For the Boys and Girls

DAN: THE DOG THAT OPPOSED AN OFFICER.

A TRUE STORY, BY FRANCETTE FOSTER.

Without a doubt, Dan considered himself the official guardian of the Dalton Farm and all the inhabitants thereof, human and animal. Dan, let it be explained, was a big St. Bernard dog, with a fondness for ginger cookies and a firm belief in his self-appointed role of protector. He was very strong for protection, was Dan. I have no doubt had he been able to sit in an office before a polished hardwood desk, that word would have formed the better part of the mottoes on his walls. And there was no little work required to live up to such a belief. Had not the mistress to be protected from threatening tramps who besieged the back door when the master was away? Were there not young calves and yearlings to be protected from mean-natured aunts and uncles, at least a score of times each day? And then the poultry—what a belligerent lot the young things were! Never a day but Dan had to hold a peace conference in the barnyard over two or three pairs of hot blooded combatants bent on winning their spurs. His method was quick and effectual; a sharp, threatening bark, and a strong determined nose-thrust, turning them in opposite directions with sometimes, in the case of persistent warfare, a swift and undignified scamper around the yard for the benefit of all feathered beholders. But Dan's duties were not confined to the farm alone. There were at least a half dozen neighbor's children who must be met on the way from school and escorted across the meadows, and every evening would bring the clear ring of children's voices, calling "Dan, here, Dan!" over the fields.

But there came a day at length when tramps gazed boldly at the back door; when auntie cows bullied their nieces and cockerels fought fiercely in the barnyard, and Dan disturbed them not. That was the day he discovered Nanette. It was the occasion of her first appearance in the downstairs regions, all rosy from her bath and cooing happily in her cradle. Dan approached her cautiously, sniffed the crumpled baby fingers tossing on the dimpled eiderdown, and lost his heart on the spot. Here, he decided, was the divinity upon whom he could lay all the adoration of his dog nature. He commenced at once on his devotions by watching her with the air of jealous ownership which some dogs bestow upon a bone, and on that first day, all other duties were forgotten.

On the second he took a slight interest in the calves, and by the end of the week his administration was again running smoothly, with Nanette commanding the major part of the morning hours.

"No need of a nursem aid with Dan around," Mrs. Dalton would say, patting the glossy head. "He's worth a dozen paid girls—well- and he shall have a cookie, he shall."

Baby Nanette grew apace and seemed well pleased with her strange nurse. She would coo and prattle to him in baby language, which doubtless he understood as well as most humans, and her exploring little fingers found much to do in his long tawny hair.

But Dan's love, alas, was a jealous love and resulted in the estrangement of a dear old friend and it happened in this wise: One day, several weeks after Nanette's advent, Jim, the hired man, came tramping in with the milk and decided to fondle the little one. Now Jim and Dan were excellent friends; they had great romps together, and on all matters pertaining to the management of cows and horses they were in complete accord, therefore it was with no little astonishment that Jim presently found his pathway to the cradle barred by a growling, dangerous-eyed dog.

"Wats the matter with ye? Ill-natured mongrel that ye's are!" he exploded. "Is it the thief or murderer ye's be makin' me out to be—an' is it a guarding her ye think ye are? Sure as if the blessed little colleen hadn't all the angels in Divinity rubbin their wing feathers off to be near her. Away! spaipeen! before I give ye the benefit of me boot!" Having made his sentiment clear he moved determinedly forward, whereat Dan looked sorrowful, not at the language of his friend or the tone of voice, but rather at the prospect of a painful duty. Jim bent over the cradle with many Celtic blandishments, and Dan secured a good toothhold on his friend's nether garments and pulled. It was rather fortunate that the mistress of the house should appear about this period else would there have been much wailing and gnashing of teeth, with strong language thrown into the bargain. As it was the violent swing of the cradle caused by Jim's sudden jump, jarred poor Baby Nanette from her slumbers with wailing protests. Jim shouted at Dan and Dan in turn growled at Jim, and there ensued a lively few minutes. In an attempt to make peace Mrs. Dalton coaxed Dan away and gave Nanette into the arms of her latest admirer, where she eventually went to sleep, but from that episode dated a bitter feud between the hired man and the dog. Jim was especially incensed. Not easily would he forget the tear in his new work trousers, much less that in his self esteem. He did not again attempt an interview with Baby Nanette when Dan was on duty, though bitter were the glances he cast on the canine nurse at such times, but it was his great delight to get Dan fastened to his kennel outside and then promenade before the window opposite with the child in his arms, when the sight of the dog's distress and rage brought him great satisfaction.

Mrs. Dalton, secretly much amused by the rivalry of the two, strove to bring about a reconciliation in various tactful ways. Jim, she assured the dog, was a thoroughly reliable person who could be trusted to handle Nanette with great care. Dan washed her hands affectionately, but kept to his own opinion. Weeks passed and the feud continued, though the dog's enmity flared only when Nanette was concerned. He was quite ready to be on the old friendly terms with Jim around the barns or on the daily milk delivery. As far as he was concerned armistice began with the closing of the nursery door. That Jim did not take it in the same spirit caused him much perplexity and sorrow. He sadly missed the old time romps around the hay mow, the long friendly tramps at the heels of slow, cudding cows. Although he had laid his devotion at the feet of the tiny, pink divinity, his dog heart often longed for the comradeship of man, and with the master away on a business trip there was no consolation in that quater. His eyes grew wistful as he watched his old friend and followed him sheepishly, and this state of affairs might have continued indefinitely had it not been for a little habit of the Irishman's, and Dan's ignorance of the law. It was Jim's unfortunate custom to make occasional stealthy trips to a certain habitation known as the Red Lion. After these visits he was never very steady on his feet, and was apt to wander home by devious ways to the accompaniment of loud and raucous singing. Dan usually went along on these nocturnal jaunts; as a matter of fact he quite enjoyed them, Jim being always in a playful mood on the way.

Having decided upon a visit to the Red Lion one mild summer night, Jim started off on a short cut through the cow pastures and presently found to his disgust that Dan was at his heels.

"Following is it?" he sneered, "an' its spying on me ye would be, now for sure!" (Jim had a fine imagination). "Sure it's off to Big Mike ye'd better be, a-telling him to watch out for Jim Tivins a-coming back drunk. Get home, sneak!" Dodging the handful of earth sent in his direction, Dan dropped back a few paces and then followed patiently, as much out of sight and reach as possible. At the door of the Red Lion he lay down and dozed lightly, head on paws, while voices grew louder in the brightly lighted bar room and Big Mike passed along on his beat. It was several hours later when Jim came out and zig-zagged uncertainly towards home. The dog watched him a while then rose, stretching his big limbs and trotted sedately after, keeping close to his heels now, for Jim was in no condition to notice his presence, having broken forth into song. Jim's favorite selection on all occasions was "Annie Laurie"—with variations. It was unfortunate that Big Mike had a great objection to the singing of that particular song, dating from a sad experience with an "Annie" of his own acquaintance. On this particular night Jim's voice rang loud, and the policeman, passing, heard and waxed exceeding wroth.

"I'll put a stop to his warbling," he promised himself. They met face to face beside a lamp post.

"A nice time of night to be singing in the streets, disturbing decent folks," said Big Mike with the calm of supreme authority.

"Yes," said Jim, much offended, "like to sing—have a right to sing of my little Annie if I want to—her—neck—was—"

"That'll do," said Mike, "come with me. I know a nice cool place to sing in." With firmness his hand descended upon Jim's coat collar and at that moment up walked Dan with a slow and lordly tread. Now being only a dog he could not be expected to know that it is a serious offence to interfere with a constable engaged in the discharge of his duty. He probably had no idea that Jim was doing anything out of the way by walking round a lamp post, nor could he see any reason why, if his master chose to sing to the moon (had he not often done it himself?) he should be deprived of that pleasure. He was simply aware that Jim was being molested by a bigger man, that he was in need of protection as much as baby Nanette, and, as before stated, Dan was strong for protection. While turning his charge in the direction of the police station, Big Mike was greatly startled to find himself looking into a row of sharp ivories, surmounted by a pair of glowing eyes, while two heavy paws lodged themselves on his shoulders. The officer was a big man, but dan on his hind feet measured fully as many inches, and his weight was considerable. Helpless as a child under those determined paws and quaking before the menacing teeth so close to his face, the policeman found himself backing slowly but surely away from Jim down a narrow back lane. Then a conversation something like this took place:

"Down Towser! Dick—Tom, whatever your name is."

"Gr-r-r!"

"Get down-I say!"

"Gr-r-r!"

"Nice dog Ned—fine dog—get down like a good chap."

"Gr-r-r!"

"Like a beefsteak or a nice juicy bone, Ned?"

"Gr-r-r!"

"Get down and we'll get you a bone."

"Gr-um-um!"

"Come, old chap, let's stroke you—here, I say, where are you taking me to?"

"Gr-r-r!"

At the far end of the lane, almost a quarter of a mile distant, the dog descended upon all fours, gave one meaning look at the policeman and gravely trotted back to the lamp post and the repentant and grateful Jim. They wandered home in the small hours of the morning as cheerful as re-united lovers, and, as might be said in the manner of fairy stories, they were good friends ever after, sharing in perfect agreement in the guarding of little Nan.

As for Big Mike, that worthy constable made no attempt to bring Dan to book for opposition of the law. He called at the farm on the morning following his unique holdup, but his eye had no rancor as he looked at Dan. Indeed, his glance was one of profound admiration and without a doubt, if money could have bought the dog, he would have straightway become an honorable member of His Majesty's Police Force and the sole property of one Michael O'Gan.

Failing Sight Arrested.

Failing sight, the result of rheumatic or other infection, or even the penetration of the eyeball, can be arrested within three days by injections of pure cow's milk into the lumbar region of the patient, according to Dr. Edward R. Gookin, of Boston, who arrived at New York recently after five months' study in Vienna of this new discovery by physicians of the hospital attached to the University of Vienna.

Dr. Gookin denied early reports that the milk injections are a cure for blindness. Those who are already blind, he said, may not hope for the restoration of their sight by this method, but those who are but partially blind from infection or penetration, or those in whose eyes the infection has just been discovered, have good reasons to hope that their sight will get no worse, and also that sympathetic ophthalmia (affection of the other eye) will be prevented.

For the milk injection treatment, said Dr. Gookin, no one Viennese doctor claims credit. It was discovered, he declared, by a group of doctors chief among whom, perhaps, are Dr. Cocens Doctors Lindner and Guist. (Cocens indicates something more than a doctor, or a combination of doctor and professor).

"Successful treatments have been given in so many cases in Vienna," Dr. Gookin continued, "that the discovery may be said to have passed the experimental stage. It is established as an absolute preventive in far more than fifty per cent. of cases. If the patient does not respond in three days then he is considered beyond hope and no other remedy is attempted.

"The discovery is particularly valuable in the case of infants whose eyes are affected at birth. Any eye trouble, resultant from infection, may be arrested in them at once by the milk injections. It seems simple enough for home treatment, but there are details which only a physician experienced in this work can handle."

"Pure, unadulterated cow's milk is the only ingredient. This is boiled for not less than four, nor more than five minutes. Then it is permitted to cool to body temperature, 98.6 degrees, before the injection is made. The amount injected in an adult is ten cubic centimetres, or 150 grains. This much is injected in the lumbar region once a day for three successive days. That is all. After that the infection, or failing sight, is arrested for good and all, or else the case is hopeless. The dose for infants under one year is one cubic centimetre once a day for three days."

A Poem You Ought to Know.

Tennyson never saw a Pacific island, yet his description of the scenery which surrounded Enoch Arden—wrecked, Crusoe-like, and all alone—is vivid and realistic.

The mountain wooded to the peak, the lawns
And winding glades high up like ways to Heaven,
The slender cocoa's drooping crown of plumes,
The lightning flash of insect and of bird,
The lustre of the long convolvuluses
That coil'd around the stately stems, and ran
Ev'n to the limit of the land, the glows
And glories of the broad belt of the world,
All these he saw; but what he fain had seen
He could not see, the kindly human face,
Nor ever hear a kindly voice, but heard
The myriad shriek of wheeling ocean-fowl,
The league-long roller thundering on the reef,
The moving whisper of huge trees that branch'd
And blossom'd in the zenith, or the sweep
Of some precipitous rivulet to the wave,
As down the shore he ranged, or all day long
Sat often in the seaward-gazing gorge,
A shipwreck'd sailor, waiting for a sail;
No sail from day to day, but every day
The sunrise broken into scarlet shafts
Among the palms and ferns and precipices;
The blaze upon the waters to the east;
The blaze upon his island overhead;
The blaze upon the waters to the west;
Then the great stars that globed themselves in Heaven,
The hollower-hollowing ocean, and again
The scarlet shafts of sunshine—but no sail.

History of the Cabbage.

Remarkable facts concerning the cabbage have been discovered by Professor Ruggles Gates, the botanist.

It is stated that cabbages, kales, cauliflowers, and brussels sprouts all originated in the wild cabbage, a native of the coast and the South of England. The cabbage as we know it was the first development of the wild plant, and from it came the cauliflower and the sprout.

Apparently there was no gradual development. It just happened spontaneously. In the case of the cauliflower there was an inflorescense, and the green flower turned to white and became succulent and fleshy, though not to the degree we know it to-day. As a food the cabbage is extremely valuable, because it contains lime and potash.

To be completely healthy people require roughage, coarse indigestible material, just as animals do. Cabbage furnishes roughage and supplies lime. It should be steamed, and not boiled or cooked in soup.

The grim days of the Great War were recalled when the tank went into action at the recent British army manoeuvrs.

POTATO INDUSTRY OF THE DOMINION

EASTERN CANADA EXCELS IN THIS PRODUCT.

United States is a Heavy Purchaser—Demand in Cuba on Increase.

One phase of the Canadian agricultural industry which the Maritime Provinces have made peculiarly their own and in which they have attained distinctive heights with resultant prosperity to themselves is in the production and marketing of potatoes both for seed and commercial purposes. The potato crop of this area is becoming more valuable each year as greater demands are made from outside sources for the product and the volume of exports to many countries expands. The potato to-day is perhaps the most widely and favorably known of the many products of the Maritime area.

The 1923 potato crop brought considerable profit to the farmers of the Maritime Provinces with prices maintaining a very satisfactory level, and accordingly the acreage which is being devoted to potato production this year is very substantially augmented and a largely increased output expected. The Province of New Brunswick alone has this year doubled its potato acreage, and six hundred acres of specially selected land about Summerside, Prince Edward Island, are being given over exclusively to the raising of potatoes for seed. Little apprehension is to be anticipated in the disposition of the crop in the growing popularity of the Maritime product and Canada's developing potato market. In the past few years the supply of seed of least has not been able to meet the demand.

Seed Widely Exported.

Years ago the Provinces of Ontario and Quebec commenced to import sturdy Maritime potato seed, and of recent years the United States has come to increase such importations, until at present many sections rely altogether upon Maritime seed for their potato crops. Every year hundreds of cars of potato seed leave the three provinces for United States points, and shipments have been made by water to Texas. A year or two ago the State of Virginia, through its Potato Growers' Association, made a bid for the entire Prince Edward Island crop. This remarkable development has taken place in the past five years:

Canada in 1923 produced 55,497,000 cwt. of potatoes, of which 2,732,000 cwt. are to be accredited to Prince Edward Island, 3,311,000 to Nova Scotia and 6,043,000 cwt. to New Brunswick, or 12,086,000 to the entire Maritime area. This represents about 22 per cent. of the total Canadian potato crop for the year. The amount of loss through rot, etc., was very low in these three provinces, amounting to 8 per cent. in Prince Edward Island, 6 per cent in Nova Scotia, and 13 per cent. in New Brunswick. The average acre potato production in Prince Edward Island in 1923 was 111.50 cwt.; in Nova Scotia 120 cwt.; and on New Brunswick 132.75 cwt. The ten-year average production from 1913 to 1923 in the three provinces was respectively 96 cwt., 103.5 cwt. and 109.1 cwt.

Cuba the Heaviest Purchaser.

Canada's exports of potatoes in the past three years have totalled respectively 3,755,529 bushels, 2,793,842 bushels and 3,030,328 bushels, with values of $2,936,676, $1,877,075, and $2,856,742. Small quantities only of Canadian potatoes move to the United Kingdom, but the United States is a very heavy purchaser. In the past three years the Republic has taken respectively 1,822,004 bushels, 771,633 bushels and 563,975 bushels. Cuba is the heaviest purchaser of all and is increasing its importations of Canadian potatoes at a very heavy rate. In the past three years Cuba has taken respectively 1,570,620 bushels, 1,688,207 bushels and 2,144,774 bushels, practically all consignments being from the Maritimes. Other countries in which Canadian potatoes have found favor are Bermuda, British Guiana, Barbadoes, Jamaica, Trinidad, Hawaii, Newfoundland, Philippines and St. Pierre and Miquelon.

Has Little to Say of His Skill.

Mary—"So your husband is devoted to the rifle—a fine marksman, I suppose?"

Mrs. Youngbride—"He's very modest, but I've heard he's at the Crap Shooting Club a good deal."

Gunners of the Insect World.

There are few animals better known than the skunk. Every woman has admired his handsome fur.

In its wild state the skunk roams the whole of North America from Canada to Florida, and although it walks about in broad daylight is rarely molested. The reason is that, if annoyed, it can discharge from a special gland a spray, the odor of which is extremely obnoxious.

The writer speaks from experience when he says that there is nothing else to compare with it, and that a whiff of it will make any human being deadly sick. A sporting dog, if "skunked," is useless for days, losing all power of scenting game.

There is a small beetle known as the bombardier, which defends itself, when attacked by discharging an acrid fluid. But this beetle's ammunition is not only offensive it is also volatile, and actually explodes with a sharp little report when it meets the air. A bombardier can fire a dozen charges of this kind in succession.

There are other insects which have this peculiar habit, one a kind of ant lion of which a specimen can be seen in the London Zoo. The spray is formic acid, and the range is about twelve inches.

Another insect gunner is the peripatus, which is something between a scorpion and a worm. It is about three inches long, and has legs and powerful jaws. Crawling up to its prey, it shoots out a pellet of intensely sticky stuff which renders its victim incapable of movement.

An Alpine Village.

Their world stands all on end; no place at all
Is left for even the little fields to lie
That they have hung aloft like tapestry
Upon the granite reaches of the wall
That towers around them. There they cling and crawl
And still contrive between the earth and sky
To reap the fruit of their brief industry
Before the snows and the swift silence fall.

Then in the church the meager women pray,
And in the huts the patient cattle sleep,
And earth the vow of her white peace fulfills,
And heeds them not who with such passion pay
Into her icy breast the faith they keep
And still lift up their eyes unto those hills.

—Anne Goodwin Winslow.

PURE SEED PRODUCTION IN CANADA

The proceedings of the annual meeting of the Canadian Seed Growers' Association added further testimony of the very valuable and distinctive work which is being performed by this Association and furnished additional evidence of the healthy strides the Dominion is making both in the volume and variety of pure seed production. The points particularly stressed by the President in his address were the greater general public appreciation of the work of the Association in producing and distributing pure seed, and the closer co-operation in effort between the Association and the Seed Branch of the Department of Agriculture. In its significance no less than in work actually accomplished the year 1923 was one of the most outstanding in the history of the Association.

Surveying the work of the Association during the year in a comprehensive way, there were inspected, of the 1923 crop, over 1,500 fields of commercial size, and over a thousand certificates of crop registration of Registered Extra No. 1 seed were issued. These comprised 12,693 acres of wheat with a yield of 344,433 bushels; 9,251 acres of oats yielding 509,885 bushels; 372 acres of barley yielding 13,172 bushels; 49 acres of rye yielding 825 bushels; 28 acres of flax yielding 455 bushels; 45 acres of sweet clover yielding 250 bushels; 158 acres of corn yielding 12,925 bushels; 7 acres of peas yielding 160 bushels; 1,897 acres of Alfalfa, yield not estimated; and 147 acres of potatoes yielding 10,370 bushels.

Samples Sent 20 Trade Commissioners.

In the marketing of the seed produced by members of the Association, the central office at Ottawa for the first time published and widely distributed a catalogue of the seed stocks of all members. Another departure was the forwarding of samples of registered seed, wheat and oats to the Canadian Government Trade Commissioners in twenty foreign countries. As a result of these endeavors in addition to the interchange of seeds among the provinces, and the large volume moving to the United States, commercial inquiries were received from Sweden, Finland and New Zealand. As in previous years the best commercial market for Canadian seed was the Argentine Republic. Definite applications for agencies of the Association have been received from Buenos Aires, Hamburg, and Milan.

In 1923 there came into being five Provincial Seed Boards for the Provinces of British Columbia, Alberta, Saskatchewan, Manitoba and Quebec, to look more particularly into the requirements of their respective districts and association added further testimony of work in co-operation with the Association. Each of these reports which is being performed by this Association and furnished additional evidence of the healthy strides the Dominion is making both in the volume and variety of pure seed production. The points particularly stressed by the President in his address were the greater general public appreciation of the work of the Association in producing and distributing pure seed, and the closer co-operation in effort between the Association and the Seed Branch of the Department of Agriculture. In its significance no less than in work actually accomplished the year 1923 was one of the most outstanding in the history of the Association.

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Progress in Production and Distribution.

British Columbia, with special attention being paid to the production of garden and root crop seeds, reported the production of 300,000 pounds of registered seed of such crops, accompanied by an effort to secure a wider trade connection for the disposal of the product of the growers. Increased production features the Alberta report and a particularly healthy activity in the Central Cleaning and Grading Plant maintained at Edmonton, which in 1923 handled over 60,000 bushels of seed. There is increased activity and interest in Saskatchewan, with more attention being paid to the marketing of seed.

The Province of Quebec, however, exceeded the record of the other provinces, among its accomplishments being the distribution of some 2,000 bushels of a selected strain of Banner oats, especially developed in the province, the development of the Huron variety of wheat, and the distribution of 1,500 bushels of Alaska oats in the Abitibi and Gaspe districts. Quebec farmers now have twelve cleaning and grading plants in operation, and it is expected that the number will be doubled this year. The Quebec Board also reported the registration of over 6,000 bushels of oats, several hundred bushels of wheat, together with 10,000 bushels of Extra No. 1 seed.

As a result of the last annual meeting of the Canadian Seed Growers' Association, it cannot but be realized that Canada is making marked progress in the production and distribution of pure seed. Not only is an inestimable work being performed for Canadian agriculturists, but to an ever-increasing extent foreign countries are coming to look to Canada for supplies of pure seed of various sorts, and the Dominion is yearly increasing its prestige among the nations as a producer of pure, sturdy seed.

Playing Tricks With Time.

A few weeks ago the American aviator, Lieut. Russell Maughan, created a record by flying from New York to San Francisco in one day—that is, between dawn and darkness. He left New York at 3.59 a.m. and reached San Francisco at 9.44 in the evening.

The distance is 2,670 miles, and on the face of it the aviator covered the distance in 17¾ hours. If we allow only 2¼ hours for stops, this means he was travelling at something like 180 miles an hour.

Actually the case is quite different for the pilot was flying with the sun. He thus gained six hours of daylight, so that his flying time was not 17¾ hours, but a little over 22 hours.

If he had travelled in the opposite direction—from East to West—he would have lost 6 hours of daylight, and so cut his flying time to just over 10 hours.

For convenience sake the degree of latitude that cuts through Greenwich is counted as the first degree. Since there are in all 360 degrees, the 180th is exactly opposite Greenwich on the other side of the earth, and the result is that a vessel crossing the Pacific gains a day if going eastwards but drops one if going in the other direction.

A year or two ago passengers on the steamship Dacota, en route from Seattle to Yokohama, lost December 26th, Christmas Day. If the ship had been travelling in the other direction they would have had two Christmas Days.

To put the matter as plainly as possible, if you travel around the world in a westerly direction you are constantly chasing the sun, so that sunrises come at longer intervals than if you were staying in one place. By the time you have encircled the planet you have had one sunrise less than the stationary observer. On the other hand, if you have travelled eastward, you have had one more.

Electricty Rules in Sweden.

Sweden boasts of many important industries. The country possesses immense iron and steel works, sugar mills, iron mines, pulp and paper mills, machine factories and the world's greatest match industry. Even the agricultural and dairying operations are carried on in a businesslike way and more than 50 per cent. of the rural district is electrified.

The busy highway offers few temptations; it is when you turn into bypaths that you find the Devil waiting.

Lake Ontario.

A sweet southwester blowing,
And all our canvas showing,
Golden drifts of butterfly cup coddling in the lea.
And it's hey, and it's ho,
And it's east with old Ontario!
Lifting with the current on a dancing silver sea.

A spanking easterly east,
Wave crests of foamy yeast,
Blue rollers breaking shore ward with spraying spume and roar.
Then it's hey, and it's ho,
And it's west with old Ontario!
Our ragtagen dodging music to the wind and wave furore.

An idle silver sail,
A high-flung starlet yell,
A moon of gold, in a mirrored, in a path alluring;
So it's hey, and it's ho,
Anywhere on old Ontario!
While against the moon a wolf howls her eerie tale to story.

Ray Oliver.

The Fiancés' Fair.

In order to encourage marriages in France, the Friendly Society of Parisian Youth has organized a "marriage fair" at Chatou.

Three hundred and twenty-eight young men and women left Paris with a band at their head, went to Chatou, and started the Fiancés' Fair by an al fresco lunch, followed by a ball.

Each of them had previously filled up a form, giving details as to their situation and prospects, and making known their ideas regarding their life partner-to-be. In return for the forms each person received a numbered badge.

If, at the ball or elsewhere, a young man was attracted by the girl of a certain number he could find out all about him by simply getting his number.

Most of the men wanted wives who were "fond of home," while the principal stipulations made by the girls were that their prospective husbands should have safe jobs and satisfactory incomes.

How's Your Practice?

"Well, Bloom," a physician asked a young colleague who was just starting, "how's your practice?" "In the morning hardly anyone comes," was the reply, "and in the afternoon the rush falls off a bit."

It is a vain man that grins to show how white his teeth are.