The Pioneers

BY KATHARINE SUSANNAH PRICHARD

Copyright by Hodder and Stoughton.

CHAPTER XXVIII.—(Cont'd.)

Both men were silent for a few moments. Only the fire creaked in the quiet room.

"When I'm through with this bit of work, I'll get out and set up on the respectable somewhere. We could take up a couple of hundred acres on our own account, you and me," Conal murmured; "go to church, wear long-tailed coats, ring on some fancy speechifyin'. Me 'n Deirdre 'd sing in the choir. When this is all through, there's something I'll want to be saying to you, Dan."

There was another moment's dreaming silence. The Schoolmaster spoke with a sudden resolution.

"No," he said. "Do what you like yourself, Conal, but I made up my mind long ago not to have anything to do with 'cross' jobs. I'm not in this. I don't want to be—and I'll have nothing to do with the proceeds."

"You call, Dan!" Conal rose from his seat by the fire with a gesture of disappointment. "It'll be full moon to-morrow night and I'm goin' to make a dash for 'm. Teddy and I ran up a yard near the old hut in Narrow Valley. That's what's been keeping me. Steve's goin' to send tucker and fire-irons down to-day."

"What about young Cameron?" the Schoolmaster asked.

"We'll have to keep an eye on him. You don't suppose he'll blab, do you? You say he knows the game already and hasn't. But we can't afford to take chances."

"But he's not to be dragged in, Conal!"

Conal threw back his head, laughing.

"Well, I want another man," he said. "As for being dragged in, he won't be dragged in. But did you ever hear of a youngster who'd sit behind the door and suck his thumbs while there was moonlighting in the air? It won't be a case of draggin' him in, but keepin' him out. After all, it's the sport makes it worth while—the waiting, rush, fight and carryin' through of things."

He stretched his long limbs.

"But I won't have Davey 'working with you, Conal," the Schoolmaster said angrily.

Deirdre came into the room, a little bonnet over her head and a long black cloak covering her. There was a wild color the wind had whipped into them in her cheeks and her eyes were shining.

"You, Conal!" she cried eagerly when she saw the tall figure of the drover. "When did you get back?"

Conal saw only her shining eyes and the fluttering line of her mouth. He stood stock-still staring at her. It did not occur to his simple mind to ask whether it was for him her eyes were shining. Only that glad and eager note in her voice pleased him.

The Schoolmaster had heard people say that Deirdre was beautiful; but she had never seemed more beautiful than she was this evening, when she came out of the gloom, bringing into the quiet room and across the threshold of his troubled thoughts, her youth and buoyancy of spirit, the whole secret and subtle essence of her femininity in bloom.

"Oh I—I've just got back and came to see your father at once, Deirdre," was all Conal could say.

"Did you have a good trip?" she asked, taking off her hat and coat.

He wondered how much of his enterprise she knew. But there was no shadow on her face.

"Yes, all right," he said, a little awkwardly.

"I saw Mrs. Cameron at the store, father," she continued, busy with her own thoughts, and turning over in her mind what Mrs. Cameron had said to her, what she had said to Mrs Cameron, and the plot, light as a spider's web, that they had woven between them for Davey's benefit.

"And as I was coming along home," she laughed blithely, "who did I meet on the road but Pat Glynn! And he put this little parcel into my hand, and said that he had been told to give it to me. He made me promise not to open it until I got in, too!"

She tore the wrappings of brown paper and newspaper from a little brown box, opened it and drew out a heavy, old-fashioned necklace made of links and twists of gold, with a locket set with rubies and pearls at the end of it.

"Oh, isn't it pretty!" she cried.

The Schoolmaster stared at it, and on Conal's face a thunder-cloud of resentment gathered.

"Who did he tell you sent it?" the Schoolmaster asked.

"He wouldn't say—only that it was from a 'devoted admirer.'"

"Have you any idea who it's from?" Dan asked, anger and anxiety struggling within him.

Deirdre looked up at Conal.

"It's not from you, Conal?" she asked, hesitatingly. He shook his head.

"Perhaps it was Davey?"

She looked at the Schoolmaster.

"No," he said, "Davey had no money, I know; so he couldn't have sent it. You've no idea of any one else?"

"No." The light had gone from her face.

Conal seized his hat. His mouth set in an ugly line.

"I'll go and see Pat," he said.

The door slammed behind him.

Deirdre stood looking down on the glimmering thing in her hand.

"You're not to wear it, Deirdre," the Schoolmaster said harshly. Her eyes flew to his. He caught a reflection of his own spirit in them.

"Do you think I'd be likely to," she said.

It was hours later when Conal slammed the door of the cottage again. The suppressed rage in him burned to white ash.

"He's gone—Pat Glynn!" he said angrily. "I've ransacked the place for him. He's melted into thin air. I've been out along the Rane road and half way into the Port; but he's done the disappearing trick. There's not a track of him anywhere."

CHAPTER XXIX.

"... you're goin' to Steve's, Deirdre?"

It was Thad McNab who spoke. He stood on the doorstep in the sunshine, his yellow face thrust through the doorway, the pale eyes in it, smiling.

Deirdre was putting the last of her ribbands, handkerchiefs and little personal belongings into a small canvas saddle-bag. McNab's voice startled her. She glanced across at him.

"Yes," she said. The sight of his crooked figure there, in the doorway, with the sunlight playing across it, brought her a sense of uneasy wondering.

Quite suddenly, the night before, Farrel had decided to go up to the hills with Conal in the morning. He had told Deirdre to follow them as soon as she had set the cottage in order and collected her clothes. She wanted to go with them, but there were a hundred and one things to keep her busy in the house—dishes to scour, floors to sweep, covers and crockery to lock away in the cupboards. She had just quenched the fire. The ashes were smoking behind her, under the water she had poured over them, when McNab appeared. The township was well astir by this time. The Schoolmaster had talked of going to Steve's for long enough; she did not expect that anyone would be surprised either, though he had made up his mind rather suddenly the night before, and had told her to ride out quietly and without chattering to anyone in the morning.

Yet McNab seemed surprised and annoyed. She wondered how he knew so soon that the Schoolmaster had gone with Conal. It was very early. The sunshine was still of an untarnished brilliance. Mrs. Mary Ann's ducks and geese were making their first trip in wavering white and mottled lines to the shallow pools left by the tide beside the river. Deirdre could see them through the open doorway.

"Mighty sudden the Schoolmaster made up his mind; eh, my blackbird?" Thad said, with what for him was geniality, though geniality on his voice had a sour sound.

He shuffled into the room and stood near her.

Deirdre folded a ribband and packed it into her bag. She made a great appearance of being busy, going to and from the kitchen and the cupboards, wrapping up and putting into the bag all manner of things that she had not meant to take, in order that she might not be still to look at, or to talk to McNab. She did not want him to see how the sight of him had set her heart throbbing, a little nervous pulse fluttering in her throat. His nearness filled her with a sick fear, but she would not have had McNab guess it. She knew the shrewd sharpness of those pale, shifty eyes of his. Her eyes met his clearly. There was not a flicker of the smooth, white lids above them.

"Oh, no," she said, "he'd fixed to go to-day, some time ago."

"Well, he might 've said so," replied McNab. "There was something I wanted to talk to him about; something—partic'lar."

"Can I tell him what it is?"

His eyes fell before the clear innocence of her gaze. He moved uneasily.

"No," he said, "I dursay I'll find time to go and see him up at Steve's one of these days. Tell him that . . . I'll come soon." He chuckled a moment. "They tell me," he went on, eyeing her narrowly, "they tell me, he's taken that cub of Cameron's with him."

He did not wait for her reply, but ran on, the malice that was never far from it an undercurrent in his voice again.

"He's not very clever, your father, my dear, for all he's a schoolmaster, or he wouldn't have done that! Give him my respects and say I hope the hills'll be for the good of his health. And you—I hope you'll be enjoyin' y'rself up there. Though it's no place to be buryin' the most beautiful woman in the South."

"Well, I'll have to be going now!" Deirdre moved quickly.

He had edged nearer and nearer her, until his breath touched her face as she pulled the strings of her bag together.

"Socks has been saddled this half hour. Father'll be glad to see you any day at Steve's, I'm sure, Mr. McNab," she added, backing towards the door.

McNab got between her and it. He put his hand on her arm.

"My, the petty neck it is," he gurgled, his voice deep in his throat. "But where's the gold chain Pat Glynn told me he had for you from a—'devoted admirer,' no less. A gold chain it was, with rubies and pearls on it—fit for a lady to wear! And there's more for you, where it come from. The one that sent it would dress you up like the finest lady in the land, Pat said, if you would——"

Deirdre wrenched herself away from the clutching hands. They caught at her again.

"You must kiss me good-bye then, pretty," he whispered.

She saw the flame in his eyes, the wry smile on his lips.

The chestnut was standing saddled, his bridle over the post by the door. Deirdre leaped to his back, her bag in her hand.

Thad followed her out-of-doors and stood watching her, rubbing his hands together.

"So shy, my blackbird, so shy!" he exclaimed, almost gleefully. "Never mind. Another day, perhaps!"

(To be continued.)

Wild Animals I Have Never Met.

I have never met a beast
Who decked itself in the skin of its fellow-creature.
Who did not prefer pure fresh water to any other drink.
Who fawned upon me while planning to destroy me.
Who ate unnatural and highly seasoned food concoctions.
Who deliberately destroyed her unborn offspring.
Who assumed a "holier than thou" air with his fellows.
Who boasted of his pedigree, or bored me with stories of his prowess.
I have never met a "lower" animal who would not become my real friend in return for kindnesses shown him.

—David Lee Wharton.

If I Could Make a Friend.

If I could make a friend to-day
I would not ask for greater store;
If just one soul would come and say,
"We shall be comrades evermore."
I would not need to count my gold
To-night when busy labors end—
My heart a greater wealth would hold
If I could say, "I made a friend."

If to-day a friend could find
Amid the labor and the stress,
Some toiling brother, kindred mind,
Some hand to clasp in tenderness,
It would not matter what reward
The hours had brought me on the way
If I could say, "I thank Thee, Lord—
I know I made a friend to-day."

A Proverb Proved.

Little had bought a new car, of which he was very proud.

Directly he knew how to start it up, he went down the main road to show off his new possession.

Having pursued his erratic course for about two hundred yards he was pulled up by the policeman on point duty.

"You nearly ran over those two people," said that official.

"Sorry, officer! You see, I've only just got this car, and——"

"What's your name?" broke in the constable.

"Little," was the answer.

"Ah! A little learning is a dangerous thing!" chuckled the cultured cop, so tickled at his joke that he let the transgressor go free.

Thirty-five per cent. of the children coming to school at the age of five bring with them physical defects and seeds of disease, which give them a very bad start in their school life.

A Priceless Treasure.

A happy disposition is a priceless treasure. Some years ago the writer had to inspect a row of miserable cottages, dark, insanitary, and badly ventilated. In one of the wretched little backyards he saw a small boy playing by himself. He looked so bright and cheerful that he seemed to light up his gloomy surroundings.

The writer said to his slatternly mother: "He seems to be enjoying himself."

"Yes," she replied. "He's got a happy disposition."

How much better it is to be born happy than to be born rich!

Do you know the story of the sick king who was told by his doctor that he would recover if he slept in the shirt of a happy man? Messengers were sent to procure the garment. They could find only one man who admitted that he was happy; and he was a tramp who had not got a shirt.

We can all learn to cultivate a happy attitude toward life. Happiness is the best doctor in the world.

Smiles are a great tonic. Happiness and smiles do not, however, take the place of energy and resolution. But you can be both happy and energetic and resolute.

An Icelandic Lawmaker

Madame Ingebjorg Bjarnason, a clever Icelandic woman, who is a member of the upper house of the Alting, the government of that country. Iceland has never been guilty of prejudice to the women's movement, but women have taken little advantage of their ancient privileges, partly because of lack of transportation facilities. Since 1600 Iceland has had a law forbidding warfare and the use of arms.

EXPANSION OF PULP AND PAPER INDUSTRY

3RD AMONG CANADA'S REVENUE PRODUCERS.

Necessary to Conserve Our Extensive Forest Resources for Future Generations.

There is little doubt but that the Dominion of Canada would to-day occupy a favorable and enviable place in world regard if all other of its multifarious industries were neglected and it did nothing else but fill the demands for pulp and paper. To-day many countries of the globe are coming to Canada for their supplies of these wood products, and the year has been one of surpassing importance for the pulp and paper industry. Month by month its prestige has increased, and nearing the termination of the year every mill in the country, working at high capacity, and effecting extensions at a rapid rate, fail to adequately satisfy customers.

The pulp and paper industry ranks third among Canadian activities in its annual revenue. As a producer of pulp and newsprint, Canada takes second place to the United States, but the Canadian figures of output are ascending so rapidly that on the authority of the most reliable experts the time is in sight when Canada will lead the world as a newsprint producer.

After the depression of 1921 the present year has seen a remarkable expansion in the Canadian industry. For the year ending April 1st, 1922, pulp and paper exports had a total value of over $180,000,000, a figure exceeded only by exports of wheat and agricultural products. The Canadian newsprint mills now have a rated capacity of about 5,525 tons per day, equivalent to an output of 1,250,000 tons per year, which is double the output of any year prior to 1917. In addition Canadian mills are equipped to produce 2,500 tons of pulp daily. The combined output represents a daily cut of 6,000 acres of forest land.

An Invested Capital of $347,000,000.

The Canadian pulp and paper industry is, in fact, accomplishing so much that it is a difficult matter to keep accurate trace of it, and statistics which apply to-day may be entirely incorrect to-morrow. According to government figures for 1920, the industry employed an invested capital of over $347,000,000, of which slightly more than half was in the Province of Quebec. In the first six months of 1922, Canadian mills produced over 516,000 tons of newsprint as compared with 612,000 produced by United States mills. The Canadian newsprint output during this six months period is stated to have been 93.6 per cent. of mill capacity.

Whilst the volume of United States newsprint production has remained practically stationary at around 1,300,000 tons since 1913, Canadian production has increased from 350,000 tons to 812,000 tons in the same time. Exports to the United States have increased from 219,602 tons to 791,978 tons. The United States has, in fact, come to depend on Canada for 55 per cent. of the newsprint, in addition to huge quantities of pulp. There is also an extensive trade being built up, and increasing rapidly, with the Antipodes and the Orient, and in this regard the Pacific coast as a pulp and paper area is fast developing in importance. Total pulp and paper exports for the month of June this year amounted in value to $10,534,896, and for July, $9,738,252. Production in the latter month was nearly double that of the corresponding month in 1921, though, due to lower prices, the value was only slightly increased.

Newsprint and Pulp Mills Full Capacity.

Without apparent exception, towards the closing of the year, Canadian newsprint and pulp mills are operating to full capacity, whilst the extensions to existing plants under way, new plants under construction, and further establishments definitely assured for the near future, have combined to constitute what is probably the most outstanding feature of industrial expansion in the 1922 period in Canada. Noted below are many of the extensions under way or proposed additions to the Canadian pulp and paper industry.

The headquarters of the Belgo Pulp and Paper Company have been transferred from Belgium to Canada with executive offices at Montreal. The new company has an authorized capital of $20,000,000, and will increase its output next year from 200 tons to 350 tons, making an annual production of slightly over 100,000 tons.

In February last the new newsprint mill of the St. Maurice Lumber Co., Ltd., at Three Rivers, commenced operations. This mill now has a maximum capacity of 340 tons per day.

At Point Rouge the Donnaconna Paper Company is erecting a new groundwood mill.

The Thunder Bay Pulp and Paper Company, at Port Arthur, is increasing its output of groundwood pulp to 100 tons per day, and installing a paper unit capable of turning out 60 tons per day.

The Premier Paper and Power Company, at Hartville, Nova Scotia, is to install a standard newsprint machine with a capacity of 60 tons a day.

Many Plants Projected.

The location at Three Rivers of the Wayagamack Company and the St. Maurice Lumber Company (the International Paper Company) will bring the district's potential output of paper to about 800 tons a day, or 240,000 tons a year, in addition to 130,000 tons of treated pulp, making this section of Quebec one of Canada's first pulp and paper areas.

Plants projected or under construction would seem to be almost as numerous as those already established and operating.

The Provincial Paper Mills are erecting a large plant at Port Arthur.

The British Columbia Minister of Lands recently announced that a pulp and paper plant would be established on Columbia Lake by an English concern.

According to its agreement with the Ontario Government, the Great Lakes Pulp and Paper Company is to spend $2,000,000 within three years on the erection of a paper mill at Fort William.

The Bathurst Company, Ltd., is installing a newsprint machine in its mill at Bathurst, New Brunswick, which, according to directors' announcement, will be in operation in the spring and employing 500 persons.

In British Columbia eastern capitalists have secured an option on a site at New Westminster for a paper mill, and a pulp and paper mill is projected for Prince George in the same province.

Certain American interests are erecting a plant at Elko, in the Kootenay district of British Columbia, where substantial limits of timber have been secured. Officials state that the first unit of the plant, producing 50 tons of paper daily, will be operating in the fall of 1923.

On the Pacific coast the Seaman Paper Company of Chicago and Vancouver interests are reported as being about to build a paper mill within 100 miles from the great part.

Michigan interests are said to be negotiating with the city of Kingston, Ontario, with the object of building a pulp and paper mill in the old capital.

Activity from Coast to Coast.

All over the country from coast to coast, this extension to the Dominion's premier industrial activity is evident. Especially significant is the development on the Pacific coast. Pulp and paper is being manufactured there, and being shipped down to California and other Pacific coast states, as well as to Australia, New Zealand, Japan and China. That such extension is urgently needed in that region would seem to be evidenced in the fact that Oriental buyers have placed large orders with firms in Three Rivers in Quebec, and that steamers have this summer loaded there for the Antipodes and the countries of the Orient.

There can be little doubt but that the time is almost in sight when Canada will leave the United States behind in pulp and newsprint production, and assume the leadership of the entire world in this regard. This she only does through her possession of magnificent forests of tremendous extent. Forests are not inexhaustible as other nations have discovered to their sorrow, and Canada is taking steps to see that her forested areas are reasonably conserved, maintaining their valuable supplies and retaining for the Dominion's pulp and paper industry the important place in economic affairs it occupies today, and is coming increasingly to fill. In this national work, for the greater part, the governments have the earnest and sincere co-operation of the various companies exploiting them, instigated not only by a national duty, but a realization that Canada is one of the few remaining lands with extensive forest resources, and that their continued prosperity lies in the intelligent manner in which they exploit and conserve their holdings.

Race Track Betting, 1922

Dr. J. G. Shearer, Secretary Social Service Council of Canada.

Another racing season on the race tracks has come and gone and the results so far as Ontario is concerned are published by the Government.

The total money wagered in the seasons of 1920, 1921 and 1922, on the eight tracks in Ontario, are: 1920, $42,164,600; 1921, $56,778,596; 1922, $44,241,402.

We have not the figures for Quebec, which in 1920 were $11,000,000, and for 1921 $10,852,000. They are probably not much different for 1922. This remark will apply also to the other provinces. The total, therefore, wagered in Canada this year will probably be about $65,000,000, which will be $12,000,000 less than for 1921, the whole difference being in Ontario. This constitutes a serious handicap on legitimate business. In addition to this, however, there is all the money wagered illegally with handbook men in shops, stores, poolrooms, hotels, factories, etc., which no one can know but which is estimated to be probably as much as that wagered legally on the race tracks. It continues throughout the year, the bets being placed on races anywhere on the continent. In winter bets are placed on races in the South and in Mexico, where that is the favorite racing season, whereas legalized betting in Canada is limited to 14 days in summer on each track each year.

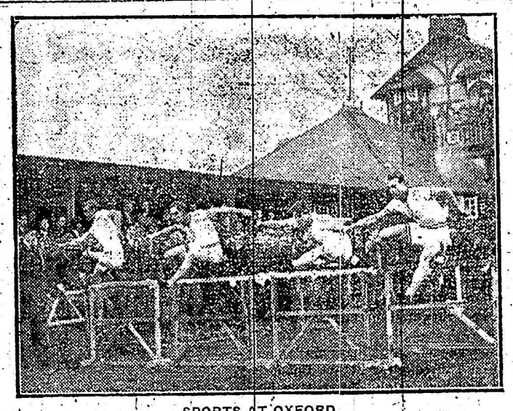
But why is there a drop of $12,000,000 in Ontario this year as compared with last? It is mainly due to two causes. First, the 5% tax placed by the Ontario Government on all moneys wagered, which netted $2,212,220 in addition to taxes on tickets of admission (amusement tax) and the tax of $7,500 per day on mile tracks, and $2,500 on half-mile tracks. Second and chiefly, the splendid and insistent daily campaign, kept up throughout the five months racing season by the Toronto Globe, the Detroit News (which reaches the bulk of the patrons of the three Windsor tracks), and other papers. The two papers named deserve special credit and of these the Globe's campaign was the abler and more persistent; editorials on the subject appearing at least once a week, if not oftener.

Every day the figures were given of the total the betting public paid out, the total rake-off the Jockey Clubs took, and the total the Government took in taxes, and the total that the betting public lost. It was persistently argued that in consequence there was an absolute certainty of serious loss to the wagerers who usually did not on the average get back more than three-fifths of what they paid out.

Further, these papers published from day to day cases of defalcation, broken homes, divorces, trials, convictions and penitentiary sentences, resulting from the frenzy of betting on the part of great numbers. There were interviews also with business men, who complained of bad debts, credit instead of cash buying, and falling off in purchasing resulting from extensive wagering.

As a consequence we believe that public opinion in Ontario is aroused as never before against this iniquitous vice and the legalization of the business of promoting and cultivating it.

Parliament will be challenged again early in the coming session. We shall see with what result. Two amendments will be asked to the Gambling Sections of the Criminal Code; one that the business of betting by pari-mutuel machines, book-making and pool-selling be made criminal, as it already is everywhere except in race tracks during the racing meets; the other that the publication of betting odds, tips, and other information that can be and is used in betting with land-book men be also made a crime. When this is done, racing will stand on its own merits and not on a criminal foundation as at present.



SPORTS AT OXFORD

An inter-collegiate hurdle race, keenly contested, at the famous British University. Four men are caught in a unique picture showing them topping the hurdle together.

Woman's Sphere

At the Candy Counter.

Attracted by a tasty-looking roll of sugary material with inviting nut kernels surrounding it, I entered the shop.

The young lady was serving a customer who had bought a box of candy. He tendered her a five-dollar bill, a very dirty one. She took it in her left hand, straightened it out with the fingers of her right hand and placed it in the cash register. Then she took out two two-dollar bills, each dirtier than the bill she had accepted. These also she straightened by smoothing them with her fingers. She handed them to the customer and then turned to me.

"What is that nice looking roll in the window?" I asked.

"Mexican pecan roll."

"How much per pound?"

"One dollar."

"I'll take half a pound.

With fingers which she had used in smoothing the dirty bills the young lady took the roll, laid it on the counter and cut off a number of little pieces. She wore no cap and in the midst of her labors she stopped to pat and pull the undulating waves of her hair. Then, still using her fingers, she picked up the pieces of confectionery one by one and placed them on the scales.

Next, with one hand she grasped a paper bag. In order to open it she moistened the fingers of the other hand on her lips and was about to complete my order.

But my taste for Mexican pecan roll had vanished and I asked the young lady if I might change my mind. She was displeased but pretended otherwise.

"Yes, certainly!"

"Then I think I'll take a box of mixed chocolates."

So I did and went away with my purchase. But even for chocolates my taste had declined because I could not help thinking that perhaps the lily-white fingers which had packed them also had not been directed by a mind governed by the principles of hygiene.

The young lady in the shop seemed to be surprised and somewhat mystified and also displeased at my sudden change of mind. But if she happens to see and to read this she will learn the reason.—F. D.

I Had Rather Not Know.

"But, Marian," protested her Sunday school teacher, "do you mean to tell me that you are not even willing to read the book? So long as you girls were little and your mothers bought your clothes I thought that I ought merely to tell you that the birds had to suffer and die to make trimmings for your hats; but now that you are older it is your duty to read, no matter how painful the reading may be. Why, my dear, if you knew how some of those poor little birds are tortured just to make you pretty girls a little prettier, I'm sure you never again would buy their feathers!"

Marian made a little grimace. "And there, my darling Miss Eunice," she said, "you have put the whole matter into a nutshell. I'm so afraid that the book would affect me as you say that I wouldn't read it for the world. When I see an exclusively bewitching feather turban I don't want to know of all the horrors that went into its making."

The next day Tom, Marian's brother, stopped at the door of the library. "By the way, sis," he said casually, "I wouldn't go out to the country club with Miss Dennis again if I were you. She's not your sort. You understand?"

"Well, no, I don't, fortunately," Marian retorted carelessly. "Belle Dennis has a nice little roadster, and she can afford to take anyone she likes to tea at the club. I didn't suppose any gentleman went around talking behind girls' backs. How's that, Tom?"

"That's all very well," Tom replied with some heat, "but when a girl like Miss Dennis is running around with my kid sister—I could tell you stories about that girl, Marian."

"Well, for pity's sake, don't! I like Belle Dennis, and I'd rather not know."

In exasperation Tom turned to the other person in the room. "Can you beat that, Aunt Sally?" he cried. "If she doesn't know a thing, she thinks it can't affect her. Regular old ostrich!"

"Or a Brahman? Doubtless Marian would agree with the one I heard about the other day."

"A Brahman? How in the world am I like one of those old heathen?"

Aunt Sally laughed. "I was thinking of a story that a missionary wrote to me a while ago. It seems that some people here at home had sent him a beautiful microscope in a box of supplies for his school; so he thought he would amuse and instruct some of his Hindu friends. They were fascinated with most of the things that they saw through the microscope; but when he put a drop of drinking water under the lens they were horrified, for they saw that it was swarming with animalcules. Their religion strictly forbids them to take life, and the microscope showed them that they were doing it.

"The next day one of the Brahmans came to the mission and asked whether he could buy the microscope. My friend consented, to what was his astonishment to see the man take the glass out into the courtyard as soon as he had bought it and batter it into pieces with a rock. Then, clapping his hands with delight, he exclaimed 'Now I shall have peace again!'

"Am I like that, Aunt Sally?" asked Marian slowly.

"It certainly looks so, my dear. But in breaking the microscope, you must remember, doesn't break the truth."

Marriage-Wreckers.

I have a better opportunity than most of laying my finger with gratitude on the cause of causes which are responsible for so many matrimonial tangles and marriage failures.

Let me say at once that there are many causes. I am about to mention only ones that operate. But I say that they are the chief. The hideous disloyalty; the sneering at a well-known institution; the inhumanity to women.

To put it in another way, certain type of old maids who wreck the happiness of married women. And seem to be frank—do their evil work deliberately. They have lost the illusions; their own marriage failure, and they take a delight in wrecking the happiness of others.

It does not apply in every case, of course, but when I see a few months getting in close touch with a married woman or so-standing, I am afraid for the younger woman's happiness.

The type—the vicious type—of older women I have in mind is putting a bride "wise" as to their ways."

The bride, of course, thinks her husband absolutely perfect. The woman laughs, knowingly, and cautiously.

"You wait a little while. Men are all the same. You'll find out!"

The bride protests, but is soon by the nasty "wisdom" of experience.

"I had the same illusions at once. Wait, till you've been half as long as I have. You know——"

And so it goes on.

And it gets worse when she is dominated by the other woman, to make confidences.

Such a simple remark as "I'm going to work late for the next days," is met with:

"Oh! So he's started that. That's generally the beginning, well, you remember what happened you, my dear!"

The marriage-wrecker, home-smasher, the happiness-killer at work!

And—the pity of it—in many cases the work is made easy by the young wife herself. If she loves her husband and is loyal to him. It is not loyalty to complain of a husband's faults, even if they exist. It is not loyalty. It is disloyalty.

It is loyalty to defend her single word against him. And the highest loyalty of all is silence when, possibly, there is passion and temptation to speak. Marriage-wreckers are artists. Why fling them a bouquet for character, as people do?

The moral is obvious. If married people are to remain happily married, if loyalty are to reign, if ideals are to be retained, then brides should be taught to eschew the "friendship" of the married woman described above. In so far as possible, a bride's woman friend should be a bride, or at least someone who is happily married.

If that were the rule, and "wreckers" were treated as poisonous—shunned and ostracised—thousands of marriages would be saved from being "failures." Happiness would win through, as it is entitled to do.

Solo—Polo.

M. Paderewski appears to be doing as high a reputation as a musician as he has won as a musical patriot. His latest example comes to us from the United States where he was staying with Mr. Damrosch. It was during a game that M. Paderewski was introduced to Mr. Cowdin, the famous polo player, and Mr. Damrosch, who made the introduction, remarked: "You should know each other, for one of you is a Polo and the other a polo player."

"Say rather," replied Paderewski, "that I am a poor Polo player while our friend here is a player who plays polo!"

The mighty forces which [illegible] the petals of the rose and the color of the peach which fold the leaves and flowers [illegible] carefully and lovingly.

Scientists tell us that the chemical rays, power of the sunlight, working upon acres of giant machinery in the world. We hear no sound of a particle, although the force is terrific.

There is a lesson for us in this. Think it over.

The Markdale STANDARD

is published for the interests and welfare of Markdale and district.