought peace to his troubled heart. In a vision when consciousness was heightened (rather than in a dream when consciousness was lost) God appeared to him. First God underwrote the promise about to be made by referring to his associations with the family. He was the God of Jacob's father, and therefore to be trusted.

The command to "fear not" (cf. Chap. 15: 1) was timely, for Jacob was about to settle as a stranger in another land, and was in need of divine protection. God's hand was in Jacob's journey; his purpose would be fulfilled in it. "I will there make of thee a great nation." This is one of the paradoxes of life. Not in Canaan, the familiar homeland, were the people of Israel to become a great nation; but in the drudgery and slavery of the brick-fields of Egypt. To rise to the heights of real greatness, nations as well as individuals, must first become acquainted with the depths of life. No less remarkable was the next promise, which was made to Jacob personally. God would go with him to Egypt.

It was also a comfort for him to know that when his end came, his best-loved son, Joseph, would be there to perform the last office of love and close his eyes; and that his remains would be brought back to Canaan, v. 4. Strengthened with these comforting assurances, Jacob made ready to set out. The journey would be slow and tedious. The wagons, placed at his disposal by Pharaoh, were most likely drawn by oxen, for the horse was was but newly introduced into Egypt. The caravan comprised a large number. The removal of the patriarch involved the removal of all the patriarch's family and connections. In that age the old father stood at the head of the whole house of his descendants and dependents. Where he went, they must necessarily go.

II. RESTORED AT LAST! vs. 28-30.

Judah, who was the leader of the brothers in Chapter 44, again became the leader of the company. It is probable that he was sent ahead to fetch Joseph to meet the father. The company had arrived at Goshen, the pasture lands on the north-east of the Nile delta, a district which became the home of the Israelites in Egypt. Joseph did his father the honor to come to him in the fine chariot belonging to his official position. Now Jacob would see the high honor he had attained. The meeting between father and son was deeply moving. With emotions too deep for words, they held each other in a long, silent embrace. Jacob was now well content to die, since his favorite son was still living and he had had the joy of seeing him again.

III. KING AND COMMONER, 47: 7.

It was one of the fine characteristics of Joseph that, advanced though he was in worldly station, he was not ashamed of his father. He brought Jacob, the simple old shepherd, into the splendid court of Egypt, and presented him to the mighty Pharaoh. This meeting of the great king and the humble commoner provides one of those touches with which the Bible frequently astonishes us. "Jacob blessed Pharaoh." Poor though he was, Jacob, having God, had something which Pharaoh, for all his wealth and treasures, lacked. "Without dispute the less is blessed of the better." Heb. 7: 7.

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### How's That?

On a wet day a motorist had a skid in a big town, and in its gyrations the car knocked down a lamp-post.

A police officer in a long white water-proof coat came to his assistance and helped the poor chap out of the overturned car.

The driver was a trifle stunned. He looked at the prostrate lamp-post and then at the white-coated policeman, and murmured: "How's that, umpire?"

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Tommy asked John, a young schoolfellow, to tea. John, who came from a much larger house, said with surprise: "What you have only one room? We have a dining room and a drawing room." "Oh, have you?" said Tommy, undaunted. "Well—we draw in the dining room."

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"Now," said the super-salesman, "this instrument turns green if the liquor is good—red if it is bad." "Sorry, but I'm color-blind," apologized the customer. "Got anything with a gong on it?"

## Nonchalant!

Mrs. Markham, daughter-in-law of Sir Arthur Markham, quietly hopped a plane at Kenya, Africa and surprised Heston airport men. 6,000 miles in seven days.

## Doctors in France Increase Faster Than Population

The number of physicians in France continues to increase faster than the population, according to the Paris correspondent of The Journal of the American Medical Association.

"The total number is at present about 28,000," he says. "During the last year, 1,120 government diplomas have been conferred. It requires only a single arithmetical operation to foresee what the result will be in a few years. It may be considered that a physician practices, on an average, a period of thirty years. To maintain the present figure of 28,000, only 933 new graduates each year will be required, from which it appears that this year 187 more diplomas were issued than would be necessary to preserve the status quo.

"On the other hand, 1,120 graduates each year corresponds to a total of 33,600 physicians. However, the present total of 28,000 physicians constitutes, for the population of France, one physician for a little more than 1,400 inhabitants; while a total of 33,600, the figure toward which we are tending, represents one physician for less than 1,200 inhabitants. But since the present proportion is already too high, what will it be when the number of physicians shall reach 33,600; It should be noted also that, promotions having been more rapid in recent years, a larger proportion of the physicians are young practitioners, and for that reason the situation is more grave than it would be otherwise. It behooves the medical profession to give this question close attention.

"There are in France about 6,000 surgeon-dentists, and on every hand the syndicates of these practioers are combating this overcrowding of their profession. While for the physicians an average career extending over thirty years may reasonably be assumed, it may be considered that, since the studies of the surgeon-dentists are begun at an earlier age and the studies are much less extensive, their opportunities to practice are just so much prolonged. Their practice will extend over a period of thirty-five years. Under these circumstances, in order to maintain the present total number of surgeon-dentists (6,000), 175 graduates annually would suffice, instead of 600, the present number. Six hundred graduates annually correspond to 21,000 dentists, and one needs only to cite this figure to explain the grave error that has been committed, to which the medical profession should not remain indifferent. That is why limitation of the number of students to be admitted to the faculties is being seriously considered, as has been the case for some time in the large chools of technology."

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### Last Straw

Percival had heard the call of the open spaces and had thrown up an easy job to set sail for the Wild West.

Arrived in the country of he-men, he found himself comfortable quarters on a farm and prepared to enjoy the simple life.

Percival's first task was given him a day or two later. He was assigned to one end of a cross-saw, the other end being in charge of an old and experienced lumberman.

At the end of an hour the veteran stopped sawing and looked at his exhausted partner.

"Sonny," he said, "I don't mind your riding on this saw, but if it's just the same to you, I wish you'd quit scrapin' your feet along the ground."

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### PATCHES

You must not run down patches. Many places built all at once are most uncomfortable, and some of the most convenient houses I know have been patched up. We get most of our comfort out of patches.—Gladstone.

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### THE UNIVERSE

To understand the simplest work of God, the Universe must be comprehended. Each minutest particle speaks of the Infinite One, and utters the divinest truth which can be declared on earth or in heaven.—Channing.

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Polecat in the United States, is a popular name for the common skunk.

## Japanese Sunset

There are no such sunsets in Japan as in the tropics: the light is gentle as a light of dreams; there are no furies of color; there are no chromatic violences in nature in this Orient. All in sea or sky is tint rather than color, and tint vapor-toned. I think that the exquisite taste of the race in the matter of colors and of tints, as exemplified in the dyes of their wonderful textures, is largely attributable to the sober and delicate beauty of nature's tones in this all-temperate world where nothing is garish.

Before me the fair vast lake sleeps, softly luminous, far-ringed with chains of blue volcanic hills shaped like a sierra. On my right, at its eastern end, the most ancient quarter of the city spreads its roofs of blue-gray tile; the houses crowd thickly down to the shore, to dip their wooden feet into the flood. With a glass I can see my own windows and the far-spreading of the roofs beyond, and above all else the green citadel with its grim castle, grotesquely peaked. The sun begins to set, and exquisite astonishments of tinting appear in water and sky. . . .

Rich purples cloud broadly behind and above the indigo blackness of the serrated hills; mist purples, fading upward smokily into faint vermilions and dim gold, which again melt up through ghostliest greens into the blue. The deeper waters of the lake, far away, take a tender violet indescribable, and the silhouette of the pine-shadowed island seems to float in that sea of soft sweet color. But the shallower and nearer is cut from the deeper water by the current as sharply as by a line drawn, and all the surface on this side of that line is a shimmering bronze—old rich ruddy gold-bronze.

All the fainter colors change every five minutes—wondrously change and shift like tones and shades of fine shot-silks. — Lafcadio Hearn, in "Glimpses of Unfamiliar Japan."

## Perception Through Patience

In the act of traveling, we feel deeply the necessary affinity of beauty and repose; to enjoy a beautiful place, we ought to be resting in it as at home; to enjoy a beautiful sight, we ought to look upon it, not with the full gaze of delighted surprise, but rather with half-shut eyes, conscious of the bliss they possess, now letting it go, now calling it back, and playing with it as a beloved child. As the sand takes silently the footprints, so we should receive the impressions of imperial nature.

And how hard it is, in the rack and fret of a traveler's course, in the exertion necessary to supply the simplest wants and the very means of progress, in the tumult of strange associations, to hold your heart in chaste obedience to the quiet power of beauty, to look plainly through all these fascinating and thronging shadows, at the still light within, out of space and out of time. But, notwithstanding all obstacles, some moments of this bright perception are granted to every one, who seeks them with patient desire.—From "Memories of a Tour in Greece," by Lord Houghton.

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### Hopeless

It was midnight. In the smoking room of a club a young man sat huddled in a chair. A friend entered.

"Hallo, Smith!" he asked, cheerfully, "not going home yet?"

"No," muttered the despairing one "I—I daren't."

"Why, what's the matter?"

"Matter! It's the end of every thing. It means ruin!"

"Here, tell me what's up. Perhaps I can help you."

Smith clenched his fists until his knuckles showed white.

"No one can help me," he said. "I've come to the end of all things! At eight o'clock I telephoned to my wife and gave her a perfectly good excuse for not coming straight home, and"—his voice sank to a whisper—"I've forgotten what I said."

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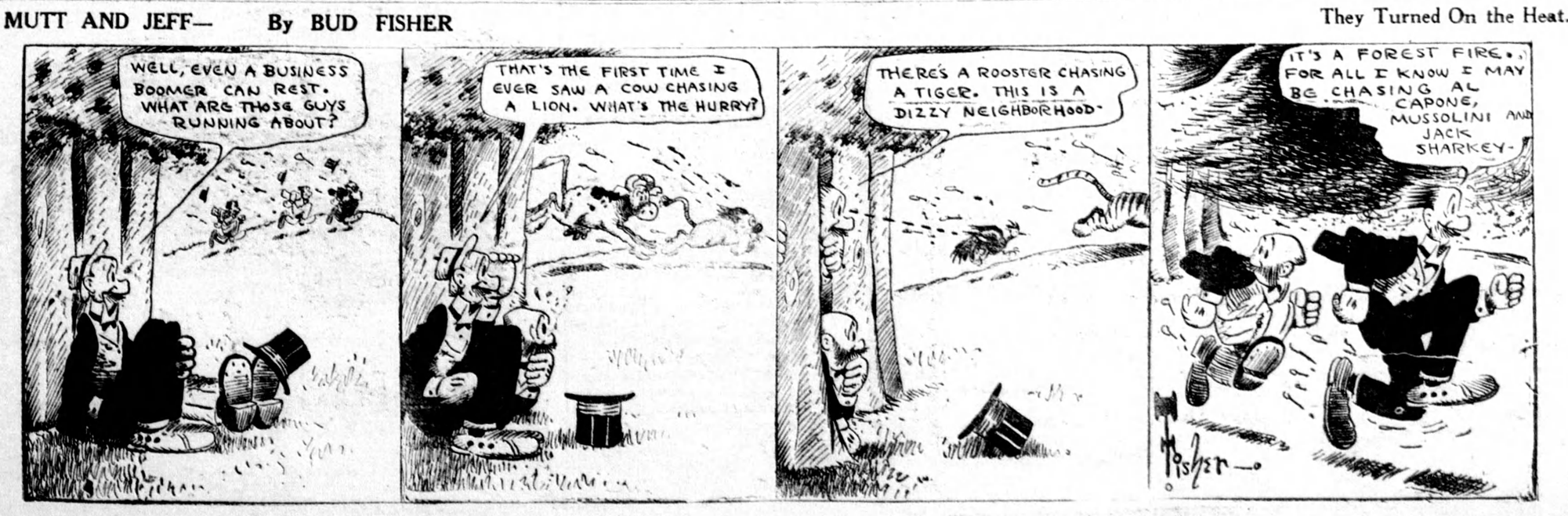
"Yes, my new maid came to me from a very good family." "Really? I suppose the girl wanted a change."

## MUTT AND JEFF— By BUD FISHER

They Turned On the Heat.